

Steve
Stiles

FILE 770

165

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Editorial Notes by Mike Glycer



Down To The Wire: The 2015 magazine issue of *File 770* owes a huge debt of thanks to John Hertz, a source of strong encouragement and a contributor of fine material.

And thanks also to John King Tarpinian, whose photo-essay about the demolition of the late Ray Bradbury's home in January 2015 (reprinted on page 9) was the direct cause of huge numbers of people discovering the *File 770* blog. His photos were republished by several online news outlets, and by the *Los Angeles Times*, which also linked to the source.

Appreciating Forry Ackerman: In elementary school, long before I was conscious of science fiction itself much less fandom, I saw copies of *Famous Monsters* now and then. A couple times kids brought them to school, one to show off the creepy pictures, the other because there were photos of TV stars (probably *The Munsters*). My reaction at that age was a mild antagonism, that such stuff was unworthy of being taken seriously and was a little off-putting -- a perfectly mundane

reaction in other words.

That attitude was filed and left unexamined for years til I became a fan and started going to LASFS in 1970, which Forry still attended from time to time (his sporadic attendance ended when we moved to the new clubhouse in the Valley.) He was pleasant and easy to be around. I've never been interested in monster movies, but I had a lot of fan friends who were. Bill Warren had that fannish gift of writing about Hammer Films, Christopher Lee, etc. in a way that made me interested in his enthusiasm for them, even if I still rarely went to see the movies. So monster stuff kind of got moved over to a different mental category, acquired tastes which I had a little vicarious understanding of thanks to my friends' writing -- which also included anything from role playing games to the appreciation of fine Scotch.

While my attitude softened towards Forry's area of special expertise, what did the most to push me to actively and openly appreciate Ackerman was Harlan Ellison's strongly-expressed dislike of him. Harlan hated the term "sci-fi" which Ackerman coined. He could talk for an hour about how the very term brought discredit upon the field and the things it was used to label didn't deserve to be regarded as science fiction (or better yet, speculative fabulation). Harlan also believed Ackerman has chiseled money out of Van Vogt. (Probably as his agent, I don't remember exactly. I find the charge more credible now than when I was a neo.) Harlan's crusade triggered an opposite reaction in me from what he intended. I always sympathized with the guy thereafter.

I never knew Forry particularly well, but since I often ran program at local Westercons and Loscons over the years I had regular contact with him. And he saved my bacon at a Loscon one year. Bradbury had agreed to ap-

pear but no-showed (he left a message on my home phone that he was sick, which I heard when I got home after the con.) Forry covered the hour telling Bradbury anecdotes. He was always good in front of an audience, and people were almost as happy as if Bradbury had spoken to them.

Group Forms To Explore 2024 UK Worldcon Bid

A team has formed to discuss bidding for a UK Worldcon in 2024. They have issued a statement inviting interested people to join the discussion:

At Novacon in Nottingham, UK (November 13-14), it was announced that a group has been set up to explore bidding for a UK Worldcon in 2024.

This was announced by the Co-Chair of Loncon 3, Alice Lawson, and is a result of the huge amount of enthusiasm generated by Loncon 3 in 2014.

The group, started by James Bacon, Emma England, Esther MacCallum-Stewart and Vanessa May, is now actively seeking and welcoming people to join and widen the discussion. The group is growing rapidly. Experienced fans who have worked on Worldcons, Eurocons and National conventions are already joining. This is an incredibly exciting opportunity to bring fandoms together and build upon the great work done at Loncon 3.

Those already part of the group encourage everyone interested -- no matter their experience, location or fandom -- to become part of the discussion group. If you are interested, please email FutureUKworldcons@googlegroups.com.

News of Fandom

Fans In Accident Returning From Dragon Con

Bookdealer Larry Smith and Joni Dashoff had a rollover in Larry's van on the way back from Dragon Con on September 8. The accident occurred near Sweetwater, Tennessee.

Dashoff came through okay. Smith was injured and spent time in the University of Tennessee Hospital immediately afterwards, and again the following month. He was not able to work a con again until late October.

The van was totaled. Smith and Sally Kobe's business depends on being able to transport the books, shelves, and hardware used to construct their sales booth at conventions. Marcia Kelly Illingworth created a GoFundMe appeal to help with medical expenses, fund the van replacement to the extent not covered by insurance, and ameliorate the loss of income.

The fundraising target was \$30,000, and \$25,850 had been raised as of this writing.

James Sallis Quits as College Instructor Over Arizona Loyalty Oath

James Sallis quit as an adjunct professor at Phoenix College in October, in the middle of the semester, when called on to sign the state of Arizona's loyalty oath.

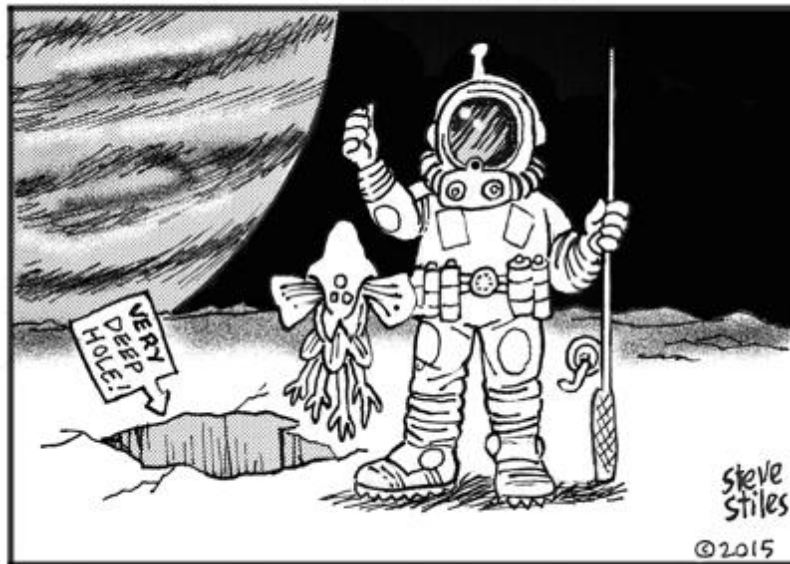
Sallis' name first became familiar to fans as a New Wave author who had two stories in *Again*, *Dangerous Visions*, though his literary reputation derives from many later works, such as his novel *Drive*, which was made into a film starring Ryan Gosling.

Arizona has a loyalty oath requirement for all employees of the state or other government units.

"I never imagined that things like this were still around. It horrified me," Sallis said in an interview.

Officials at the college told reporters that it had no choice under state law but to require Sallis to sign. The officials said that, in preparation for an accreditation review, the college reached out to 800 adjunct instructors — Sallis among them — and found that some of

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them had never signed the loyalty oath, and that they have been told they must do so to keep their jobs. Sallis had taught at the school for 14 years.

The text of the oath is a pledge to — “support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution and laws of the State of Arizona; That I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same, and defend them against all enemies, foreign and domestic.”

Inside Higher Ed reports, “Students are expressing outrage over the enforcement of the loyalty oath rule, and are saying that they signed up for a course with Sallis because he would be the instructor. E. J. Montini, a columnist for *The Arizona Republic*, quoted from a student letter to the college. ‘He provided an opportunity for the kind of world-class instruction that is typically only accessible to those who attend prestigious and expensive M.F.A. programs.’”

World Fantasy Award To Abandon Lovecraft Bust

David Hartwell announced at the World Fantasy Award ceremony on November 8 that this will be the last year that the award trophy will be in the form of the traditional — and controversial — H.P. Lovecraft bust designed by Gahan Wilson.

Last year Daniel Jose Older collected over 2,500 signatures on a petition calling for the

replacement of “avowed racist and a terrible wordsmith” H.P. Lovecraft on the World Fantasy Award.

The Guardian reported last September that the “board of the World Fantasy awards has said that it is ‘in discussion’ about its winners’ statuette”.

When Sofia Samatar won in 2014, she made a statement about the controversy in her acceptance speech, which she later expanded into a blog post — “The Elephant in the Room I think I used those words. I think I said ‘I can’t sit down without addressing the elephant in the room, which is the controversy surrounding the image that represents this award.’” I said it was awkward to accept the award as a writer

of color. (See this post by Nnedi Okorafor, the 2011 winner, if you are confused about why.) I also thanked the board for taking the issue seriously, because at the beginning of the ceremony, Gordon van Gelder stood up and made an announcement to that effect: ‘The board is taking the issue very seriously, but there is no decision yet.’ I just wanted them to know that here I was in a terribly awkward position, unable to be 100% thrilled, as I should be, by winning this award, and that many other people would feel the same, and so they were right to think about changing it.”

In May, *File 770* reached out to the WFC Board about the status of the Lovecraft image but received no acknowledgement.

After news spread about the change to be made in the iconic award, two-time World Fantasy Award winner S. T. Joshi, author of numerous books on H. P. Lovecraft and the Cthulhu Mythos, and the editor of many more critical works about them, publicly announced he is returning his awards in protest against the World Fantasy Con’s decision to stop using a bust of Lovecraft as the award trophy.

He wrote on his blog November 10:

“It has come to my attention that the World Fantasy Convention has decided to replace the bust of H. P. Lovecraft that constitutes the World Fantasy Award with some other figure. Evidently this move was meant to placate the shrill whining of a handful of social justice

warriors who believe that a “vicious racist” like Lovecraft has no business being honoured by such an award. (Let it pass that analogous accusations could be made about Bram Stoker and John W. Campbell, Jr., who also have awards named after them. These figures do not seem to elicit the outrage of the SJWs.) Accordingly, I have returned my two World Fantasy Awards to the co-chairman of the WFC board, David G. Hartwell. Here is my letter to him:

Mr. David G. Hartwell
Tor Books
175 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10010

Dear Mr. Hartwell:

I was deeply disappointed with the decision of the World Fantasy Convention to discard the bust of H. P. Lovecraft as the emblem of the World Fantasy Award. The decision seems to me a craven yielding to the worst sort of political correctness and an explicit acceptance of the crude, ignorant, and tendentious slanders against Lovecraft propagated by a small but noisy band of agitators.

I feel I have no alternative but to return my two World Fantasy Awards, as they now strike me as irremediably tainted. Please find them enclosed. You can dispose of them as you see fit.

Please make sure that I am not nominated for any future World Fantasy Award. I will not accept the award if it is bestowed upon me.

I will never attend another World Fantasy Convention as long as I live. And I will do everything in my power to urge a boycott of the World Fantasy Convention among my many friends and colleagues.

Yours,
S. T. Joshi

“And that is all I will have to say on this ridiculous matter. If anyone feels that Lovecraft’s perennially ascending celebrity, reputation, and influence will suffer the slightest diminution as a result of this silly kerfuffle, they are very much mistaken.”

Running To Save The Rhino

By Jim Mowatt: “We’ve got a bloody fanzine to get out. Where’s your stuff?” Nic Farey has written a series of messages demanding, quite rightly that I get my finger out and send in my contributions for the fanzine, Beam. Unfortunately I’ve been distracted by a number of five-toed ungulates from the family Rhinocerotidae.

The rhino is having a bit of a tough time you see with all manner of people trying to



kill it so that they can chop off the horn and sell it to deluded idiots who think that in powdered form it can do all sorts of wonders for them. There are all sorts of things being done to try to protect them and it all takes money so I figured that I would try to get them some money. Not wanting to make things easy for myself I volunteered for the London Marathon as a charity runner for Save The Rhino International and set up a fundraising page here: <http://virginmoneygiving.com/jimmowatt/>.

A little later as I’m musing over how I can raise the profile of the charity and my campaign I have another ridiculous idea. Why don’t I borrow one of their rhino suits and do some shorter runs in that? It sounds easy but the execution of this plan proved to be a little fraught.

I don’t have a car so decided that I would try to get the rhino suit from London to Cambridge on public transport. It’s far too big and unwieldy to carry so I wore it through the London subway from Borough to Kings Cross. Station staff pointed and laughed and when they’d recovered a bit asked if they could take my photograph. Eventually my wife Carrie and I made it back to Cambridge and she wedged me into a taxi so we could be taken home. Phew!

Compared to that, going out to run 5K at my local parkrun was a piece of cake. We got up and toddled around to the park. Carrie carefully guiding me along as I have no peripheral vision in the suit. can’t see where I’m treading and can’t hear very much. The chap from the local paper was waiting for me at parkrun and spent considerable time arranging people around me so he could take several thousand pictures. Inside the suit I had very little idea what was going on. We set off on the run at

0900 and the noise inside the suit grew from loud to cacophonous. The whole thing was bouncing around all swooshing, wooshing, crunching and crackling as I ran along.

It was tough going. It is ridiculously hot in the suit and it seemed to push me forward a little so there was quite an ache in my back even after only a mile. I started to get a feel for how to run in it and so for the second mile I started to pass people. Seeing folks (especially those wearing earphones) jump and shriek as I passed gave me enormous pleasure (evil rhino that I am).

I staggered across the line and was incredibly relieved to remove the rhino head and cool down a little. One child expressed his disappointment that I wasn’t a real rhino. We bought him off with a Save The Rhino sticker and asked him not to tell anyone.

We added some money to my fundraising total and Fannish fans on Facebook have been particularly generous. Thank you everyone for your help so far.

To answer the question that is possibly bubbling up in many minds out there, no I don’t think I’ll be running the London Marathon on 24th April 2016 in the rhino suit. I don’t reckon I’ll have the strength or the stamina to do it. Despite this I hope many of you will watch out for me next year though if you get to watch the marathon. It’s an amazing event and will be my first ever attempt at running 26.2 miles.

Jim Mowatt is a former TAFF winner.



THE Man From U.N.C.L.E.

By James H. Burns

When I chatted with Robert Vaughn a few weeks ago, there was a fascinating surprise... Now, I'm pretty certain he had only agreed to the interview, because, as you know, it was primarily about his friend, Allard Lowenstein, the late, great liberal political leader, and the time Vaughn spent campaigning for him, in Long Island. It's possible he remembered me from another long chat, when we met years previously, at an actors' function -- or, at least, he remembered when he heard my voice (kind of unique!), and some other neat, unknown tales, he had told me then, though I think that's unlikely.

But I am a good interviewer (the key, my friends is, of course, *listening*), and we wound up talking about many things, some of which you'd be familiar with, from his terrific memoir, *A Fortunate Life*. To me, it's always astonishing to be talking with someone who *knew* Robert F. Kennedy, one of my personal heroes, and there was, naturally, some chat about American politics, then and now.... But when we wound up ultimately talking about U.N.C.L.E., there was an intriguing revelation:

Because Vaughn had just spent, for the first time, I believe, a *great* deal of time *watching The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*!

When the U.N.C.L.E. marathon was on, a few months ago (was it on the DECADES cable channel?), Vaughn found himself checking in, within the coziness of his Connecticut home.

He had never really seen the episodes, and was now watching a number of the *excellent* first season shows.

Now, this isn't unusual for *any* actor. In the 1960s, the schedule on television shoots could be overwhelming. (That's been true, really, in any era of filmmaking.) Vaughn was also busy with his private education, and of course, civic pursuits.

By the time a television episode's broadcast date rolled around, often months after an episode had been filmed, it would have been on an evening when the actor was probably exhausted from a day shooting a new episodes, or at least getting ready for a good night's rest, for the *next* day's efforts.

Robert Vaughn, David McCallum and Leo G. Carroll.



And some actors simply don't like watching themselves.

(And there can be other interesting reactions: William Shatner once said that if he's changing channels, and *Star Trek* is on, it's like watching film of a son...!)

I'm certain Vaughn must have seen some shows, while at press event screenings, or at the unveiling of one of the U.N.C.L.E. feature compilations. (Over twenty-five years ago, he also showed some very good fellowship, hosting an U.N.C.L.E. marathon on a local Connecticut television station, taping several introductions.)

But in this past pleasant spring, along with many others across our plugged in nation, Vaughn was watching those mini-movies first lensed over fifty years ago.

And he was pleasantly surprised, at how *good* he thought they were, and how well he thought they still played.

He was also pleased that some subtle things he told me he was trying to do with his portrayal of Napoleon Solo, came through on film.

Fourteen years ago, I had mentioned to Vaughn that I thought his management may have made a miscalculation, that U.N.C.L.E. had established him as a terrific, suave leading man, one of the only American actors ever able to do what I called "the Cary Grant" thing, being charming and debonair on camera, without pretense...

But then, right after the series, he was back to playing the heavy, or the figure of authority...

Vaughn seemed legitimately astonished.

Years later, I knew why.

Because to Vaughn, Grant was *the* great movie actor, and one of *his* personal celluloid heroes.

Towards the end of the chat, I told Vaughn that this might be silly for me to mention, but that I thought I should, that anyone who ran into him around his neighborhood always said wonderfully nice things about him, that he was a gentleman.

I mentioned a story where some years ago, some guy I knew said, "Hey, you know, I saw Napoleon Solo at a restaurant last week!

I said, "You mean, Robert Vaughn,"

And then Vaughn, smiling, said to me, the other evening:

"No, Jim. He was right. You see, I *am* Napoleon Solo."

Teddy Harvia Wins 2015 Rotsler Award

By John Hertz: Texan Teddy Harvia (“har-VEE-a”) has won the 2015 Rotsler Award, named for the late great Bill Rotsler (1926-1997), sponsored by the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests, and announced at L.A.’s local convention Loscon.

The winner receives a plaque and an honorarium of US\$300. The Rotsler is given, as the plaque says, “for long-time wonder-working with graphic art in amateur publications of the science fiction community.”

Rotsler himself was so prolific that previously unpublished drawings of his continue to ornament fanzines today.

Loscon is sponsored by the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, oldest SF club on Earth. The LASFS (“lahss-fahss”, although Len Mofatt always rhymed it with “sass mass”) and SCIFI (“SKIF-fy”) are independent California non-profit corporations. SCIFI established the Award in 1998. Loscon XLII was November 27-29, 2015.

Among SCIFI’s other projects have been the 1984, 1996, and 2006 World Science Fiction Conventions (L.A.con II-IV), the 1992 hard-bound edition of Harry Warner’s fanhistory book *A Wealth of Fable*, and the 2002 West Coast Science Fantasy Conference (“Conagerie”, Westercon LV).

The Rotsler is decided by a panel of three judges, currently Mike Glycer (since 1998), John Hertz (since 2003), and Sue Mason (beginning in 2015, replacing Claire Brialey who, before this year’s decision, retired from the panel after eight years’ excellent service).

Harvia has won the Hugo Award four times as Best Fanartist (1991, 1995, 2001-2002); likewise the *Science Fiction Chronicle* readers’ poll four times (1990-1993); also the Southern Fandom Confederation’s Rebel Award (1997).

He arrived among us in 1975, since then contributing hundreds of cartoons, illustrations, and covers to fanzines and con publications. He was long associated with the fanzine *Mimosa*. He was memorable in the cartoonists’ jam at the 2013 Worldcon (“Lonestarcon III”, San Antonio, Texas), where he and the rest drew lightning-quick responses to a time travel story extemporized by David Brin.

Asked whether there should be an accent mark over the *i*, Harvia said “That’s the Spanish side of the family. We on the Finnish side

don’t use one.”

Some of his creatures, like Chat the Fourth Fannish Ghod (the extra *h* is an age-old, or *h*-old, touch of comedy in fanzines), or the Wing Nuts, re-appear. Others we know not if we shall see again. Keep watching the stars.



CHAT, THE 4TH FANNISH GHOD

By TEDDY HARVIA



My Father, And The Brontosaurus

By James H. Burns

“I couldn’t believe I found myself talking to a dinosaur, Jim,” my father told me, some years ago. “I should have felt silly, but there I was, with this happy Tyrannosaurus, saying, ‘Good afternoon, my friend.’”

Some people, of course, would have seen the T-Rex as glowering, rather than with a smile.

My parents had gone to what must have been one of the very first editions of “Dinosaurs Alive,” in 1989, a neat attraction featuring “life-sized” primevals in a natural setting,” moving and roaring in animatronic splendor.

One could actually walk around the dinosaurs.

(My folks saw this “prehistoric park,” at Sand Points, along the Long Island Sound, in New York — also the site of the magnificent 1923 medieval-styled castle, Falaise.)

My Dad, Hugh — known to almost all by the nickname “Hy” (derived from his original birth-name, Hyman Birnbaum) — was a retired mechanical engineering professor (at NYU, Polytechnic, and the City College of New York), and a decorated World War II veteran. In other words, he wasn’t necessarily one to be overwhelmed by whimsy, although he certainly embraced that part of his personality. (If you were there, with the dinosaurs by the woods, you might have seen a rather dignified looking gentleman, about six feet tall — imagine, if you will, Telly Savalas with a grey crewcut, and beard; or, from certain angles, Dean Martin, under similar accoutrements...)

He was also a science fiction guy going back to the golden age of *Flash Gordon* in the newspapers, and Stanley G. Weinbaum and Jack Williamson (and *Astounding* and *Planet Stories* magazines) on the newsstands, in the 1930s.

He first must have seen dinosaurs come to life in the halcyon era of 1933’s *King Kong*, probably later in its run, when a movie really could only cost a nickel...

(One of the few easily accessible miracles of the Depression (still the greatest economic calamity to ever face our nation), was that ANY American for the equivalent today of about a buck, could see a cinematic miracle; or for a bit more purchase over one hundred pages of pulp parables; and, for absolutely free, tune into wonder on the radio, with a myriad of adventure serials, comedies, and other entertainment.)

As others have pointed out, has there been a child of the century who wasn’t fascinated by dinosaurs?

The first dinosaurs we would have shared must have been at the New York World’s Fair in 1965, in Flushing Meadows, Queens (where the baseball Mets still play). In the second, and final year of that unparalleled spectacular’s existence, we saw Dinoland, Sinclair Oil’s famous “dinosaur garden.” (A small plastic stegosaurus soon became one of my prized possessions).



But the most stunning experience at the Fair — and a highlight not only of childhood, but of many attendees’ *lifetimes* — was “The Magic Skyway.” The Ford Motor Company in collaboration with Walt Disney and associates, fashioned a “ride” where you actually sat in a *real* car. The brand new automobile first took you through the distant past — dinosaurs and early man — and then as you went through what felt like a tunnel in time, you were suddenly surrounded by dioramas of the worlds of tomorrow, including a happy future in space.

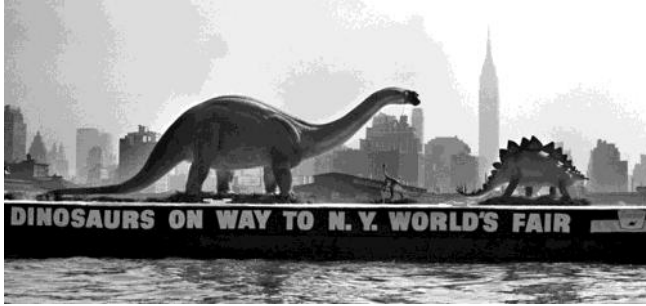
(For decades before the internet’s inception — and the ability to prove a veracity of memory — people would doubt my toddler’s reminiscence that the Ford vehicles first went through a *window*, and journeyed on a track *outside* the building, *several* stories high, in what resembled a glass corridor, before reentering, and commencing this voyage through the eons!

(Memory, of course, can be tricky. My father, beginning in the 1980s, swore that as a three-year old, I insisted that the family wait for a Ford convertible. But when fact-checking this small memoir, I discovered that *every one* of the cars used for the exhibition was a convertible. Perhaps, in 1965, I urged that we should wait for a Mustang, which was debuted at the Fair, a year earlier!)

(The other featured automobiles included Galaxie 500s, Lincoln Continentals, Mercury Montereys, Ford Falcons, Thunderbirds, and Mercury Comets.)

Sadly, Disney felt that “The Magic Skyway” was too expensive to remount at Disneyland, but some of the dinosaurs were transferred to the park, as well as a reconfigured cave man. (Certainly, much of the spirit of the Flushing Meadows EXPOSITION lives on in certain venues at Disney’s EPCOT, in Orlando, Florida.)





There was also, of course, the Hall of Dinosaurs at New York's Museum of Natural History, a chamber of awe that my Dad first saw in his own youth. (There are few places I have been in my life, that seem permeated with such reverence.) And in 1968, on one of my first trips to a movie theatre to see an adult motion picture (as opposed to a "kiddie matinee"), we saw a Saturday afternoon double-bill of *One Million Years B.C.* featuring the incredible stop-motion animation dinosaurs of Ray Harryhausen (*Seventh Voyage of Sinbad*, *Jason And The Argonauts*), and the particularly resplendent Raquel Welch, paired, remarkably, with *Planet of the Apes*!

Virtually forgotten today, though, is what must have been one of the most widely viewed of "filmed" dinosaur depictions, or at least the one in the most American homes...

In 1956, Irwin Allen (*Lost In Space*, *The Poseidon Adventure*) put together a theatrical documentary, *The Animal World*, which included a lengthy sequence on dinosaurs, created by stop-motion animation filmmakers Willis O'Brien (*King Kong*, *Mighty Joe Young*) and the aforementioned Harryhausen.

Viewmaster — the amazing company that innovated three-dimensional images released on circular reels that could be seen through a special hand-held, dual lens device — licensed the movie, using its Mesozoic sequences for a packet entitled, *Battle of the Monsters*.

Unexpectedly (and rather incredibly), the reels make a cameo in *Jurassic World*.

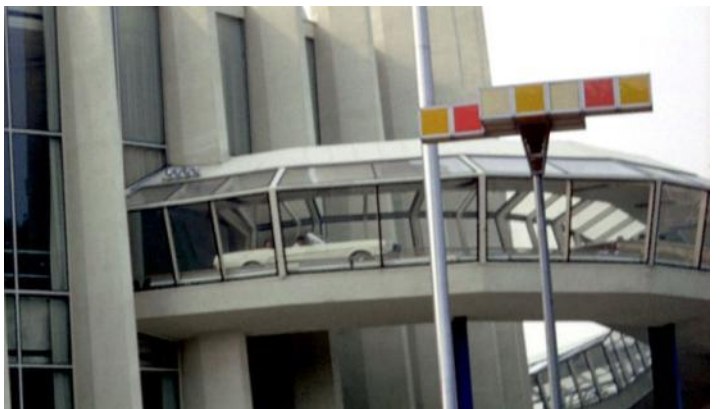
Before home video, Viewmasters offered the most readily affordable chance to "own" a TV show or movie that one liked, or at least a reproduction of such. It can still be a thrill to see 3-D shots from other genre fare as *Zorro*, *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, *Voyage To The Bottom of the Sea*, *The Addams Family*, *Batman*, *Star Trek*, *The Green Hornet*.... There were also excellent sets devoted to NASA and our early manned space missions.

The most fantastic Viewmaster reels may have been their fairytale and mythology editions, for which they devised their own models and dioramas. The inherent enchantment of these hand-crafted vistas seemed to touch a special place in the imagination, and have remained

timeless.

