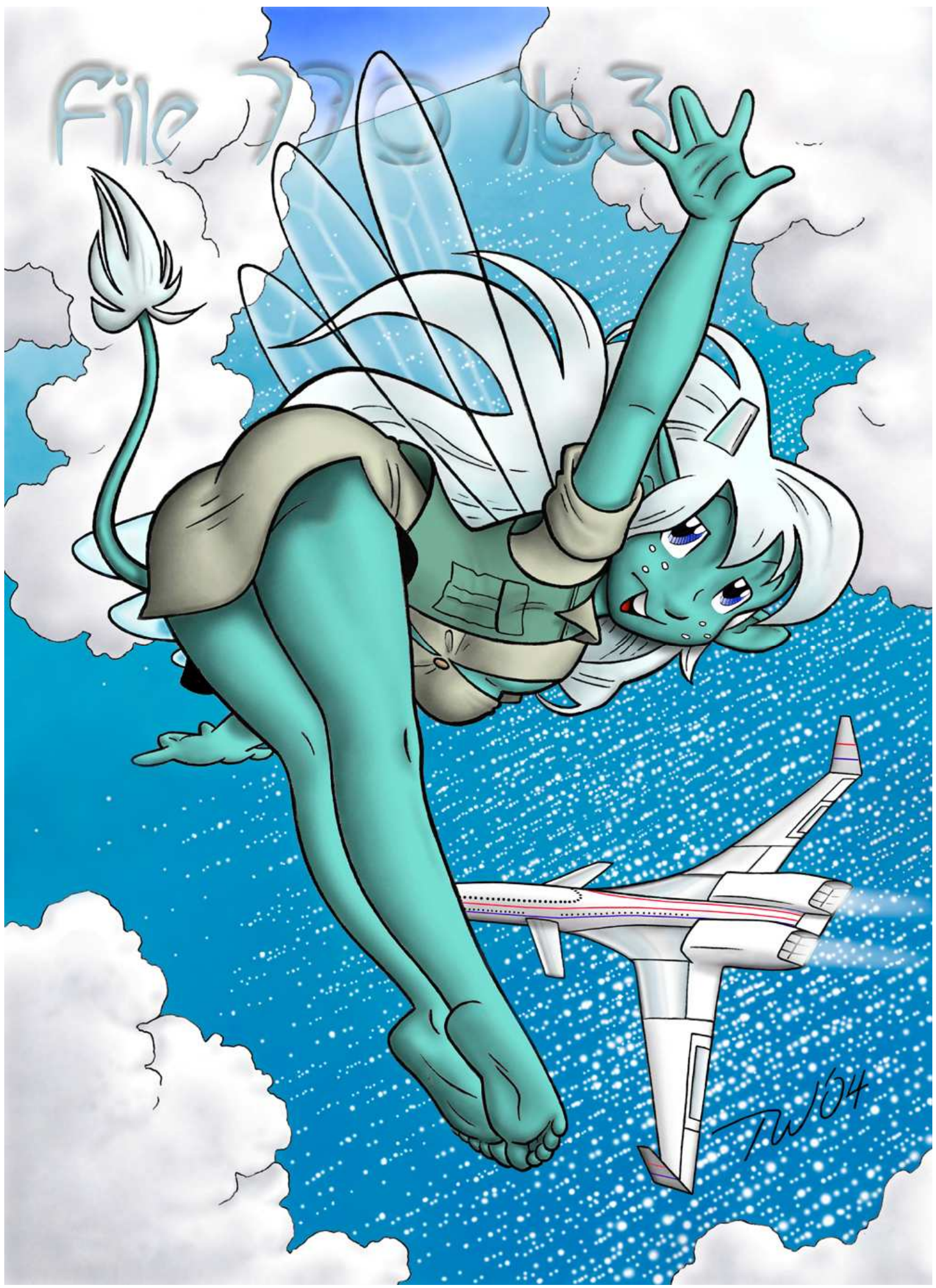


File 7700163



# FILE 770

## 163

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## Editorial Notes by Mike Glycer

**An Issue This Year:** With the help and encouragement of Taral, John Hertz and John King Tarpinian — I have made it to the finish line. Thanks to everyone who participated this time, and may 2014 be kinder to us all.

**Where Were You?** My fifth grade class was on a field trip to Griffith Park Observatory on November 22, 1963. We watched the Foucault Pendulum swing in answer to the earth's rotation. Stared in awe at the Zeiss Projector's recreation of our night sky on the observatory's central dome.

After eating bag lunches we reboarded the school bus. The radio news was droning in the background. The driver said he had a very important announcement to make. President Kennedy had been shot in Dallas and taken to the hospital.

I think the kids who were immediately upset had the right response. But it was not yet known that the President had died, and my best friend and I had a more detached reaction. We'd lived through the Cuban Missile Crisis just a year earlier so we wondered how Cold War adversaries might try to exploit this tragic development. And had grandiose ideas about lowering the flag to half-mast when the bus arrived back at school. All that despite actually being quite a Kennedy fan -- I'd visited his Senate office in 1960 on a summer trip to Washington D.C. (he wasn't there, was away campaigning).

My parents' generation remembered where they were when they heard the news about Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, or V-E Day and V-J Day in 1945. Of course I hadn't been born yet. The JFK assassination was the first "where were you?" event in my generation, but doubtless for many of you reading that epochal moment is as remote as WW2 was for me. Perhaps the Challenger explosion or 9/11 was your first cultural snapshot moment. Or some other event altogether?

### Tepper, Levin Marry

Debra Levin and Matthew Tepper wed in a Jewish ceremony at the LASFS clubhouse on June 30 in the presence of about 75 family members and friends.

A canopy lifted on four poles was carried into the main meeting room by members of the wedding party including John DeChancie and David Gerrold. The canopy was blue fabric with an elaborate yellow design.

The principals came forward in procession, Rabbi Marcia Minsky, who presided over the ceremony, Tepper in a top hat and black tuxedo, and Levin wearing a white wedding gown beautifully trimmed in lace.

Minsky was assisted by Mark Poliner. Tom Safer cued the music. Other participants included Joyce Sperling, Eylat Poliner, Charles Lee Jackson II and Jerry Pournelle, plus several more whose names I didn't know.

At the appropriate point in the ceremony, various people had the honor of reading one of the seven blessings, in Hebrew if they were able, otherwise in English translation. Jerry Pournelle recited the third blessing in English: "Blessed are You, LORD, our God, sovereign of the universe, who creates man." Barry and Lee Gold did a glorious job reading the lengthy seventh blessing, first in Hebrew, and then in translation.

Matthew waved off the applause that began when people thought the service had ended, because he still needed to stamp on the glass — then the couple was introduced and applause

resumed.

LASFS officers figured prominently in the service. The groom is club president, while his bride is vice-president-elect. Marcia Minsky and Eylat Poliner, are co-vice-presidents, and Charles Lee Jackson II is a Special Advisor.

It was a great occasion, and a chance to greet some old friends including Elst and Carole Weinstein, Regina Renante, Marty Cantor, and quite a few of those named above.

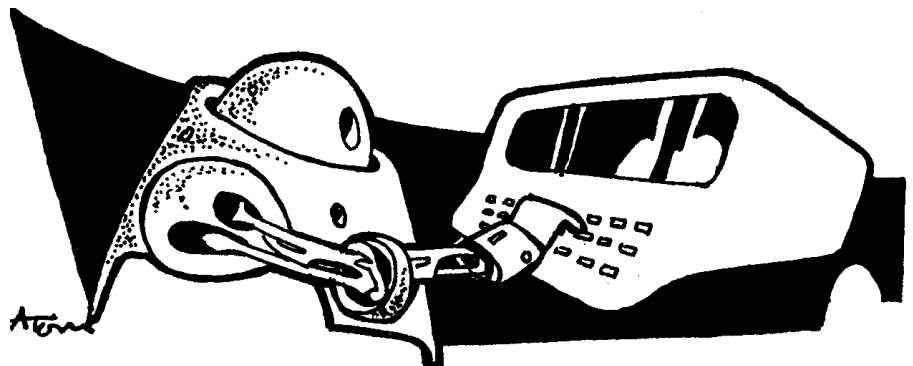
### Shiffman, Shechter Betrothal

Stu Shiffman and Andi Shechter will celebrate their betrothal with a Tenaim ceremony in Seattle on July 18. They made the announcement on CaringBridge June 19:

"We have been together for 25 years. On June 13, 2012, Stu suffered a serious stroke from which he has recovered to a major extent, although he still has more healing to do. In March of 2013, Andi turned 60 years old, while Stu will have his 60th birthday in February of 2014. We feel that we have good reason to talk about love and commitment.

"We hope that about a year from now, we will have our wedding ceremony, again with the support of Rabbi [Jessica K] Marshall and that you will be able to attend. We sort of figured we'd better start planning the party early. We hope you'll celebrate with us, now and in the year ahead, virtually or literally, from near or far."

Congratulations! — this is exciting news.



# News of Fandom

## Kramer Pleads Guilty

Ed Kramer took a deal and entered a guilty plea on December 2, the first day of his scheduled trial in Gwinnett County Superior Court, bringing an end to thirteen years of delay since he was charged with child molestation in 2000.

Gwinnett County District Attorney Danny Porter recommended a 20-year sentence, five years in custody and the balance on parole. The time in custody will be served under house arrest due to Kramer's medical condition. As he will be credited for 26 months already spent in custody, his confinement will last only 34 more months. He will be permitted to leave home for religious services, medical appointments, legal appointments and for grocery shopping.

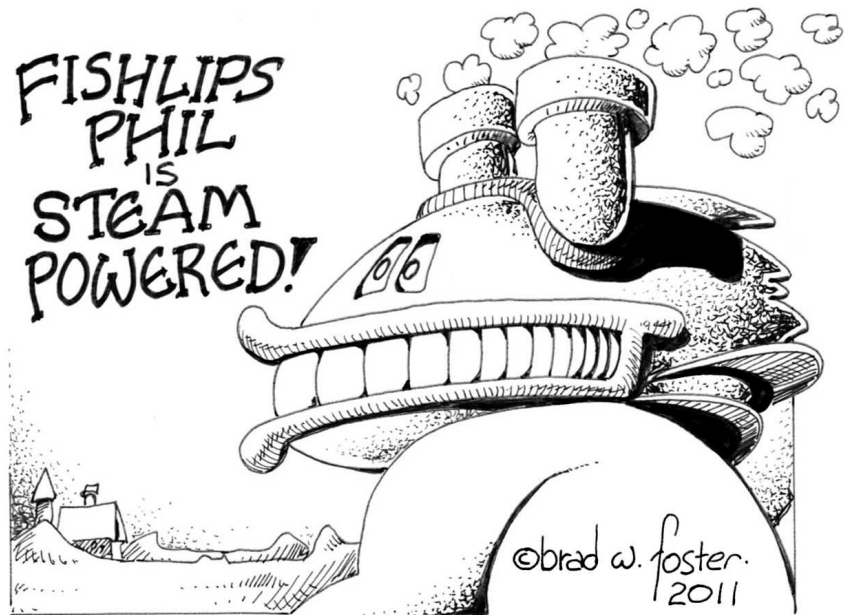
Kramer agreed to pay \$100,000 restitution to each of the three victims. And the court ordered him not to have any contact with anyone under the age of 16.

The plea came two days shy of one year after Kramer lost an appeal to avoid extradition from Connecticut where he had been arrested and jailed on charges of child endangerment after Milford police allegedly found him alone in a motel room with a 14-year-old boy. At that time he was free on bond and able to travel, but a Georgia judge revoked his bond because Kramer's contact with a minor violated its conditions.

In the wake of Kramer's latest arrest, Nancy Collins called for a boycott of Dragon\*Con, which Kramer was then still 34 percent owner and receiving dividends from its substantial profits. In February the directors publicly responded to the boycott in a press released that claimed, "The idea proposed of dissolving the company and reincorporating- has been thoroughly investigated and is not possible at this point. Legally, we can't just take away his shares. We are unfortunately limited in our options and responses as we remain in active litigation."

But with continued bad publicity and the convention date drawing close, the directors found it possible to do that very thing. Shareholders of Dragon Con/ACE, Inc., producer of Dragon\*Con, merged the old company into Dragon Con, Inc., a new corporation whose ownership included five of the six founding owners of Dragon\*Con – but not Kramer.

When Kramer did not accept these terms, the company sued him in Fulton County Superior Court. The parties reached settlement on November 25, terms of which are confidential.



The magnitude of the payment that might be involved is suggested by the company's past statements that it offered three times to buy Kramer's shares for \$500,000, in 2004, 2006 and 2008.

With respect to the plea agreement, the District Attorney told the press it was done so Kramer's victims would not have to testify.

Two of the three victims did address the court, reports Atlanta TV station WXIA.

The first said his wife had been wonderful through the process.

"I realized, it is paralyzing," the man said. "I just want to let the court and Ed know that even now it is something I fight with."

The second victim said he was happy that Porter pursued charges against Kramer over the years. "I don't know what to say. I'm glad Mr. Porter never stopped trying," he said. "It's amazing to finally have some type of closure. I'm glad I get to move on."

Kramer will be registered as a sex offender, and due to his lack of a criminal record prior to this point, will be considered a first offender.

## Gerhartsreiter Convicted

In April, at the end of a 17-day trial, a Los Angeles jury found Christian Gerhartsreiter guilty of murdering LASFS member John Sohus in 1985. The defendant showed little

emotion when the court clerk announced the jury had convicted him of first-degree murder.

Jurors told reporters afterwards that two book bags were critical evidence in convicting them of the defendant's guilt. During excavation of a swimming pool, Sohus' head was found buried in a plastic, University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee book bag. Gerhartsreiter attended the university from 1979-82 before coming to the San Gabriel Valley.

Juror Vincent Garcia said that bag, coupled with a University of Southern California book bag, was the most solid piece of evidence the jury saw.

Juror Gema Vasquez also felt Gerhartsreiter's attempt to get rid of the Sohus' pickup truck in Connecticut in 1988 weighed heavily in her decision.

The victim's sister, Ellen Sohus, after the verdict described her late brother as gentle, fun-loving and "the original nerd" who loved gadgets and electronics. She said she sat through the trial to show that John Sohus was loved. She was surrounded, she said, by Linda Sohus' friends, whom she called a source of unexpected support. Linda Sohus, known to LASFSians as Linda Mayhew, also disappeared in 1985. Her body has never been found.

Gerhartsreiter has been sentenced to 27 years to life in prison. His legal team has said they will appeal his conviction.

# Fandom's Tangled Web

## The Viral Professor

I've never met a Nigerian spammer. I don't know who wrote the first pop-up ad. But apparently I know the inventor of the computer virus well. It's Gregory Benford.

This has never been a secret but in the *File 770* tradition of it's-news-to-me I only learned about it after Jo Walton extolled John Brunner's predictive powers in "The Net Before the Net: John Brunner's *The Shockwave Rider*" – such as his mention of a kind of computer virus:

*What people remember about The Shockwave Rider is that it predicts ubiquitous computing—in 1975—and some of the problems that come with it. It's pre-cyberpunk, and it's cyber without the punk. Reading it now, it's impressive what it got right and what it got wrong. ... There are "worms" that are like viruses only more so, before there were real viruses.*

Not so, Gregory Benford corrected in an online comment, saying Brunner heard about the concept from him when they visited in 1969. Benford told Brunner about some experiences using the ARPANet, like how bad code might be accidentally shared, and his realization that it also could be done on purpose.

Benford wrote -- [*While a postdoctoral fellow at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory in Livermore, California*] I programmed computers often... There was a pernicious problem when programs got sent around for use: "bad code" that arose when researchers included (maybe accidentally) pieces of programming that threw things awry.

*One day I was struck by the thought that one might do so intentionally, making a program that deliberately made copies of itself elsewhere. The biological analogy was obvious; evolution would favor such code, especially if it was designed to use clever methods of hiding itself and using others' energy (computing time) to further its own genetic ends.*

*So I wrote some simple code and sent it along in my next transmission. Just a few lines in Fortran told the computer to attach these lines to programs being transmitted to a certain terminal. Soon enough – just a few hours – the code popped up in other programs, and started propagating. By the next day it was in a lot of otherwise unrelated code, and I called a halt to matters by sending a message alerting people to the offending lines.*

Benford developed the idea in his own 1970 short story, "The Scarred Man" (a free read online.)



Edie Stern's photo in the *Sun-Sentinel*.

Do all viruses trace back to Benford's idea? Who knows? As Victor Hugo said, "There is no army so powerful as an idea whose time has come," (the translation quoted in an old episode of *Mr. Novak*.) When the *New York Times* tried to figure out who invented e-mail the answer was that several people had done it independently after recognizing the capability was inherent in the computer systems they used. But since Benford regularly contributes to this blog, count on me to uphold against all rivals his claim to being the inventor of the computer virus!

## Edie Stern Honored By Alma Mater

Edie Stern rode as Grand Marshal of the Florida Atlanta University Homecoming parade on November 2 – one of several honors bestowed by her alma mater.

Stern received FAU's Alumni Talon Award in a ceremony on October 30, one of four given Talon Awards for leadership, support and service to the university.

The youngest graduate in school history, she began attending junior college when she was 12 years old, and received a bachelor's degree in mathematics from FAU at the age of 15 in 1968.

"FAU really took a chance on me. I was young and hadn't been away from home before for any extended period of time," she was

quoted in an FAU press release. "I made good friends that I'm still in touch with, and learned the blinding beauty that mathematics can be. The education I received at FAU prepared me well for graduate school and for a career in technology. For this I'm very grateful."

Stern has worked at IBM for more than 40 years, and is a master inventor who has been issued 126 U.S. patents with many more pending. In 2012, she received the American Society of Mechanical Engineers' Kate Gleason Award for lifetime achievement in the engineering profession.

## James T. Kirk Health Update

No, this story isn't about the character, it's about the Southern California fan who took that name and later appeared in the movie *Trekkies*.

He has not passed away, as rumored, however he did have a life-threatening emergency and faces a long recovery. Joe Kerezman posted on Facebook:

"I have some Jim Kirk news. He is alive. and on the mend. He was apparently hit by a car back in June, both legs broken and a traumatic head injury, was in a coma for over 2 months, is in rehab currently and moving to a group home on Monday. More details as I have them."

Back in the Seventies when the fan adopted Kirk's name he also rode around town in a van styled like the shuttlecraft Galileo. All good wishes to Kirk for regaining his health.

## 2014 Smofcon Site Picked

Smofcon 32, a convention for con organizers, will be held in Manhattan Beach, CA from December 5-7, 2014.

Its theme will be "All Roads Lead to the Same Castle: Traveling Together Into the Future" –

*Smofcon is intended as a venue to discuss and exchange ideas about convention running and we feel that the broader the base, the more different points of view and experience, the more enriched we all are. Whether your "road" is SF&F, anime, comics, gaming, steampunk or anything in between, we all want to build the strongest castle we can.*

Bobbi Armbruster and Kim Marks Brown will co-chair the event, hosted by the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests at the Manhattan Beach Marriott.

## 2014 GUFF Nominees

GUFF administrators have announced the contenders for the northbound race to bring an Australasian fan to the 2014 Worldcon in London, Loncon 3.

In the running for the Get Up and Over Fan Fund are Alison Barton, Samara Morgan, Gilliam Polack and Shay Telfer.

## Candidates Declare for TAFF

In advance of the December 31 deadline, Brad Foster announced that he and his wife, Cindy, will run as a couple for the 2014 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. Curt Phillips and Randy Smith soon followed suit by revealing their candidacies in advance of the official deadline.

## Classic Ellison Game Returns

The 1995 video game based on the Harlan Ellison short story *I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream* is back in circulation, rereleased by GOG.

When it originally appeared the game won many awards including “Best Dark Game of 1996” from Digital Hollywood and “Best Game Adapted from Linear Media” from the Computer Game Developers Conference. *Computer Gaming World* was effusive, naming it “Adventure Game of the Year” and listing it as one of the “150 Games of All Time,” “Best 15 Sleepers of All Time” and “Best 15 Endings of All Time.”

*I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream* languished because Ellison sued original developer Cyberdreams when he believed he wasn't getting his share of the profits. Now it has been brought back to life by Night Dive Studios under license from the author. Night Dive specializes in reviving classic, abandoned and forgotten PC games.

*Escapist Magazine* describes game play in these terms – “Set in a post-apocalyptic future where humanity has been destroyed, an all powerful artificial intelligence named AM holds five people prisoner, granting them immortality so it can torture them over and over again until the end of time. The game itself takes place across five chapters, one for each character, where the player guides them through scenarios created by AM. By overcoming their personal psychosis they're able to take steps closer toward finally defeating their tormentor. The player's primary role is to solve puzzles and make decisions that can affect how the final confrontation with AM plays out.”

Ellison performs the voice of the omnipotent computer AM. A fully-detailed account of play is in the Wikipedia.



Predictably, the new release has been stalked by digital pirates. Ellison responded to one report with a warning shot over the bow of the internet – “I, as President of The Kilimanjaro Corporation, and as “Author” employee of TKC, own all rights in the video-game I HAVE NO MOUTH & I MUST SCREAM. And only recently have TKC and myself, Harlan Ellison, licensed a reissue and update of the product to Stephen Kick of Night Dive Studios. My proprietorship is alive and roundhouse kicking. So if any of the gamers you (gawd bless'ya, baby) ratted out think they can play fast'n'loose with the artifact of my Creativity, advise them that even though the original manufacturers, Cyberdreams, booked and ran off with the profits, I sued them, won, own all the remainder stock, and the copyright is in my and TKC's name, all rights reserved. Even a perfunctory,

due-diligence, only-thieves-&-morons-won't-do-it search of public and/or Library of Congress records will attest to the foregoing. So pirates, no matter how young, how naive, how lamebrained, how arrogant, who pilfer from me, will be doing so knowing beforehand that I take no prisoners and I will pursue their effrontery to the grave. Not mine...theirs.”

## Bill Higgins is Street Smart

Fifty years ago when it was fashionable to photograph big high school classes with a panoramic camera – which traversed the student body in one long exposure and yielded a very long print – it also was fashionable for class clowns to pose at one extreme of the line then sprint to the other end in order to appear in the picture twice.

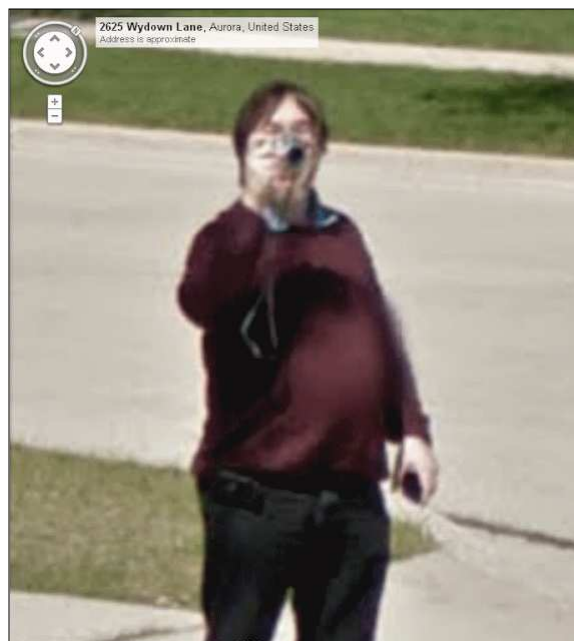
That prank is literally kid stuff compared to Bill Higgins' Olympian feat of inserting himself into Google Earth's Street View multiple times.

Last April, when Higgins discovered a Google Street View mapping car was in the vicinity he pulled out his own camera and began stalking it through his neighborhood. He also lurked about in his red sedan along the route the Google car was taking.

Bill and/or his car showed up in Street View shots at 16 different addresses. He even appeared standing on the corner by his house – “It's been pointed out that, since I have a camera in front of my face, Google's “recognize a face and blur it” software may have left me alone. Not that I mind, being vain and all.”

You can still see screen captures of Bill in Street View at his blog. However, Google obviously felt its digital leg being pulled because they've now rephotographed all the streets. Same houses. Same trees. No more Bill.

As they say, all glory is fleeting.



# THE YEAR IN SF AND FANTASY AWARDS



## World Fantasy Awards

The 2013 World Fantasy Awards were presented on November 3 at the World Fantasy Convention in Brighton.

**Novel:** *Alif the Unseen*, G. Willow Wilson (Grove; Corvus)

**Novella:** *Let Maps to Others*, K.J. Parker (Subterranean Summer 2012)

**Short Fiction:** "The Telling," Gregory Norman Bossert (*Beneath Ceaseless Skies* 11/29/12)

**Anthology:** *Postscripts #28/29: Exotic Gothic 4*, Danel Olson, ed. (PS Publishing)

**Collection:** *Where Furnaces Burn*, Joel Lane (PS Publishing)

**Artist:** Vincent Chong

**Special Award – Professional:** Lucia Graves for the translation of *The Prisoner of Heaven* (Weidenfeld & Nicholson; Harper) by Carlos Ruiz Zafón

**Special Award – Non-Professional:** S.T. Joshi for *Unutterable Horror: A History of Supernatural Fiction, Volumes 1 & 2* (PS Publishing)

Plus, Lifetime Achievement Awards were given to Susan Cooper and Tanith Lee.