(These miniatures, and their photography, were largely the work of Florence Thomas, and later, her assistant, Joe Liptak, in Portland, Oregon. Thanks to their artistry, and ingenuity, it was also marvelous to see many of the most famous cartoon characters (including Bugs Bunny and Woody Woodpecker) be brought to "realistic" stereoscopic life. I can still remember my shock, as a boy, in seeing *The Animal World's* ceratosaurus, through the viewer, *drawing blood* from its prey. (Although I can guarantee you that, at the time, I had no idea of the first dinosaur's name!)

Battle of the Monsters was released under different titles, over the decades: its model work easily holding its own against more contemporary effects outings. (And coincidental to this article, it's intriguing to



note that Viewmaster was introduced at the very *first* World's Fair, in 1939!)

I felt bad, when my father lay dying in the summer of 1993, that he may have missed *Jurassic Park*, a movie that could have fulfilled what might have been some of his early dreams.

(It was, of course, the least of my family's sorrows.)

But my mother told me that he had gone out one July afternoon, to catch it locally.

I knew that he had already been impressed by a sequence he saw on TV, which he recounted as the heroes being afraid that they're about to be trampled by a herd of dinosaurs, only to be ultimately IGNORED by the charging horde—action which reminded him of a *jungle* stampede he thought he once saw in *King Solomon's Mines*, or one of the other "Africa" movies of the past.

Somehow, my Dad wound up conveying to me that he did indeed love the movie. I wasn't as crazy about *Jurassic Park*, apparently, but especially enjoyed, and admired — and was struck by, really — its last moments, when the paleontologist gazes through the window of a soar-





ing helicopter, watching a flock of pelicans flying over the sea: The film’s subtle reflection on the long held theory that birds may be the modern descendants of dinosaurs.

I’m not sure when I first encountered that premise, but it has resonated with me as a lovely possibility, for what now seems ages.

My parents always had a deep affinity for all creatures. I grew up watching my mom — with my dad’s encouragement! — put food out daily for the birds and squirrels—

A habit I continue to this day.

Often now, for years, as I watch the sparrows and mourning doves and starlings a dancing, I think how lucky I’ve been, to know all these primordial, and blissful kingdoms.



Viewing the Remains of Bradbury’s Home By John King Tarpinian

They tore down paradise and put up a parking lot.

Early in January 2015 I got a panic call from one of Ray Bradbury’s old family friends, an English professor, back East. He learned that Ray’s sunny yellow house was being razed. Once the security fence went up we knew. In Los Angeles a home that cost \$1,765,000 is considered a tear down. Very quickly I received emails from others begging me for photos of the sad event. In only one day half of the house was gone.

One friend wanted a rose, a music professor, from Maggie’s (Ray’s wife’s) garden. Others wanted a piece of anything as a souvenir. I’ve had many requests for the street numbers over the garage. Of course, this is no longer Ray’s home but owned by an “investor.” So I need permission to take a pebble from the property, I’m going to get permission...wink.

As I was taking pictures locals were walking their dogs. They’d stop to observe and we’d converse. One lady had no idea who had owned the house; she was new to the neighborhood. She walked away in tears. Another long time neighbor knew it was Ray’s home and we mutually agreed things like this are just wrong but money wins out. Another young couple had no idea who Ray was...the saddest encounter of all.

Ed O’Neill’s character’s home in *Modern Family* is a few blocks



away. It was a former quaint home that was a rebuild. That home was a tear down by the same person who bought Ray’s house. The house to the left of Ray’s is being remodeled for the second time in five years. The house across the street from that home is undergoing a complete facelift, adding a second story. The One-Percenters are doing just fine, thank you very much.

I met the contractor and learned that the house was not bought on spec with a profit-motive: the new owner is going to build a home for his family. If I understood the contractor correctly the house will go below ground three levels (with the bottom level being a pool, which is perfect for our chilly L.A. Winters.) and it will go above ground two stories.

The people in La Jolla fought the tear down of Raymond Chandler’s house across from the ocean but in the end they lost. They tore down Rudolph Valentino’s home, Falcon Lair, just a few years ago, and I don’t think anybody knew about it until after it was gone. PickFair was torn down by Pia Zadora (thank you Golden Globes.)





One Month a Grand Master By Larry Niven and John Hertz

Damon Knight in 1965 founded the Science Fiction Writers of America, re-named under the same initials Science Fiction & Fantasy Writers of America in 1992; it's a non-profit corporation. In 1975, SFWA inaugurated the Grand Master Award, for living authors only, usually but not always annual, named after Knight upon his death in 2002. Currently the Award, when given, is presented at a weekend festival hosting SFWA's best-of-the-previous-year awards, the Nebulas.

The 31st Grand Master Award was announced in May 2015 and presented to Larry Niven during the 50th annual Nebula Awards weekend, June 4-7, at the historic Palmer House, now a Hilton hotel, Chicago, Illinois, citing "his invaluable contributions to the field of science fiction and fantasy. In addition to his contributions to the genre, Niven has influenced the fields of space exploration and tech-

nology," naming his Hugo and Nebula winning novel *Ringworld* as "iconic", "a classic of the genre", "influences readers and writers alike", and noting "Niven has written fiction at every length, speculative articles, speeches for high schools and colleges and conventions, television scripts, political action in support of the conquest of space, graphic novels, and a couple of comic book universes."

He joined the company of Anderson, Asimov, Bester, Bradbury, Clarke, Clement, Delany, Ellison, Heinlein, Knight, Le Guin, Leiber, McCaffrey, Norton, Pohl, Silverberg, Vance, Van Vogt, Williamson.

SFWA President Steven Gould, quoting Lev Grossman, said Niven's work is "a bravura demonstration of technology and psychology both playing off and feeding back into each other. This feedback loop — so fundamental to great science fiction's power — is

at the heart of Niven's work: we create tools, and our tools shape the world, but they also shape us, in unintended and unexpected ways."

Niven said "I've been publishing fiction more than fifty years now. I'm convinced I picked the right career."

When he came home he told me how beautiful the Award trophy was. I went to his house and looked. He was right. Planets and a spiral galaxy hang in colorless space. He took this photo.

As an SF writer I get to daydream and be paid for it. It's wonderful.

They treated me like a new-crowned king. A limousine met me at the airport and took me back. I was guided around. For one lunch we went to a café for nerds, with a weird menu and weird names.

There was a panel about me. There was a panel where we were all Grand Masters. The stories I remembered best were all by Fritz Leiber. Unexpectedly for me, we wound up talking about ourselves instead of other Grand Masters. I can always talk about myself.

At the ceremony no one had told me how much talking to do when I received the award. I figured people were waiting to learn if they won a Nebula.

I said people compare Ringworld to Frank Baum's Oz. That's right. I've read all his Oz books. No one compares it to Voltaire's *Candide*. Teela Brown is lucky even when she's killed. Her tale runs through all four books.

I kept it short. I got an ovation.

I went to a few panels. There was lots of attention to the business of being a writer.

I'd been Author Guest of Honor at Minicon 50 in May, with Brandon Sanderson and Jane Yolen. Michael Whelan was the Artist Guest of Honor, Tom Doherty the Publisher. There was a panel about collaboration. I learned how to collaborate through other collaborators.

I think writers when they teach try to codify what they've learned. I haven't done formal teaching. Mostly I teach when I'm collaborating.

My collaborators always get their say. One of us has to have veto power.

You need to learn how to be polite. Also how to break politeness. Once a collaborator told me "If you don't like it, throw it in the wastebasket." So I did. Then we talked.

Another time I was going through a draft wondering if my collaborator had swallowed an English teacher. Or maybe just not digested.

Politics. I put a lot of effort into stopping the next Dinosaur Killer. I think the people in

Washington, D.C., who don't back the Space program aren't driving their own cars. Driving a car gives you a gut sense of kinetic energy. Now consider a mountain falling at thirty miles a second.

A lot of new SF seems depressing. Happy futures seem scarcer. I may be responsible for some of that. When I'm thinking about what to write, I often don't hear a story until something goes wrong — usually in a Utopia.

There seems to be more fantasy and less science.

Writing fantasy I learned you can get away with bringing in magic and not describing how it's done, if the magic doesn't work. Sometimes I've done that in science fiction.

I had an alien invite a human, "Join me in my quest." The alien was seeking immortality. "I've been searching for fourteen thousand years. Less in your time, perhaps." It was still ten thousand human years. If you have that long, why waste it looking for immortality? The alien had six ways humans didn't know of traveling faster than light. I didn't explain any of them.

Stories don't seem easier to write now. I see more that ought to get done, so they're just as hard. Maybe they get better.

I do find it easier not to break my heart over something that isn't working.

I don't yet have the skill to write about Waldemar XI. Here's what I have in mind. Soon after our time, Waldemar I is Secretary-General of the United Nations. Communication technology is good enough for one man to conquer the Earth. He keeps the title, but makes it hereditary. Information doesn't disappear; it can't be systematically destroyed; but the Waldemars control communications.

Hundreds of years later, Waldemar XI is a

kid. He learns we could have gone to the stars in the 20th or 21st Centuries. With the wealth he can put his hands on, he could build solar-power collectors. He could use laser launchers and send ships out to make more of them. He could conquer the solar system. Maybe I'll get to him. I haven't yet.

Niven has been praised for inventiveness, for energy, for astonishingly well conceived aliens. Some of his ideas keep bearing fruit. The first Known Space story appeared in 1964, the most recent in 2012, or counting other authors' fifteen books of stories about the Man-Kzin Wars and two Ringworld graphic novels, 2015. The first Magic Goes Away story appeared in 1978, the most recent in 2005. The first Draco Tavern story (rhymes with "wacko") appeared in 1977, the most recent in 2015. *The Mote in God's Eye* appeared in 1974, *The Gripping Hand* in 1993; *Inferno* appeared in 1976, *Escape from Hell* in 2009. His first collaboration, *The Flying Sorcerers* with David Gerrold, appeared in 1971, his most recent, *Shipstar* with Gregory Benford, in 2014.

The names of four of his collections are like a portrait, *All the Myriad Ways*, *N-Space*, *Playgrounds of the Mind*, *Stars and Gods*.

He's a poet, a stylist, a comedian. He has a living ear; he knows (Mark Twain said this) that the difference between the right word and the almost-right word is the difference between lightning and lightning bug. His writing is like the pointillism of Seurat, a canvas of bright-colored dots you fill in with your mind; like Chinese and Japanese painting in which one brushstroke shows where the mountain isn't. I taught him to dance.

(Left) **Larry Niven** accepts SFWA Grandmaster Award at the 2015 Nebula Weekend. (Right) *The Three Grandmasters* panel, with Larry Niven, Joe Haldeman and Connie Willis. Photos by Kathi Overton.



The Rotsler Winners

Personal Musings by Taral Wayne

These snippets are by no means encyclopedic, nor do they deal with the lives or fanac of the artists in any comprehensive way. They are merely the outpourings of a distracted mind, trying to put in words what these artists meant to me in a general and personal way.

Rotsler Award Winners

1998	Steve Stiles
1999	Grant Canfield
2000	Arthur Thomson (posthumous)
2001	Brad Foster
2002	Kurt Erichsen
2003	Ray Nelson
2004	Harry Bell
2005	Marc Schirmeister
2006	Alexis Gilliland
2007	Terry Jeeves
2008	Taral Wayne
2009	Dan Steffan
2010	Stu Shiffman
2011	No Award Given
2012	Ross Chamberlain
2013	Jim Barker
2014	Sue Mason

In my original article, which ended with 2007's winner, I added a short list of the fanartists who I thought would logically follow. I'm happy to say that *most* of the artists on that list have indeed joined the ranks of the Rotsler winners since then. I look forward to the remaining names on my list appearing in due time.

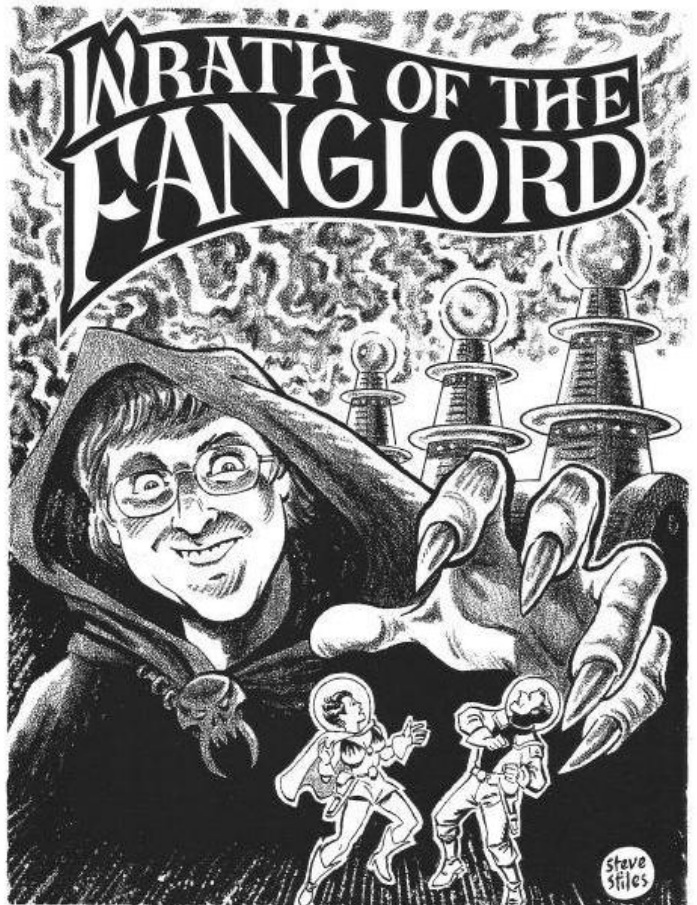
Steve Stiles, 1998

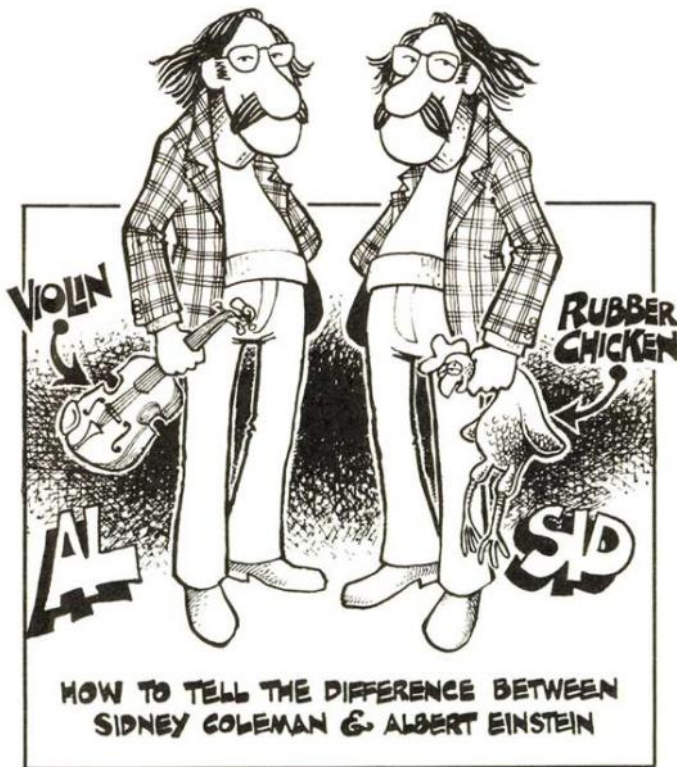
When I first discovered fandom, Steve was one of the elder ghods to me. He was also an accomplished member of the Underground comics community. I had probably seen his work in an issue of *Dope Comix*, or something of the sort, before I even knew what a *Granfalloon* or a *Beabohema* was. Unlike some of the other fanartists I looked up to, Steve was more than just approachable, and in time we became friends, as well as a tight-knit mutual admiration society.

I once said it was a little odd we took to each other's art so well, considering that we were nothing alike as artists. We aren't, really. Steve comes from the heart of the EC comic book tradition, with bold

lines, striking use of black space, and a sense of drama that could have been lifted straight from German Expressionist films. He also has a surreal sense of humour I could only envy. But when I mentioned this to Steve, he retorted that we were more alike than I realized. We both had a professional's grasp of composition, anatomy, and other good technical stuff, he said. It's certainly true that *Steve* possesses these qualities... 'Nuff said.

It is especially appropriate that Steve should have been the first fanartist to be presented the Rotsler Award, because he's been singularly overlooked by another prestigious award we all know – the Hugo. In spite of contributing a huge proportion of the best fillos and covers for fanzines for around *four decades*, the voters had consistently shown a preference for a very small number of familiar names on the ballot, on the one hand, or complete newcomers, whose combined contribution to fandom might not amount to a fraction of Steve's worth to our shared





Opposite page: **Steve Stiles** (1998). Above: **Grant Canfield** (1999).

microcosm.

It has to be said, however, that Steve's supporters are loyal. They have nominated him 14 times as of this year (2015). While not a record in itself, sadly, it is the greatest number of nominations any fanartist has received, *without* winning even a single Hugo.

It would be hard for me to choose favorites from Steve's enormous body of work, but justice demands I try. Among the covers that have always cracked me up were those he did for the issues of *BSFan*, edited by Steve and his wife, Elaine. There was, in particular, a "weather report" from the near future that is looking more and more plausible as global warming alters our reality. Or another cover which explores the absurdity of "carbon-based life form prejudice." On a third, a deranged starship computer disembarks frozen crewmembers without thawing them first, with shattering results. One cannot say enough about the menacing likeness of David Langford on the *Wrath of Fanglord* anthology, or a rain of Atomic Age robots on the cover of *Mimosa*. More than ink on paper, Steve's work is evidence of a sharp satiric mind, and a keen appreciation of popular culture.

It has been one of my periodic fears that each time Steve Stiles has said, "I've had enough, this time I quit," it's not just the beer talking, or "Foster Harvia's" eleventh Hugo ... he might really mean it

this time. But, fortunately, fandom seems too much in Steve's blood, and he has never walked out on us. I really feel it's time we take preventive action and give him the recognition he deserves. The first Rot-sler was a fine first step, doing credit to both the artist and the award.

Grant Canfield, 1999

My first sight of Canfield's work might have been on *Outworlds*, *Granfalloon*, *Energumen*, or almost any of the classier zines of a certain era, thirty-five or forty years ago. Those were heady days, in which the bar for fanart had never been set higher. It has probably never been as high since. At the center of it all was Grant Canfield's highly polished style and jewel-like precision.

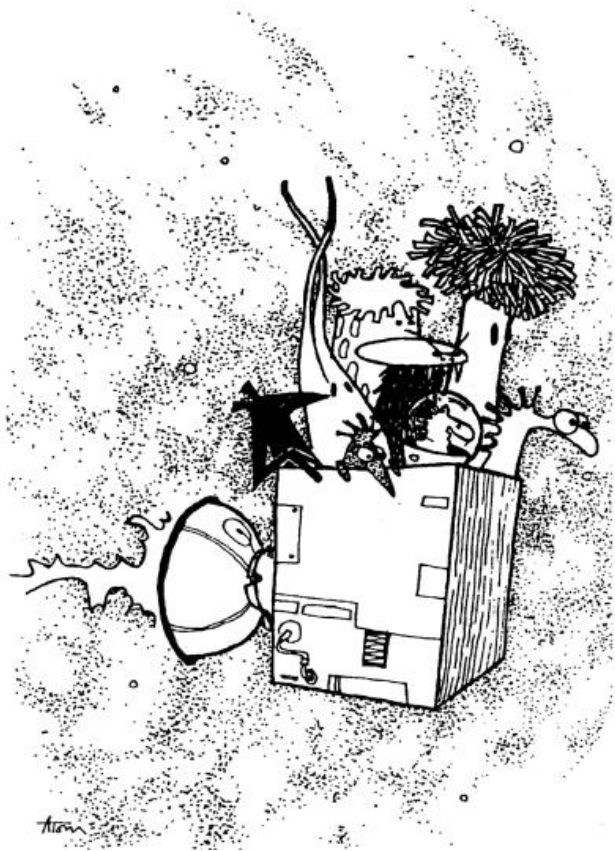
As an architectural artist, it was almost a trademark of Canfield's to make generous use of straight-edge, lettering guides, lay-down graphics (such as brick patterns, sparkles, cross-hatching, or flagstones), or other tools of his profession. His line had the authority of a quality set of 00 to 09 drafting pens, meticulously cleaned after each use. One of his specialties was the absurd machine, or robot, plausible but clearly pointless. Canfield was also adept at ogres, trolls, goons, oafs, and monstrosities of all kinds. But I think it may have been his bikini babes that caught my eye. They wouldn't have been one bit out of place in any of the slick magazines. But Canfield was a professional cartoonist as well.

It was rather a pity I never had the chance to meet him. I think I saw him once or twice at a convention, but he was one generation of fan and I was another. Perhaps if Canfield had remained active longer in fandom we might have had the chance to take each other's measures, but I was still finding my way, while Canfield was already moving on to greener pastures. In a fairly short number of years, though, he left behind an impressive body of work.

In spite of that, Canfield is perhaps best known as a *cause celebre*. You would think with such a high profile, and so significant a contribution to fandom, he would have won at least one Hugo before he was gone. It wasn't to be. Surrounded by the likes of George Barr, Tim Kirk, Alicia Austin, Steven Fabian, and Michael Gilbert, he came in a runner-up again and again in the Hugos. 1972, '73, '75, '76, '77, and finally 1978. Perhaps it's too late, but one never knows. A small number of Canfield illos have appeared in print of late.

Arthur Thomson (ATom), 2000

ATom was one of those artists who catch your eye immediately, but defy description. You like his work, or you don't (if you're really odd). I didn't like it – I loved it! The man seemed to have a deft touch



Top: **ATom** (2000). Bottom: **Brad Foster** (2001)

with composition, and could select *only* what had to be in a drawing, without a molecule more of ink.

Of course, there was more than one face of Arthur Thomson. He had his more conventional moments – cartoons with funny people saying funny things. But they were stripped down in an interesting way that didn't make them uncomplicated, just simple. You don't know what I mean, do you? The best way I can put it is imagine you had a lot of Lego pieces. You could put them together any which way, and end up with a complicated mess that had legs and arms in all directions. Or, you could make a wall, which would be more elegant. Either way, the number of parts remains the same, but one is complicated and lacks order. The other is simple and well organized. Perhaps that's what I mean about ATom's art – it's well organized, but by no means is there little to it.

ATom's great strength was in composition. He had bold lines, and striking black areas, and his use of inked and un-inked spaces could be hung on a triple-beam balance. The result of too formal a balance in a picture is often static, but ATom's work was always dynamic. Rather than balance one black square with another, say, he might weigh a black circle against an outlined white space. He used shapes to point, or that appeared to float, or were in different planes. One wonders if he wasn't frightened by an abstract mobile while he was still in his crib.

The heyday of ATomic art was the '50s, but Thomson continued to appear with regularity through the '60s, and into the '70s. British zines probably enjoyed the easiest access to his illos and covers. ATom illustrated the covers of some issues of the legendary Irish Fandom icon, *Hyphen*, in the more naïve style of BoSh. These large panel cartoons (with punch line) were drawn on stencil, yet are easily recognizable. AToms were desired by U.S. fans just as much, and, when lucky, they got them. Appearances by Arthur Thompson were beginning to peter out just as I was making my debut, but I was lucky enough for our careers to overlap long enough to gain an appreciation of him. We never met, alas.

Unfortunately, popular though he was in fannish circles, he was up against some of the most high-powered artists in fan history – Barr, Kirk, Austin, Fabian, Canfield, and others – and never won a much-deserved Hugo.

Now that he is dead, of course he never will. I can only applaud the decision to honour him, if posthumously, with the Rotsler. The only objection I might raise is that the committee waited three years to do it.

After making its first posthumous award, the committee decided to make no more. This is wise I think. ATom richly deserved the recognition, but his was a special case. And there are too many living

artists (who have also been overlooked) to honour on a regular basis those no longer with us.

Brad Foster, 2001

Brad is from Texas, and learned the fast draw from an early age. (Sorry, I couldn't resist the word-play.) Actually, I don't know if he is fast, but I do know Brad is amazingly prolific. His self-published mini-zines or mini-folios in the '80s gained a sort of fame for their quality (in a genre dominated by stick figures), as well as quantity. I believe I saw Brad's work in mini-comics before I ever saw it in fanzines.

Brad also pulls off the difficult trick of supporting himself as a freelance artist. Like most freelancers, this demands a diverse range of subject matter. By which, yes, I mean he does pornography too. He does it as though he enjoys one sort of art as much as any other, which very likely he does.

In the late '80s Brad wrote and drew four issues of a comic book. It was called *Mechthings*, and published by *Renegade Press*, and if you looked for it today I have a feeling you couldn't find it. (Though Brad may have a box of them under his bed, like the box of my own old comics that I have under mine.)

Brad's art has evolved a bit from the '80s. It may be a little strong to say Brad was addicted to stippling (millions of little dots) when he first broke into fanzines, but it seems that his style has gradually abandoned such time-consuming techniques and

tended more to solid blacks in recent years. One thing that *hasn't* changed is that Brad likes to fill up space. There is usually a lot of "business." Brad's taste runs to humorous, whimsical subjects. People in floppy hats, robots with big soulful eyes, gizmos that would make Rube Goldberg blink and trees like giant broccoli stalks. Things generally seem to be made of foam or rubber, and straight lines may sometimes seem a topological impossibility. Yet mechanically perfect perspectives with ruler-perfect vanishing points are another trademark. (Was Brad Foster once a drafter or architect, like Grant Canfield?)

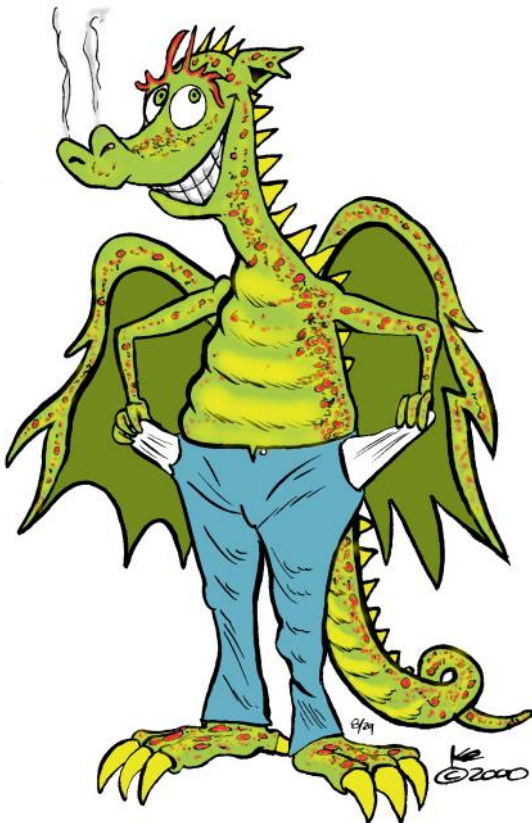
Brad's subject matter is a touch lightweight for some, but it can't be denied that he has the right recipe for a great many fans, because he's been consistently popular in the Hugos. His nominations have been unbroken for every year since 1998, and he racked up nine nominations previous to that. In fact, Brad has, hands down, the largest number of nominations of any fanartist, totaling 26 as of 2015, and has *won* a Hugo *eight times!* Tim Kirk, the previous record holder, had only five. Amazingly, I recall Brad once telling me that he hadn't won all that often ... I suppose what he meant at the time was "not in the last two or three years." Modesty may be an overrated virtue, anyway.

Kurt Erichsen, 2002

Kurt is a gentle, quiet-spoken man I first met at some Midwestern convention sometime in the 1970s. I liked him right off because he was intelligent as well as modest, two qualities that are too often at odds in fandom. As an artist, his work is crisp, precise and well designed. It is free of extreme mannerisms – which can be taken as you like – but I take it to be rather in character for the artist.

What Kurt has mainly contributed to fanzines are smallish cartoons, usually one panel, sometimes two or three. I always thought they were as good as anything you might find in a slick magazine, though as far as I know Kurt never pursued a career in that direction. (The field is diabolically competitive.) I was aware that he did some freelance cartoons for cards and local papers and such. Also a bit surprising is that I never saw very much of his work in fanzines. I would have thought fans would be eager for every pen-stroke, so I'm guessing that despite its quality, Kurt's output wasn't prolific. This can likely be blamed on a day job, which I seem to remember him describing to me once, but is best left to your imagination.

For quite a number of years I considered his best



Left: Kurt Erichsen (2002)

work to be that appearing in his Christmas cards! They would make an interesting collection in some fanzine, as I doubt many people in fandom were ever privileged to see them.

Ray Nelson, 2003

Ray Nelson can scarcely be named without also mentioning the propeller beanie. As far I as know, he never wore one. (It took George Young and Art Rapp to put that foolishness into practice.) But Ray claims to have invented it, and predicts that long after he's dead and fandom is forgotten, there will still be some corner of the universe where someone is adorned by a copter beanie. He could be right.

To be honest, I thought I knew something about Ray Nelson, but quickly found that I didn't. There



"Poetry must under the space age!"

wasn't a typical Ray Nelson cartoon, really, though he had drawn hundreds of them. There didn't seem to be a typical Ray Nelson style either, although the most commonly used on '50s fanzines seemed to be one rather similar to Bob Shaw's cartoons on *Hyphen*. But Ray also did some

"serious" work, and as the fanzine medium grew more sophisticated, so it seemed did Ray's style. So I went to his Website more examples.

It shouldn't have been surprising that fandom wasn't Ray Nelson's entire life. He did prozine illustration as well, and seems to have branched out into other genres as opportunity allowed. He was a well-rounded commercial artist, in other words. Among the images posted in his gallery were a few fanzine covers I recognized from my collection, but to be honest, most of the work was professional cartooning from magazines, and not really pertinent. So I was left without much help. On a whim I used the link, to say hello.

The Website was helpful also because it reminded me that Ray could be a fine science fiction writer. I still think of *Blake's Progress* as the only Laser Book that rose above passable, and at one time Ray collaborated with Philip K. Dick, sharing credit for *The Ganymede Takeover*.

But as for Ray's art, I was still a little short on

comments. Taken all around, I'd say he fell between ATom and William Rotsler. His rendering isn't as taut as ATom's, but not as freehand as Bill's. In spirit, his work did resemble BosH's *Hyphen* covers most, with broad caricatures of fans and captioned humour. Other times his roots in pulp magazine illustrations showed in the form of Amazon women, tripod spaceships and BEMs.

Clearly, Ray Nelson was a talented artist capable of a wide assortment of subject matter and treatment – but as this has made it so difficult to discuss his work, it almost seems to make virtue a fault.

As I recall, Ray's work was a special feature in the art show at Corflu 3, in 1985.



Harry Bell, 2004

Harry Bell and Jim Barker are almost one subject. Both arrived in British fanzines at the same time, in the late 70's, and both were featured in every discussion of British fanart.

Actually, until Bell and Barker, the expression "British fanart" was virtually an oxymoron. There were a small number of practitioners of long standing, but most were amateurs (in the best sense of the word, "lovers" of art), with the sole exception of the superb Arthur Tompson. Barker and Bell almost



Opposite page: Left: **Ray Nelson** (2003); Right: **Harry Bell** (2004). Above: **Marc Schirmeister** (2005).

single-handedly gave British fandom a reason not to be so dismissive of the appearance of fanzines for the first time.

Of the two, Harry was arguably the more flexible and nuanced cartoonist, able to construct detailed figures and textures with only his pen. He had a “big foot” style, with exaggerated features such as, well, big feet ... plus googly eyes, wild hair, floppy hats, knobby knees, long noses, leering grins, etc. The opposite, one might say, of the more contemporary style of cartoon where characters are stripped down to basics but still very human. Bell was more Basil Wolverton than Jim Davis. In fannish terms a more apt comparison might be with Grant Canfield.

Unfortunately, some time in the late '80s or early '90s, Harry began to be busy with other things, a common cause of fandom losing artists, and we saw much less of him.

The good news is that of late we've seen what appears to be the start of a comeback. Let's hope Harry sticks around *longer* this time. Like Barker, Bell enjoys only a single nomination for a fan artist Hugo. Both were pitted against each other in 1979, at the British Worldcon, and as fate would have it, both lost out to Bill Rotsler. I suppose you might say Bill owed Harry his Rotsler.

Marc Schirmeister, 2005

It would be all too easy for me to write pages and pages about Schirm. We met at Iggy in 1978 and have been fast friends ever since. For years I visited Southern California and stayed at his place, toured the deserts, ransacked the shopping malls and satisfied my craving for inauthentic Mexican food before returning home to Toronto. But that was no reason

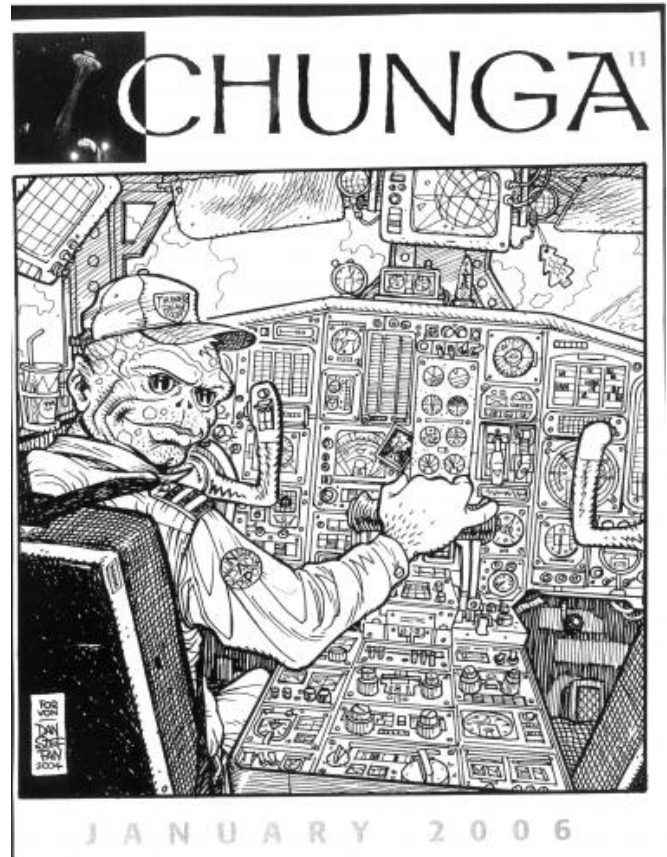
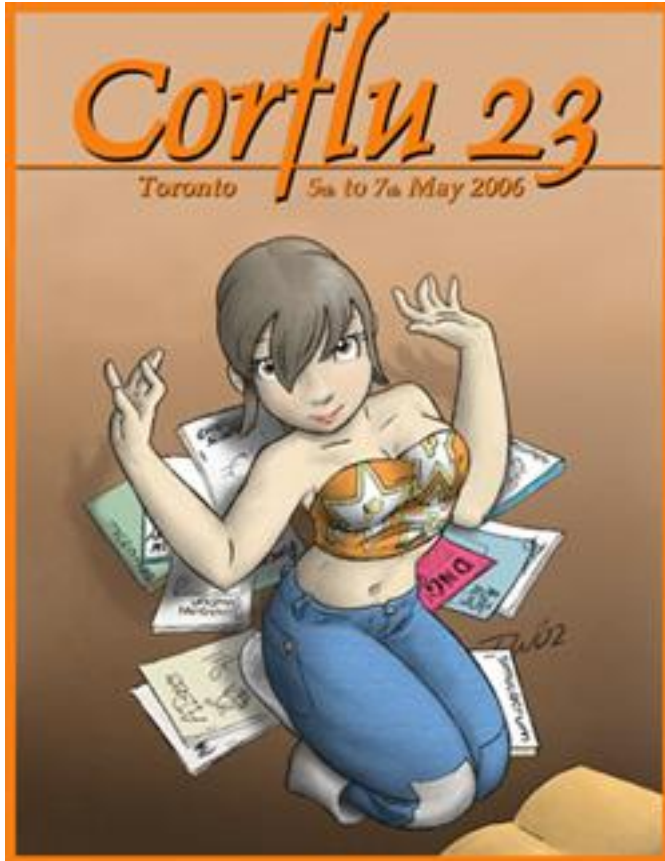
to award him a Rotsler.

The real reason for it was that Schirm is one of the most original cartoonists I've met, and I've met a number of them. Having a Crumb-like fascination with an earlier era, he developed a style that I've described in the past as one part E.C. Segar, one part Will Eisner, and one part Jimmy Hatlo. Schirm is probably best known in the LASFS fallout zone, where he contributes part of the local colour as a personality. For a number of years in the '70s and '80s, though, he contributed a unique brand of fanart as widely as was humanly possible.

Then in the mid '80s he landed work in various animation studios. Our loss was their gain. A few moments here and there in *Tiny Toons*, some scenes in *Sonic the Hedgehog*, and part of the live-action film *Casper* (as in *The Friendly Ghost*) all benefited from his comic touch. But the mouse factories that employed him never seemed to have appreciated Schirm as much as fandom did. He has largely given up freelancing, and has returned to fanart. Now Warner's and DIC's loss is *our* gain, and fanzines have already showcased a number of Schirm covers.

Why he hasn't been nominated yet for a Hugo yet is anyone's guess. Mine is that he *has* been away for a while. Another is that it seems to me that his pick of fanzines to contribute to can be almost as eccentric as his artwork. In the past, his generosity had been preponderantly lavished in what seem to me to be odd directions. In a recent conversation with Schirm I got the impression that he contributes even now to some venues of lesser prominence than he deserves.

Among many favourite pieces of Schirm's art is one I published myself. Its genius is in its simplicity. A robot headless horseman rides a jet-black steed



Left: **Taral Wayne** (2008). Right: **Dan Steffan** (2009).

against a starry background speckled on the paper with a toothbrush. The crescent moon, fat and mad, hangs on corner, created by masking that part of the page with a cutout. In another favourite, a reptilian flutist perches on a tiny moonlet and plays, while a furious meteor shower takes place all around. There is a nude portrait painter in Hell I could mention, and a hillbilly shack suspended below a hot-air balloon, and a self-assembling cyborg that needs to follow directions, and chili-dogs that scorch Satan, and a hundred others. But I'll mention only two more. One I can't resist because it is a lampoon of a character from my own drawings, showing her nagging at me at the easel. And the other is a visual list of painful things to do to some people who deserve it. There is just a *weeeeee* bit of a temper in Schirm's art a little of the time, but I love it all the more for it.

Alexis Gilliland, 2006

Alexis is an elderly gentleman in a wrinkle-proof grey suit and string tie, with a soft southern accent of a particular sort that an expert could no doubt place. My guess would be a Virginia accent, but then Alexis lives in that state. Elementary, my dear Watson. I spoke with him from time to time in the late

'70s, when I was traveling to East Coast cons.

Known to be a professional bureaucrat, his humour was about bureaucracy of all kinds – the perplexities of hierarchical logic, the fallacies of organizations of every sort, conscious and unconscious obfuscation, unintentional ironies, and paradoxes of the spirit that vex us whenever two or more people try to work together. He is known to have strong opinions that occasionally raise eyebrows.

Stylistically, his drawings have a remarkable consistency. You might say that if you've seen one, you've seen them all... The line is spidery, but given weight by delicate cross-hatching. He has a large number of stock characters – demons and trolls mainly – but only one that I know of with a name, the cynical wizard Wizenbeak. If Gilliland's art probably can't be said to be demanding, it is never less than it needs to be to deliver the message. You never regret taking a few seconds to read one of his cartoons and savor the perfect blend of wit and execution.

Over at least three decades, Alexis' cartoons have dotted thousands of fanzine pages. But he has also had a small number of published collections of cartoons, starting with *The Iron Law of Bureaucracy* published by *Loompanics Unlimited*. Alexis is also

the author of several fantasy novels written in the '80s and '90s, including a trilogy featuring Wizenbeak.

Whether it is for the ubiquity and humour of his art, or because of the *presence* he makes at a convention, Alexis's light has never been hidden under a bushel. He has won four Hugos as best fan artist.

Terry Jeeves, 2007

Terry Jeeves has been in fandom forever, and it shows... in almost every British fanzine since 1939 it seems. He has a heavy pen style, with a manner of filling backgrounds and creating textures that reminds me of an old woodcut illustration from early 19th century newspapers. Doubtless this comes of the challenge of drawing on mimeo stencils in days when that was high-tech. The artist had a variety of tools at hand that, in practice, did only a limited number of things. They drew thin lines or thick. One excruciatingly difficult tool to use actually drew a dotted line. Just about the only other effect in the artist's repertoire was created by a shading plate. By rubbing a flat-ended tool – or a kitchen spoon – over the stencil, the nubbly sheet of plastic underneath made a pattern of dots or dashes. They might be orderly or random, heavy or light, or even composed of myriad tiny stars, but not much else. I'd wager that these primordial tools left a permanent imprint on Terry's way of doing things.

The virtue of Terry's work, it seems to me, is its invariable good humour, and the by and large pleasing nature of its construction. These are no "Last Supper" or "Starry Night," but neither are they meant to be. Their purpose is to break up a page in an interesting and attractive way, and they do this with sufficient charm as to need no justification.

While Terry's cartoons appeared mainly in British

zines of an earlier era (including his own *Erg*), they still make a welcome appearance from time to time.

Taral Wayne, 2008

It should be fairly clear to the readers that I am a big supporter of my art, and have nothing but superlatives to say about myself ... so, let's move along to a few simple facts instead. I've drawn for as long as I can remember, inspired by comic books such as *Magnus Robot Fighter* and *Uncle Scrooge*, but also *Mad Magazine*, *Hot Rod Cartoons*, Will Eisner's *The Spirit*, *Tintin*, *Asterix the Gaul* and a wide range of graphic storytelling.

When I discovered fandom in the last hours of 1971, it provided me with a purpose, and lasting friendships. On the other hand, it may also have distracted me from a serious pursuit. Perhaps I was meant to have been an anatomical illustrator, as I once imagined, or a career comic book artist? It's probably just as well that we'll never know. I would never have gotten 11 nominations for a fanart Hugo *that way*, or been the Fan Guest of Honour at the Montreal Worldcon in 2009.

Generally speaking, I contributed art (as well as writing) to as many fanzines as I could, but it was clear that I favoured those like *Scientifriction*, *Karass*, *Sticky Quarters*, *Rune*, *Mainstream*, *Outworlds*, *Diehard*, *Simulacrum* and other staples of the 1970s and '80s. But as the 1980s wore on, I grew increasingly restive in fandom and shifted gears.

For the next ten years I was a dealer at furry cons and a small press comic artist. I watched the new fandom grow and evolve into something that was not at all what I felt at home with, and then the wheel turned again. Once more, Science Fiction fandom began to look attractive.

I plunged into what could be called my second

Left: Terry Jeeves (2007). Right: Alexis Gilliland (2006).





Left: **Stu Shiffman** (2010). Right: **Ross Chamberlain** (2012).

fannish incarnation around the time of *Torcon 3*. Having refined my act during the preceding decade, I think I've been more productive in the new millennium than the last. On the whole, I think I've been better rewarded, too, for the misplaced devotion and energy I've spent in fandom the second time around. The zines are a little different – my preferred hosts include *File 770*, *Banana Wings*, *eDitto*, *Challenger*, *Askance* and other zines of the new millennium.

How long will it last until the next turn of the wheel? I have no way of knowing ... the first squeaks of movement could come at any time.

Dan Steffan, 2009

Dan was unquestionably one of the most visible artists in fandom from the late 1960s, through the 1970s and into the 1980s. Dan's keen eye in the art of pastiche rivaled the skill of Wally Wood and Will Elder in *Mad Magazine* ... and inspired me to take up lampooning in his footsteps. For the most part, Dan drew in a comically real style, but he could as easily draw for an advertising agency in a perfectly

naturalistic way to illustrate men's suits or sports jackets. His art was heavily detailed, boldly inked and moved fluidly.

Amusingly, it was clear that Dan's humour ran to vulgarity. There were more ass and fart jokes than coincidence could account for. It seemed to fit well with the other somewhat heavy-handed themes in his art, and was an effective antidote for the often-cloying quality of other fanart. As the visual expression of the cynical, "sophisticatey" character of the Falls Church Group Mind, it was perfect.

Dan had also been a major figure in publishing fanzines. His early *Boonfark* was the very model of a Torcon era genzine. Later, in the 1980s, he returned to publishing with *Blat*. Without turning its back on the lessons of the '70s, *Blat* incorporated early desktop technology and a small amount of tasteful colour. With Ted White, Dan also co-edited *Pong*, a "snappy little fan-mag" of a few pages, mailed to "elite" readers every month or six weeks.

Unfortunately, about the same time as Dan moved from the East Coast to the Pacific Northwest, his time became increasingly monopolized by Real

Life affairs. Dan is probably responsible for most of the fanart seen in *Trap Door* these days, but otherwise he seems to have withdrawn from fandom.

Stu Shiffman, 2010

Stu Shiffman belongs, like myself, to the early 1970s generation of fandom. He emerged from approximately the same *tranche* of the New York Fano-clasts as Moshe Feder, Hank Davis, Barry Smotroff, Eli Cohen and Jerry & Suzle Kaufman. It comes as no surprise, then, that Stu's art was first seen in New York area fanzines, but it soon spread to zines as far-flung as the UK and Austria.

Although there is a rough-edged quality to Stu's work that lacks the extreme polish of a George Barr or Alicia Austin, there is no doubt about the energy it was imbued with. Stu's interests and ideas were so diverse that one of his single-page comics usually sprawled in six directions at once, and a simply gag cartoon could be read in three separate levels. On the surface, it was a time-travel or alternate history premise ... but with a fannish twist. Deeper still, there were self-references to it being a cartoon in a fanzine. And at the deepest level there were tantalizing hints to Stu's favourite reading, his hobbies or his friends. A book held in a character's hand might be titled "Prof. Feder's Guide to New York Sewers," or the shellac 78-rpm record on an old Victrola might have a label reading "Ragtime Klezmer." I always believed that while Stu's art may lack a certain gloss, it was close to the perfect model of what fanart should be.

For a long while, Stu had the dubious distinction of having more Hugo nominations for best fanartist without a win than anyone else – nine in a row. He skipped one year and was nominated a tenth time. Then, in 1990, he finally won his coveted silver rocket ... only to be nominated four more times without winning.

Stu didn't only illustrate fanzines; he published them. He and Larry Carmody were joint editors of a fun, idiosyncratic zine called *Raffles*, that was dyed in deep hues of fannish whimsy. *Raffles* was reincarnated later, as *Potsheds*, when Stu struck out on his own.

In the 1980s, Stu joined the minor exodus of New York area fans to the Pacific West Coast, where he resided with Andi Schechter. About the same time as his move, Stu also drifted away from science fiction fandom and devoted most of his time to other interests. His work mainly appeared in mystery and Sherlockian publications. There had long been a hope that Stu would return to SF, but, unfortunately, it isn't to be. Stu Shiffman passed away last year, in November of 2014.

No Award Given, 2011

It came as a surprise when the Rotsler for 2011 was awarded to d. west ... and he declined it! Possibly it should *not* have come as a surprise, as much of d.'s persona in fandom is based on a certain in-your-face contrariness. D. offered an explanation, which did little to smooth ruffed feathers – in effect, he said that the list of previous winners did not reflect well on *him!* As a result, the awards committee declared "No Winner" in 2011. In keeping with that decision, I won't be writing about the artist. Despite his unexpected death in September 2015, West would no doubt have preferred it that way.

Ross Chamberlain, 2012

Ross is one of those fans who is not only a good person, but can actually be described as a gentleman. Although never really prolific, his art has graced fanzines since at least the 1950s, and has become closely identified with such classics as *The Enchanted Duplicator* (the best known 4th edition). A brief glance at of TAFF trip reports and fanthologies reveal Ross Chamberlain to have been almost the "artist of choice" for the covers of any out-of-the-ordinary publication.

Chamberlain's style is detailed and representative of an older style of illustration, one that was more common in books and magazines of the 1940s, rather than the more abstract, minimalist art that was fashionable in 1950s *avant-garde* graphics. He did no gourd-like figures, pipe-cleaner arms and legs, "smiley" faces or flattened, geometric backgrounds. In fact, Ross was a master of quite elaborate backgrounds and settings that took real skill, not the mere facility that enabled some artists to pen the same pose or expression over and over again, almost while asleep.

If there was really any complaint to be made about Ross Chamberlain, it is that there never seemed to be remotely enough of his pleasant, humorous art.

Having lived in various parts of the country, including New England, South Carolina and the Southwest, and having held down numerous occupations, Ross finally settled down in Las Vegas in 1992. He lives in retirement with his wife, Joy-Lind.

Jim Barker, 2013

As I said about Harry Bell, the 2004 winner of the Rotsler, it is difficult to think of either of these artists without thinking of the other. Not that they are especially similar stylists, but they do share a certain "big foot" sensibility and a very British sense of humour. In Jim's case, actually a Scottish sense of humour. The two of them also dominated British



Left: **Sue Mason** (2014). Right: **Jim Barker** (2013).

fanzines for about a decade, the way the Habs once dominated NHL hockey. Like Harry Bell, Barker was nominated for a Best Fanartist Hugo. He appeared for the first and only time on the 1979 ballot ... that, probably by no coincidence, was the year of Seacon, a British worldcon. As fate would have it, neither British artist was able to prevent Bill Rotsler from winning his second Hugo at that con. One wonders if they might have split the British vote.

Of the two, Jim's style was more graphic – his drawings were more linear, less curvy, and lay on the two-dimensional plain with fewer pretensions of three-dimensional space. Jim freely used Zipatones and Lettraset. His cartoons mostly illustrated people in social situations rather than funny creatures in fantasy settings.

In the early 1980s, it appears that Jim's career as a freelance illustrator and graphic designer ate up all his time, and his absence was soon felt. His business has thrived by spreading into many different commercial areas – sales, education, promotion, public health, training and brand identification. Jim

Barker even makes videos. Unfortunately for us, business' gain is our loss. We should have given him that Hugo.

Sue Mason, 2014

I don't know whether Sue is well known outside of British fandom, and I don't believe she is well-published outside of British fanzines either ... perhaps not even well-published outside of one *specific* British fanzine, *Plotka*. All of which makes it just a little bit of a mystery to me how Sue has won two Hugos for fanart, TAFF *and* the Rotsler. The best explanation I can offer is that she appears to be a popular "personality" at conventions, and the main exposure given to her art is in the con art show.

The little I was able to find online says that Sue Mason has little formal art training, began doing convention art shows in 1982 and has tried her hand at a great many other things than fanzines – book covers, magazine illustrations and crafts, which may well account for much of her exposure

also. She appears exceptionally found of pyrography ... what we would have called “wood burning” when I was young.

Fortunately, Sue has published a small chapbook that can be downloaded, and has a Web page with a large enough sample of her art that I can make some comments on it. The work is certainly more oriented to fantasy than SF, and there is only mild humour in it. In fact, I’d go farther and pigeonhole it as Wicca/Pagan oriented, with plenty of animals, particularly horses, acres of gorgeously embroidered robes and gowns, jewelry and floral ornament. To use a possibly outmoded term, I would call it feminine. There is also a curiously erotic treatment, which I believe derives from pagan art ideas, but is unusual for fandom. (I realize that I’m calling the kettle black, here.) The style Sue works in can be traced back to turn-of-the-century, mauve decade sources, possibly through the direct influence

of genre artists like George Barr and Virgil Finlay, but that is mere speculation.

2015 ...

I suppose only the troika that decides the awards knows this year’s winner ... and maybe they haven’t decided yet.

[[Editor’s note: The winner 2015, Teddy Harvia, was selected after Taral turned in this article.]]

One of the criteria, I have been told, is that living, active artists are preferred candidates for the Rotsler. This may be so, but given how fanzine artists are becoming *increasingly* geriatric, it will eventually be necessary for the Rotsler to embrace younger fanartists, those who may never actually have had anything printed on paper, or used a hand-held implement to do their work. I shudder to think of the mental gymnastics necessary to fit such an adaptation to the original purpose of this award, but as I may be in the

Hereafter myself by then, scoffing at the fandom I’ve left behind – it won’t be my problem.

In the shorter term, there are still good fanartists from the Glory Days of fanzine fandom who have yet to be chosen the three Fates. (One wonders which of them spins the thread, which measures it, and which cuts?) My short list has to include at least Ken Fletcher, Jeanne Gomoll, James Shull, Jay Kinney, Derek Carter, Steven Fox and Joan Hanke-Woods. There is also the thorny question of fanartists who have gone on to Bigger Things, such as Alicia Austin, George Barr, Tim Kirk, Vaughn Bodē and Phil Foglio. Does success disqualify them? That issue opens a can of worms that I don’t want to stick my mitt into. I, for one, would rather look back on the winners to remember when I was a younger fan, and how they inspired when I beheld their marvelous mimeographed doodles for the very first time!

Mari Ness Calls World Fantasy Con To Account on Accessibility

Fantasy writer and Tor blogger Mari Ness uses a wheelchair, which cons often fail to accommodate when they invite her to participate in panels set on a dais or stage. Ness suffered frustration again at World Fantasy Con 2015 and aired her criticisms live on Twitter this past November, which she expanded upon when she got home.

“[Unfortunately] this is not the first disability/accessibility problem I have had with conventions, or the first time a convention has asked/agreed to have me on programming and then failed to have a ramp that allows me to access the stage. At least in this case it wasn’t a Disability in Science Fiction panel that, incredibly enough, lacked a ramp, but against that, in this case, the conrunners were aware I was coming, were aware that I use a wheelchair, had spoken to me prior to the convention and had assured me that the convention would be fully accessible, and put me on panels with stages but no ramp.”