## British Fantasy Awards

The winners of the 2013 British Fantasy Awards were announced November 3 at the World Fantasy Convention in Brighton:

**Best Fantasy Novel (the Robert Holdstock Award):** *Some Kind of Fairy Tale*, Gra-

ham Joyce (Gollancz)

**Best Horror Novel (the August Derleth Award):** *Last Days*, Adam Nevill (Macmillan)

**Best Novella:** *The Nine Deaths of Dr Valentine*, John Llewellyn Probert (Spectral Press)

**Best Short Story:** "Shark! Shark!" by Ray Cluley (Black Static #29) (TTA Press)

**Best Collection:** *Remember Why You Fear Me*, Robert Shearman (ChiZine Publications)

**Best Anthology:** *Magic: an Anthology of the Esoteric and Arcane*, Jonathan Oliver (ed.) (Solaris)

**Best Small Press (the PS Publishing Independent Press Award):** ChiZine Publications (Brett Alexander Savory and Sandra Kasturi)

**Best Non-Fiction:** *Pornokitsch*, Anne C. Perry and Jared Shurin (eds)

**Best Magazine/Periodical:** *Interzone*, Andy Cox (ed.) (TTA Press)

**Best Artist:** Sean Phillips

**Best Comic/Graphic Novel:** *Saga*, Brian K. Vaughan and Fiona Staples (Image Comics)

**Best Screenplay:** *The Cabin in the Woods*, Joss Whedon and Drew Goddard

**Best Newcomer (the Sydney J. Bounds Award):** Helen Marshall, for Hair Side, Flesh Side (ChiZine Publications)

**Special Award (the Karl Edward Wagner Award):** Iain Banks / Iain M. Banks

## First Fandom Awards

The 2013 First Fandom Awards were presented at LoneStarCon 3.

**First Fandom Hall of Fame:** Sam Basham, Earl Kemp, Lester Mayer, Norman F. Stanley.

**First Fandom Posthumous Hall of Fame:** Thaddeus E. Dikty (T.E. Dikty), Raymond A. Palmer.

**Sam Moskowitz Archive Award for Excellence in Collecting:** Howard Frank

## Mythopoeic Award Winners

The winners of the 2013 Mythopoeic Awards were announced at Mythcon 44 in East Lansing, Michigan, on July 14.

**Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Adult Literature:** Ursula Vernon, *Digger*, vols. 1-6 (Sofawolf Press)

**Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Children's Literature:** Sarah Beth Durst, *Vessel* (Margaret K. McElderry)

**Mythopoeic Scholarship Award in Inklings Studies:** Verlyn Flieger, *Green Suns and Faërie: Essays on J.R.R. Tolkien* (Kent State Univ. Press, 2012)

**Mythopoeic Scholarship Award in Myth and Fantasy Studies:** Nancy Marie Brown, *Song of the Vikings: Snorri and the Making of Norse Myths* (Palgrave Macmillan, 2012)

## Nebula Award Winners

Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America announced the winners of the 2012 Nebula Awards on May 18, 2013.

**Novel:** *2312*, Kim Stanley Robinson (Orbit US; Orbit UK)

**Novella:** *After the Fall, Before the Fall, During the Fall*, Nancy Kress (Tachyon)

**Novellette:** "Close Encounters," Andy Duncan (*The Pottawatomie Giant & Other Stories*)

**Short Story:** "Immersion," Aliette de Bodard (*Clarkesworld* 6/12)

**Ray Bradbury Award for Outstanding Dramatic Presentation:** *Beasts of the Southern Wild*, Benh Zeitlin (director), Lucy Alibar and Benh Zeitlin (writers), (Journeyman/Cinereach/Court 13/Fox Searchlight)

**Andre Norton Award for Young Adult Science Fiction and Fantasy:** *Fair Coin*, E.C. Myers (Pyr)

**Damon Knight Grand Master Award:** Gene Wolfe

**Solstice Award:** Carl Sagan and Ginjer Buchanan

**Kevin O'Donnell Jr. Service To SFWA Award:** Michael H. Payne

### 2013 ISFiC Winner

Liz A. Vogel won the ISFiC Writer's Contest with her story "Windy van Hooten's Was Never Like This." The contest is sponsored by ISFiC (Illinois Science Fiction in Chicago) in conjunction with Windycon.

Vogel won a membership at Windycon, room night, and \$300. Her story was published in the con program book. This year's contest was judged by Bill Fawcett, Roland Green, and Richard Chwedyk.

ISFiC has been running the ISFiC Writers contest in conjunction with Windycon since 1986. The first winner, Richard Chwedyk, has gone on to win the Nebula Award.

### Nova Awards

The Nova Awards celebrate achievement in British and Irish science fiction fanzines. The 2013 winners were announced this weekend at Novacon 43 in Nottingham, UK.

**Best Fanzine:** *Banana Wings*  
**Best Fanwriter:** Mike Meara  
**Best Fan Artist:** D. West

### Forry Award

Lois McMaster Bujold has been voted the 2013 Forry Award, a lifetime achievement award presented by the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

### FAAn Awards

**Best Genzine:** *Chunga*, ed. by Andy Hooper, Randy Byers, and carl juarez  
**Best Personal Fanzine:** *A Meara for Observers*, ed. Mike Meara  
**Best Single Issue:** *Trapdoor #29*, ed. by Robert Lichtman  
**Best Web-site:** eFanzines.com  
**Best Fanzine Cover:** Dan Steffan, *Banana Wings #50*  
**Best Fan Artist:** Dan Steffan  
**Best Fan Writer:** Andy Hooper  
**Harry Warner Jr. Memorial Award for Best Letterhack:** Robert Lichtman

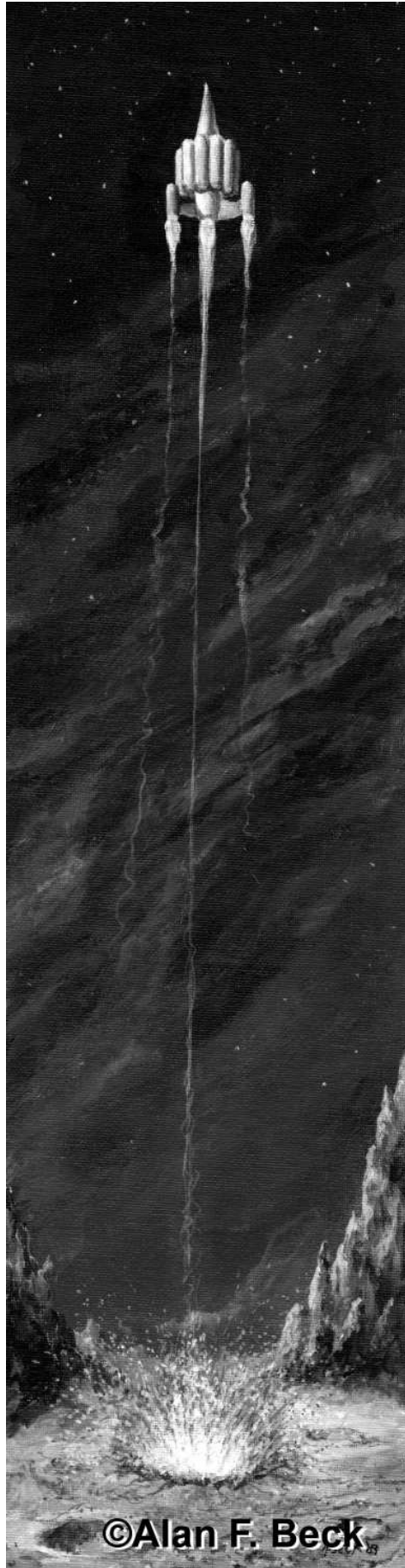
### WSFA Small Press Award

The 2013 Washington Science Fiction Association Small Press Award for Short Fiction was given to "Good Hunting" by Ken Liu.

The story was published in *Strange Horizons*, edited by Brit Mandelo, An Owomoyela, and Julia Rios (October 2013).

Presented at Capclave last weekend, the award consists of certificates for both the author and publisher, and a trophy and \$250 for the author. Accepting the award for Ken Liu was Jamie Todd Rubin.

The award-winner was selected by blind voting — all voting done with the identity of the author hidden so that the final choice is based solely on the quality of the story.



©Alan F. Beck

### SF Translation Award

The 2013 Science Fiction and Fantasy Translation Award winners are:

**Long Form Winner:** *Atlas: The Archaeology of an Imaginary City* by Kai-cheung Dung, translated from the Chinese by Anders Hansson, Bonnie S. McDougall, and the author (Columbia University Press)

**Short Form Winner:** "Augusta Prima" by Karin Tidbeck translated from the Swedish by the author (*Jagannath: Stories*, Cheeky Frawg)

### Prometheus Award

The Libertarian Futurist Society presented the 2013 Prometheus Awards to:

**Best Novel:** *Pirate Cinema* by Cory Doctorow.

**Hall of Fame:** *Cryptonomicon* by Neal Stephenson

At LoneStarCon 3 during the Prometheus Award ceremony on August 30, the LFS presented Cory Doctorow with a plaque and one-ounce gold coin. A smaller gold coin and a plaque went to Neal Stephenson.

### BSFA Award Winners

Winners of the 2012 British Science Fiction Association Awards were announced March 31 at EightSquared, the 2013 Eastercon.

**Novel:** *Jack Glass* by Adam Roberts

**Short Fiction:** *Adrift on the Sea of Rains* by Ian Sales

**Artwork:** Cover of *Jack Glass* by Black-sheep

**Non-Fiction:** *The World SF Blog*, chief editor Lavie Tidhar

### Slattery Wins PKD Award

*Lost Everything* by Brian Francis Slattery (Tor Books) won the 2012 Philip K. Dick Award presented at the 2013 Norwescon.

The annual award goes to a distinguished science fiction paperback original published in the United States. It is sponsored by the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society and the Philip K. Dick Trust

The awards judges were Bruce Bethke, Sydney Duncan, Daryl Gregory, Bridget McKenna, and Paul Witcover (chair).

### Endeavour Award

The 2013 Endeavour Award went to *Goodbye For Now* by Laurie Frankel (Doubleday).

The Endeavour Award, which honors a distinguished science fiction or fantasy book, either a novel or a single-author collection, created by a writer living in the Pacific Northwest, was presented November 8 at OryCon 35 in Portland.

The winning entry was chosen by judges Noreen Doyle, Susan Forest and John Scalzi. The award comes with a \$1,000 honorarium.

## LASTING IMPRESSIONS: NEWS FROM THE WORLD OF FANZINES

### *Saving Children from Ansible?*

Dave Langford is incensed to discover his *Ansible* site, the SF Encyclopedia and many other websites of the science fiction field are being filtered by British internet service providers attempting to comply with UK legislation that created what is satirically referred to as the “Great Firewall of David Cameron.”

He provides full details in an SFE post “SF Encyclopedia — unsuitable for under-18s?” with screen captures from O<sub>2</sub>’s “[website status checker](#)” page that can be used to research what is blocked by default by that particular ISP – accessible only if a subscriber opts-in using the Parental Controls.

### *Mad 3 Party Goes Digital*

The first 26 issues of *The Mad 3 Party* are now available online. Published from 1984-1990, it promoted the Boston in ’89 bid by creating a focal point for strategic discussions of Worldcon running. It won the Hugo in 1990.

Laurie Mann edited the first issue, Pat Vandenberg was editor from

early 1984 until early 1986, and Leslie Turek from 1986-1990.

Contributions to *Mad 3* were always high quality and innovative, if more technical than literary. These issues constantly remind a reader how ideas that once were just a twinkle in somebody’s eye became traditional features of Worldcons.

The Boston bid won and *Mad 3* continued appearing during the run up to Noreascon 3 and for a short while after. A major shakeup in the availability of N3’s planned facilities forced the committee to become very creative in organizing and staging the con. These ideas often got their first public airing and discussion in *Mad 3* in these pre-internet days.

Not that fans related all that differently before the internet. As Leslie Turek wrote in “My Life As A Faned” – “During this period, I did get to practice one skill that I had started to learn as chair of N2 [Noreascon 2, 1980]: explaining policy decisions to people who didn’t know all the background facts, and writing calm and rational responses to angry letters.”

Scanned by Tim Szczesuil, the available issues run from 1983 through mid-1988.

## C. Ross Chamberlain Wins 2012 Rotsler Award

**By John Hertz:** C. Ross Chamberlain of Las Vegas won the 2012 Rotsler Award, given for long-time artistic achievement in amateur publications of the science fiction community. Established in 1998, the award carries an honorarium of US\$300.

Chamberlain is an adept humorist known for graceful line and eye-catching composition.

As a good artist he makes use of available technology. In the days of mimeography he was masterly with stylus and shading plate. Now

he works marvels with Photoshop.

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

The award was announced on Saturday, November 24, 2012, at Loscon, the annual Los Angeles SF convention.





## Jim Barker Wins 2013 Rotsler Award

Jim Barker, the Scottish fanartist, has won the 2013 Rotsler Award, given for long-time artistic achievement in amateur publications of the science fiction community. Established in 1998, the award carries an honorarium of US\$300.

Barker is renowned for his instant cartoons and prolific output. His sharp sense of humor and drawing skills have enriched fanzines and carried over to his work as a graphic artist and illustrator – see <http://www.jimbarker.net/>.

Barker is a past Hugo Award nominee and winner of the Checkpoint newszine poll for Best Fanartist.

The award was announced on Saturday, November 30, 2012, at Loscon, the annual Los Angeles SF convention. This year's convention was Loscon 40.



### *Electric Velocipede Folds*

John Klima's *Electric Velocipede*, which won the 2009 Best Fanzine Hugo and then declared itself a semiprozine, will cease publication with the current issue, number 27.