Ness says that in the future her policy will be to attend only conventions that satisfy two conditions:

- Offer an accessibility statement on the convention website, and/or a written state-

ment to me guaranteeing disability access, and offering specifics about that disability access.

- Provide access ramps to stages.

Ness concludes: “I am, granted, only a very small voice in fandom, but I’m a very small voice that can no longer use my money and time to support conventions that cannot take the time to ensure that I can fully participate in the con.”

Every event must comply with the requirements of the ADA. However, due to the way WFC 2015 mishandled its anti-harassment policy a certain amount of internet tinder awaited a spark.

Mary Robinette Kowal was among those voicing support for Ness,

Kowal went on to make more general comments about the issue in a blog post about accessibility at conventions: “Flash backwards to NerdCon: Stories. This convention was amazing. Truly. I will go again, and again. One of the things that I noticed, right away, was that they had a sign language interpreter. In hindsight, again, I’m realizing that there’s a reason that I saw more than one group of fans conversing in ASL. Not because there are more in Minneapolis, but because this is what fandom looks like when it is accessible.

“Most of the conventions I go to are fan run.

They start as a big party and then grow. So, it’s understandable why a first year con might not think about being ADA compliant. But after the first year... there’s no reason why a panelist should have to address a room from the floor, while the other panelists are elevated on a platform. Simple things like, don’t registration in a space that’s not accessible by wheelchair users. Have websites that are accessible for the blind.”

Mari Ness, who often shares insights and her experiences with wheelchair accessibility while traveling and at conventions, said last year’s World Fantasy Con in DC handled accessibility much better: “Apart from two minor issues with my hotel room, both promptly addressed by Hyatt, I did not have any disability issues at this con.

“(I did have issues outside the con while attempting to navigate Alexandria and DC, but that’s on those two cities, not World Fantasy Con....)

“As long time readers know, this is not something typical of World Fantasy, which for the last several years have featured Disability Fail after Disability Fail after Disability Fail. So it’s a major relief to find that yes, this convention can get it right, and I want to thank the 2014 World Fantasy Committee for getting it right this time.”

John Hertz's Westercon Notebook

Westercon LXVII, July 3-6, 2014

Marriott Hotel Downtown, Salt Lake City, Utah

Author Guest of Honor, Cory Doctorow; *Writing Excuses*, Mary Robinette Kowal, Brandon Sanderson, Howard Tayler, Dan Wells; Fan, Chris Garcia; Graphic Artist, William Stout; Science, Bradley Voytek; "Media", Peter Beagle. Attendance about 640. Art Show sales about \$7,200 by 36 artists. Combined with local convention Conduit XXIV.

We'd never had a Westercon in Salt Lake City, though about 1.2 million live in the metropolitan area. El Paso (Westercon XLIX) and Calgary (Westercon LVIII) were similarly brave and bold. Diversity, it's in everyone's mouth. Were we to be the fans who, invited, came to dinner? Could our hosts reach people who didn't already know what might be served or what nourishment it might bring?

About 100 who had Attending Memberships did not attend. I grieve. But of those who did attend about 200 walked in and got memberships at the door. I rejoice.

And when W67 chairman Dave Doering learned a commercial gathering, FantasyCon, would be held simultaneously at the Salt Palace across the street, he promptly arranged joint memberships. We don't know what total showed up, but 220 came to our Registration; in context, gosh. Some of our folks went there too.

Incidentally, FantasyCon (a) advertised itself as interactive — presumably having waited for something to come along that was as good as our song — then folks who tried both saying of us "You can walk right up to people and talk with them!"; (b) announced in December 2014 it would not be held in 2015 and would find another site for 2016; (c) promised for next time a 15-foot-high fountain depicting a Viking ship attacked by a sea monster.

On the bus to Los Angeles Int'l Airport a kindly black woman conversed with me about science fiction. In an airport restaurant a young boy liked the John Schoenherr cover on my copy of *Galactic Patrol*. He was from Hawaii so I showed him how Jane Dennis of Fo' Paws in making my Honolulu (Westercon LIII) shoulder bag had put Gauguin's *Tahitian Mountains* on it and found room against the clouds to add a flying saucer.

At the Salt Lake City airport, huckleberry taffy. "You're my huckleberry", although not currant in Los Angeles, and although Falstaff said he wouldn't give a reason (pronounced like *raisin* in his day) upon compulsion if they

were as plentiful as blackberries — I keep warning you about these puns — means, I believe, *You're just right for my task*. Propitious. Going to the hotel the shuttle

Grand, or at least exciting.

Nietzsche

driver's radio played the Cadets' cover of "Stranded in the Jungle". Meanwhile, back at the con —

I was chief hall-costume judge. Vanessa Applegate, Doctorow, and Sandy Manning helped me. I confess *hall costume* is one of our less transparent terms. Like *Con Suite*. Or possibly, considering Hugo ballots of the past few years, *fanartist*, *fanwriter*, and *fanzine* — but never mind. Hall costumes are the SF-related — may I use our old adjective *stfnal*, from the word Hugo Gernsback wanted *scientifiction*, pronounced *STEFnal*? — outfits some people build for strolling the halls. Unlike stage costumes which are meant to be seen at a distance, these are meant to be met. The late great Marjii Ellers called them daily wear for alternative worlds.

Prowling judges reward good hall costumes by pinning rosettes on. A sleepy con committee may try to provide name-badge ribbons instead: no good: the award has to go on the costume not on the badge or else, seen later with street clothes (or a different costume!), it won't convey *This is exemplary*. When that happened at Renovation the 69th Worldcon we turned them into something useful with yellow silk roses from Jill Eastlake and design-*fu* from Tom Becker. I guess I have to keep explaining; here I was with name-badge ribbons again. This time Keri Doering the W67 chair's wife got gold-trimmed black lace, and the con logograph in black on gold rounds, and made things of beauty.

Friday, the crack of dawn, noon to you. Stout had contributed a swell T-shirt illustration for the con theme "Trailblazers to the Future", which was dramatically printed on black. Wells had managed to wear a cloak through various international airports without anyone's asking to see what was under it. In the Operations office I was helping cut out gold rounds with the con logo. People cried "Copy!" "Pink!" apparently in a game like finding suitable interlineations. Extraordinarily bright teenagers made warped

jokes. Some things never change.

I was scheduled to lead three Classics of SF book talks. Loncon III the 72nd Worldcon having decided to administer Retrospective Hugos on the 75th anniversary of the 1st Worldcon (Constitution, Section 3.13), the W67 committee and I agreed on a set of three Diamonds of 1938: Campbell's "Who Goes There?", Lewis' *Out of the Silent Planet*, and Smith's *Galactic Patrol*, all on the Retro-Hugo ballot. Extra credit if you know, plus a bonus if you know other than by having been there, at Denvention III the 66th Worldcon we did Wonders of 1958 i.e. a golden fifty years earlier. Sometimes these discussions are panels; sometimes I conduct them alone, not as scary for me as that once was and easier on Programming.

One p.m., "Who Goes There?", possibly Campbell's best unless maybe that's "Forgetfulness" or *Astounding Science Fiction*. Is the monster evil? From the audience: is it sapient? Another: in a great

A good novel tells us the truth
about its hero; but a bad novel
tells us the truth about its author.

Chesterton

early example, it's not a human being dressed as an alien. In a note for the con Website I'd suggested this was a detective story, two decades before Campbell taunted Asimov into writing *The Caves of Steel*. Milt Stevens said he'd never thought of it that way. Tom Veal said it didn't get labeled that way. Late the previous night Paul Anderson (note spelling) had groaned SF was over-gloomy. Is "Who Goes There?" a hopeful story?

In Ops I heard "Do I want to do it carefully, technically, or not at all?" Someone gave me a bag of Nestlé's Nerds. I ate them, but I felt like a cannibal.

Garcia hosted the Fanzine Lounge. The *Six-Time Hugo Loser* T-shirt was there. I'd been the courier bringing it to him from Mike Glycer. Who's the successor? Maybe Glycer should have sent it to Jeanne Gomoll in 1992. Among zines on display I noted Astrid Anderson's *Gallimaufry*, Jerry Kaufman & Suzle's *Mainstream 5 & 10*, Ruth Berman's *T-Negative 10* with a Juanita Coulson story and a Wendy Fletcher drawing, Robert Lichtman's *Trap Door 17*. Garcia's high-school yearbook

was on a table for people to sign. I already had. It has a good likeness of me giving a talk.

Seven p.m. Heather Monson was Masquerade Director, K. Doering her Assistant; Garcia, Master of Ceremonies; judges, K. Doering, Manning, and me; workmanship judge, K. Doering (since Keri & Dave's daughter Serena was competing, KD took no part in judging SD's entry, and Manning judged SD's workmanship). Why Friday, you ask. Indeed it was first announced for the usual night, Saturday. But the concomm learned FantasyCon had scheduled a Masquerade then. Quite rightly the nimbler vessel gave way.

"The Muse", Young Fan (and not for much longer) S. Doering, danced *en pointe* in a lavender dress revitalizing the imagination of frustrated writer D. Doering; this was Most Inspirational in Class, plus a workmanship award for Best Use of Trim. Best Novice was Nicholas Ricci, a steampunker who resorted to the Evil Eye when his higher-tech weapons failed, "The Stare"; a workmanship award for Excellence in Skull Jewelry to Lyda Mae Dameron, "The Badonkadonk Warrior", who'd cast all those skulls herself. No Journeyman awards.

In the Master class, Best Comedy was "Lack of Glitteritis" i.e. *as if*, Mary Ellen Smith, who wearing every conceivable stone and sequin gave sunglasses to friends and threw glittery Hershey's Kisses; also a workmanship award acknowledging her the Queen of Glitz. Best Choreography (and Best Workmanship in Show) was "Here to Save the World", Anita Taylor, Dave Tackett, Jonnalyn

0700 GMT/UTC), as to which last minute a heavy-traffic warning for E-mail, a *received-by* not *sent-by* warning for real mail. Chris Marble danced in the aisle. At the Conduit party, "My stuff is terrible, but it least it's fun."

Daylight Saturday. Portland had won Westercon LXIX in the first round. In the Hospitality Suite, or Con Suite, while the staff hunted for the inwards of the coffee machine, which as correctly guessed had been cleaned and put away where no one would think to look, others discussed Hitler's eastern campaign and whether he should have listened to Guderian. On to *The Silent Planet*. Stevens said the author does a lot to undermine Weston's character. True, I said — while making sure we see Weston gets them there and, almost impossibly, back. Judy Bemis said *Planet* was heavy-handed. Another: every SF story makes assumptions, *Planet* assumes Christianity is true. Another: it's not a religious tract, in fact there are no sermons. I said, what poetry it has. Another said she found it too dense for her at age 13. Stevens said it never bored him — which, from Mr. Sardonicus, is much.

A woman with a FantasyCon badge said I reminded her of Donald O'Connor. It was time for Regency Dancing. There was a crowd, about which I'd warned the concomm, resulting in a bigger room. Kowal was gracious; I'm told I was. In a way her entertaining readers with fantasies set in this

period, and my teaching people standing before me one of its alien pastimes, are each harder than the other. My part may be like writing a sequel, some folks familiar and

To be boldest among the bold, and gentlest among the gentle.

Scott

wanting to see what may come next, some recalling vaguely and wanting to be reminded, some new, all to address and amuse (in the modern sense! it used to mean "bewilder") at once. As I write, I happen to be re-reading Georgette Heyer novels — just now *Devil's Cub* set a little earlier — and I'm struck again by the author's fannish sense of humor.

In a city full of history I failed to explore, even though some of my best friends — but never mind. There really is a City Creek, I saw it. I did visit the Leonardo, an art & science museum named for Leonardo da Vinci housed in what had been the main branch of the public library. A sign quoted "Principles for the development of a complete mind. Study the science of art. Study the art of science. Develop your senses — especially learn how to see. Realize that everything connects to everything else."

The Leo since opening in 2011 had displayed Phillip Beesely's *Hylozoic Veil*, of his fifty installations the only one I know to be a permanent acquisition. Hylozoism holds

Guidepost to the Westercon 67 Fanzine Lounge, and an exhibit table.

Extreme vexation, since it was so good on the whole, at what we thought the blemishes of it.

John Stuart Mill

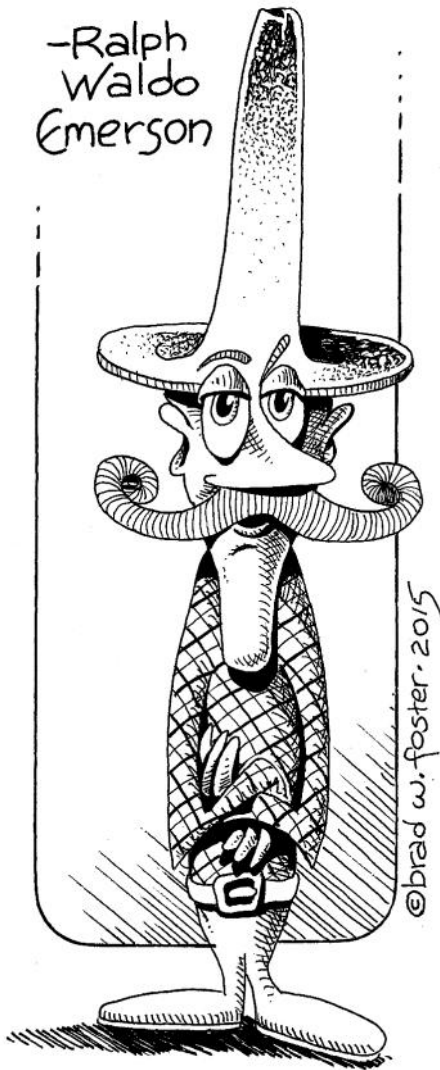
Wolfcat, Melissa Quinn, who majestic in blue, white, black, red, gold, with armor, headdresses, wings, and fantastic halberds, took the stage, postured, and reversed the halberds to make guitars for rock and roll. We gave no Best in Class, no Best in Show. The next night they went across the street and were given Best in Show there with a \$5,000 check. Time will tell just who fell, and who's been left behind, when you go your way and I go mine.

Quarter to eleven, free to see some of "Match Game SF". This was the night version, a lot of which is unpublishable. As I walked in, an unpublishable answer cracked up Lisa Hayes at the tech desk. Time, said Kevin Standlee in his superb television-host manner, for a commercial: Hugo voting would close 31 Jul at 2359 Mountain Time (1 Aug



LET ME NEVER
FALL INTO the
VULGAR MISTAKE
of DREAMING
THAT I AM
PERSECUTED
WHENEVER I AM
CONTRADICTED

-Ralph
Waldo
Emerson



that the physical universe is somehow alive, heady stuff; Anaximenes, Heraclitus, Thales taught it; Iain Banks and Rudy Rucker have touched on it; this sculpture, or something, echoes or is inspired by it, three stories high, hundred-thousands of transparent acrylic

particles in a webwork of hexagons and hyperbolas, fronded and tendriled, ascendent, pendent, formed as Sam Johnson once said with interstitial vacuities, hung in a stairwell good for climbing round looking. The Veil is said to be interactive too, with proximity sensors and “a liquid system ... supporting chemical exchanges that share some ... properties of living organisms”, though just then it seemed unmoved by me, other visitors, a guide. As I write, the electronic may view <youtube.com/watch?v=84de3KC137A>.

I’m for science. I’m for fantasy. Each can be fun, can be freeing. Let each flourish.

Having to help with late refreshments, with the help of help-helpers I found, indeed had good company to a local Harmons, here a 50,000-square-foot supermarket. Not that size matters. This was the moment for Beehive cheese, made thirty miles away (Utah is the Beehive State). I seized it. Promontory won 1st Place from the American Cheese Society, a Gold Medal in the World Cheese Awards; its makers say “Jersey cows are the smallest, and arguably the cutest”, recalling Young’s Jersey Dairy of my Antioch days.

My San Francisco Bay friends launched a San Jose for 2018 Worldcon bid to compete with my New Orleans friends. Hayes and Standlee came to the party in their Chicon VII astronaut suits: “We heard this was a launch party.” Since it wasn’t noon the immediate retort was not available. What a difference an *a* makes.

Dave Levine and Kate Yule at the Portland party; he’s to be Fan Guest of Honor in 2016. Other commitments leave them seldom free for Westercon, but they and the W69 concom being clever lucky skillful he and she appeared, for a while anyhow. They have many friends and were thronged. Levine is not the first and won’t be the last fan to become active as a pro. Some pros become active as fans. To say we are the Imagi-Nation, as Forry Ackerman did, does not mean a fan is a larva and a pro is an imago. When Aussiecon III the 57th Worldcon called Greg Benford he answered “Certainly. Do you want me to be Pro Guest of Honour or Fan Guest of Honour [note spelling]?” Hal Clement, I hear, once gave his Author Guest of Honor speech and took off his T-shirt, revealing a second in which George Richard gave his Graphic Artist speech and took off that shirt, revealing a third in which Harry Stubbs gave his Fan speech.

One a.m., our home-made music filksinging, on the party floor, a good placement; people should be able to drift in and away without great resolution. Song

words, and now and then comment, shown by overhead projector or some Electronicland equivalent. I noted “It made it difficult to discuss glaucoma and human rights, not to mention chemotherapy — and another thing ... and besides, a name like that doesn’t make a good acronym.” Later Kathy Mar said (not to me) “If there was one song in the universe I thought I’d never hear you sing!”

Sunday noon, the Hospitality Suite; “My husband and I stayed over for your last book talk.” Gosh. Onward then to *Galactic Patrol*. I try to choose sets, or suites, of SF Classics

It pleases him when people share his joys.

Archie Goodwin

that invite compare-and-contrast, which I’ll leave as an exercise for you. Michael Siladi said he finished re-reading *Patrol* two days ago. Stevens said, it’s colorful. Another: it’s full of event. Another: also characterization, some characters being alien. Another: Kinnison has too easy a time. Gosh. Another: Trencu is a great piece of imagination. Another: this book created what others later made clichés of. It’s a reverse detective story, the good guy hides while the bad guy keeps telling people “Your report is neither complete nor conclusive.” In craftsmanship, including care handling its made-up technology, it was pioneering and still stands out.

Art Show Awards

- Best 3D *Beware of Dragon*, David Lee Pancake
- Best Fiber Art *Unfinished Dragon*, Hannah Swedin
- Best Monochrome *Ankylosaurus*, William Stout
- Best Black & White *The Giant Skull*, Richard Hescoc
- Best Use of Color *I Will Not Be Contained*, Keliana Tayler
- Best Use of Humor *Hero Worship* (Magnus & Loki), Sarah Clemens
- Cutest *Early Conflict*, Kent Jeppsen
- Trailblazer Award *Glass Mermaid*, Brandy Stark
- People’s Choice *Vance’s Dragon*, Jessica Douglas
- Judges’ Choice *Copper Tree*, Jessica Douglas
- Best in Show *Vance’s Dragon*, Jessica Douglas

Particular thanks to Carole Parker who with her tie-dyed pieces put up notes about crystal wash, discharge, ice-dye, *shibori*. Likewise when Johnna Klukas exhibits she often includes notes about the kinds of wood. Obviousness is relative. Thanks to Hescoc too for showing, along with finished work,

studies and sketches. Not only does this help some people's purses, not only does it please whoso prefers purchasing the primitive to the polished, it helps us develop our senses, especially learning how to see.

I found Ben Yalow at the D.C. for 2017 Worldcon bid table. He being a Hugo administrator wouldn't talk substantively about nominees on either ballot, but we discussed the texts of various E.E. Smith versions, and other authors' good and bad rewrites.

For reasons plentiful as blackberries I'd spent hours in Ops. I can't say much of what I did or heard. But I praise Toad and his crew. This work is alternately tiresome and



I would have thought that tears were the things which bound us together, but no — smiles, laughter.

Katharine Hepburn

demanding — maybe not so alternately. It calls for a cool head and a keen eye. One's predispositions may suddenly have to be dropped. One isn't necessarily better at it for being male female young old local foreign black white red yellow. It can of course be pedestrian, i.e. one walks a lot. In its way it's the silent service.

Closing Ceremonies. Garcia said the con was engaging. Doctorow said he'd had wonderful hallway conversations; he praised audience participation in panels, concons running round with thumbs on fire getting things to happen; indeed there had been near-catastrophes. D. Doering gave special thanks to Kate Hatcher, much deserved. The C24 concon announced winners in its micro-story contest, with prizes in quarters (including an extra \$2 for a tetralogy) duly counted out. My entry, technically ineligible as I knew but I couldn't resist (I'd written "Veni vidi vici", signed it "C. Julius Caesar", and under "How should we deliver your prize if you're not present?" put "c/o Brutus, the Forum" — but not SF), had brought a smile to the judges. We went over the daily Hiss & Purr sessions. And Crystal Huff's luggage arrived.

Kunkel Awards Created

Nominations are being taken for the inaugural Kunkel Awards for Video Game Journalism through February 14, 2016.

The new award, authorized by the Society for Professional Journalism, recognizes excellence in video game journalism. There will be five Kunkel Award categories: Excellence in News Reporting, Excellence in Feature Writing, Excellence in News Video/

Streaming, Excellence in Feature Video/ Streaming, and Excellence in Photography/ Illustration/ Infographic.

While Kunkel's name registers with me as a fanartist who drew cartoons for Arnie Katz' *Focal Point* in the 1970s, it was another Kunkel and Katz collaboration, the "Arcade Alley" column in *Video* magazine, that helped invent video game journalism, as the *New York Times* declared in Kunkel's 2011 obituary.

"The column, a monthly look at new video game hardware and software, drew more readers as home gaming systems became popular in the in the late 1970s and early 1980s. By 1981, around two million home systems were in use in the United States."

The Kunkel Award winners will be selected by a two-step process: the entries will be nominated by the public, and SPJ judges will choose the winners.

Entries need to have been published in 2015, in English or with an available translation, and can be from anywhere, from a national website or a personal blog.

The judges will be "professional journalists working outside the gaming press, but with varying degrees of knowledge about it."

The judging criteria will be accuracy, balance, clarity, verve, and true to the SPJ Code of Ethics.

The awards are the brainchild of SPJ national board member Michael Koretzky, who will serve as director but not as a judge. The Kunkel Award was unveiled last week, and Koretzky says he has already received 104 nominations representing 33 websites and webcasters.

Where does Koretzky fit into gaming journalism's controversy-riddled landscape? He helped plan AirPlay, the live and Livestreamed forum for GamerGate proponents and opponents that was held in Miami last August and was interrupted by a bomb threat. AirPlay participants debated such questions as:

"How should the mainstream media cover controversies like GamerGate? How does a reporter interview an 'online leaderless movement' and still make deadline? What should the editor know before posting the story?"

AirPlay speakers included Derek Smart, representing game developers, Ren LaForme and Lynn Walsh representing mainstream journalism, and Allum Bokhari, Mark Ceb, and Ashe Schow representing GamerGate, as well as GG sympathizers Milo Yiannopolous, Christina Hoff Sommers and Cathy Young.

Science Fiction Poetry Association Names Two Grand Masters

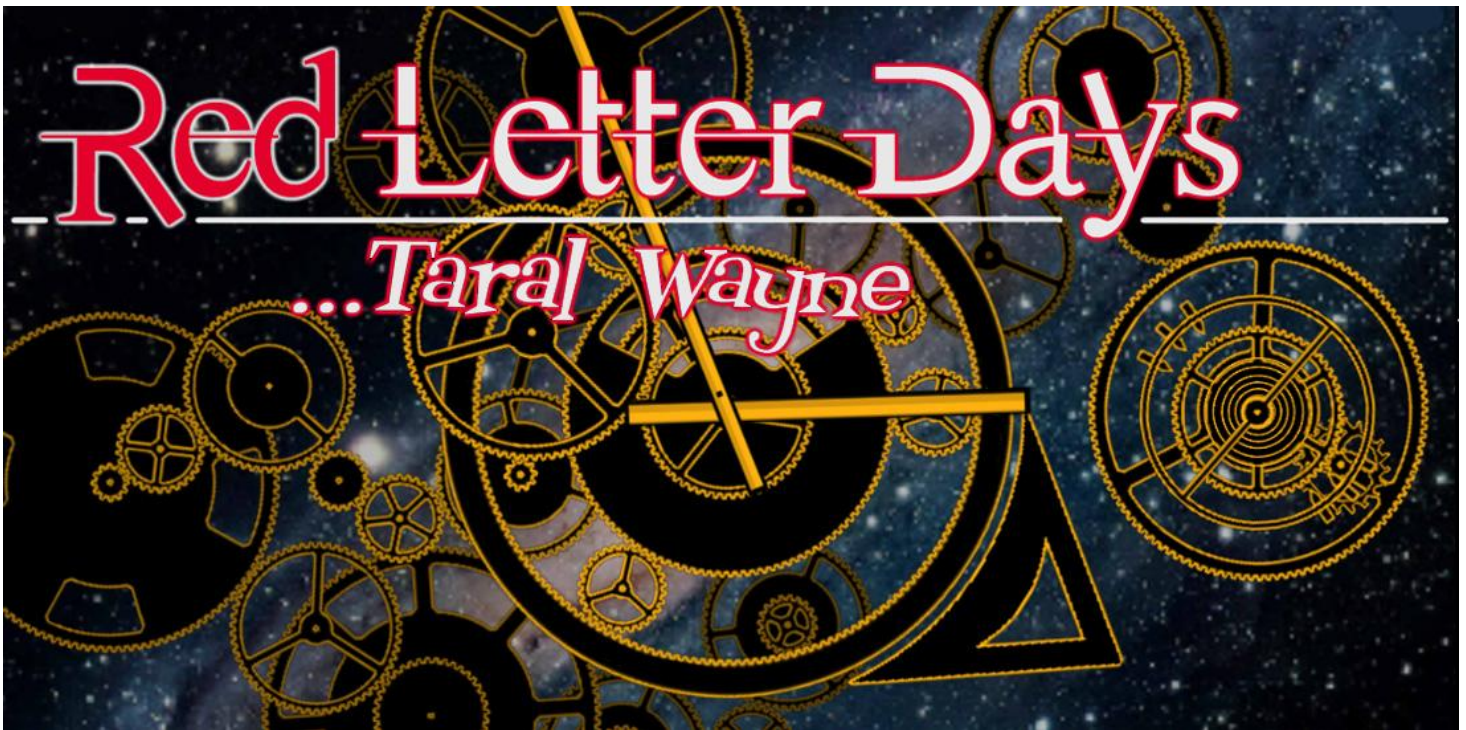
The Science Fiction Poetry Association has made its first Grand Master selections in five years — Marge Simon and Steve Sneyd.

Someone chosen as a SFPA Grand Master must be a living person "whose body of work reflects the highest artistic goals of the SFPA, who shall have been actively publishing within the target genres of Science Fiction and Fantasy for a period of no fewer than 20 years, and whose poetry has been noted to be exceptional in merit, scope, vision and innovation."

The first four SFPA Grand Masters were Jane Yolen (2010), Ray Bradbury (2008), Robert Frazier (2005) and Bruce Boston (1999).

Marge Ballif Simon freelances as a writer-poet-illustrator for genre and mainstream publications. She is a former president of the Science Fiction Poetry Association.

Steve Sneyd has been publishing SF poetry since the 1970s. His poetry has been nominated multiple times for Rhysling Awards, beginning in 1992. His handwritten (!) SF poetry newsletter, *DataDump*, in print since 1992, recently celebrated its 200th issue.



Not so long ago, someone predicted the end of the world ... again. In fact, I think he had had to revise the End Times not once, but on three separate occasions, to explain why we were still all here. One wonders what made the frustrated prophet suppose that our days were numbered so few? One reason that comes up again and again with such crackpots was the approaching millennium. Clearly God did not mean the world to last beyond the year 2000.

This is hardly the first time the idea that the all-too-human invention, the calendar, has been assumed to have divine significance. In the months leading up to the year 1000 AD, people wore hair shirts, flogged themselves, starved themselves in cells, paraded, rioted, panicked and prayed because they were certain the end of the world was nigh. People eagerly abandoned their jobs, homes and families to await the coming of The End as the year 1000 AD approached. That was rather a squib, also. Understandably, the more recent countdown to the year 2000 was far less hysterical ... nevertheless, some people took the coming End very seriously. It was even made the subject of a series of badly written but best-selling fantasy novels.

Not that you can find a definite date in the bible. The nearest thing to a reliable timeframe you can find is Jesus' statement that "some of you will live to see the Kingdom of God." He said that about 2,000 years ago, and it would appear that his guess was bit rash.

Similar preoccupations with cyclic intervals can be found in Zoroastrian, Hindu, and Mayan eschatology. In case you hadn't noticed, 2012 came and went without the End of the World. Apart from the usual warehouse full of unsold Tolkien calendars, what difference did the passing of the predicted Mayan apocalypse make?

Even the Third Reich was supposed to last a thousand years. The End did come for it, but only after a bare 13 years.

What gives mystics and chiliasts the absurd idea that nice, even numbers have a divine meaning? In nature, the number 1000 itself has no particular significance. It is the number after 999, and the one before 1001, no more and no less. The fact that we write it with three zeros only signifies that we use a base ten number system, which uses a zero as a place-holder each time numbers exceed a power of ten. The first power is obviously 10 itself – one placeholder, one zero. The second power is 100 – two place holders, two zeroes. 1000 – three place holders ... But who says God counts in powers of ten?

Computers, for instance, count in powers of two, because digital

components can only be on (which equals 1), or off (which equals 0). So "two" to a computer is "10." Three is "11." Four is "100." This is neither more nor less natural than counting by powers of ten. You can count in powers of any number – eight is actually very convenient. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 20, etc. – because it has so many natural factors, and easily converts to digital. It divides easily into halves, quarters and eighths. But we have ten fingers, not eight, so ...

All the same, not all human societies have counted by powers of ten. The ancient Babylonians had two number systems. The common system was base *twelve*. The more important one, which was used for calculating astrological events, was based on powers of 60! That is why early estimates of the solar year stubbornly clung to 360 days! 365 was not a power of 60, and so just *couldn't* be right!

Perversely, money never seems to have been based on powers of ten until quite recently. For instance, there was English sterling. Prior to its conversion to decimal in 1966, there were 12 pennies in a shilling, and 20 shillings in a pound, making 240 pennies per pound sterling. At one time, that was exactly what the ancient English coiners meant – 240 silver pennies struck from a pound of good silver. To complicate matters, fractional pennies were added over the centuries, and also denominations that were worth two, three or four pennies. Added later still were coins worth two, six and twelve shillings. One large silver coin, a florin, was worth 2 ½ shillings (or ½ crown)! If that seems unduly complicated, medieval *French* coinage was far worse.

Weights and measures were frequently so devoid of any semblance of a system that they resembled cell phone charges. I suppose it was because these were matters of commerce.

The calendar, on the other hand, dealt with the movement of heavenly bodies, and so therefore must be the province of the divine. But again, what is the significance of certain numbers and dates such as 1000 AD? Nature simply does not bear out such conceits.

The notion that the calendar has divine significance extends not just certain years, but to the idea of the year itself. A long-forgotten Babylonian at the birth of astronomy, nearly 6,000 years ago, decided that the number 360 had a nice ring to it, and since it divided evenly into 12 months of 30 days each, 360 days must be the length of the Earth's year. Ever since then, we have been aggravating ourselves by trying to force the Earth to actually revolve around the Sun in that logically chosen number of days. And we have *always* failed. Unfortunately for

those who believe that even numbers are a sign of divine planning, our world completes its circuit around the Sun in a disorderly 365.2425 days. No number of months or weeks or even complete days can divide evenly into the solar year.

As a result, calendars throughout history have drifted away from the astronomical events they represent. Important dates like the beginning of Spring, the summer solstice, and the harvest inexorably fell later and later on the calendar, year by year. Yet what use was a calendar that told the farmer to plant his crops three weeks after the growing season had begun? The grain or the olives would not yet be ripe when the first frosts came ...

Yet by Julius Caesar's time, the winter rains began in mid-summer. Now and then, the *Pontifex Maximus*, the chief priest in Rome, would add a few days at the end of the year to catch up – but that was not always done. In his third consulate, Caesar found it necessary to stretch the year 46 BC to an interminable 445 days to compensate! A few years later – in a futile effort to avoid the Ides of March, perhaps – Caesar scrapped the ancient Roman calendar altogether, and introduced a new one that is still used by the Eastern Orthodox Church and bears his name.

Although the Julian calendar was an improvement on the one it replaced, it was unfortunately still only an approximate solution. As time went by, it too grew out of sync with the proper time for church holy days ... and also, presumably, the opening of baseball season.

More recently, the Julian calendar became *so* out of sync with the seasons that *another* reform was required. The Gregorian calendar, introduced in 1582, “stole” ten days from the old calendar, touching off

riots in the streets of London as the uneducated masses protested the loss of ten days of their lives ... not unlike protests over Obamacare, which were supposed to rob people of their health care insurance.

The situation was made all the worse by the insistence of certain cultures of using the lunar calendar – the Jewish and Islamic calendars are best known, but Christians use it as well, to calculate the date of Easter. If it is difficult to fit a dozen thirty-day months into 365 days, trying to fit months of 27.32 days each into 365 days is enough to drive you to inventing the alphabet instead. Today, it is hard to see why anyone ever thought it a good idea to organize their calendar around the phases of the moon. I suppose what might account for it is that they were hard to miss, and that their pattern was more obvious than the position of the sun amongst stars you couldn't see in the daytime. It has also been suggested that early astronomers noted the similarity between the length of the lunar month and the female menstrual cycle. I doubt this myself ... since astronomers are well known to be rather sexless beings.

Yet we go on calculating the dates of Easter, Ramadan and other holidays using incomprehensible formulas to reconcile ancient lunar calendars to modern solar calendars.

Now, with atomic clocks, we are constantly fiddling with the lengths of not just the year, but the day, the hour, and even the minute. I understand that only a few days ago, on June 30th, our clocks were put back by an entire second!

It's a wonder we have any idea at all what day it is, or when to file our tax returns ... much less when the world will end.

You can mark *that* on your calendar in **red**.

Tiptree Symposium: A Report by Jeffrey Smith

The University of Oregon held a “James Tiptree, Jr. Symposium” on December 4 and 5 to celebrate (a) the centenary of Alice Sheldon (born August 24, 1915) and (b) its acquisition of the Sheldon/Tiptree papers for the Special Collections of its Knight Library – joining the papers of Ursula Le Guin, Joanna Russ, Kate Wilhelm, Damon Knight, Molly Gloss, Sally Miller Gearhart, Kate Elliott, Suzette Haden Elgin and others.

Attendance was free, so no total count of attendees was possible, but there were about 200 people in the auditorium at the peak. There were some locals and a few students, and a lot of science fiction fans and writers, most of them WisCon regulars. There were several outside-the-field creative people working on projects involving Tiptree who came to get information and hear peoples' experiences that could help them in their own work (but it's not my place to announce these). At one point, Nisi Shawl said, “I think I'm the only black person here.” She later found 1 or 2 others, and some Asian and Hispanic, but it was a very white crowd.

The library had four display cases showing photos, letters and other Tiptree memorabilia, another case of Tiptree Award winners, and the massive Tiptree Quilt which had also recently been donated to the University by the Tiptree Literary Award Council.

The Symposium itself was designed to be less like an academic conference and more like a fan convention, and the program items were very successful. The program began with Sheldon biographer Julie Phillips discussing the relationships between Le Guin, Russ and Tiptree, and then students who had been studying in the archives read letters by Tiptree to the other two that had particularly affected them. After the students, Julie read Tiptree's letter to Le Guin admitting who “he” really was, and worrying that she would be offended and break off their friendship. Then Ursula got up and read her warm, accepting response, bringing much of the audience to tears. An audio production of Tiptree's “The Women Men Don't See” was played, and the day ended with tours of the library exhibits led by Linda Long, the University's Manuscripts Librarian. That night the Tiptree Award hosted a party that was very well at-

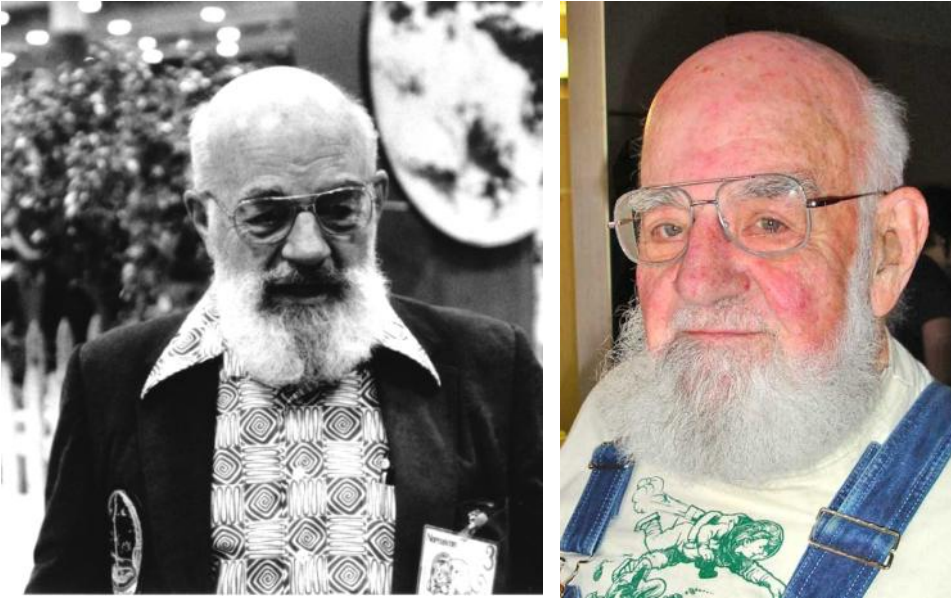
tended, including some people who had never been to an sf convention (and thus a convention party) before.

The second day started with a publishers' panel, with representatives from *F&SF*, Tachyon Press and Aqueduct Press. Next was the highlight (and best attended) event, three authors talking about writing in the 1970s and their experiences with Tiptree: Ursula Le Guin, Suzy McKee Charnas, and David Gerrold. David told the story of driving uninvited to Tiptree's address in 1969 and startling a woman who stammered that she didn't know who he was talking about. Their relationship-through-correspondence suffered after that. Next up was me, her literary trustee, answering questions from students in the 400-level feminist science fiction course and then from audience members. I did a poor job on the abstract questions but pretty well on the more straightforward ones. (Ursula said she learned some things from me that she hadn't known, so that was good.) (I also had the pleasure at dinner of making her really laugh with stories of misadventures in the funeral education field.)

After me came Alli herself, via some cassette tapes she had recorded. People got to hear her voice, and seemed to most enjoy her take-down of Heinlein's *I Will Fear No Evil*. The Symposium ended with a lively discussion of the Tiptree Award, with Pat Murphy describing its founding, past and present jurors describing their experiences, and lots of audience questions.

I had a lot of fun, most of the attendees seemed to have a lot of fun, and the University thought it was so successful that even before it was over they were talking about doing it again next year, with a focus on Joanna Russ.

PS: I asked about the Suzette Haden Elgin situation. Elgin had donated some material to them when she was alive. When she died, many more papers were left in a storage unit, which her husband abandoned rather than continue to pay for. When the University contacted the person who had bought the contents, he said he wanted to sell the papers, not donate them. They haven't given up hope, but have no real prospects for obtaining them at this time.



Left: **Art Widner** at the 1989 Worldcon, Noreascon 3. Photo taken and (c) by Andrew Porter. Right: Widner at the 2008 Corflu. Photo by Alan White.



Obituaries

Art Widner (1917-2015)

Always ready to help, never a better friend, opinionated, long on experience and wise about fannish weaknesses (even his own), a fascinating storyteller, organizer and party host, Art Widner passed away April 17 at the age of 97.

Widner had prostate cancer, which had spread to his bones. He had outlived his children, but is survived by several grand-and great-grandchildren.

Art himself lived two complete fan lifetimes, interrupted by a three-decade gafiation.

His first fannish life began when he discovered fandom through the prozines. And that life was characterized by a zeal for fanpolitics and organizing.

“Like so many fen, I was the Old Weird Harold on my block, carrying home those lurid pulp magazines with nubile bimbos on the cover wearing VW hubcap bras – which was remarkable because Volkswagen hadn’t been invented yet,” he told the audience at the 1989 Worldcon’s “Family Reunion.”

As other proto-fans did in the 1930s, he wrote letters to the prozines reviewing their efforts and criticizing their shortcomings – many of them to *Weird Tales*.

He helped organize “The Stranger Club” in

1940, Boston’s first science fiction club, together with Louis Russell Chauvenet, Chandler Davis, Gertrude Kuslan, Louis Kuslan, Norman Stanley, R.D. Swisher, and others. He chaired the city’s first two sf conventions, Boskone I (1941) and Boskone II (1942). He published his first fanzine, co-edited with Earl Singleton and Francis Paro, *FanFare*.

Along with Louis Russell Chauvenet and Damon Knight, he was responsible for the formation of the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F). Supporting Damon Knight’s call for a national fan organization, Widner wrote in *FanFare* in 1940, “The crying need is co-operation among all fans and this seems an impossible situation at present. Fandom should have some sort of united front to put toward the rest of the world, or it will continue to be regarded as just the juvenile gosh-wowoboyoboy gang.”

He was also one of the big name fans on the board of directors of the Fantasy Foundation announced at the 1946 Worldcon, touted by Forry Ackerman as a museum of imaginative literature.

As a young man Art was reputed to be Built Like A Gorilla. Robert Madle was grateful to have him on hand at the 1941 Worldcon when C.M. Kornbluth was in a violent mood: “He [Kornbluth] was the arrogant one of the group, the one who had a personality like a snake. Not to cut him down his writings, which are very excellent. But he had a peculiar personality. Like there was that night they were going to beat the shit out of me at one of the conventions.

“Fortunately I had with me Art Widner. We used to call him Popeye because he had

muscle bulging out of his arms. Kornbluth said, ‘Hey, I’m going to beat the shit out of Madle,’ and Widner said, ‘Who’s going to beat the shit out of who?’

“I think that was the Denver convention. Other than that I had no real problems with Kornbluth – other than that night when he decided to beat the shit out of me.” (From *C.M. Kornbluth: The Life and Works of a Science Fiction Visionary* by Mark Rich.)

He was regarded a member of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) Brain Trust, a colloquial name for those who engaged in weighty discussions. On the other hand, nobody liked a good time better.

Widner featured in the 1940 Worldcon masquerade as Giles Habibula, his costume constructed out of “Pogo’s hat, Trudy Kuslan’s pillow, and an anonymous bartender’s wine bottle.” He returned in 1941 as “Old Granny” from *Slan*.

But often Art was looking for something beyond simple fun. He is credited with creating the first original science fiction board game, *Interplanetary* (1943), which he described as — “a combination of a standard [auto] ‘race’ game and *Monopoly*. One had to get to a planet and bring back a cargo in order to finance a trip to the next distant planet where a still more valuable cargo would be obtained, etc., out to Pluto, which harbored ‘Immortality Dust,’ the game winner. The novel aspect was that the planets moved, making it difficult to land on one, plus such hazards as the ‘negasphere’ (from EESmith epics –now known as a black hole) and pirates, to say nothing of falling into the sun, getting hit with space junk, etc.”

With all these complexities, it took 8-12 hours to complete a game. Using a streamlined set of rules, it became popular with fans again in the 1960s. LASFS still owns a giant *Interplanetary* board and has hosted games in recent decades.

Art’s literary output was limited to a single prozine sale, “The Perfect Incinerator”, under the name Arthur Lambert, that appeared in a 1942 issue of Robert Lowndes’ *Science Fiction Quarterly* (priced, appropriately, for a quarter.)

Widner was the most inveterate poll taker in early 1940s fandom. The Widner Poll of 1940 included a list of the top ten science fiction pulps voted on by fans. When a gloating reader pointed out to editor Ray Palmer that not one belonged to Ziff-Davis, which published Palmer’s magazine, he dismissed it, saying that although Widner’s poll may have represented a dozen fans, Ziff-Davis circulation figures showed its magazines represented several hundred thousand readers from all walks of life, all over the world.

A few years later Art launched *Poll Cat*, chronicled by Jack Speer in *Fancylopedia I*: “Originally it was simply concerned with

preferences among stf authors, etc. Appeals were broadcast in all leading fanzines for readers to send in their votes on certain questions, and as returns were compiled, they were published, later returns being published later. Then one issue of a fanzine called *The Poll Cat* appeared, at which time Widner set out to test the thesis that fans are a separate and distinct type (slans or whatever you want to call them)... Looking for unusual average in fans, Widner found several characteristics that looked significant, such as longevity of grand-parents, larger hat size, and greater height....”

Art attended the first Worldcon in New York in 1939, and the next four, in Chicago (1940), Denver (1941), Los Angeles (1946) and Philadelphia (1947).

He drove to the Chicago Worldcon in a 1928 Dodge, the Skylark of WooWoo, the last model made by the Dodge Brothers.

He made an epic cross-country trek to Denvention I — the Widneride — in the FooFoo Special, a car without a trunk, accompanied by “Moneybags Unger, Tree Toad Rothman, Pretty Boy Madle, [and] Sourpuss Bell.”

(Now that Widner has passed away, only four people remain alive who attended the first Worldcon: Dave Kyle, Bob Madle, Erle Korshak and Jack Robins.)

Widner married during World War II, then was drafted into the service. However, because he was “volunteered” to be a technician-guinea pig at the newly formed Climatic Research Lab in Lawrence, MA he still got to go home nearly every weekend.

His fanac slowed while he was in the military and ground to a halt when he moved his family to Los Angeles in 1948. Soon after that he gafiated completely.

Signifying his disappearance from fandom, although Art is constantly mentioned in

Warner’s 1940s history *All Our Yesterdays*, he doesn’t have a single listing in the index of the sequel about the 1950s, *A Wealth of Fable*.

Widner reappeared in fandom in the 1970s — reminiscing that like *Voyager 2* after 10 years he had explored the local system, science fiction fandom, and went to see what lay beyond. “Thirty-five years later I came back to report: it’s pretty lonely out there.” He returned to fandom as an “eo-neo” and bumped into Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden “who knew who I was — or rather, had been.”

His best known fanzine *YHOS*, first published from 1940 till 1945, resumed publication after a 34-year hiatus and remained a prominent faanish zine into the 1980s and 1990s. (Even Harlan Ellison read it — something Art learned when Harlan phoned his cabin early one morning to take exception to a story Art had run.)

Originally revived as Art’s FAPazine in 1979, *YHOS* consisted mainly of personal reminiscences about 1940s fandom and mailing comments. Then it started to fill out with long travel reports, the kind of thing it was known for in its original incarnation. There was a “special travel issue” about Art’s trip to the ’79 Worldcon in Britain, a report on a trip to China, and another about his visit to Australia. In time, it took on all the features of a genzine, with a host of original contributions and classic reprints.

Art also visited the Soviet Union in 1978 with a fan tour group that included Forry Ackerman, Joe and Gay Haldeman, Art Widner, Clifton Amsbury and Charles N. Brown.

And he enjoyed sidling up to folks who hadn’t seen him since the 1940s to see if they recognized him:

“I believe it was at a Norwescon that I wandered into the SFWA suite and spotted

Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm sitting by themselves waiting for something to happen.... We had both changed considerably, and I only recognized him because he was famous and had his picture in *Locus*. He didn’t recognize me as I sat down nearby. I kept mum and gave him a chance to see past the wrinkles and gray beard, but he apparently decided it wasn’t worth the effort and resumed talking to Kate.

“Finally I introduced myself and he cracked up. Turning to Kate, he said, ‘I’d like to have you meet the guy who helped me start the dumbest organization in all fandom.’”

That was the N3F. But when he resumed going to Worldcons Art said he was “quite astonished [to find] that the NFFF was still alive and kicking. Not only that, but the good-hearted fuggheads running the Welcome Room were pathetically eager to induct me into the mysteries of Trufandom about which they didn’t know a blessed thing!”

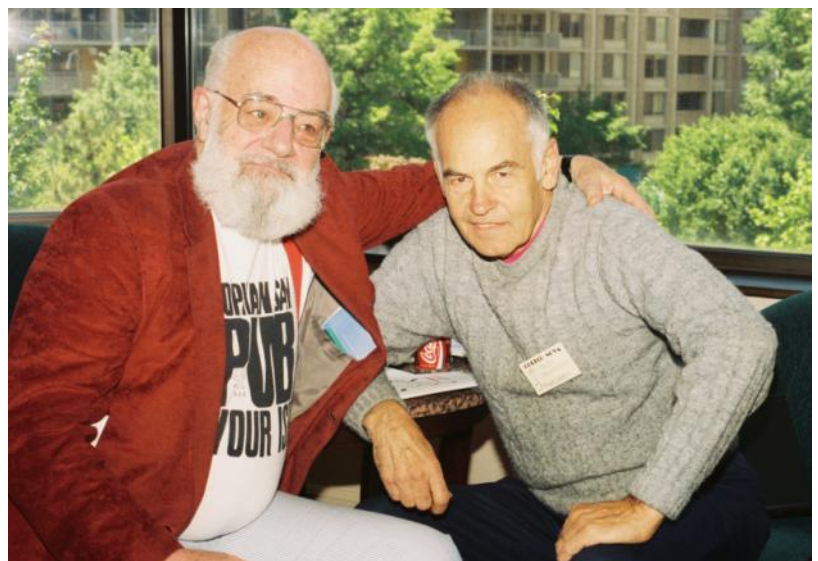
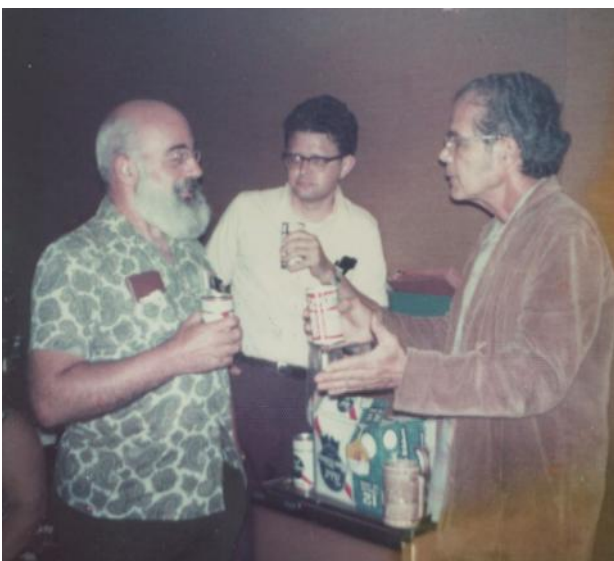
He attended the first 18 Corflus without a miss. A classic moment at the 2008 edition was Art serenading his fellow eo-fan, Jack Speer, with the first-ever filksong, written by Jack himself.

Although the term “filksong” had yet to be invented, several of these songs were sung at the 1940 Worldcon. Jack created them by setting new lyrics with a science fictional theme to familiar tunes. A snippet of one goes:

*We’ll build a tempo-ship
And we’ll take a little trip,
And watch a million years go by.*

The 2007 Ditto was organized around Art’s 90th birthday and held in his hometown of Gualala, California. “I have never seen that much alcohol in a con suite, maybe even counting Midwestcon,” recalled Hope Leibowitz in her coreport. “At the birthday party,

Left: Widner at the 1974 Westercon with Poul Anderson and Charles Burbee. Photo by Dik Daniels. **Right: Widner and Louis Russell Chauvenet**, two co-founders of Boston’s Stranger Club, at the 1994 Corflu. Photo by Rich Lynch.



there were 15 bottles of scotch on the table.” Art was a great fan of good scotch. People toured his eight-sided green-painted house. At one point in the con, Art read the 10 things it took him 90 years to learn, eventually published in *Yhos*.

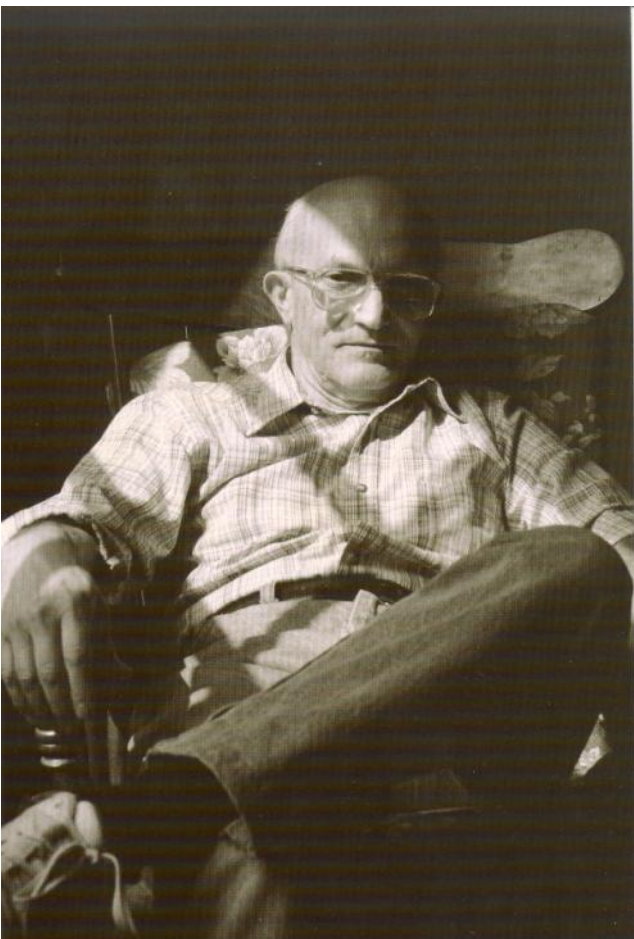
He later added a new #3, in “R. Twidner”-style:

It’s specifically directed at the Religiosity Ryt. ‘Forget John 3:16. Read Matthew 23’ It’s what Jesus thot of the Philistines, scribes & harisees, i.e., Big Time Hypocrits.