Klima explained in his editorial that he has been unable to pay off debt accumulated from past issues and sees little chance of more revenue in the immediate future because of "the limited options for electronic subscriptions." Therefore he feels it does not make sense to continue when editing the zine takes so much time away from raising a family and working his day job.

### *Hollyn Gets Endowed Chair at USC*

Norman Hollyn, Professor of Cinematic Arts at the University of Southern California, is the first recipient of the Michael Kahn Endowed Chair in Editing at USC, presented by Steven Spielberg at a ceremony on November 11 with Kahn in attendance.

Michael Kahn, with eight nominations, is the most-nominated editor in Academy Awards history. He has edited many Spielberg pictures, winning Oscars for his work on *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Schindler's List* and *Saving Private Ryan*.

Hollyn's own credits as a film, TV and music editor include *Heathers*, *The Cotton Club*, and Oliver Stone's *Wild Palms*. He has written the standard editing room textbook, *The Film Editing Room Handbook*, and that he thrives as a teacher anyone can see from his videos online.

Hollyn published several fanzines in the 1970s, such as the archly titled *Regurgitation Six*. Unlike the case of, say, *Babylon 5* there were no predecessors — the second issue in the series was *Regurgitation Six Number Two*.

### *Price Is Trib "Pen Pal"*

Long-time sf fan George W. Price was recently featured as one of the Chicago *Tribune's* "Pen Pals," a series of profiles about people who frequently write letters-to-the-editor.

**Unique trait:** *Price is obsessed with limericks and puns. "The more atrocious, the better," he says. He is also a huge fan of science fiction,*

*and has attended the WindyCon Science Fiction Convention and Cleveland's World Science Fiction Convention, and was a member of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society.*

For decades George's parties were an important gathering point for Chicago fans. As a young fan, when I quizzed somebody about Chicago's counterpart to the science fiction clubs in other big cities like LASFS, Lunarians and WSFA, he said George's parties were it.

Since 1951 George has been a partner in Advent:Publishers, producer of legendary critical and historical books the sf field. .

### *Glimpses of the Past*

After a long absence Bill Plott has returned to the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, an apa he helped found.

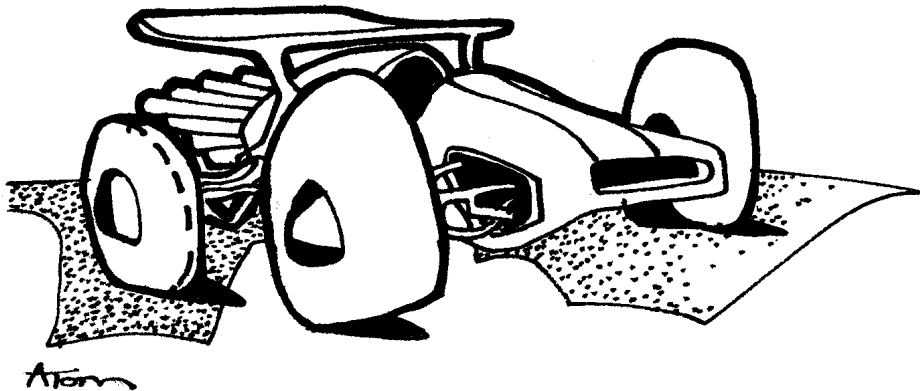
He's also created a one-shot, *The J. T. Oliver Photo Collection*, available at eFanzines, from an assortment of photos Plott was given when he visited Oliver in Columbus, Georgia in the 1950s.

There's a remarkable photo of Lee Hoffman, looking quite the belle, with J.T. Oliver and Paul Cox. Belle is not a word I'd previously associated with Hoffman. They were all Georgia fans, the two men from Columbus and Hoffman from Savannah.

The album also includes pictures of Bob Tucker in a bow-tie, flashing a suave smile. Ray Bradbury appears sans glasses. And Henry Hasse poses with his dog (a note on the back saying, "The one on the left is me.") Hasse co-authored Bradbury's first professional sale.

Plott weaves a narrative around these photos to explain who's in them and why they mattered to fandom.

And he includes a link to Gary Ross Hoffman's website about his aunt, Lee Hoffman. Well worth a look. Ever wonder about the spelling of her fanzine title? The answer is there – "I called my fanzine *Quandry*. Some time earlier, I'd come across a paperback by Robert Benchley titled *My Ten Years In A Quandary*. I'd had to ask my mother what 'quandary' meant. She explained and I liked the idea. But I mispronounced the word. When I titled my fanzine, I spelled it the way I said it. Surprisingly few people pointed out my error but I was embarrassed by the ones who did, and considered correcting the title. However I liked the look of the word 'Quandry' and I thought 'Quandary' rather ugly. I stuck with what I had."



## Whither Midwestcon? by Joel Zakem

*The Cincinnati Fantasy Group spent the summer deciding whether to continue holding Midwestcon.*

*Midwestcon is fandom's oldest relaxacon, and among its longest continuing conventions, having been founded in 1950.*

*The issues were said to be that some of the concom intend to retire – some CFG members prefer not to carry on without them – and falling attendance. Joel Zakem reports on the decision and how it was made.*

**The following contains my personal thoughts and should be in no way construed to be the thoughts or position of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group (CFG) as a whole or of any other CFG member.**

If my memory is correct, I attended my first Midwestcon in 1968. At that time, I was a shy 15-year-old uncomfortable among strangers. I remember being overwhelmed by the con and by the opportunity to see, and even speak to, many authors whose books I had read, (including, as part of a group, Fritz Leiber). I also remember being welcomed by various fans, including then current members of the CFG.

In June of 1969, following an encounter with the late Dale Tarr at a bookstore in downtown Cincinnati, I attended my first CFG meeting (one week prior to my second Midwestcon). Even though I currently live in Louisville, Ky., which is about two hours south of Cincinnati, I have maintained my CFG membership and try to make it to several meetings a year.

I have attended every Midwestcon since 1968, and it was one of those things I felt that I could rely upon to be there. Now, however, I am not real confident of that fact.

On August 6, 2013, an article entitled "[Midwestcon's Future To Be Decided](#)" was

posted on File770.com. Only two comments to the piece have been posted. While I drafted a rather lengthy comment to address what I felt was an oversimplification of the issue, upon reflection and after consulting with several other CFG members, I decided it would be best to refrain until after the vote took place. Besides, the CFG had earlier reached a consensus to keep this issue 'in-house' until after the vote occurred.

There was a vote at the August 10 CFG meeting (one of the few official votes that I remember taking place during my 40+ years as a CFG member), and CFG's current dictator for life and Midwestcon chair Bill Cavin left the voting open until Sunday night so that CFG members who were not able to attend the meeting in person could have their say. The choices were to retire Midwestcon after Midwestcon 65 in 2014; to continue Midwestcon, **if possible** (important emphasis) into the future; or abstention. At a bit past 11 p.m. (Eastern Time) on August 11, Bill reported that the winning vote was to continue Midwestcon, **if possible**. Discussions are ongoing as to how this will be accomplished.

Such discussion is necessary because Midwestcon, like several other cons, is in trouble. This is not a new problem and there had been many informal discussions over the past several years, within the CFG and among Midwestcon attendees, as to how to change the trend. Midwestcon's attendance is decreasing and has fallen under 100 for the past three years, with only 86 paid members in 2012 (78 actually on site) and 90 paid members in 2013 (86 on site). Reportedly, this year's con ran a few hundred dollars in the red.

Moreover, a sizable portion of Midwestcon's current membership consists of locals who do not take a room for the weekend (not that I blame them for trying to avoid the ex-

pense), which has necessitated the shrinking of our room block.

Another major problem has been the fact that various department heads are looking to step down, including the individuals who ran at con registration and the con suite, two of Midwestcon's most important functions. Finding volunteers to work within these departments has never been a problem for Midwestcon. The problem is replacing these persons with others who have the time, knowledge and desire to run the departments, who are able coordinate with the committee and hotel, and who can direct the willing volunteers. As someone aptly stated at the August 10 meeting, "the dragon has many legs, it just needs a head."

(And before anyone misconstrues what was said, the discussion involved department heads, and not the con-chair. I am unaware of any plans for Bill Cavin to step down from his position within the CFG or at Midwestcon. Also, I do not believe I have the ability to take over the positions in question, and this should be in no way construed to be an attempt to throw my hat into the ring. I will, however, continue to help Midwestcon in my way.)

This brings us to the "if possible" portion of the vote. Midwestcon is currently in a precarious financial position, and I believe that many in the CFG (myself included) will be unwilling to continue operating Midwestcon at a loss. Therefore, Midwestcon's attendance must increase, and I believe that the CFG should be open to suggestions on how to increase membership without changing the con's fundamental nature (though I am realistic enough to realize that some change may be necessary) and how to get former attendees to come back.

Some suggestions were made at the August 10 meeting and on email exchanges prior and subsequent to the vote, and it looks like these discussions are continuing. At a CFG meeting held on September 7, 2013 (which I was unable to attend), decisions were apparently reached as to who would handle advance and at-con registration and allowing additional space (outside of the con suite) for board and/or table top gaming. It also appears that, at least for 2014, Midwestcon will return to the same Doubletree Suites hotel that has hosted the last several cons.

As far as I know at this time (September 10), however, the issue of who will run the con-suite is still pending, despite what might have been posted on some CFG mailing lists.

Midwestcon was the first con I attended, and I would hate to see it fade away. Midwestcon 65 (which I hope will not be a retirement party) will be held on its regular dates of the last full weekend in June (June 26-29), in Cincinnati.



## Readercon 24 Burlington, MA July 11-14, 2013

Report by Martin Morse Wooster

For years, my friends told me I had to go to Readercon. “It’s the greatest convention *ever*,” I was told. “You’ll enjoy the program *so much* you’ll *never* leave the hotel.”

Given that at the conventions I go to the program choices often dwindle to “How to Hypnotize the Editors,” or panels where three self-published authors and a first novelist from DAW plead that if we don’t buy their books they’ll have to fight their cats for a dwindling supply of kibble. Given those choices, I’d rather spend time in the con suite.

And after the titanic battle over Rene Walling and Readercon’s policies over sexual harassment, I wasn’t sure I’d enjoy myself. But I did indeed have a good time.

This report, however, is censored in one way. I did not attend any of the feminist panels at the convention. Since I did not see them, I cannot comment on them.

Readercon this year had two problems, one of which it could not control. Half of the hotel was closed for construction, including most of the places where authors and their public could mingle over a beer. This severely restricted the number of places where fans and pros could sit and chat—which, I understood, was half the point of the con.

Second, among the members of the committee ousted in the turmoil over the 2012 Readercon was founder Eric Van. (Van wasn’t officially at the convention, but he was seen at the nearby Burlington Mall.) With Van’s departure meant the end of the Kirk Poland Memorial Bad Prose Contest, which had a reputation as a hilarious evening of comedy. Replacing the Kirk Poland event was a cabaret, where friends of program chair Rose Fox read from their works, sang, and played music. I saw a little of this, but not enough to say whether it worked. Sonya Taaffe’s recital was quite good, and she has a fine voice. As I left, the organizers had raised over \$500 for a rape crisis center.

Readercon does several things very well. The dealer’s room was compact but all the dealers were selling books, and many of the tables were from small presses. The con suite was also quite good. The Finns showed up in force for the Helsinki in 2015 bid, led by chair Eemeli Aho and put on two nice parties, including a fine Sunday brunch. Among the Finns present was Satu Hlinovsky, who is not only George R.R. Martin’s translator, but also his Finnish publisher.

The only other con suite party was one for Detroit’s bid for the 2014 NASFIC. They didn’t offer very much and it took a long time to produce—just like Detroit!

Also worth noting is the Readercon souvenir book, a thick critical journal well worth keeping. Not only did the two guests of honor have original short stories, but there were also reprinted stories by Roger Zelazny and Fredric Brown. The souvenir book was a fine production.

As for panels, I went to six of them, which is quite a lot for me. I began with one on the recent Library of America volumes on Science Fiction of the 1950s. With a panel that included Peter Straub, John Clute, and Gary Wolfe, and an audience that included Paul Di Filippo and Elizabeth Hand, this was a very high-grade panel indeed. The panelists had lots of highbrow arguments about whether or not these books helped create a canon or were just following the existing canon. Gary Wolfe had lots of news about books that didn’t make it: *Fahrenheit 451* cost too much, Wolfe was “allergic” to Ward Moore’s *Bring the Jubilee*, and *Childhood’s End* wasn’t included because, ummm, this is the Library of America.

The Science Fiction of the 50s books did very well, and their reader-friendly format has introduced a lot of younger readers to the great sf writers of the past. What’s coming up? Don’t be surprised if there is a companion volume for 1960s books. Single volumes devoted to Bradbury and LeGuin are also highly likely. There was even talk about reprinting the Heinlein juveniles—except there were too many of them!

One disappointment for Edgar Rice Burroughs fans is that, although the Library of America’s publisher reprinted *Tarzan of the Apes* last year, it isn’t considered officially part of the library, but a second-tier reprint by the Library’s publisher.

A panel on whether or not book reviews were too positive, featuring

John Clute, Gary Wolfe, and *Locus* editor Liza Groen Trombi to my mind thrashed around on the topic without coming to a conclusion. Trombi said that one of her problems as editor was that *Locus* didn't get pressure on whether reviews should be positive, but always heard from authors demanding to be reviewed!

The Roger Zelazny panel was an entertaining look at Zelazny's life and works. The most cogent member of the panel was Zelazny's son, Trent Zelazny, who was full of insights into what his father was like. Among other things the younger Zelazny revealed was that one of the things his father enjoyed doing was wrapping himself up in a strait-jacket and seeing how long it would take his children to let him out!

I asked if *Argo* drew many new readers to Zelazny's work. Trent Zelazny said that it didn't, in part because his father is not mentioned in the film. But he said that a new documentary about Science Fiction Land, the abortive amusement park whose development led to the writing of the *Argo* script, would devote ample space both to Roger Zelazny and to Buckminster Fuller, who apparently played a major role in Science Fiction Land's development.

I dutifully attended both Guest of Honor speeches by Patricia McKillip and Maureen McHugh. Both writers are major figures who had interesting things to say.

McKillip was introduced as "one of the greatest fantasy writers in America," which led her to say, "I think I'm feeling immortal." But not *too* immortal. "I ask, 'Why can't I retire?'" McKillip, 65, said later on "Everyone else I know is retired. But I keep on trying new things."

McKillip explained the influences on her work. One was the sea; she lives on the Oregon coast, and does a lot of volunteer work with environmental groups interested in preserving the coast. So the boundary from sea and land plays a major role in her work. Also of interest to her is music. She studied music in college (although she said that biographers who call her a "professional musician" are overstating her expertise) and listens to music as she writes. She finds the score to *The Lord of the Rings* one that inspires good writing.

McKillip warned that readers who want her to retell classic folk tales forever will be disappointed in her novel in progress, where characters use cell phones and computers. "I've done everything I set out to do" as a writer, McKillip says. She hopes her new contemporary fantasy will tell readers "what I can do now."

Maureen McHugh explained that if you haven't seen much fiction from her lately, it's because she has been pumping out screenplays. "I want to write fiction so *bad*," McHugh says. But she has very high health insurance premiums, and "even with Obamacare" she and her family "can't afford private insurance." She worries that if she writes too many screenplays, "she'll be sucked into the whole L.A. thing" and spends so much time making producers happy that she won't get any real writing done.

McHugh also talked about her hobbies—cooking is a source of great pleasure for her. She also expounded on China; her first novel, *China Mountain Zhang*, was based on the year she spent in China in the late 1980s. Ever since then, people praise her as a powerful prognosticator of China's rise. But McHugh thinks much of the rise is illusion.

"I don't think China will be the next world power," McHugh said. The reason was China's one-child policy, which means, "One person has two parents and four grandparents and supports six people into old age." Demographics, McHugh believes, is the reason why China won't overtake the U.S.

The final event I went to was the Shirley Jackson Awards. I showed up late, and couldn't tell you what the winners received (I think it is a certificate). But F. Brett Cox, who runs these awards, said that the runners up received a rock! They were urged to put the rock on their mantels and *not* throw it at anyone.

Winners of the awards were:

Short Story: Jeffrey Ford, "A Natural History of Autumn," *Fantasy and Science Fiction*,

July/August 2012

Novellette: Karen Russell, "Reaching for the Empire," *Tin House*, Winter 2012

Novella: Kaaron Warren, "Sky," in *Through Splintered Walls* (Twelfth Planet Press)

Collection: Jeffrey Ford, *Crackpot Palace*

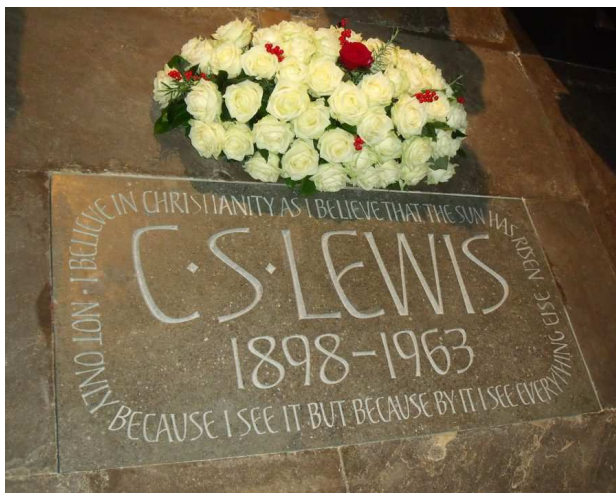
Anthology: *Postscripts 28/29: Exotic Gothic 4*, ed. Daniel Olsen

Novel: Koji Suzuki, *Edge*

None of the winners were present.

I had a good time at Readercon. I just didn't have the most magnificent splendiferous time ever. Someday I will go to another one.

## C.S. Lewis Receives Memorial in Poets' Corner



C. S. Lewis' memorial stone in Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey was dedicated November 22, on the fiftieth anniversary of his death.

Over one hundred poets, novelists, dramatists, actors and musicians

are buried or commemorated in the Abbey. Geoffrey Chaucer was the first poet buried there, in 1400. Other honorees include Shakespeare, Wordsworth, the Brontë sisters, and Jane Austen.

About 1,000 guests from around the world attended the service to unveil the stone. Eddie Olliffe gave this account on his blog.

As the memorial was dedicated, there was a reading from *The Last Battle*: 'Now at last they were beginning Chapter One of the Great Story which no-one on earth has read: which goes on forever: in which every chapter is better than the one before. *The draw for many in this audience was the past Archbishop of Canterbury, Rowan Williams, and an authority on the Narnia books who gave a short but erudite address. He wisely left Narnia well alone, concentrating instead on Lewis's science fiction trilogy. Lord Williams of Oystermouth homed in on how Lewis deplored the misuse of language; how he saw it is used to hide from ourselves and to hide from reality. Our questions fall away; we have nothing to say because we have too much to say. Rowan noted Lewis's aversion to the King James Bible which he saw as getting in the way of our understanding. Instead Lewis preferred Moffatt and J B Phillips to 'hear' the freshness of the words.*

Douglas Gresham, the son of Lewis's wife Joy, also spoke at the service, which was the culmination of a conference at the abbey about the impact of the author's work.

# THE WORLDCON I SAW BY JOHN HERTZ

## LONESTARCON 3, THE 71ST WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION, AUGUST 29-SEPTEMBER 2, 2013; MARRIOTT RIVERWALK AND MARRIOTT RIVERCENTER HOTELS; HENRY B. GONZALEZ CONVENTION CENTER; SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Guests Ellen Datlow, James Gunn, Willie Siros, Norman Spinrad, Darrell Sweet (posthumous); Special Guests Leslie Fish, Joe Lansdale; Toastmaster Paul Cornell. Attendance 4,300; Art Show sales \$46,000 by 90 artists. Chair, Randall Shepherd.

Lonestarcon II was here in 1997. So was I; I remember the Alamo. The Convention Center had been remodeled and named for long-time United States Representative Henry B. González after his death in 2000. Lonestarcon I was the 1985 NASFiC (North America Science Fiction Convention, held when the Worldcon is overseas).

The U.S. National Aeronautics & Space Administration kindly sent an exhibit, astronaut Cady Coleman, and engineer Heather Paul. In the Exhibit Hall two NASA suits stood next to the Heinlein Society. I said the title *Have Space Suit, Will Travel* didn't really depend on knowing *Have Gun* (24 episodes by Gene Roddenberry). We celebrated the 50th anniversary of *Glory Road*.

On Sunday at 3:30 a.m. I heard Kathy Mar sing "Starship and *Haiku*." The newszine, of course *La Estrella Solitaria* (Spanish, "the solitary star"), kindly printed a contribution of mine.

The lone star rises  
A third time shining on us  
As we reach for space.

A fine Lonestarcon III feature was a First Worldcon ribbon. To wear it invited explanation. They ran out and had to be re-ordered.

We all groan how weak we are at making things known, pointing, telling, responding. On another tentacle I'm continually amazed how people don't ask, don't look. Let's for ourselves not fall into that.

We've a lot more now of the diversity we'd been crying for. Not enough, but a lot more. We can assume even less that others know what's happening with us or we with them. This can be frightening, but what a grand problem to have.



**2013 Hugo Award** base designed by Vincent Villafranca. Photo by Ed Dravecky. (Used under Creative Commons license.)

In both Jane Austen and Will Shakespeare the moral — if great art has a moral — seems to be *Don't make windows into mirrors*.

The Art Show kindly gave ten pegboard panels for the Rotsler Award exhibit. It's all reproductions, nothing for sale; should it be in the Art Show? I dunno. It was in the Exhibit Hall at Denvention III, the year Spike provided that black foam-core. Anyway this was my first task. The Cadys, Ctein, Alice Hescoc, the Howes helped. So did half a dozen volunteers three or four at a time. I asked if they knew fanzines. They said no. I said "Just what I want." They said "What?" I said "I know too much." We were kneeling on the floor, as one does. I told them "Pick out drawings you find visually appealing, regardless of back-stories and in-jokes." They strengthened the exhibit, which as Don Fitch says of the Fanzine

Lounge has two faces, one looking in, one looking out.

Jill Eastlake was Masquerade Director. I was chief hall-costume judge, and a Workmanship Judge during the show. There's Denvention III again. I found Jill and asked if we had Masquerade awards for entries made at the con. She said "No, go for it." We couldn't arrange a \$1.98 Extravaganza room, as Lunacon sometimes has, with fabric, scissors, paper, glue, but we got announcements into the *Stars*.

This year there was no giant *saguaro* cactus made from balloons to welcome us — but speaking of built-at-con Masquerade entries — I'll get to that.

The Pocket Program credited mine for L.A.con II which actually fit in people's pockets — I'd gone round measuring pockets —

and at 4 x 6 x 1/2" was almost pocketable. It did have a cross-index by participants, although a little strange if you didn't know to look for Karen Haber between Silverberg and Siros. No participant biographies there or in the Program Book. They could be dug up if you knew to get and could manage the super-duper computer software. No grid.

Teddy Harvía's wife Diana Thayer edited the Program Book, with a dozen swell Andrew Porter photos, drawings by Ulrika O'Brien and Franz Miklis as well as Brad Foster, Alexis Gilliland, Harvía, Bill Rotsler, Steve Stiles, and (yes!) Sherlock, a Texas Fan History section by Siros and Robert Taylor, and winners of a 2012 Humans in Space youth poetry contest including two poems by teens from Macedonia.

Darrell Sweet died in December 2011. By present custom he was not replaced as Guest of Honor, on the contrary. The cover for the Program Book — which did say "World Science Fiction Convention" — was his: as it happened he'd painted a superb *Isle of the Dead*, in careful homage to the Böcklin painting (five versions 1880-1888) that inspired Rachmaninoff (1908) and Zelazny (1969). The Art Show mounted an extensive display.

By "first task" I mean of course on-site. Everything I did for the con, or was thwarted by people or circumstances from doing, took hours earlier, and was as naught beside con committee members with substantial responsibility (incidentally, Marija Trajanoska rhymed "responsibility"). Isn't that the way? Culling decades of Rotsler winners' art, the Renovation exhibit having been lost during take-down, a rehab to which I couldn't get for Chicon VII. Thinking and re-reading fast when Lonestarcon III confirmed at the last minute I'd lead three Classics of S-F discussions and what did I want? Reviewing labels for the Christine Valada Portrait Project. I'm not boasting, you did as much or more. I hadn't built any Masquerade entries or turned in any novels or counted any Hugo ballots.

Thursday 2 p.m., *The Glass Bead Game*, Hesse's masterpiece, the first and for fifty years the only Nobel Prize s-f novel. Confering before the con with the Los Angeles office of the Goethe Institute about the Savill and Ziolkowski translations — the Institute sent me a copy of an article from *Monatshefte* — I found myself talking with the Director — who is Persian. The Institute supports German cultural studies worldwide; *Monatshefte* ("monthly notebooks"; Univ. Wisconsin) is the oldest U.S. German-studies journal. *The Glass Bead Game* has sometimes been published in English as *Magister Ludi*, Latin for "Master of the Game", a title the protagonist earns. The book's a hall of mirrors. Its probing character studies are so deadpan, conducted by such glints, it surpasses Jane Austen and reaches the level of Jack Benny. From the



audience: it posits there are things worth thinking about. Or does it? The narrator says so, but he's unreliable; the Castilians say so, but what are we to make of them? The Game is eclectic enough to include Gabrieli and the *Book of Changes*. Is the book about exclusion? Is the protagonist's death suicide?

In the González lobby I met Gunn, Steven Brust, Ctein, Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Thomas Recktenwald. Recktenwald had never read *The Glass Bead Game* in English. Brust and I realized we'd never before met. Gunn as I arrived had said he didn't mind company; he'd been sitting alone; no entourage; no throngs. He could have had them and sometimes did. But this was a Worldcon and he needn't.