Art was a guest of honor at many other conventions: Boskone IV (1945), Noreascon 3 (1989, as part of The Strangers Club), Norwescon VI (1983), Westercon 43 (1990), Minicon 25 (1990), Corflu 16 (1999), Ditto 19 (2007) and twice at BayCon.

A member of First Fandom and the First Fandom Hall of Fame, he was honored with the Big Heart Award in 1989, and in 2001 was selected at Corflu as Past President of the Fan Writers of America for 2000. Along with the other members of The Stranger Club, he was Fan Guest of Honor at Noreascon 3. He was nominated for the 1946 Best Fan Writer Retro

Ray Capella, who passed away five years ago this June, was a frequent *File 770* cover artist.



Hugo at L.A.con III in 1996. He received a Special Lifetime Achievement Award at Corflu in 2011.

He was voted Down Under Fan Fund delegate in 1991 and attended the Australian Nat-Con.

Freed of the ambitions of his first fannish life, the second time around Art knew exactly how to make this a merrier world. He set a great example for the rest of us.

Peggy Rae Sapienza

Peggy Rae Sapienza (1944-2015), one of fandom’s most admired conrunners and fan guest of honor at Chicon 7, the 2012 Worldcon, passed away March 22 from complications following heart valve replacement surgery. She was 70.

Her highest profile achievements were chairing the 1998 Worldcon, Bucconeer, and co-chairing the 2014 World Fantasy Con. She also served as Vice Chair and then Acting Chair of the 1993 Worldcon, ConFrancisco, helping stabilize the committee in the period after chair Terry Biffel died and before the appointment of Dave Clark as chair. In addition, she chaired two Smofcons (1992, 2004) and a Disclave (1991).

People liked to work for her — including some who thought they were done volunteering before she called. Peggy Rae’s unique leadership style combined playfulness, the appeal of being admitted to an inner circle, knowledgeability, and a frank demand for results.

She had an unlimited resume in many areas of convention organizing — press relations, program, registration, guest of honor book, and exhibits. She also felt it was her mission to pass on the skills and experiences she possessed. A number of the current generation of Worldcon organizers called her a mentor and today are mourning her loss in their own way. “I feel like a whole library just burnt down,” Glenn Glazer wrote on Facebook.

Peggy Rae was a second generation fan whose father, Jack McKnight, mother, Buddie McKnight Evans, and step-mother, Ann Newell McKnight, were involved in the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, while her step-father, Bill Evans, was active in the Washington

Science Fiction Association. (Jack McKnight is specially remembered for making the first Hugo Awards in 1953.)

Growing up in Philadelphia fandom, in the late 1950s she served as Secretary and Vice President of PSFS and worked on and appeared in PSFS’ fan-made movie “Longer Than You Think.”

She began publishing *Etwas* in 1960. Ed Meskys recalls, “We traded fanzines at the time, her *Etwas* (German for something) for my *Niekas* (Lithuanian for nothing).”

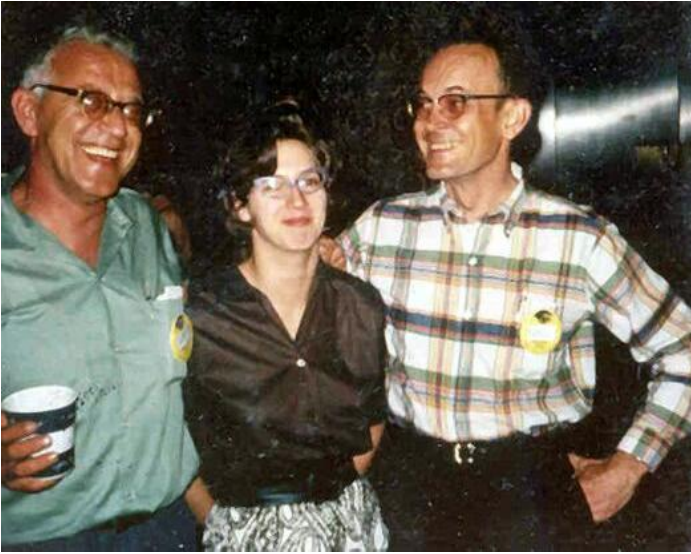
Peggy Rae McKnight met Washington-area fanzine and convention fan Bob Pavlat at her first Worldcon, Pittcon, in 1960. They married in 1964 and had two children, Missy Koslosky and Eric Pavlat. In 1983, the couple received fandom’s Big Heart Award. That same year Bob passed away. In 1999, Peggy Rae married John T. Sapienza, Jr., a government attorney and longtime fan.

One of Peggy Rae’s enduring contributions to how Worldcons use facilities is the ConCourse, which she and Fred Isaacs invented for the 1989 Worldcon, Noreascon Three. The Sheraton had denied the use of its facilities to the con due to some problems, forcing the committee to create attractions in the Hynes Convention Center to compensate, or later, when they regained the Sheraton through litigation, to keep crowds in the Hynes for the sake of peace with the hotel. Their solution was the ConCourse which, with the Huckster Room and the convention program, gave members ample reason to hang out in the Hynes.

The ConCourse amalgamated fanhistory exhibits, convention information, the fanzine lounge, the daily newzine publishing area, convention bidding and Site Selection tables, and a Hynes-run snack bar in one place, and layed it out as an indoor park. Fans responded so positively the idea was used repeatedly by future Worldcons, and many of the exhibits Peggy Rae commissioned are still being presented.

This was also when the expression “I mowed Peggy Rae’s lawn” originated. Some of the planning for Noreascon 3 took place at her house, she explained during a 2012 interview. A friend arrived before a meeting while Peggy Rae was gardening and offered to help. In a kind of Tom Sawyeresque moment, others came by and joined in the gardening. Joe Mayhew was a witness, and years later warned people that if they voted for the Baltimore Worldcon bid they would end up having to mow Peggy Rae’s lawn....

The legend was celebrated by Chicon 7. Chris Garcia described how in a recent interview — and the way Peggy Rae used it to get some more work out of him... “At Chicon, there was a fake parcel of grass and a toy lawnmower with a sign marked ‘Mow Peggy Rae’s Lawn’ and the folks who pretended to



Left: Lou Tabakow, Peggy Rae & Bob Pavlat at NYCon 3, the 1967 Worldcon. **Right: Peggy Rae Sapienza** at 2007 Capclave. Photo by Ellen Datlow.

mow got a Ribbon saying 'I mowed Peggy Rae's Lawn.' I did the mowing, but Peggy Rae refused me a ribbon until I did the [promised] Campbell [Award] exhibit..."

For many years Peggy Rae was a key planner and motivator in the effort to preserve fanhistory. The Society for the Preservation of the History of Science Fiction Fandom, AKA the Timebinders, was formed at FanHistoriCon I in May 1994 in Hagerstown, Maryland, convened by Peggy Rae, Bruce Pelz, and Joe Siclari to gather fans of different fannish generations together to discuss the best ideas.

Peggy Rae worked 16 years as a contractor for the Department of Labor in Washington, D.C. in UNIX systems support, retiring in 2000.

In her later years she was instrumental in supporting the 2007 Japanese Worldcon as their North American Agent. She chaired SFWA's Nebula Awards Weekend in 2010, 2011 and 2012, earning a tribute from John Scalzi. She was part of the DC17 bid for the 2017 Worldcon.

Not long ago, Peggy Rae helped me put together a couple of programs for Smofcon 32 and I find it especially hard to accept that someone so filled with ideas, imagination and energy can be taken away.

Peggy Rae is survived by husband John Sapienza, her children Eric Pavlat and Missy Koslosky, and eight grandchildren.

Get a Heart of Wisdom

By John Hertz (excerpts from *Vanamonde* 1141)

Mainstay of our community Peggy Rae Sapienza (1944-2015) parted from us on the third day of spring, after heart surgery. It was the first time she had been overcome by complications.

She was Fan Guest of Honor at Chicon VII, the 70th Worldcon. Fifteen years before that she chaired *Bucconeer* the 56th Worldcon (*con + buccaneer*; Baltimore, Maryland). Fifteen years before that she had been given the Big Heart, our highest service award, together with her first husband Bob Pavlat, who had just pre-deceased her, a tribute to him in exception to the usual rule that the Big Heart is not given posthumously.

Her father Jack McKnight machined the trophies for the first Hugo Awards. Peggy Rae grew up, if for us the expression be not derogatory, in the Philadelphia SF Society; she was in the PSFS-made movie *Longer Than You Think*, shown again in 2001 at Millennium Philcon, the 59th Worldcon. She met Bob Pavlat at Pittcon, the 18th Worldcon and her first. Daughter Melissa when a teenager sometimes attended cons in her cheerleader's uniform; she at least once threw her arms around Ross Pavlac crying "Daddy, Daddy!" for all who'd seen his and Bob's names confused. At least one grandchild shows signs of being a fourth-generation fan. In 1999 Peggy Rae married secondly John T. Sapienza, Jr., active in cons, contributor to role-playing games and zines in the 1970s and 1980s, and besides SF fond of classical music, naval historical fiction, and photography.

She started fanzining in 1960. Her first issue of *Etwas* had an article by Harry Warner, Jr., and another by Robert Bloch. She was long active in FAPA (Fantasy Amateur Press Ass'n), the first SF apa, founded two years before the first Worldcon.

In 1989 for Noreascon III the 47th Worldcon she and Fred Isaacs invented the Concourse. Space in the Hynes Convention Center became our indoor park, with *inter alia* the Voodoo Message Board (list of members'

names, box of push-pins, alphabetical file for messages, blank paper, pencils), and exhibits of Worldcon history (Bruce Pelz), Worldcon bidding (Joe Siclari), fanzines (historical, Nancy Atherton; current, Mike Glycer), costuming (Janet Wilson Anderson and Drew Sanders), a gallery of monochrome photograph portraits (M.C. Valada). This reconceptualization was worthy of Anthony Boucher's 1943 story "Q.U.R."

While Vice-Chair of ConFrancisco the 51st Worldcon she got Lee Gold to edit *Along Fantasy Way* the Fan Guest of Honor book for Tom Digby. She chaired SMOFcon IX (New Orleans, Louisiana) and XXII (Washington; DC); SMOF for "secret masters of fandom", as Pelz said a joke-nonjoke-joke, came to be used loosely for people instrumental to our volunteer-run conventions. While chair of Disclave XXXV she edited the GoH book *The Edges of Things* (Alicia Austin, Lewis Shiner).

So much convention work had been done at her house, somewhat like a boy and a fence — but with no punishment and no whitewash — that "Peggy Rae's House" became a running gag on Worldcon site-selection ballots.

When the mascot for *Bucconeer* proved to be cheerful Bucky the Crab, there also naturally appeared Yucky the Crab. Peggy Rae after heading Program and Special Events for Constellation the previous Baltimore Worldcon in 1983 (the 41st) did not hold another Crab Feast. I thought '83 was fun, but imagine a roomful of tables with fans and mallets. *Bucconeer* had an Official Molecule, the near-fantastic Carbon-60 buckminsterfullerene whose instances are known as buckyballs. When watching her I praised Winston Churchill's remark "How useful it is in great organizations to have a roving eye," she at once



Bruce Pelz, Harry Warner, Jr. and Peggy Rae Sapienza at FanHistoCon I in 1994. Photo by Rich Lynch.

concluded, calling it *Management by wandering around*.

I worked most with her on Nippon 2007 the 65th Worldcon, the most ambitious, I believe, since the second. I was the only non-Japanese advisor; she was the North America Administrator, a task so measureless I told John Sapienza it was wider than being the head of a Division and he said it was more like being head of a corps. In bidding we naturally held a Japan for 2007 *Haiku* Contest, which was essentially my fault and which among everything else she judged. At L.A.con IV the 64th Worldcon, I was one of the Masquerade judges. The Nippon committee had brought a beautiful *kimono* as a gift for whatever entry won Best in Show. I explained to Peggy Rae that under Masquerade procedure there could conceivably be two Best in Show winners, one Original, one Re-Creation. She assured me this too had been provided for.

At Peggy Rae's death Inoue Tamie wrote to me "We sent white flowers to her funeral service. The cherry blossoms of Tokyo have begun to be scattered, a season of the fresh green will come soon."

Her *alma mater* was Goddard, well-named for a fan. She was one of my Down Under Fan Fund nominators when I went to Australia. We shared taste in wine. She had vitality and wisdom. She could only have gotten more sapience by marrying it. *R.I.P.*

"Teach us so to number our days that we may get a heart of wisdom," *Psalms* 90:12; "Prize wisdom highly and she will exalt you; she will honor you for your embrace," *Proverbs* 4:8.

George Clayton Johnson

One of the most fan-friendly pros ever, George Clayton Johnson passed away at 12:46 p.m. PST on December 25 from cancer. He had been in hospice care in his final days and there were many premature reports of his death.

Born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1929 Johnson wrote that he loved reading the pulps "while surviving an Okie upbringing, a broken home, an alcoholic mother and institutional lockstep in a state orphanage with an occasional escape into a public library or a movie house."

He briefly served as a telegraph operator and draftsman in the Army. Using his benefits under the G.I. Bill he enrolled in an Alabama college, then dropped out to travel, supporting himself as a draftsman.

Johnson said in the introduction to his collected *Twilight Zone* scripts: "On coffee breaks working as a draftsman detailing wind-tunnels for U.S. Steel, and later the boss of my own drafting service in Van Nuys designing ticky tacky for the San Fernando Valley, and later still while hanging out, a beatnik-wild bird, faced with foreclosure and crab-grass in my G.I. home in Pacoima, trying

to be a writer, I drove myself and all who met me into a frenzy over the question, 'What is a story?'"

Those who taught him the answer included members of "The Group," also referred to as "The Southern California School of Writers," among them Charles Beaumont, William F. Nolan, John Tomerlin, Richard Matheson, OCee Ritch, and Chad Oliver.

He began to sell. *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* developed one of his submissions into the 1959 episode "I'll Take Care of You."

Then the script he wrote with Jack Golden Russell, bought "blind" as a vehicle for Frank Sinatra's "Rat Pack", became *Ocean's Eleven* (1960). However, it was heavily rewritten and earned them only a story credit.

That same year he connected with *The Twilight Zone* series, which bought his story "All Of Us Are Dying." Rod Serling turned it into the 1960 episode "The Four Of Us Are Dying."

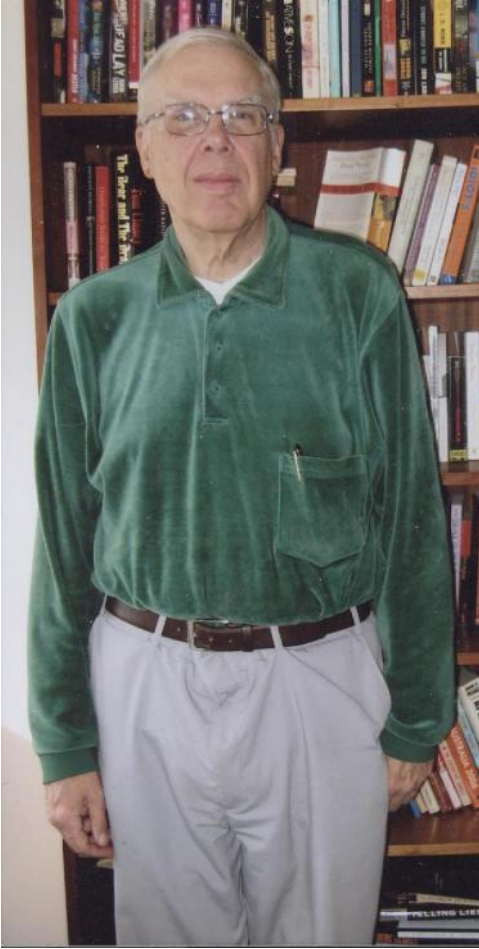
Johnson would go on to write four episodes of *The Twilight Zone*, such as "Kick the Can", "Nothing in the Dark" featuring a very young Robert Redford, and "A Game of Pool" with Jonathan Winters and Jack Klugman. Two others were based on his stories, and one more was done from his story under a pseudonym.

Accepting an Emmy for Outstanding Writing Achievement in Drama for *The Twilight Zone* in 1961, Rod Serling thanked the "three writing gremlins who did the bulk of the work: Charles Beaumont, Richard Matheson, and George Clayton Johnson."

George created some monumental tv and film stories, though he didn't always enjoy

Robert Redford and George Clayton Johnson on the set of *The Twilight Zone*, during filming of "Nothing in the Dark."





Doug Hoylman in an undated photo.

to “leave his footprints in the sand,” and that he did.

He is survived by his wife, Lola Johnson, daughter Judy Olive, and son, Paul B. Johnson. Paul says in around 30 days he will announce a “lifetime celebration” party that will be held in his memory

Doug Hoylman

Doug Hoylman’s six championships in the American Crossword Puzzle Tournament are the exclusive focus of his *Washington Post* obituary, however, the longtime sf fan, who died on November 2 at the age of 72, once was an active fanzine editor.

He grew up in the small town of Kalispell, Montana. He earned a B.A. in mathematics from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1964, and went on to earn a Ph.D. in mathematics from the University of Arizona in 1969.

Hoylman would have been a freshman at M.I.T. when he and Al Kuhfeld, another M.I.T. student, published *God Comics #3: The World’s Most Blasphemous Comic Fanzine*, with contents that included a Justice League parody called the “God Squad” featuring

Thor, Mercury, Mary, Poseidon and Ball. The cover shows Batman removing his mask to reveal Wonder Woman.

Later, while editing the M.I.T. Science Fiction Society’s *Twilight Zine*, Hoylman advocated a viewpoint that so sharply contrasted with his contemporaries’ he is quoted in Peter Justin Kizilos-Clift’s 2009 dissertation “Humanizing the Cold War Campus: The Battle for Hearts and Minds at MIT, 1945-1965” —

“While most science fiction readers were still men, more women were becoming readers, writers, and fans, and were being welcomed as equal participants into the MIT Science Fiction Society and the vast universe of science fiction. ‘Coeds are welcome in the society,’ wrote *Twilight Zine* editor Doug Hoylman in November 1962, ‘in fact we have a disproportionate number of them. Our vice-president and our treasurer are coeds. The views held by V—D— [Voodoo, the notoriously anti-feminist MIT humor magazine] and other forces of evil regarding Tech Coeds are not subscribed to by the Society.’”

The first sf convention Hoylman attended was *Pacificon II*, the 1964 *Worldcon* in San Francisco.

He moved to the Washington area about 1970 and worked at Geico Insurance until the 1990s.

He kept in touch with NESFA closely enough to have been designated part of the club’s faux *Fanzine Review Board* in 1972, whose responsibilities were recorded in his apazine —

“The Fanzine Control Act of 1971 is a little-known part of the Phase 2 economic program designed to fight fanzine inflation. Fanzines are important to the economy, particularly as regards the manufacturers of duplicating equipment and the United States Postal Service, and it is in the public interest to see that fanzines do not become so inflated that their publishers are unable to maintain them (the recent collapse of Science Fiction Review is a case in point).”

“The job of the Fanzine Review Board is to see to it that the President’s guidelines are enforced (these include a maximum permissible increase in number of pages of 5.5% per annum; any editor going from mimeograph to offset must have FRB approval).”

“The Board consists of five fans, five pros, and five large

contributors to the Republican Party....”

Hoylman also wrote a Holmes pastiche for the NESFA genzine *Proper Boskonian*, “Moriarty and the Binomial Theorem.”

When *Minneapa* was founded in the early 1970s he became a member, and was in the famous 1974 *Minneapa* group photo (as was Al Kuhfeld).

While living in the DC area, he participated in the Washington Science Fiction Association. Google shows he was an active host of area gaming groups in his last years.

His dominance in crossword tournaments began with his 1988 championship, followed by others in 1992, 1994, 1996, 1997 and 2000. He also had three second-place finishes and three third-place finishes.

Perry Chapdelaine

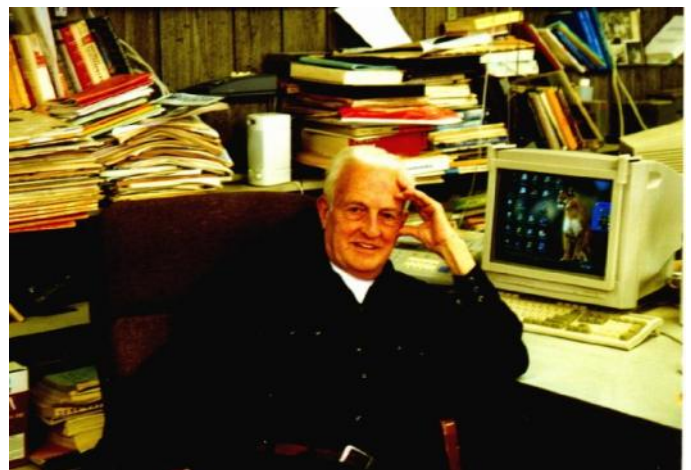
Perry A. Chapdelaine Sr. (born Anthony di Fabio in 1925), sf author, early Dianetics exponent, and editor of two collections of the letters of John W. Campbell, Jr., died November 24 at the age of 90.

Chapdelaine joined the Army in World War II and was sent to the University of West Virginia to be educated as a civil engineer. Following his discharge he used his veterans’ benefits to attend small colleges, earning both a B.A. and M.A. in mathematics, with a minor in psychology.

A longtime reader of *Astounding*, he was attracted by its early articles about L. Ron Hubbard’s Dianetics and in 1950 traveled to Elizabeth, New Jersey where he took a six-week course at the Hubbard Dianetics Research Foundation. One class was led by John W. Campbell, Jr., who made students practice how to respond to hecklers while selling Dianetics.

Chapdelaine achieved a Hubbard Dianetics Auditor certificate shortly before the place was shut down by the state attorney general. He opened two Dianetics centers in Alabama, got involved with the Hubbard Research

Perry A. Chapdelaine in his office.





Left: Bruce Edwards. Right: Fred Duarte, Jr. Photo by Mark Olson.

Foundation in Wichita, and eventually did some related work in California. He claimed to have produced the first “clear.”

But he wasn’t making enough money at it to support his family. He moved back South and got a civilian job with the Air Force, where he was eventually part of the effort to transition Air Force logistics systems from using punchcards to electronic computers.

By 1966 he was an assistant professor of mathematics at what is now Tennessee State University. There he got a grant from the National Science Foundation in 1969 to run a computer assisted instruction laboratory, but in 1970 he was dismissed from the faculty.

Between 1967 to 1971 he began having success at selling short fiction, first to *If* and *Galaxy*, and finally to Campbell’s *Analog*. Unfortunately, Campbell died just two months after that story came out. Chapdelaine wrote in the introduction to the first volume of Campbell letters:

“By 1971, at John’s death, I’d developed a strong father-fixation with John as my nexus, and cried openly on his death. He’d been part of my ‘real’ world since 1939, a man of so many attributes and talents that even at this writing I feel a great sense of loss.”

Chapdelaine contributed articles and reviews to fanzines such as Bruce Gillespie’s *Science Fiction Commentary* and Richard E. Geis’ *Science Fiction Review*. He was a prolific letter writer, too. As a young fan in the early 1970s, I struck up a correspondence with him that lasted for several years.

Chapdelaine went on to place three novels with British publishers, *Swampworld West* (1974), *The Laughing Terran* (1977), and *Spork of the Ayor* (a fixup based on his short

stories, 1978).

After I finished my master’s degree in 1975, I wrote to him about my ambition to work on a book about Campbell’s letters, and the steps I’d taken so far, such getting Poul Anderson to lend me those in his possession to make xeroxes. Chapdelaine moved quicker than I did, sensing the opportunity to use such a project to launch his own publishing firm. He secured the necessary permissions, had Conde Nast find the file copies of Campbell’s letters in its warehouse, and got others from Peg Campbell.

With the aid of co-editors George Hay (founder of Britain’s *Science Fiction Foundation*) and his son, Tony, in 1985 he brought out *The John W. Campbell Letters, Volume 1*. The very last letter in the volume is one Campbell wrote to me, added to take the sting out of the whole affair.

A second volume, *The John W. Campbell Letters with Isaac Asimov and A.E. Van Vogt*, appeared in 1993.

Chapdelaine is survived by his wife Mary Ann, his 10 children with his first wife, Ruby, (who predeceased him), and 32 grandchildren.

Bruce Edwards

Renowned C. S. Lewis scholar Bruce Edwards (1952-2015) died October 28 from a ruptured aortic aneurysm while on a visit to Texas. He was 63.

Edwards served as general editor of a four-volume reference set, *C. S. Lewis: Life, Works, and Legacy* (Praeger Perspectives, 2007), a comprehensive treatment of Lewis’s life with more than 40 worldwide contributors.

He wrote a pair of books about Lewis, *A Rhetoric of Reading: C. S. Lewis’s Defense of*

Western Literacy and *The Taste of the Pineapple: Essays on C. S. Lewis as Reader, Critic, and Imaginative Writer* (a Mythopoeic Award nominee in 1991), and two books on *The Chronicles of Narnia* — *Not a Tame Lion* (Tyndale, 2005) and *Further Up and Further In: Understanding C. S. Lewis’s The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*.

Edwards contributed to the *C. S. Lewis Bible* (Harper, 2010), and published many essays about Lewis and the Inklings.

He also maintained *The C.S. Lewis Review*, a focal point for Lewis scholarship.

And Edwards produced several textbooks for college audiences, including, *Roughdrafts* (1987), *Processing Words* (1988), and *Searching for Great Ideas* (1989).

Edwards served as a faculty member and administrator at Bowling Green State University in Ohio for over 31 years. He retired from BGSU in 2012 and moved with his wife, Joan, to Alaska.

During his career at BGSU, he was chairman of more than 100 master’s theses committees and more than 30 doctoral dissertation committees.

“He was a cheerleader,” said Joan. “He enjoyed helping people succeed.”

Edwards is survived by Joan, their four children, and five grandchildren.

After retiring he continued to speak and teach about C. S. Lewis. His video introduction to an online course gives a glimpse of his personality and his love for his topic. It begins: “Welcome to Alaska, where it is always Narnia, and never winter.”

Fred Duarte

Fred Duarte, Jr. who died October 3, was one of the many Texas fans who have worked hard to earn their region an enviable reputation for hospitality.

As a conrunner, Fred had a deep resume. He chaired or co-chaired two World Fantasy Cons (2000, 2006), four Armadillocons (1987, 1988, 1992, 1995), a Westercon (1996), and Smofcon 13 (1995).

He ran the WSFS division for LoneStarCon 3 (2013), and headed the “Program ‘Oops’” department for Noreascon 3 (1989).

Fred found fandom in 1981 when he moved to Austin from Kansas City. He met Robert Taylor and Willie Siros after seeing an ad for ArmadilloCon in the back of *Analog*. His first Worldcon was ConStellation in Baltimore.

Late in life he was fan guest of honor at the 2011 Armadillocon.

Fred’s passing shocked Pat Cadigan. She wrote on Facebook: “In mourning for Fred Duarte until further notice. Fred asked me to be the Toastmaster at ArmadilloCon, back in the day. It was my first ever TM gig and ArmadilloCon was a great place for it. I’m sorry, this news has really shaken me. Today is cancelled.”



Jor Jennings was a quarterly Writers of the Future Contest winner during its first year. Just behind her are Robert Silverberg and Jack Williamson. Gregory Benford is to the right, Roger Zelazny is on the left.

Jor Jennings

Marjorie “Jor” Jennings, one of the first Writers of the Future Contest winners, died of a heart attack on August 27.

She joined the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society in May 1978. That was about the same time she was enjoying her first success selling sf. “The Devil and All Her Works” and “Unemployment Problem” appeared in *Galaxy* in 1978.

Her story “Other” was published in *Rod Serling’s The Twilight Zone Magazine* in 1982, and collected in *The Year’s Best Fantasy Stories 9* (ed. Art Saha).

Jennings’ “Tiger Hunt” was a quarterly winner during the first year of the L. Ron Hubbard Writers of the Future Contest (1984). She was a featured participant at the first Writers of the Future Award (1985), and her winning story was published in *L. Ron Hubbard Presents Writers of the Future*, edited by Algis Budrys.

Ned Brooks

Southern fan Cuyler W. “Ned” Brooks (1938-2015) died August 31. The 77-year-old had been on his roof making repairs and while he was descending, the ladder slipped from under him on the wet deck and brought him crashing down.

Brooks was in his sixth decade as a fan, a life begun by answering a small ad in a science fiction magazine, “Discover fandom for \$2.”

In 1963 Ned attended his first Worldcon, Discon in Washington, DC. In the mid-1960s

he was also involved in the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F) and edited its *Collector’s Bulletin*. In 1972 he won the organization’s Kaymar Award, given for service.

Ned joined the Southern Fandom Press Association (SFPA) in May 1967 and remained a member the rest of his life. His SFPazine, *The New Port News*, reached #200 back in September 2001. The last issue in July was #282.

He co-founded Slanapa, (Slanderous Amateur Press Association), a monthly apa with rotating Official Editor.

Ned gained fame throughout fandom by publishing 28 bimonthly issues of *It Comes in the Mail* (1972-1978), and around three dozen issues of a review-oriented successor, *It Goes on the Shelf*, which he started in 1985.

People were impressed with the relentless effort required to do *It Comes in the Mail* – including Donn Brazier, who in 1972 made Brooks one of the first 13 fans on the mailing list for his soon-to-be legendary fanzine *Title*.

Tim Marion recalls that Brooks not only introduced him to fandom in the 1970s, but published Tim’s first zines for him on his ditto machine.

Brooks’ worklife was spent as a NASA wind tunnel engineer, hired after graduation from Georgia Tech in 1959.

In recent years he notably did generous yeoman work copying things in his collection for other people’s research and projects. He donated fanzines to help fill in gaps in the archives of the Eaton Collection at UC Riverside. And he was interviewed about his devotion to paper fanzines for a pre-Dragon*Con

feature in the *Atlanta Constitution-Journal* in 2010 – although he never attended the con

He was the Fan Guest of Honor at Rivercon IV in 1978 and at DeepSouthCon 39 in 2001. He was the recipient of the Rebel Award in 1976 and the Rubble Award in 1992.

His fanzines were donated to the University of Georgia at the request of his family.

Adrienne Martine-Barnes

Popular Darkover author Adrienne Martine-Barnes (1942-2015) died July 20 in Portland, OR.

Born in Los Angeles, she joined LASFS in 1961 at the age of 19. She attended the University of Redlands for a year and UCLA for another. She married Ronald Hicks in 1964 and they had a son before divorcing in 1968.

Soon afterwards she moved to New York and became an agent.

On the East Coast she participated in the recently-formed Society for Creative Anachronism under the name Adrienne of Toledo. In the summer of 1968 she served as first Queen of the East Kingdom – a reign that lasted less than two months because -- “The seneschal/autocrat appointed Maragorn and Adrienne to be King and Queen so they could preside over the first tourney and first crown lists. However, the tourney was rained out and postponed.”

Her special expertise was the life and times of Eleanor of Aquitaine. She was well-known for her knowledge of medieval cooking and costume.

She married Larry Barnes in 1972.

She was a very active costumer.

She published five fantasy novels during the 1980s. *The Fire Sword*, *The Crystal Sword*, *The Rainbow Sword*, and *The Sea Sword* were notable for “her somewhat off-the-wall interpretations of Celtic and Mediterranean gods” commented the *Science Fiction Encyclopedia*. She also wrote a stand-alone fantasy *The Dragon Rises*.

Then in the 1990s she wrote a trilogy of *Exile’s Song*, *The Shadow Matrix*, and *Traitor’s Sun*, set on Marion Zimmer Bradley’s fictional planet of Darkover, which Naomi Fisher says are, “the finest written about that world in decades, and brought new life and fully-realized, sympathetic characters into the series.”

She also co-authored three novels with Diana L. Paxson in the 1990s, a series called the Chronicles of Fionn Mac Cumhal — *Master of Earth and Water*, *The Shield Between the Worlds*, and *Sword of Fire and Shadow*.

On the Wing

By John Hertz: I’ve learned, as you have, that Adrienne Martine-Barnes (1942-2015) left our stage, a woman I loved. Platonically.

She was a philosopher and had been a queen.

Her powers were substantial. She had a Hispanic heart — she had been Adrienne Zinah Martinez — which was only sometimes on her sleeve. She did not always have calm, peace, or quiet. She was a Master-class costumer, published twelve novels and nine shorter stories, co-generated Regency mania, and did paper sculpture.

She started selling stories around the time of Chicon IV. During its Masquerade I stood at the back of the hall, my favored place when I'm not judging (and when I am, if I persuade the Masquerade Director). Her entry was "Lilith". She threw off her cloak in a single gesture I've never forgotten. She could be superb.

She was a Patroness of Almack's Society for Heyer Criticism, in honor of which I'll probably keep rhyming Georgette Heyer's name with *fire* until I'm introduced to some member of the family and have to rhyme it with *sayer*. Their Heyer Tea at L.A.Con had, among others, Judy Blish, Charles N. Brown, Suford & Tony Lewis, Anne McCaffrey, Fuzzy Pink & Larry Niven, Bruce Pelz, Robert Silverberg, Bjo & John Trimble, Leslie Turek.

One New Year's Eve at the Nivens' in Los Angeles, when we had all been drinking Fuzzy Pink's eggnog, we decided to hold a Heyer convention, in San Francisco where Adrienne then lived. I volunteered, or was volunteered, to research and teach English Regency ballroom dancing. Fuzzy Pink doesn't make that eggnog anymore.

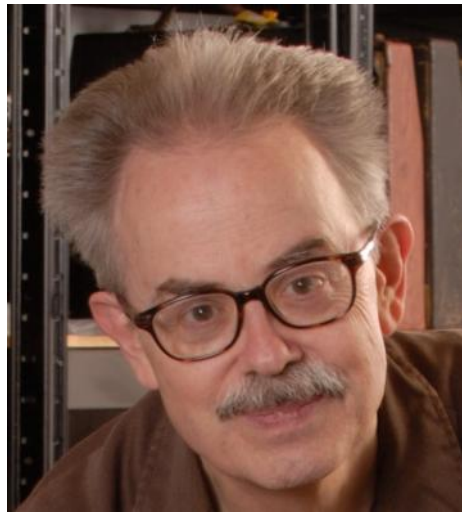
I remember why I was in Chicago, but not why Adrienne was, when we met one afternoon at the Hyatt Regency for SMORFing. SMOF is *Secret Masters Of Fandom*, as Bruce Pelz said a joke-nonjoke-joke, part of the joke being that there's never been any secret, part of the nonjoke being that someone has to sow the wheat and harvest and thresh and grind and bake before everyone can show up for a share of the cake. This was Regency fandom. Over four hours in that wonderful atrium she had eight whiskies. As to her focus, insight, and judgment they might have been water.

Three of her novels were about Fionn mac Cumhal — I knew a woman who spelled it *McCool* — with Diana Paxson, and three about Darkover, with Marion Zimmer Bradley. That was hardly all. I sometimes had her confidence, or some of it. She sometimes had some of mine.

Here's a dinner with her in 2001. It's in my first collection *West of the Moon*.

When stars seek the clouds,
Who will light the lonely sky?
Waiting April night.

Adrienne Martine-Barnes, in town for the Nebula Awards, played hooky for dinner with me at Valentino, wonderfully a few doors



(1) Ned Brooks, 1976. (2) Ned Brooks undated. (3) Adrienne Martine-Barnes, Costume Con 3 (1985) wearing "Tea Party Gown from Planet Glitzzy."

away from McCabe's Guitar Shop, seared tuna with morels, Muscovy duck with pears and greens *balsamico*, 1989 Schlumberger Gewürztraminer Cuvée Christine; *oraza* filet with fennel, sautéed quail *alla diablo*, 1998 Aldo Conterno Chardonnay Printanie; hazelnut *crème brûlée*, caramelized pear tart, 1995 Royal Tokaji, Guatemala Antigua.

The balsamic vinegar was indeed a problem, but the morels were glorified by the Gewürztraminer, rich, still young, with the dark taste I associate with Schlumberger. The Conterno proved, as wine writer Hugh Johnson says, that Italians have quit scanting their whites, a princely drink and a glad accident since at the same place, in 1992 for the 500th year of Columbus, Sean Smith and I with a mundane friend drank a kingly red 1961 Barolo by Giacomo Conterno.

Martine-Barnes fretted at the groaning by some science fiction writers how the field is being rolled up by fantasy. Their first remedy is of course to write better. One hears argued that feeble science fiction is superior to feeble fantasy since, by definition a literature of the possible, it at least bears the torch of achievement; our plunge into fantasy is driven by a vicious distortion of doubt, which we smugly brandish but which amounts to a craven and indeed dangerous fear. Thus the prevalence of women fantasy writers is very troubling to a feminist.

But I think a worse trouble is this fixing upon topics. Why should any published art be feeble? Any fantasist can, I suppose, speak to the wishes, great or idle, that seem, by any theory you please, resonant, perhaps universally, perhaps culturally, in human nature; who does no more is a weak artist, but some will applaud: a science-fictionist must imagine a means, and at once must either be deedy enough to get over the bog of explanation, or end with a thing which if any praise it will still be no art. As a reader, between the worst of each, in the wallowing of one and other, I find little to choose; in the best of each I rejoice.

At Adrienne's death Naomi Fisher said "The world is far more boring for her absence." Greg Benford said "She was a fine lady, an expert writer." Her health had gone. Sue Stone Shaffer said "You are free and you are missed."

Ascending at last.
My friend, do not regret that
Both of us could touch.

Toni Lay

Veteran masquerade participant and Worldcon regular Toni Lay of the NJ/NY Costumers' Guild (a.k.a. the Sick Pups) died August 28 after a lengthy hospitalization caused by a series of strokes. Her passing was reported by Susan de Guardiola who said, "Toni was 65 and had been a part of the NYC metro fan

community since at least when I met her back in the late 1980s (and probably longer)."

Toni Lay was a Deputy Chatelaine for the Crown Province of Ostgardr in the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA), Program Director for Costume Con 5, a Historical Masquerade Director for Costume Cons 16 and 22, a Historical Judge for Costume Con 28, and a Presentation Judge at Renovation, the 2011 Worldcon.

She worked as a secretary for the New York City Department of Design and Construction.

Her early fan activity included writing about Star Trek in the 1980s and participating on the 1992 Worldcon (MagicCon) program.

Renee Alper

Gifted filker Renee Alper (1957-2015) died July 27 from an infection. She was 58.

Alper discovered Tolkien while in the fifth grade, an interest which in time led her to fandom.

She developed severe arthritis after starting college and was forced to drop out. During a year-and-a-half of enforced inactivity, she read a notice that the Mythopoeic Society was forming a group in the Chicago area. She responded and helped found Minas Aeron in 1977, together with Michael Dorfman, and Greg Everitt.

A wire service story about the new club attracted out-of-town Tolkien fans to join, prompting them to rename their group the American Hobbit Association. The organization soon had more than 200 members, most from the U.S., but several from England, the Netherlands, and Hong Kong. They also recruited Christopher Tolkien, Clyde Kilby, and Raynor Unwin. The AHA newsletter was named *Annuminas* (West Tower) and they later published *The Rivendell Review*. The

group continued to meet locally for 12 years.

Alper also wrote locs to many sf fanzines and was one of the first subscribers to *File 770* in 1978.

Arthritis confined her to a wheelchair most of the time, but her physical challenges became much greater in February 1989 when she suffered a devastating spinal cord injury in an auto accident. While on the way home to Cincinnati, after a day trip to visit her boyfriend in Columbus, the vehicle she was in skidded on a patch of ice and crashed off the side of the road. She broke her neck in numerous places, and was in a halo brace for the next six months.

The emotional trauma accompanying the loss of mobility is described in her essay "Never Should on Yourself" (*From There To Here: Gary Karp's Life on Wheels*) — as is a realkthrough she experienced during a conversation with her motion therapist, Eric:

"One day Eric asked me, 'Do you know that you can be completely content even if nothing in your life improved from the way it is now?' I answered, 'Sure, I know, on some esoteric level, that's true. They say that given the right attitude, even a prisoner being tortured can find contentment. But come on, Eric, look at how my life is: incredible pain, stuck in a wheelchair with spasms, limited mobility, enormous problems finding personal care help — how can I be content?'"

She adds that psychotherapy, with the right therapist, was an indispensable tool to her recovery.

Alper became a teacher, a singer, songwriter, public speaker, actress, director and playwright. She used her experiences to write a play about a disability support group, *Roll Model*, and "Non-Vertical Girl" (2009), which presents her life story as a one-woman musical fringe show.

"Non-Vertical Girl" follows the heroine from the onset of a life-long illness as a teen, through a devastating car crash, and ultimately to love and success. Alper began with a review of all the terms used over the centuries to refer to someone with limited use of their limbs, which changed over time as each came to have a negative connotation: crippled, invalid, handicapped, disabled.

She chaired Cincinnati Playwrights Initiative's Cold Readings and also read for the Cincinnati New Light Festival. Other Alper

works were produced by the Cincinnati Fringe Festival ("Extreme Puppet Theatre"), Talent2000USA ("Roll Model"), and The Renegade Garage Players ("Roll Model Jr.," "Trust," and "The Rescue").

Drawing on her long history as a Tolkien fan, she served as "dramaturg" for Ovation Theatre Company's adaptations of *The Lord of the Rings* over a three year period. Alper told an interviewer —

"I liked saying 'I am the dramaturg, I speak for the text' — you know, 'I am the Lorax, I speak for the trees.' Because where the author deviated from the text, I basically said yay or nay, but he didn't always listen. The biggest faux-pas he did was having Sam and Rosie get pregnant before they were married. I hopped up and down, waved my hands, did everything I could, but he kept it in the play."

Alper was a devoted and talented filk-singer. Dave Weingart, another leading filker, credited her with having "a wonderful voice".

She was a prolific songwriter, too, and was twice nominated for the Pegasus Award for excellence in filking. "Natira's Song (For The World is Hollow And I Have Touched The Sky)" was a 1991 nominee for Best Love Song. "On The Inside" was a 1994 nominee for Best Filk Song —

Virtual Reality can be deceiving
Everything is not as it appears
And only a naive soul could be so believing
To fall in love having only met
On the inside, on the inside

Alper also won or placed in the Ohio Valley Filk Fest Songwriting Contest nine times from 1991-2003, with songs like *Reed Turner: Novel Hero*, *Deer John Letter*, *If I Were a Rich Fan*, and *Tear It Down*.

She produced several tapes, including *Wheelchair in High Gear*, *Four On the Floor*, and *Thoracic Park*.

For a time, she hosted Filkaholics Anonymous at her home in Mason, OH.

She was a GoH at Musicon 2 (1993) in Nashville, Tennessee.

Alper even had connections to gaming fandom. *Gamerati* did a video interview with her in 2011.

Despite all the physical suffering she endured every day Alper retained a dry wit, and wryly concluded one post on a meetup board:

"If there is an exit interview for life, I have a few suggestions for the customer service department...."

Sandy Swank

Sandy Swank (1959-2015), an active member of the International Costumers Guild, passed away June 13 of lung disease.

He was President of the Greater Delaware Valley Costumers Guild. He also was a member of the Society for Creative Anachronism,

Toni Lay in 2015. Photo by Jonathan Gleich.



participating in an early 17th century persona.

Before he retired, even his day job allowed him to appear in costume, as a historical re-enactor at Philadelphia's Cliveden museum, sometimes playing an 18th century German farmer and sometimes the Grandson of Pennsylvania founder William Penn.

After retirement he moved to Charleston, South Carolina. There he co-chaired Costume-Con 33 (2015) with his husband Robert M. Himmelsbach.

He was part of the memorable Chicon 2000 Masquerade entry, the humorous "Mad Cows Through History".

And Swank and Lisa Ashton won Best in Show at Philcon as well as multiple awards at Costume-Con 29 in 2011 for "The Letter", a meticulously researched presentation of the famous Sullivan Ballou letter.

Lisa Ashton recalls: "We were on a panel together about a year earlier, at a Philcon, on a Sunday morning, and only about 1 person showed up, so we all just talked about things, and the subject came around to the Ken Burns Documentary about the Civil War, and the very poignant letter written by Sullivan Ballou to his wife Sarah, about two weeks before he was killed at First Manassas. This led to Sandy and I doing this on stage, and people telling us, 'The hair stood up on the back of my neck' among other comments. I am smiling as I remember our planning and presentation and how touching it was. We were so in character we barely felt we were ourselves. I still cry watching this presentation on video."

Swank is survived by his husband, and two sisters.

Chuck Miller

Chuck Miller (1952-2015), of Underwood-Miller, one of the top fantasy and science fiction small press publishers from the 1970s through the 1990s, passed away on May 24 from multiple organ failure.

Chuck, whose full name was Charles Franklin Miller II, was a fixture at East Coast science fiction conventions. His knowledge of science fiction, comics, and movies was unparalleled.

Miller and Tim Underwood founded the Underwood-Miller small press firm in 1976. Their first book was a hardcover edition of Jack Vance's *The Dying Earth* (originally published in 1950). They would produce many other editions of Vance's work, as well as several nonfiction anthologies about the work of Stephen King, and a five-volume edition of *The Collected Stories of Philip K. Dick* (1987). Their partnership ended in 1994.

Underwood-Miller was nominated for the World Fantasy Award in publishing five times, winning once in 1994, and Chuck Miller and Tim Underwood received a Milford Award for lifetime achievement in publishing that same year.



Sandy Swank, right, and Lisa Ashton in costume for "The Letter."

Chuck Miller and Tim Underwood's *Fear Itself: The Horror Fiction of Stephen King* was a 1983 Hugo nominee for Best Nonfiction Book.

Tanith Lee

Tanith Lee (1947-2015), renowned British sf, horror and fantasy author, passed away May 24. She was 67.

Lee published over 90 novels and 300 short stories. She also wrote two episodes *Blake's 7* for the BBC.

Lee's short fiction won two World Fantasy Awards ("The Gorgon," 1983, and "Elle Est Trois, (La Mort)," 1984). She was the first woman to win the British Fantasy Award best novel award, for *Death's Master* (1980).

Her first professional sale was "Eustace," a 90 word vignette which appeared in *The Ninth Pan Book Of Horror Stories* (1968), edited by Herbert van Thal. That same year, a friend set in type one of her early short stories as an experiment with his printing press. According to Lee "there were about six copies" of the resulting book, titled *The Betrothed*. A copy was sent to the British Museum, which caused it to be listed in the British Museum General Catalogue Of Printed Books to the consternation of future collectors and bibliographers...

Tanith Lee was named a World Horror Grandmaster in 2009 by a vote of the World Horror Con membership. The World Fantasy Awards recognized her for Lifetime Achievement in 2013, and the Horror Writers Association gave her its Lifetime Achievement in 2015.

Stan Burns

Stan Burns (1947-2015), sometimes called "Staniel," but never Marsdon Stanford Burns Jr. (though he was), died April 23 at his home in Riverside, CA. He had spent several months in sharply declining health due to pulmonary distress brought on by lung and diaphragm damage sustained in a 2012 auto accident.

Stan discovered science fiction at age 10 because his mother was trying to get him to read more. Asking a librarian for a recommendation, she took home a copy of Heinlein's *Have Space Suit, Will Travel*. We can say — that sure worked!

He reached out to fandom and became a LASFS member in 1967 while writing a Cultural Anthropology paper for a course at the University of Southern California. Stan graduated with a BA in Psychology in 1970.

He attended his first Westercon (XX) in 1967 and his first Worldcon (Baycon) in 1968. While you always remember your first Worldcon, Stan had a better reason than most — "I had been in fandom a year and knew that the writers always gathered in the bar, so I went in. I sat down next to this woman who was softly crying, and asked her what was wrong. It was her first convention and she just had a story published, but no one knew who she was. Of course it was Anne McCaffrey. I was able to truthfully tell her that I had read and liked her *Analog* story. That stopped the tears. I like to think that I helped her to enjoy the convention but I think winning the Hugo probably helped too..."

Besides reading, Stan's other passion was photography. He became the official photographer at Equicon, Filmcon, LACon I and III, and many Loscons. His photos of *Star Trek* personalities were published in David Gerrold's *The World of Star Trek* (1973). For much of his life, he made his living repairing cameras.

I joined LASFS three years after Stan. Our shared sercon interests gave us a lot to talk about and we became good friends. He wrote many book reviews for my early fanzines *Prehensile* and *Scientifrication*. And Stan's satire "Ten Million Clichés From Earth" was a real masterpiece. I published it in *Scientifrication* in May 1975. At the time I was enrolled in Theodore Sturgeon's writing class at UCLA. I presented a copy to Sturgeon who enjoyed Stan's humor thoroughly and read passages aloud to his students.

As the years passed, Stan felt he got less and less out of science fiction fandom, although he was still around at parties and conventions. He transferred his primary allegiance to mystery fandom, which seemed to reciprocate his love for the literature in a way sf fandom never had. He attended Bouchercons, produced a fanzine called *Who Donut?*, and was a loyal member of Dapa-Em.

When Stan's sister-in-law announced to his

Facebook friends that he had passed away, she said Stan had generously arranged to have his body donated to UC Irvine School of Medicine and, later, his ashes will be cast upon the ocean.

Wolfgang Jeschke

Wolfgang Jeschke (1936-2015), one of Germany's most acclaimed science fiction writers and a former Worldcon guest of honor, passed away June 10 at the age of 78.

Jeschke was one of the first members of SFCF (Science Fiction Club Deutschland), founded in 1955. He contributed stories to fanzines and semiprozines, and co-edited a fanzine of his own, *Ad Astra*, with Peter Noga.

One of his specialties was editing anthologies — ISFDB lists 71, *SF Encyclopedia* puts the number at over 100.

He wrote numerous short stories and penned five novels. Most of the novels won top German awards — in 2014 his *Dschiheds* won the Deutscher Science Fiction Preis and the Kurd Laßwitz Preis for the Best German-language Novel. Altogether he won the Kurd-Laßwitz-Preis 18 times in various categories.

He received the Harrison Award from World SF in 1987.

Jeschke was a Guest of Honor at ConFiction, the 1990 Worldcon in The Hague.

And in 2014 the European Science Fiction Society inducted him to the society's Hall of Fame.

Terry Pratchett

Terry Pratchett (1948-2015) passed away March 12 at home surrounded by his family reports his publisher. He was the author of 70 books, among them 40 in the Discworld series of comic fantasies that began with *The Colour of Magic* in 1983.

Pratchett's first sale was a short story, "The Hades Business," published when he was 15. Early in his career he worked as a journalist and as a press officer for nuclear power generating utility.

Once he turned to fiction full time he enjoyed phenomenal popularity. Pratchett was the top-selling and highest earning UK author in 1996. In 2008, he was top author on *The Bookseller's* first-ever "evergreen" list of 12 titles that had never fallen out of the top 5,000 since Nielsen BookScan began collecting data, three of which were his early Discworld novels *The Colour of Magic*, *Mort* and *The Light Fantastic*. (He was also near the top of the list of writers whose books were thieved from UK bookshops, with *The Colour of Magic* placing third on the list of Ten Most Stolen Books in 2009.)

Pratchett co-authored *The Science of Discworld* with Ian Stewart and Jack Cohen, a Hugo nominee in 2000.

He was a guest of honor at Noreascon 4, the 2004 Worldcon.

In December 2007, Pratchett announced that he was suffering from early-onset Alzheimer's disease. He immediately became an active spokesman about Alzheimer's and its impact on individuals and society.

He also investigated "assisted suicide" (although he disliked that term), wrote a public lecture, *Shaking Hands With Death*, in 2010 and in 2011 presented a BBC television documentary on the subject titled *Terry Pratchett: Choosing to Die*. However, *The Telegraph* reports that his death was natural.

Pratchett was knighted by the Queen for his services to literature in a 2009 ceremony.

Although he did not win a Hugo or Nebula, he received many other accolades: a World Fantasy Award for Life Achievement (2010), the Andre Norton Award (for YA sf/f, presented by SFWA in parallel with the Nebulas) for *I Shall Wear Midnight* (2011), the British Science Fiction Association Award for his novel *Pyramids* (1989), the Mythopoeic Award for Children's Literature for *A Hat Full of Sky* (2005), and the Prometheus Award for his novel *Night Watch* (2003).

Dave Rike

Dave Rike (1935-2014), who did his share to create the "wealth of fable" which inspired the title of Warner's history of 1950s fandom, has passed away. A note from his son, Darius, in the newsletter of First Fandom reports Rike died November 1, 2014.

Mick O'Connor

Michael O'Connor, known as Mick, passed away in a Dublin hospital on February 16. O'Connor was a member of the Dublin in 2019 Worldcon bid committee.

Comics scholar Pdraig O'Mealoid and O'Connor started attending Irish Science Fiction Association meetings together in the 1990s.

James Bacon credits O'Connor for getting him involved in ISFA. They met when O'Connor was a curator of a comic shop where James was a customer, and they became friends.

Mick O'Connor was predeceased by his wife, Philomena, July 2014.

Suzette Haden Elgin

Versatile sf author, poet and linguist Suzette Haden Elgin (1936-2015) died January 27. She'd been experiencing health troubles for a long time, and abandoned several newsletters and her blog a few years ago due to the effects of Fronto-Temporal Dementia which, as her husband, George, explained in 2012 — is "a condition that develops more rapidly than Alzheimer's disease, and does not respond to any form of treatment or medication."

Elgin's first novel, *The Communitpaths*, published in 1970 as half of an Ace double, marked the beginning of her Coyote Jones series, followed by *Furthest* and *Star-Anchored, Star-Avenged*.