Regency Dancing at 9. To people who asked "Thursday??" I said "Originally scheduled for Monday morning at 9." Also the sound equipment. Also a roomful of chairs. Folks found it somehow including many who'd never done it before. Mary Robinette Kowal was able to attend, which we couldn't manage at Reconstruction. Despite or because of the Prince Regent, who later became George IV, this was a colorful period. At s-f cons Georgette Heyer's Regency novels are the Massoglias' best sellers. It was Lonestarcon II where I was dumbfounded to find a crowded Patrick O'Brian panel. Teaching an aristocratic dance form of two hundred years ago to s-f fans may be my bravest adventure. Except my life, except my life, except my life.

In the Hospitality Suite, a sign "Brought to you by actual Tennessee volunteers. Bars kilt as needed." Spokane and Orlando bidding parties for the 2015 Worldcon, Phoenix for the '14 NASFiC. In the hallway I was asked

"What's that you have floating on a string?" I said "It's a DC3 trial balloon." Washington announced a Worldcon bid for '17, presumably to be Discon III if it wins, a few months later.

Friday 10 a.m., the preliminary Business Meeting. Most controversial topic probably a Young-Adult-Fiction Hugo. To me fiction is fiction; at Renovation my S-F Classics were *From the Earth to the Moon*, *The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet*, and *The Wanderer*; but what do I know? No proposal got enough support to reach the main meeting. We started a study committee.

Two p.m., "Vintage Season". Kuttner and Moore both said that after they'd married they wrote everything together. How subtle this story is. It was All-Time Best Novella in the 1999 *Locus* poll. From the audience: it's on the rolling list of Ten Best. Morris Keesan read aloud the confrontation between Sue and Kleph; what a plum for two top actresses, like Anne Bancroft's transformation of Mrs. Robinson before our eyes in *The Graduate*. How the authors breathe on U.S. ideas of the leisured — I keep telling you I learn a lot teaching Regency dancing. We first sympathize with, then suspect Kleph's languid disobedience. In fact it is hard to sympathize much with anyone. Yet we are in tragedy. Gunn has called "Vintage Season" the ultimate expression of Moore's art.

My tour of the Art Show at 7, for Art Night. I was ecstatic to see Elizabeth Berrien's wire sculpture. Her "Angel" won Best in Show; she and Sweet won awards for Body of Work; she re-appeared last year at Conclusion and Chicon VII having been very busy outside our field. Richard Hescox working with George R.R. Martin had to satisfy himself, and a visual author, and an audience full of television. A monochrome of Tyrion Lannister for the coming Subterranean Press *Clash of Kings* showed this imp's character with texture and composition. Johnna Klukas' wood, like Berrien's wire, remains among our most original. Foster couldn't attend, but since he'd done the Progress Report covers I put one in his section of the Rotsler Award exhibit. In the Sweet display I couldn't help pointing out the painting on my copy of *Space Cadet* (Del Rey, 1975), with his characteristic space suits — speaking of texture and composition. The display also showed his Westerns, which some of us hadn't known of.

Keith Kato cooked up chili for the Heinlein Society. I took Melissa Conway there and to the Tor party. I believe we separated in New Orleans (for '18 Worldcon). She asked if fans and pros were developing two conventions. I said, more than is healthy. Helsinki for '15 Worldcon, plenty of herring, the fiery licorice Finns and Turks eat, reindeer paté. Jukka Halme himself was a Finn Crisp. Is there another kind? Japan confirmed its bid for '17.

Dublin announced for '19.

Saturday 2 p.m., *The Dying Earth*, our Vance memorial. From the audience, it's revolutionary fantasy. Nasty protagonists, Mazirian and Liane. Terry Sisk Graybill saw to the heart: "At the last chapter you re-think the whole story." She'd met Vance, who gave her a kazoo. Maybe it isn't fantasy: not only the Curator at the end, but the supremacy of mathematics in the beginning. We talked of *Sufficiently advanced technology can be indistinguishable from magic* and cargo cults. From the audience, is Vance playing with us? I said, see *This Is Me*, of course he is; so? Taras Wolansky said, it's a collection. I quoted Mike Resnick who voted for it at Millennium Philcon when it was nominated for the Best-Novel Retrospective Hugo: "If *Kirinyaga* is a novel, it's a novel." However composed, the result is organic. Its poetry went without saying.

The Fan Funds auction at 3. Naomi Fisher, Down Under Fan Fund delegate in '01, was as ever a big help. Jacq Monahan, the North America Administrator for the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, and I the NA DUFF Administrator, had been in touch well before the con. All weekend TAFF delegate Jim Mowatt and DUFF delegate Bill Wright were in fine form. Frank Olynyk the head of Autographing sent a sheet of whiteboard signed by every autographer so far; a second, or more if needed, would await the winning bidder at the end of the con. Several of us took turns as auctioneers. I donated a Bob Eggleton space ship he'd drawn for the thousandth issue of my fanzine (it's weekly, folks), and an unusually-signed copy of *Pebble In the Sky*: when Asimov couldn't sell a shorter version, Pohl made the sale provided Asimov would expand it to novel length, result organic: I'd asked if Pohl would sign "Frederik Pohl, *accoucheur*", he signed "Godfather"; despite or because of various phone messages Leah Zeldes & Dick Smith got the book to the auction. Two days later Pohl was dead.

The Masquerade. This artform we seem to have invented, as Drew Sanders says a cross between *kabuki* and Little Theater, is unlike anything else I know. As with the rest of our best we make it ourselves. In the 1930s a dress-up party as the name suggests, by the 1960s it had its present form, on stage; at the Worldcon it outdraws all but Hugo Night. It can be beautiful, comic, fearful, majestic, poetic. Technically demanding — there's nearly no rehearsal, when could we? — draining, exhilarating, its lowest is good, its highest great.

Peggy Kennedy invented Workmanship judging, secondary, optional, a lot of trouble all round, but valuable. The main judges, which is usually where I am if I'm part of the show, see what you see. I've urged that judges triangulate, one at each side and one at the back of the hall — to which I was therefore assigned at Chicon VI. What about what you

can't see? Any entry can submit to Workmanship judging backstage, in whole or in part. So there I was, with my second, Michele Weinstein, poking and prying about. We never did get out into the theater. All in a night's work.

Evolution has grown two divisions, Original and Re-Creation; three classes, Novice, Journeyman, and Master. Re-Creations aren't meant to be original, they're meant to be faithful; Originals may come from s-f stories, or myth, or the entrants' simmering minds. The classes are based on experience, but anyone may "challenge up" i.e. enter a higher one. The judges have almost limitless latitude; I've said we're always comparing apples to androids; there may not e.g. be a Most Dramatic in Class, or even a Best in Show — strictly speaking, except for a tie some entry would have to be best, but by custom we only give this award to one that's outstanding — which sometimes has been a Novice.

Only "AirProof" declared it was built on-site. Don Clary had made, and with Jame Cossaboon wore, swooping swirling rainbow balloon headdresses a yard high and another wide, balloon armlets, balloon girdles, and bright red balloon codpieces somewhat below the Masquerade theme "Deep in the Heart of Texas"; Great Balloons of Fire Award, Workmanship award for ingenious use of mundane substance (Novice). Judges' Choice — this year an out-of-Class award — and Workmanship award for engineering (Journeyman) was "Stinza Nickerson, Half-Horse", Wendy Snyder (with Heidi & Marc Tyler), an aluminum frame, foam body, rear hooves mounted on a wheel, so mobile she walked through the Exhibit Hall next day.

Best Transformation (Journeyman), and Workmanship award likewise, was "A Crack in Time and Space", Sabine Furlong. We saw how she'd built a TARDIS that would change to a console, then a crack in space, then explode; on stage it did. Best Journeyman, and Best Workmanship in Class, was "Beren and Luthien" (Re-Creation), Tim & Loretta Morgan; machine and free embroidery for Beren, beading, handmade lace, flowers made from bells, and the Two Trees of Valinor (by Sarah Elder) for Luthien, extraordinary.

Most Humorous (Master) was "Public Service Announcement", Rebecca & Kevin Hewett, Serge Mailloux, and Janice Gelb fictitiously losing an eye in a disaster to well-omened redshirts. Best Master, and Best Workmanship in Class, was until it went on known by the cover name "Redneck Martians", a Kevin Roche - Andrew Trembley - Julie Zetterberg - Greg Sardo production, what a woman I know calls c'boy shirts and hats, gauntlets, leather appliqué, flying saucers worn on shoulder yokes, matching plaids, fringe, Spandex, copper wire, lighted tubes atop, and glitter. Cornell had to announce the

true name *Saucer Country* and according to report almost dropped his teeth. There was suitable choreography. Best in Show, "Otilia" (Master; Re-Creation, from *Girl Genius*), Aurora Celeste, proved why there are both kinds of judging. Her bearing, coloring, mask, staff, wings, wood, all cohered.

Daytime Sunday. Spokane won the '15 Worldcon, three ballots for the first time in a decade. Bobbie DuFault lived to see it. Detroit winning the '14 NASFiC announced Fred Prophet and Roger Sims as Con Chairs Emeritus, in honor of Detention. The Rivercenter, where I was staying, had an auxiliary Housing desk in the lobby. Suzle, the Housing chief, was often there. We talked about fanziners' contributing to conning. Luckily Bruce Pelz died before I started using that expression and might've urged him to call his house the Conning Tower. In the Green Room, Ricia Mainhardt talked of Bob Bloch, Bob Tucker, Julie Schwartz. JH: "You've said very kind things about me." RM: "Did I? I'm sorry." The Ricia we know and love.

At the Exhibit Hall doorway often Filthy Pierre, with or without the Filth-o-phone; perhaps all weekend a sign had been there "Musician Spot"; not him only. John Purcell hosted the Fanzine Lounge. He had a mimeograph, and a typewriter — once that would have been no news — and meant to do one-shots with them, but the typer failed beyond our power of revival. WOOOF was duly collated. Oddly. Garcia again. I told Datlow I'd seen the best one-liner in a while, did she want to? Her exhibit builder had with a standard "delete" stroke taken out *editorial* leaving *Achievements of her career*. In the Dealers' Room, Yasser Bahjatt was wearing Sa'udi Arabian dress. I said "I don't wish to be disrespectful by giving you a hall-costume award" but we talked about it and he took one. My other judges were Tina & Byron Connell, Susan DeGuardiola, Suford Lewis, Bill Taylor.

White tie for Hugo Night. Tom Veal was given the Big Heart. I thought I'd seen him heading away from the auditorium but it wasn't my job to wrangle the recipient this year and it turned out all right. Fish sang "Hope Eyrie" through the *In Memoriam* section, the right art at the right moment. Coleman gave a Committee Award — only sometimes done — to Stan Schmidt. Cornell gave him a Hugo. John Picacio, man of the year, won Best Pro Artist having taken two Chesleys. Video wizard John Maizels made the most of Garcia. GRRM, looking at the statistics after "Blackwater" won Best Dramatic Presentation - Short Form, said the *Fringe* fans had put him over. In the party whirl I met John Purcell's wife Valerie. It was her first con.

Monday, Monday. In the Rivercenter (I think) bar I talked with ASFA President Mitch Bentley about media, McLuhan, pro and fan

# 2013 Hugo Award Winners

## Best Novel

*Redshirts: A Novel with Three Codas*, John Scalzi (Tor)

## Best Novella

*The Emperor's Soul*, Brandon Sanderson (Tachyon Publications)

## Best Novelette

"The Girl-Thing Who Went Out for Sushi", Pat Cadigan (*Edge of Infinity*, Solaris)

## Best Short Story

"Mono no Aware", Ken Liu (*The Future is Japanese*, VIZ Media LLC)

## Best Related Work

*Writing Excuses Season Seven*, Brandon Sanderson, Dan Wells, Mary Robinette Kowal, Howard Tayler and Jordan Sanderson

## Best Graphic Story

*Saga, Volume One*, written by Brian K. Vaughan, illustrated by Fiona Staples (Image Comics)

## Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form

*The Avengers*, Screenplay & Directed by Joss Whedon (Marvel Studios, Disney, Paramount)

## Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form

*Game of Thrones*, "Blackwater", Written by George R.R. Martin, Directed by Neil Marshall. Created by David Benioff and D.B. Weiss (HBO)

## Best Editor, Short Form

Stanley Schmidt

## Best Editor, Long Form

Patrick Nielsen Hayden

## Best Professional Artist

John Picacio

## Best Semiprozine

*Clarkesworld*, edited by Neil Clarke, Jason Heller, Sean Wallace and Kate Baker

## Best Fanzine

*SF Signal*, edited by John DeNardo, JP Frantz, and Patrick Hester

## Best Fancast

*SF Squeecast*, Elizabeth Bear, Paul Cornell, Seanan McGuire, Lynne M. Thomas, Catherynne M. Valente (Presenters) and David McHone-Chase (Technical Producer)

## Best Fan Writer

Tansy Rayner Roberts

## Best Fan Artist

Galen Dara

## The John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer

Mur Lafferty

art, simplicity. In the Exhibit Hall the local Lego group had finished its giant rocketship. After the tumult and shouting had died I found three visitors adrift. They'd just heard of the con and wondered if any was left. I scavenged some Program Books and Pocket Programs and answered questions. Jonathan Miles came by and helped. Did it matter that he and they were black? I dunno, but good dealers are smart. I walked the three of them out to the river, went to Dead Dog parties, and went home.

## Future Worldcon Bids

Who's bidding for Worldcons in times to come?

**2016:** There is an unopposed bid for Kansas City.

**Kansas City Missouri:** KC in 2016 proposes to hold the con August 17-21 at Bartle Hall and the Kansas City Convention Center.

Kansas City is a sentimental favorite in some quarters after losing three Worldcon bids in a decade — 2000 (chairs Jim and Susan Satterfield), 2006 and 2009 (both chaired by Margene Bahm).

The current bid's co-chairs are Diane Lacey, Jeff Orth, and Ruth Lichtwardt. The committee is Chaz Boston Baden, Margene Bahm, Warren Buff, Aurora Celeste, Glenn Glazer, Barry Haldiman, Sheril Harper, Parris McBride Martin, Tim Miller, James Murray, Paula Murray, Mark Olson, Priscilla Olson, Jesi Lipp Pershing, John C. Pershing II, John J. Platt IV, Keith Stokes, Beth Welsh, Ben Yalow, Jim Young.

George R.R. Martin has plugged the bid.

**2017:** There are four bids in various early stages of activity, Helsinki, Montréal, "Northeast Corridor" (USA) and Nippon.

**Helsinki, Finland:** This is a rollover of Helsinki's narrowly-defeated bid for 2015. Eemeli Aro will chair, with Karolina Leikoma as the bid's Project Manager. Other committee members are Crystal Huff, Jukka Halme and Hanna Hakkarainen.

They propose to hold the convention in August 2017 at the Messukeskus, the Helsinki Expo and Convention Centre.

A new selling point for the bid is that 2017 is Finland's centennial year as an independent nation.

One bidder observed that many Helsinki supporters who voted in the 2015 race will acquire supporting memberships in the Spokane Worldcon, making cost less of a factor in qualifying as 2017 site selection voters. I still wonder how the Helsinki committee resisted the temptation to bid for 2016, whose Worldcon site will be decided by members of Loncon 3, among them a very large number of European fans.

**Montréal, Canada:** Originally an-



nounced as a 2019 bid, the Montréal committee has now set its sights on 2017. The Montréal group proposes to return the Worldcon to the Palais de Congrès, the 2009 Worldcon facility, over August 17-21, 2017.

When questioned at the 2012 Smofcon, Montréal responded that its bid co-chairs are Terry Fong and Diane Lacey, and the committee presently included Robbie Bourget, Liz Cano, Bruce Farr, Terry Fong, Eugene Heller, Dina Krause, Diane Lacey, and Jannie Shea.

René Walling, who chaired the 2009 Wordcon and made Montreal's original bid presentation at the 2011 Smofcon, is no longer named as a member of the committee.

The bid has no dedicated online presence – webpage, Facebook or Twitter.

**Washington, D.C.:** The DC17 Worldcon bid for Washington, D.C. was unveiled at Smofcon in Toronto on December 7.

Michael Nelson and Warren Buff are co-chairs. The bid's website list 39 committee members, including five past Worldcon chairs and a Hugo-winning faned (Chris Garcia).

They propose to hold the con August 16-20, 2017 in a single facility, the Marriott Wardman Park, offering rooms at \$149/night. This was, in a technical sense, the site of the 1974 Worldcon, Discon II – except that construction began in 1977 on a modern replacement hotel, immediately adjacent on the property. When it opened in 1980, the original building was closed and demolished.

The bid is also negotiating to use the Omni Shoreham, across the street, as an overflow hotel.

Bidders chose Washington, D.C. as the proposed host city after canvassing several eastern cities.

Warren Buff outlined the search process for *File 770* –

“We did serious research on a dozen possible cities, and wound up approaching DC, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, and Charlotte, which I suppose is really more aptly called a Mid-Atlantic spread than a Northeastern one. We waffled until rather late on whether to contact Providence or not, but ultimately ruled it out. The bid really originates in two independent efforts — I was working on a group thinking regionally, while BWAWA had started looking into whether or not to bid (since the Marriott to go with the new convention center was finally under construction — though we wound up going with a different site in DC). We encountered each other in May, and agreed to an alliance, which has ultimately led to a bid with a large regional membership organized under BWAWA.”

BWAWA, Inc. is the Baltimore-Washington Area Worldcon Association.

**Nippon:** The Nippon in 2017 committee has shortlisted three cities as possible sites: Yokohama (where the 2007 Worldcon was held), Chiba, and Shizuoka.



They would hold the con in August.

Members of the bid are Andrew A. Adams, Masaharu Imaoka, Mutsumi Imaoka, Kyoko Ogushi, Hideaki Kawai, Koji Kurakata, Tomoki Kodama, Trevor Knudsen, Shigeru Hayashida, Vincent Docherty, Mike “Sparks” Rennie.

The Nippon in 2017 bid is immediately handicapped by questions about the huge loss incurred by the 2007 Worldcon in Japan whose full dimensions were not revealed until 2012. Bid spokespersons say funding for 2017 is separate. In a move to bolster their credibility they've added Vince Docherty to lead the finance division. A great deal more will need to be done to persuade voters that it is economically practical to hold another Worldcon in Japan.

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

**New Orleans:** Members of the New Orleans in 2018 Pre-Bid Committee are Raymond Boudreau (Chair), Michael Guerber, Cordelia (Colin) Murphy, Rebecca Smith, Jessica Styons and Kendall Varnell.

Committee member Jessica Styons told *File 770*, “Obviously we are in the early stages of building support, gauging interest and staking a claim but we are interested in all comments, offers of support and assistance.” Rebecca Smith, chair of CONtraflow, is part of the bid.

**2019:** Two bids are on the radar for 2019.

**Dublin, Ireland:** James Bacon unveiled the Dublin bid at LoneStarCon 3 and it will officially launch next year at LonCon 3.

They propose to hold the Worldcon in the Convention Centre Dublin (CCD) from August 14-19, 2019. There are 1,268 hotel rooms are available within 850 meters or half a mile

of the convention center.

Though not listed, I suspect James Bacon's name also belongs somewhere in the mix too...

**France:** Is there a genuine French bid? Who is behind it? Is it a plan or just a wish?

So far as I have been able to find out, the torch is being carried by a small number of visionaries both in and out of French fandom.

Created early this year, a Paris in 2019 webpage invited queries which were answered by UK fan David Steere. He said this is a bid by fans in the UK and France that aims to launch at LonCon 3.

However, since 2009 there has been a Facebook club, *Pour l'organisation d'une WorldCon SF en France*. The initial entry credits Florence Dolisi with the idea to bid for France, inspired by the 2009 Worldcon in Quebec. That post suggested an attitude of openness to anybody who might actually deliver the con –

*At the moment there no identified structure, no Committee, no plan of action, but an obvious willingness, now the movement is launched, to lead, and to be able to get useful.* [Rendered into English by Google Translate.]

In April 2013, Bernard Henninger collected 33 names of fans willing to support the idea. And Henninger wrote again in August that the idea created a stir at the 2013 Eurocon in the Ukraine – including a show of interest from Finnish fan Eemeli Aro.

So it remains to be seen whether enough French fans want a Worldcon for a solid bid to emerge anytime in the future.

**2020:** The one serious bid is for New Zealand.

**New Zealand:** Norman Cates, a past DUFF delegate, leads the general committee. Its members are Kevin Maclean (New Zealand), Maree Pavletich (New Zealand), Lynelle Howell (New Zealand), Malcolm Fletcher (New Zealand), Louise McCully (New Zealand), Struan Judd (New Zealand), Daphne Lawless, Andrew Ivamy (Queensland, AU Agent), James Shields (European Agent).

They have yet to settle on which of the country's two main islands they'd hold a Worldcon. There are said to be two facilities in Auckland and one in Wellington that could support a 1500-3000 member con. They would hold the con anywhere from late June to late August.

**2021:** A bid for Fort Worth, TX was announced at Smofcon 31 in December.

**2022:** Chicago fans also announced their intention to bid for 2022.



## WHITHER WITHERING WESTERCON BY RANDY BYERS

*It was an uncanny feeling which was to haunt him through all his hours here -- the knowledge that what he looked upon was unreal, the wonder as to what was actually taking place behind the mask of humanity that only he could see. (C.L. Moore, "The Bright Illusion")*

Due to a booking error by my secretary (yes, that would be me) I arrived in Sacramento at 11 p.m. on July 4th rather than at 11 a.m. as intended. Thus I missed the Opening Ceremonies of Westercon 66, but did make it just in time for the power outage that struck the hotel and its immediate environs. This was widely deemed the Best Blackout at a Westercon Ever, but I fell asleep in the middle of it. What can I say, it was very dark. Ah well, many thanks to Kat Templeton for picking me up at the airport!

The big question hovering over Westercon is whether it is slowly dying. In its heyday in the '80s membership in the regional convention for the Western US got as high as 2500, but these days 900 is about as high as it gets. This is of course still larger than it was in its early days, but the decline since the highpoint brings with it a feeling of decay and doom, especially since large local general interest

science fiction conventions are still pulling in thousands of people. New people have stopped coming to Westercons, and the old guard is dying off.

This Westercon, chaired by Kevin Roche and Andy Trembley, was an explicit attempt to reverse the trend by doing a few things differently. Their bid had started out as a hoax, but unhappiness with the Portland bid that was the only serious bid for 2013 soon turned Kevin & Andy's hoax into an insurgent movement that won the day after a three hour wrangle during the Business Meeting at the 2011 Westercon. The concom for the insurgent bid was literally put together on the fly before that Business Meeting. The ideas for how to do things differently had been percolating for longer than that, however.

I bought my membership for Westercon 66 at Westercon 65, where I got swept up in Kevin and Andy's enthusiasm for their resuscitation project. As the date for the convention approached, however, I dithered. Westercons have always been somewhat alien to my particular fannish orientation, and I wasn't sure I'd actually have a good time. In the end I decided I really wanted to see what the Kevin & Andy Show would look like, and besides, Tom Becker had asked me to work on the newszine. That would give me something to do if I got bored with the convention.

So on Friday I got the day going by dropping by the Fanzine Lounge and visiting with

Chris Garcia. Chris threw me off-balance by handing me a printed copy of his fanzine, *The Drink Tank*. I was deeply moved by this rare gift of a material fanzine from one of the leading figures in virtual publication. The emotional moment got awkward, so we interviewed each other. Chris is going to be the fan guest of honor at next year's Westercon in Salt Lake City, and I thought an interview would make a nice feature for the newszine. Chris said he was going to use his interview of me in a podcast he produces in between publishing his many fanzines and filming documentaries about fandom. He's a slacker, that boy.

I made contact with Tom in the newszine production room and was introduced to my fellow reporters, Al Megas and Chuck Serface. Chuck is something of a newbie in fandom, and he was very *gung ho* to participate. Al was a man with a thirst for cider and many devices to recharge. Also on hand was Craig Glassner, who was helping the convention present itself in the social networks and said he'd be happy to provide photos for the newszine, which Tom had dubbed *Tardum Flumen* and for which he'd gotten a lovely logo from Artist Guest of Honor Eric Shanower.

It wasn't clear to me whether my smartphone would be the right tool to write on, and as I worked over my interview with Chris I became more and more dubious. It must have taken me two hours to work through my various options before falling back on email, but

that ended up being good enough, if not ideal. I finally posted my first story, along with a photo of Chris, and headed out into the convention once again to seek more news.

I managed to miss John Hertz's panel on C.L. Moore and Henry Kuttner's classic science fiction novella, *Vintage Season*, despite the fact that I re-read it on the flight down just so I could be fresh for the discussion. But eventually I made my way to the suite on the 12th floor to check out the cheese-tasting party hosted by the 2014 London Worldcon, which was selling memberships at the convention. North American agent for the convention is Bay Area fan Kathryn Duval, whom I had met at last year's Westercon. I chatted with her and Karen Schaffer as they finished setting up for the party. The first round of cheese (four types of aged cheddar) was released into the world, and drank a single glass of muscat -- well, except for the part that I splashed on a poor, innocent passerby when I made an extravagant gesture not realizing there was still wine left in the cup. Feeling shame-faced, I left the party and wrote it up for the newszine. I hope I didn't dissuade the poor fellow from going to Loncon. You're all going, right? It'll be a grand time.

Back in the fanzine lounge the musician who calls herself Unwoman had made an appearance, leaving all of us straight boys a-quiver. I had heard her name but missed her performance at the Reno Worldcon in 2011, but after meeting her and being completely bowled over I decided to check out her show. She plays an electric cello, which is beautiful enough in itself but is also given a full panoply of effects, creating layers of sound and texture through looping. The music itself sounded vaguely like Kate Bush to me, but the influences she cites are mostly people I've never heard of. In fact one thing I got from the musical portion of the program, which also included the Phenomenauts in the evening, was that there are now a number of acts who do nothing but play at various conventions. Unwoman is apparently quite big on the Steampunk convention circuit, for instance.