She then wrote the Ozark Trilogy, *Twelve Fair Kingdoms*, *The Grand Jubilee* and *And Then There'll Be Fireworks*. Coyote Jones also appeared in another book set in that universe, *Yonder Comes the Other End of Time*.

In the mid-1980s she produced her best-known work, *Native Tongue*, *The Judas Rose* and *Earthsong* — sf novels where women create, word by word, a language of their own called Láadan to help free themselves from men's domination. (A Láadan grammar and dictionary was published in 1988 by SF3 of Madison, Wisconsin.)

Elgin made another key contribution to the genre by founding the Science Fiction Poetry Association in 1978. For awhile she edited its newsletter, *Star*Line*. Her poem "Rocky Road to Hoe" won SFPA's Rhyssling Award in 1987. The organization also honored her by creating the Elgin Award in 2013.

She was a widely respected professional in multiple fields who will be truly missed.

Margaret Ford Keifer

Margaret Ford Keifer (1921-2015), longtime member of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, passed away July 28. She was 94, and had attended all 66 Midwestcons held since the con was founded in 1950.

She was predeceased by her first husband, Don Ford (co-founder of First Fandom) who died in 1965, and her second husband, Ben Keifer, who died in 1974.

In Passing

Rick Brooks, 73, passed away May 19. Brooks and Alan G. Thompson published four issues of *Nargothrond* in 1968-1969, with contributions from leading Indiana fans like Buck and Juanita Coulson and Sandra Miesel.

Brooks also wrote short stories for fanzines and semiprozines. Brooks was a distant mid-western cousin of *It Goes On The Shelf* editor Ned Brooks.

Nancy Nutt: KCMO fan Nancy Nutt passed away October 22. She had seen a doctor recently, who "detected some heart issues" according to Tom Meserole.

With a wide circle of friends, Nutt was fan guest of honor at ConQuesT in 1982, Archon 11 in 1987, and Conjuraction 1999.

She served as the director of KaCSFFS, the Kansas City sf club, 25 years ago. She co-chaired ConQuesT 19 in 1988.

Eric P. Scott: Bay Area fan Eric P. Scott was found dead in his apartment on January 16.

Scott was a highly-regarded convention

party-thrower and active in the Bay Area Science Fiction Association.

Stuart Bergman: Stuart Bergman (1965-2015), a familiar face at MidSouthCon as co-manager of the dealers room, died October 6 of cancer.

D. West: Artist D. West died September 25.

Bruce Durocher: Seattle area fan Bruce E. Durocher II (1959-2015) died June 14 from metastatic colon cancer reports his wife, Margaret Organ-Kean. Durocher ran videos and film for the 2005 NASFiC. He was a frequent commenter on *Making Light*.

Cecil Rose, (1946-2015), a long-time *File 770* reader, died unexpectedly on May 14 at the age of 69.

He was a Jeopardy! champion, and a member of Mensa.

Rose joined the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society in 1993 and remained an active member until the end of the decade when he moved with his family to Cary, North Carolina, the state where he had grown up.

Michael Wernig: Albuquerque fan Michael Wernig passed away June 3 at the age of 61. Wernig was a former member of the Albuquerque Science Fiction Society and a regular at Bubonicon. He worked at Sandia National Labs. He is survived by his wife of 42 years, Denise.

Doug Winger: Furry artist Doug Winger (1953-2015) passed away June 23. He had been hospitalized for COPD according to the news site *Flayrah*.

Winger's best-known fan art involved hyper-endowed hermaphrodite characters.

Tom Loback, a widely appreciated creator of artwork and figures for gaming and Tolkien fans, died March 5 at the age of 66.

An accomplished Elvish linguist, he incorporated characters from Tolkien's languages into illustrations for such magazines as *Beyond Bree* (he produced its logo), *Vinyar Tengwar*, *Mythlore*, *Parma Eldalamberon*, and *Little Gwaihir*.

Loback also created the fantasy line of Dragontooth Miniatures, and later Thomas' Tin Soldiers, a popular line of Civil War miniatures.

Jef Murray: Artist Jef Murray (1960-2015), known for his illustrations of works by Tolkien and Lewis, died unexpectedly August 3 at the age of 55.

He was Artist-in-Residence for the *St. Austin Review*. His writings appeared *Amon Hen*, *Mallorn*, *Silver Leaves*, the *St. Austin Review*, the *Georgia Bulletin*, and *Integrated Catholic Life*.

Murray was nominated for the Imperishable Flame award in 2006.

Carol Severance (1944-2015), whose *Reefsong* won the 1992 Compton Crook Award for best first novel, passed away February 19 at the age of 71.

2015 Hugo Award Winners

Best Novel

The Three Body Problem by Cixin Liu, Ken Liu translator (Tor Books)

Best Novella

No Award

Best Novelette

"The Day the World Turned Upside Down" by Thomas Olde Heuvelt, Lia Belt translator (*Lightspeed*, 04-2014)

Best Short Story

No Award

Best Related Work

No Award

Best Graphic Story

Ms. Marvel Volume 1: No Normal, written by G. Willow Wilson, illustrated by Adrian Alphona and Jake Wyatt, (Marvel Comics)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form

Guardians of the Galaxy, written by James Gunn and Nicole Perlman, directed by James Gunn (Marvel Studios, Moving Picture Company)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form

Orphan Black: "By Means Which Have Never Yet Been Tried", written by Graham Manson, directed by John Fawcett (Temple Street Productions, Space/BBC America)

Best Editor, Short Form

No Award

Best Editor, Long Form

No Award

Best Professional Artist

Julie Dillon

Best Semiprozine

Lightspeed Magazine, edited by John Joseph Adams, Stefan Rudnicki, Rich Horton, Wendy N. Wagner, and Christie Yant

Best Fanzine

Journey Planet, edited by James Bacon, Christopher J Garcia, Colin Harris, Alissa McKersie, and Helen J. Montgomery

Best Fancast

Galactic Suburbia Podcast, Alisa Krasnostein, Alexandra Pierce, Tansy Rayner Roberts (Presenters) and Andrew Finch (Producer)

Best Fan Writer

Laura J. Mixon

Best Fan Artist

Elizabeth Leggett

The John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer

Wesley Chu

The Fanivore

Robert Lichtman

In *File 770* #164 John Hertz writes, “Most of us rhyme ‘LASFS’ with *joss fuss* but Len Moffatt always rhymed it with *sass mass*.” Len had it right so far as I’m concerned. His pronunciation was the one favored by the Insurgents, who stretched out the twin S’s in each (phonetically rendered) syllable. The other way of saying it is too vanilla for my taste.

A friend of mine who applied for the group to digitize the Hevelin collection tells me that, basically, nothing is happening. He notes that in order for there to be something to transcribe, all 10,000 fanzines would first have to be scanned and made available to the transcriptionists. That alone would take some considerable time.

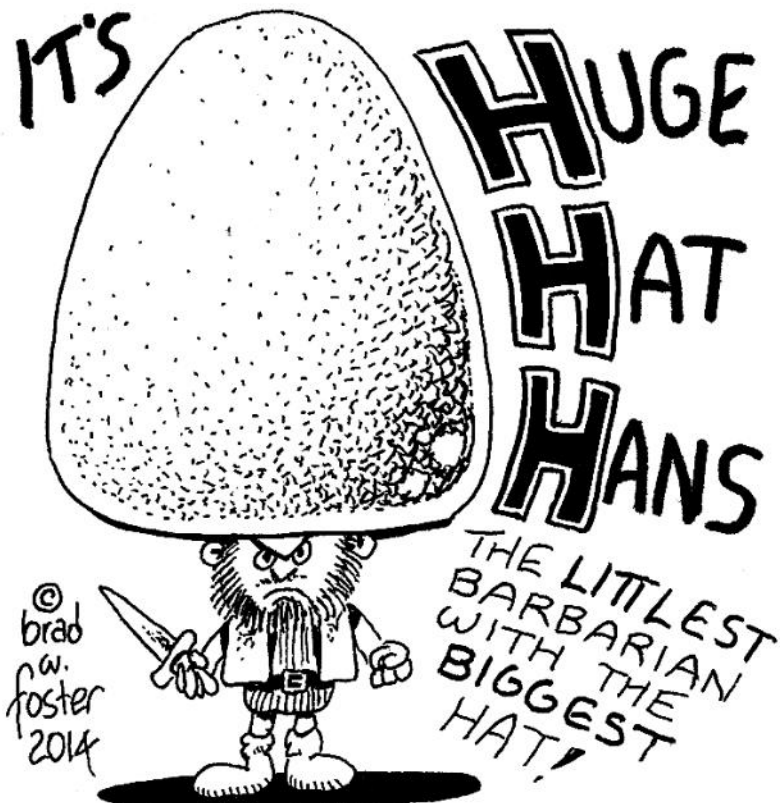
Rich Lynch writes, of Dean Grennell, that “his fanwriting output dramatically diminished after the end of the 1950s.” Perhaps so, but that doesn’t mean he wasn’t quite prolific by any reasonable standard. Without digging through my files, from memory I recall him having articles and columns in fanzines put out by such as Dave Locke, Dave Hulan and Bill Bowers, among others. I only met Grennell at the 1992 Corflu, too. Too many obituaries! Loved Steve Stiles’s cover!

Alexis Gilliland

Thank you for *File 770* #164 with its amusing cover by Steve Stiles, who has drawn himself staring out of the spaceship port hole. The bank cover, by Sanchez, features a hybrid raptor, part natural, part mechanical which may be arising from its burning nest like a Phoenix of fantasy. Well drawn but obscure. You gave Stu Shiffman a nice send off, and though his passing was not unexpected Stu was the one I missed most among your nine pages of obituaries. The old order passes, and the new order is not necessarily an improvement as the Wiscon controversy suggests. Or maybe it is. As card-carrying member of the old order I find myself more in agreement with my fellow dinosaurs than with their younger replacements, who lack the wit of Willis and the charm of Tucker.

Wiscon always was beyond my driving range, but as an incoming neo I would most likely seek out other venues in which to socialize, even if it was local.

Under the influence of a polar vortex our



weather is many degrees colder than normal, but fortunately we have had only a few inches of snow, unlike Boston that has endured well over (or do I mean under) beaucoup feet.

You report that Brianna Wu moved to a safe house under FBI protection after receiving death and rape threats from gamers defending the Y-chromosome dominance of their virtual reality. The tree house club of Calvin and Hobbes (CROSSS = Get Rid Of Slimy girls) comes to mind, minus the maturity and charm of Hobbes. Alas, that gaming should have become such a hostile environment. Lee, who followed this story on the internet tells me that Brianna had to be moved to a second safe house, and that a few days ago the FBI arrested four gamers who had obtained the new address (by hacking into FBI computers?) and charged them with attempted murder. Even gross misogyny is fine, boys, but the FBI is not a dragon in your dungeon if you have been issuing death threats. Their lawyer should consider a plea of insanity.

Having played chess from high school until about 1971, Rich Lynch reminds me that trash talk was not unknown in casual games. “Move

or pay rent” and “Why is this knight different from all other knights?” come to mind. Patzer, however, was less a skill level than a rebuke, which could be applied to anyone making a bad move, even masters. Chess can be a passionate enthusiasm (The grandmaster Nimzovitch famously resigned by jumping on the table, throwing his king across the room and yelling “Why must I lose to this idiot?”) and perhaps the gamers in the preceding paragraph felt a similar passion.

Taral Wayne

It must be frustrating to publish an issue about once a year. With all the material in a *File 770*, you would be getting more locs, I’m sure, except that they are sure not to be seen by anyone for at least another 12 months. Possibly not at all, if the most recent issue turns out to be the last. If you published quarterly, I suspect your letter column would be fuller.

But then I imagine it’s frustrating to put as much effort into so much thankless writing for your blog, and see only a tiny return in posted

comments. You must derive some pleasure from it that I don't fully understand, or have a lot of time on your hands.

Ah well, it gives me something to read every day, between looking at internet comic strips and finishing up on FaceBook.

Ryan Speer

Very interesting report of the Eaton collection in 164; I had already seen the ad for the new SF librarian position, but had no way other way of having heard about the Eatonian turmoil described therein. I have always just assumed that they could do no wrong, given the scope and quality of the material on hand and the inertia I figured would be involved in operating such a juggernaut. Of course a SFnal juggernaut is small as far as juggernauts go in general, and it looks like the collection might be just big enough to draw unwanted attention to itself on campus.

And Eaton's sadly-departed George Slusser is on record in his obituary a few pages later complaining about "unenlightened head librarians." It is telling that he mentions getting grants for book cataloging as a major triumph. Cataloging costs kill most institutional SF collections in the bud, as it can cost more to describe the stuff than it does to buy it. The fact that professional catalogers are an endangered species and busy enough on other projects does not help matters.

Love the cover! Those *Wonder Stories* covers might have been Paul's best stuff.

Martin Morse Wooster

I read your editorial and I didn't know about the blood clots. I'm glad you're better. Blood clots are scary and the drugs used to control them are even scarier (i.e. coumadin).

I enjoyed Rich Lynch's piece on early computer history and how he knew about George R.R. Martin forty years ago. It would be nice if Martin could elaborate on those days, but I understand he's kind of busy at the moment...

Jerry Kaufman

Thanks as ever for the paper copy of *F770* – we appreciate it. I do admit that the on-line version has better color. Both the front and the back covers are fabulous, although Steve's front cover has the edge in wit and cosmic horror, something he's been a bit obsessed by recently.

I greatly enjoyed your piece on "Remembering Science Fiction's 50th Anniversary Family Reunion," though I wondered

if you published it back in 1989, or have just written it from old notes. I can't remember having read it before. There is one paragraph about how Samuel R. Delany was shown around his first convention by a teenaged fan that particularly interested me, although it's full of small errors. I know the story because I am that guy. (I can't tell if the errors are from Chip's memory or your note-taking.)

[[I don't recall whether I corrected any of Delany's errors -- probably not -- but I was aware there were several, partly because we had a discussion about that at N3, and you also sent me corrections after the '89 appearance of this report, and partly because I did some bibliographical fact-checking on the new version of the story. To avoid destroying the quote, I passed through some of its known flaws.]]

I was born in 1948, so I'm on firm ground when I say I was 17 that summer (I turned 18 in October that year). Tricon, the 1966 Worldcon, was my first convention. I already had some slight familiarity with fandom because I'd taken busses from my home in Cleveland Heights to Ben Jason's apartment earlier in the year to help stuff envelopes with Progress Reports. (My thanks was to be labeled "the new Harlan Ellison" for my enthusiasm.) I believe also that when I met Chip, I'd been at the convention one day already, so knew where everything was, and that I'd read several of Chip's books already. (I remember that another teen fan and I grilled him about why he'd killed off one of our favorite characters in one of the "Fall of the Towers" trilogy.)

Although it's true that Donald Keller and I published a book by Delany that year, it wasn't even nominated for a Hugo, let alone winning one. That honor went to *The Motion of Light in Water*, his memoirs of the early stage of his career. Our book, *The Straits of Messina*, was a collection of Chip's essays about his own life and work (several signed by his alter-ego, K. Leslie Steiner). As it happens,

a piece called "Ruins/Foundations" was included – it's a much earlier and shorter version of TMOLIW.

I'd like to add some bits to two of your obituaries. For Stu Shiffman, I'd add that he was a music fan, in particular of British Isles folk and folk-rock, and of klezmer, the Jewish music that came out of Eastern Europe. We're going to play recordings of klezmer and perhaps Celtic rock 'n' reel, at his memorial in two weeks. Stu even published an issue of a folk music fanzine, *Folkal Point*.

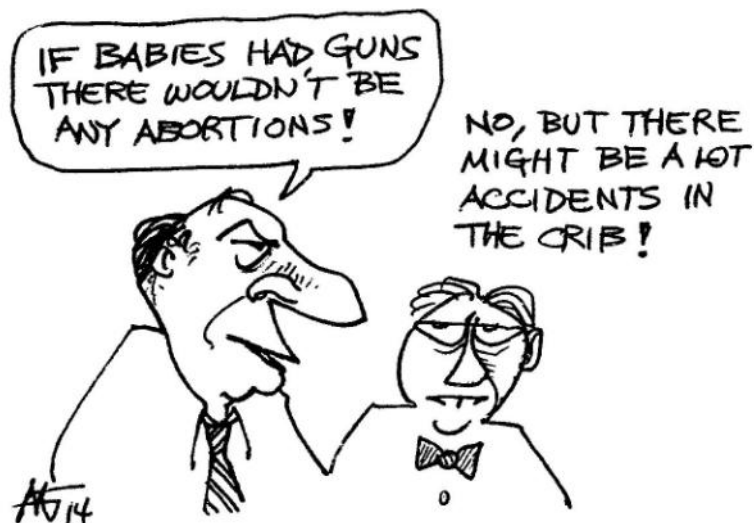
Velma DeSelby Bowen was also a music fan who particularly loved singers like Joan Armatrading and Laura Nyro. She loved to hang out at piano bars in New York, and even managed to find one or two in Seattle; she would sing at these, and at open mics. She also wrote and published a large number of personalzines and apazines, emulating Anais Nin with considerations of love, relationships, music, and race. I believe she also sold a few erotic sf and fantasy stories.

Lloyd Penney

Many thanks for issue 164 of *File 770*. A great Stiles cover to start it off, and I certainly recognize those green tripod aliens of his. It's been a while, so I expect there will be a full year of fanac within, making the *File* the new fandom yearbook.

We've had our health challenges as well. I am on a diet to get rid of about 25 pounds, and good luck to me on that one, for I will need it. Yvonne's had an operation on one wrist to solve a carpal tunnel problem, and the other wrist is coming up for surgery next month. Our largely sedentary lifestyles are catching up with us.

The Eaton Collection may be quite flush with Jay Kay Klein's millions, but I did hear recently that Melissa Conway is on the way out of her job. A ton of money won't save the



collection unless there's a sympathetic soul in charge of the collections. I hope Nalo Hopkinson might have a suggestion as to who might take over to keep the collection a going concern. Perhaps the library officials don't see the value in the collection, or see those who preserve it as a clique to be broken up. Hugs to Nalo on trying her best to keep the Eaton together. Haven't seen her in a long time.

With the closure of *The Drink Tank* at what will probably be the 400th issue, I might get a bit of a break in trying to keep up with Chris' torrential output. Corflu at any location would be wonderful to go to, but I believe my days of Worldcons and Corflus is done.

Taral's great article on Sherman and Peabody shows, to me anyway, that for much of popular culture out there, nothing really beats the original. I fondly remember that original, and I never saw the live action attempts or the newer animated. It does get to the point where all the good bits wind up in the trailers, and if you've seen them, you've as good as seen the movie.

The article on Noreascon 3 brought back so many memories...from the article, I believe I met Isaac Asimov for the second and last time at N3. Dave Kyle was a GoH at SFContario in Toronto a couple of years ago, and I had wonderful talks with Dave and his daughter. Our only overseas Worldcon was ConFiction, where we had worked with Kees and committee as Canadian agents, and onsite in their cash office. I haven't seen Kees in such a long time. And, Shibano-san was a friend we'd only see at Worldcons, but we'd see each other, pause, bow deeply, and then hug each other. Hal Clement used to come regularly to conventions in Toronto and Ottawa, to the point where he was considered our good luck charm.

2014 was a rough year for us, financially. We had our memberships to Loncon 3, and even a room at the Aloft...and made the decision that we couldn't possibly go. We hadn't saved enough, and with the start of new jobs for each of us, it wouldn't have looked good to ask our new employers for three weeks off for such a trip. With the same things in mind, we didn't even have memberships for Detcon. We missed a lot, but we are still employed, and our financial recovery is well under way. As a result, to the anger of a few bidders based in Toronto, we have not pre-supported any future Worldcon bids, with the exception of Montréal's 2017 bid. We don't expect to be able to afford any more Worldcons.

And now, the obituaries. I will be 56 on June 2, and I know I am getting old when I see more friends passing away. Stu, Cal (with whom we had some great times at Loscon 39),



Web access? Web access? Yeah, I have web access.

Vijay, and especially Ann Methe. The article on Mike Glicksohn's memorial service is the cap on that. We were there, and Yvonne and I have been to 508 Windermere Ave. a couple of times since, to visit with Susan Manchester. She has her artwork to help pass the time, plus some devoted pets.

Some great Jose Sanchez art on the bacover (seeing his good work everywhere) bring the zine to an end, as well as this loc. We will be steampunk vendors at Ad Astra this year, which brings our involvement in that convention to another level. I still remember when you were FanGoH at Ad Astra, about 31 or 32 years ago. Good memories and old days. Many thanks for issue 164, and see you when the next one comes out.

M. Lee Rogers

Regarding the cover, Stiles has come up with aliens that remind me of the Dali-esque *Looney Tunes* cartoon with Porky Pig. Not sure what else can be said.

Very sorry to hear about your blood clots. I mentioned to Ron Zukowski that it's a shame we can't just operate to remove the clots. He said it would require the level of technology found in *Fantastic Voyage* to zip around the blood vessels and get the clots out. Still a shame we can't do it.

[[That's what we need, all right. Fortunately, my body was able to absorb the problematic clots once I was prescribed something that discouraged more from forming. I'm much, much better now.]]

The problems with the Eaton Collection illustrate the issues with leaving collections to third parties. We have no guarantee the collections will be treated properly after the death or incapacity of the donor. How many fortunes have been taken over by professional fund managers who have totally disrespected the wishes of the donors? It's almost better to dispose of fortunes or collections while one is alive, or else set up an ironclad method of ensuring the following of the donor's directives.

It is still possible to get away with offending people, even in the land of political correctness. The offender had better be a professional comedian like Don Rickles or Joan Rivers. Most of us cannot pull it off. Having said all that, Tim did not deserve that kind of treatment.

This novel *Ancillary Justice* seems to have swept the Hugo and Nebula Awards. I'll have to check into it.

Like to horsewhip whoever tried to kill the furry fans with chlorine gas. That is attempted murder. Thank Ghu no one was hurt.

Always interesting to read about the earliest SF clubs. I once had books like *The Immortal Storm*. They disappeared in one move or another. Are fan history books like that and *All Our Yesterdays* still available in used editions? Must look. "It was a proud and lonely thing to be a fan" in those days.

Also very good to see that LASFS is still operational. There were never enough fans in this part of the world to pull off a similar operation anywhere in the South.

Corflu is another con I will probably never get to, since I don't do anything to speak of in the fanzine world anymore.

Rich, you got much further into the chess world than me. I played a few times but quickly found I had no talent for the game or for card games in general.

Must disagree with Asimov's assessment of his early work. He was not the most subtle creator of characters, but the quality of the imagination in the stories was hard to top. Wish I had met him before he died.

The Brianna Wu story is so disturbing. I had heard of GamerGate but had not connected one of the targets to the *File 770* cover. Anonymity has its proper uses, but it can be misused so easily. It has become much too

easy to harass someone in today's wired world. I sometimes think we should build a second Internet with proper security to make it harder for trolls and malicious hackers and spammers to ruin everything. Or am I dreaming?

The obituary section is much too long, damn it. Are we all dying off at once? Did meet Dr. Bill Martin a few times along with his daughter Anya.

Wish I had seen *Geeks! The Musical*. Sounds like a very limited run. Wonder who spent all that time writing all that for such little exposure. Seems a shame.

Alexis Gilliland mentions that his electric utility actually keeps the branches trimmed. Our area never does a very good job of it, which is part of why ice storms can be such an issue when they happen. A few of the roads I use regularly look like tree-lined tunnels. We'll see what this winter has in store.

Has an SF book ever won a Pulitzer? I won't wait for it.

I must be older than Lloyd Penney. He was 4 in November 1963 while I was almost 8. Wahhhh! As I say whenever I see my fannish friends' adult kids, "I demand a recount!"

Brad Foster

Great to get the new issue of *File 770* in the postal box this past week. Had already seen it online, but was waiting to get the hard copy before doing any actual reading. (Hard to get the desk computer into the bathtub, my favorite spot for reading.) Was a bit surprised, on sliding it out of the envelope, to see the cover in b&w, since had been in color on the web. But, far be it from me, Mr Penny-Pinch, to complain if you are trying to save a few bucks on all this, as long as you are still being gracious enough to print and mail these out!

Loved the tale of how Wolfe ended up creating the various "Doctor" and "Death" stories. Just goes to show that, for a good writer, there is inspiration everywhere.

I probably spent almost a full minute, staring at the top photo on page 6, trying to figure out why it looked so odd, before I finally read the text. Oohhhhh!

You can add my congrats to the long list of others who I'm sure have already said "Congrats" to Sue Mason on winning the Rot-

sler Award. Love to see a collection of her pen and ink pieces put together one day.

Of course, the happy news always seems to be "balanced" with the sad, in this case being the passing of Stu Shiffman. So pleased he was around to get his own Rotlsler honor a few years back. Looks like Stu was only a year older than me and so, in my opinion, he was – much– too young to leave us.

I'll continue to follow the blog on-line, but always appreciate this year-end "annual" wrap up: especially with the inclusion of some artwork. Hey, you know, there's no rule that says you can't run fillo art on your blog, is there? :)

Gregory Benford

Eaton's future hangs in shadows. They're interviewing to replace Melissa & fill the JK Klein spot. The U. Librarian has not consulted the sf faculty on these at all. (Or me, the nominal chairman of the board – one surely disbanded now.)

RICH LYNCH on Grennell: I saw much of him, weekly, when he moved to Calif to edit *Gun World* just south of Laguna Beach. He'd never been so near a fan and would arrive on his Harley (another hobby) to talk at my home overlooking the beach. He was in *Lilapa* and contributed long pages to each month's issue.

He & Rotlsler became buddies (photogs, guns, sf, Bloch etc., all in common) but he didn't see much of the LASFS crowd. He built an entire soundproofed shooting gallery in his basement, contrary to Mission Viejo rules, and showed me how well it worked; no sound at all outside.

He fell away from fandom as his job at *Gun World* grew and his hearing failed. He finally cut himself off, alas – funny in so many ways!

Great to see that Noreascon recalled – perhaps the best ever.

Joy V. Smith

I'm so glad you're feeling better and have been busy since your scary visit to your doctor and the hospital!

Thank you for all the award and fandom news and photos. And I enjoyed your article on *Field of Dreams*. Good movie, good

cast, and I always love James Earl Jones. He's one of those actors who improves every movie he's in.

I liked Rich Lynch's article on his chess playing life as a patzer. No offense.... Thanks to Taral Wayne for his article on Mr. Peabody and Sherman; I remember the series, but I haven't seen the movie. I enjoyed the con reports too – and the reviews. Thanks, guys. Sorry about the WisCon controversy. I had always hoped to go there some day. (Wisconsin's my home state, btw.)

Francis Hamit

Got the issue today. Very well executed, but a bit of a downer with all of those obits. Nothing you can do about that. I read it with interest but can't say I enjoyed it. Again, not your fault.

Glad to know that you are on the mend. Please do not join the parade.

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