The musical part of the convention was one of Kevin & Andy's attempts to draw a younger crowd. After the Unwoman show I sat with them in the bar and listened in as they discussed various problems that needed tending to. Kevin mentioned that they were selling day memberships so that people could come just to see the Phenomenauts, and he checked his registration app to confirm that numbers were ticking up. Total memberships were just over 800 at that point and ended up close to 900. So this Westercon ended up being about the same size as a typical contemporary Westercon, but the feeling was that there were more new people this year.

The opening band for the Phenomenauts was a teenage surf band called the Sneaky

Tikis that Spike had hired as a birthday present to Tom. All the bands were sponsored by different folks, with both Unwoman and the Phenomenauts brought in with donations to their Kickstarter accounts -- another sign of modern times. The Sneaky Tikis brought the surf rock, and they were cute as buttons, with their parents and siblings cheering them from the crowd.

The Phenomenauts are overtly stfnal in concept, wearing their Devo influence on their flamboyant costume sleeves. They put on an incredibly energetic show that got the crowd pumped up, although I ended up feeling a bit underwhelmed by their songs. Could be that the sound was just bad, because due to traffic they hadn't arrived in time to do a soundcheck before their show. My favorite was probably the down-tempo song they did about creating a perfect android woman who then rejected them for being less than perfect. Very funny and wry. But in many ways the best performance during their show was the go-go dancing of the denizens of the fanzine lounge (led by Chris Garcia, of course), who flaunted their

wear and tear the next morning when I returned to my duties as Boy Reporter. It's the first time I've ever worked on a newszine, and it did prompt me to do some different things. For instance I went to the Business Meeting. This was an uneventful Business Meeting, because all that happened was the site selection for the 2015 Westercon, which went to the unopposed San Diego bid. Fortunately there was no insurgent bid this time to extend the meeting to three hours. It's fun to listen to stories about the already-fabled 2011 Business Meeting, but I'm glad I didn't have to sit through it. And hey, San Diego! I might even go to that one, because I like San Diego.

After I wrote up the Business Meeting I went to the art show, which is something I frequently try to do at conventions that have them, but this was the first time I'd ever done it with an eye to writing about it. This ended up being slightly more challenging than I had expected, although I came up with a couple of ideas that allowed me to structure the short review that I wrote, rather than just saying I liked this one and didn't like that one. Still, I

REMEMBER THE  
TIME WE GOT  
PAT ROBERTSON  
TO SAY THE EARTH  
ISN'T 5,000 YEARS OLD?



bootylicious stuff in the lounge window, which looked down over the atrium where the main stage was. The fanzine lounge offered a great window on the main action of the convention throughout.

After the Phenomenauts I headed up to the party floor and waited in line behind the lead singer and his incredibly hot girlfriend to get a drink from Chairman Kevin Roche's Thinbot -- a robot bartender. Wandering the hallway peeking in at the other parties -- almost all of them bid parties of some sort or another: Worldcon, Westercon, Nasfic -- I decided to turn in early. Stupid move, because Unwoman gave another performance at one of the parties later that night. Sigh.

Ah well. At least I was none the worse for

could've dug deeper into the folklore/filklore aspect of the art show. Something about dragons and winged cats as totemic fannish animals. I remember a friend who sold stained glass pieces at convention art shows in the '80s complaining that people ignored her beautiful abstracts and demanded more winged cats instead. I bought one of her winged cats myself.

Next up was the interview with Writer Guests of Honor Nicola Griffith and Kelley Eskridge. Even though I didn't end up writing it up for the newszine, this is not something I probably would have gone to if I hadn't been looking for things to write about. I sat with Karen Schaffer, Mike Ward, and Spike. The interview was very good, and Nicola and Kel-

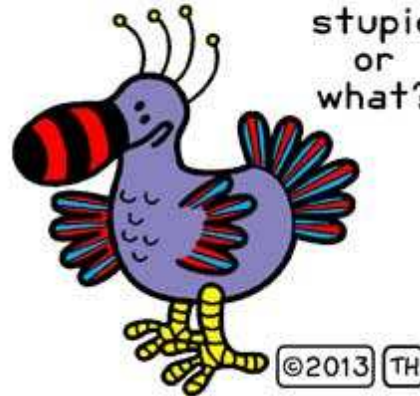
ley both had great stories to tell about writing and about meeting each other. Toward the end of the interview it was suggested that they were the first same-sex couple to ever be guests of honor at a big general interest science fiction convention, but nobody was completely sure it was true. I racked my brains to think of other examples but couldn't come up with anything. As Kelley said, it's a bit surprising, because science fiction fandom has been pretty queer-friendly for a long time.

As I was flying to the convention I had decided that I would conduct a series of interviews about the Meaning of Westercon, but I did a pretty poor job of it. I asked Chris Garcia for his take, but that was actually during his interview of me, so I didn't have the recording to go back to for notes. I chickened out with a couple of other people I'd thought of interviewing, but finally on Saturday afternoon I got my chance to interview John Hertz when he buttonholed me in the bar to suggest, based on my art show write up, that I should become a docent giving tours of the art show. John agreed to let me record his answers to my questions about Why Westercon, which was a good thing, because he replied in complete paragraphs that required careful transcription.

John made several interesting points about Westercon, but the one I found most illuminating was the idea that the people who come to the convention are the knowledgeable fans. As he put it, "These are people who go to Worldcon. They're very involved. A lot of bidders come to Westercon because there is an unusual proportion of Worldcon voters here." That's always been the case with Westercon, and people like Ted White will still tell stories about caravanning to Westercon as part of the bid process for the New York Worldcon in 1967. It also explains why you still see people like Ben Yalow at Westercon. It's a smofcon. A conrunners con. Which may also explain why it's looked down on by so many fanzine fans.

When John slipped away to his next appointment, Dawn Plaskon joined me at the bar, and we spent a couple of hours getting caught up. I've run into Dawn a few times over the past few years, but it seemed appropriate that this Westercon was where we had our longest conversation in quite a while. The 1987 Westercon in Oakland is the only other California Westercon I've been to, and I stayed at Dawn's house with Victor Gonzalez on that trip. Dawn was the guest liaison at this Westercon, and she said the guests were all very easy to deal with and everything was going smoothly with them. She's also adminis-

I was going the way  
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when I  
made an  
evolutionary  
wrong turn  
somewhere,  
got lost,  
and somehow  
ended up  
living here.



tering the Clarion West auction at next year's Potlatch in San Jose. If you have items to donate to the auction, which is a very worthy cause, she'd love to hear from you.

The last event of Saturday for me was the masquerade. Again, this is not something I typically do, but Tom wanted to do a special issue of the newszine about the masquerade. As it turned out, I was no help at all on that issue, but it was still interesting to look at the costumes and the acts. Andy and Kevin are heavily into costuming fandom and had previously run a Costume-Con in the Bay Area. Apparently the masquerade, like everything else, has been fading at Westercon, but we all figured that this one would be re-invigorated, given the proclivities of the chairs and their friends. I can't say how it compared to past masquerades, of course, but it was good fun. The emcee was David Gerrold, and he was very funny despite telling too many tribble jokes.

Once again up fairly early, if not very bright, on Sunday, I spent an hour doing an initial editorial pass on my interview with John Hertz, then ate some breakfast. Another half hour or so finished the job on the interview, and then I basically spent the rest of my time hanging out in the fanzine lounge with Chris, Kat Templeton, Chuck Serface, Milt Stevens, and various and sundry passersby and hangers on. This was a wonderfully relaxed time full of jokes and mad ideas for other people to bid for Worldcons and Westercons in various and sundry unlikely places. (Chris posted to Facebook later that there would be a 2017 bid for a convention to be held in Chris' Beard.) Meanwhile the window looked over the inescapable John Hertz leading a regency dancing group in the atrium. I gave Chuck a copy of the latest *Chunga*, because he said he was interested in submitting something. The guy is eager to make an impression on fandom!

And maybe that's what it's all about, in the

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what?

end. In his interview, John said that Westercons are a good place to meet the people you didn't know you wanted to meet. Lo, it was true: I *did* meet some new people, like Chuck and Al and Kathryn Duval's husband, Chris. I got to spend more time with a few people, like Kathryn and Kat Templeton, whom I've just gotten to know in the past year or two. I solidified connections with folks like Chris Garcia and Andy and Kevin who are movers and shakers in parts of fandom both near and far to me, and of

course I also spend time with old friends like Tom and Spike and, well, it seems that John might qualify in that category now too.

John said general interest conventions are a good place for cross-fertilization. (No dirty jokes now!) Andy & Kevin attempted to build bridges to the other areas of fandom they're involved in, such as costuming fandom and Dr Who fandom. (The fan guests of honor, the Three Who Rule, do a Dr Who podcast in Vancouver, BC.) They tried to bring in younger fans with the popular fannish musicians and groups. Did their efforts succeed in bringing in fresh blood? I saw many, many familiar faces at the convention -- many faces that I probably saw at the first Westercon I went to in 1984 -- but apparently at the Opening Ceremonies first-timers were asked to raise their hand and around a third of the people there raised their hands. Certainly there was plenty of evidence that people had a great time at this convention. Will it be enough to resuscitate Westercon going forward? I'm probably not going to go to Salt Lake City next year, but I'll be watching from afar for news of how it goes.

## SMOFCon 31 Scholarships

Jenni Merrifield of Port Moody, BC and Pablo M.A. Vazquez III of Austin, TX have been awarded C\$500 scholarships by CanSMOF Inc. to help defray the cost of attending SMOFCon 31, being held December 6-8 in Toronto.

"Selecting only two scholarship recipients out of the field of applicants was a challenge," according to CanSMOF Scholarship Committee member Kevin Standlee, who evaluated applications along with Robbie Bourget and Terry Fong. "There were many worthy applicants, and I'm sorry we could only pick two of them for the grants to go to Toronto."

# FILE 770

## Obituaries



**Elliot K. Shorter** at HexaCon, in 1980, a convention in Lancaster, PA. Photo by © Andrew I. Porter.

### Elliot K. Shorter

Legendary fan Elliot K. Shorter (1939-2013) died from complications of cancer on October 1 after spending his last days in hospice care. Shorter, who once stood 6' 4" and served as a military policeman with the U.S. Army in Germany, started attending conventions in 1962 and was one of the few African-Americans in Sixties fandom.

The sources of his popularity are evident from Shorter's platform on the 1970 TAFF ballot –

*Always visible at a convention or fan gatherings due to his height and girth, with or without a guitar slung on his back. But the important thing about Elliot is that he is fun! Fun to talk with, sing with, get drunk with, turn a mimeo crank with.*

He won that TAFF race over Charlie

Brown and Bill Rotsler, in the process becoming one of the 1970 Worldcon guests of honor. Heicon had decided prior to the convention to select the TAFF winner as its Fan GoH.

His was a name to conjure with among LASFSians when I joined the club in 1970 because at the previous year's Worldcon he had confronted another force of nature, our eminent local genius Harlan Ellison. Decades later James Frenkel recalled that scene at St. Louiscon for Tor.com –

"During the masquerade, some guy with a sword had managed to find a seam in the big movie screen that nobody retracted while costumed people tromped across the stage. \$1500 worth of damage to the screen ensued. So Harlan suggested that we all chip in a buck to help fix the screen. With 1600 people there, that would work. And it did, eventually. Of course, it's hard to make sure there's EXACTLY enough money for the purpose. There was, in fact, more money passed to the dais. What to do with the extra money?"

"Harlan suggested that it be donated to the very new Clarion Writers Workshop. He was (of course) an eloquent advocate for this cause, a workshop devoted to fostering the SF writers of tomorrow. Sounded good to me... but not to everyone. That was when Elliot Shorter, a bookseller, a New Yorker, a very, very tall, imposing man of color whose bulk rose more than a full foot over Harlan as he stood up and said, in his surprisingly high-pitched but at that moment quite audible and angry voice, "Now wait just one darned minute, Harlan." There followed a rather dramatic moment in which Elliot advanced on Harlan, and many in the room held their breath...

"Elliot quite reasonably pointed out that people had sent their dollars up to the dais to fix the screen, not to support Clarion, and it wouldn't be fair to simply take the excess for a different purpose without first asking the assembled multitude if this was what they preferred. After a certain amount of fannish discussion it was finally decided to use the extra money to establish the Worldcon Emergency Fund, for things like emergency screen repair and other possible Worldcon needs. This has come in very handy on occasion, most notably when a Worldcon in the early 1980s wound up with a significant financial shortfall."

Don Lundry was there too and says he recalls the quote just a little differently.

"When he stood up to protest, his words were 'Just a cotton-picking moment!' This coming from a large six-foot-plus black man left Harlan (and most of the room) with their jaws dropping. Not quite as politically correct as Jim Frenkel remembers."

Shorter belonged to the Tolkien Society of America, Hyborean Legion, the City College of New York SF Club, ESFA, Lunarians, Fanoclasts and NESFA.

He was among the Founding Fellows named to the Fellowship of NESFA in 1976.

He joined the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA) in 1968 where he was known as Master El of the Two Knives. He was part of the Barony of the Bridge (established 1973) longer than anyone else.

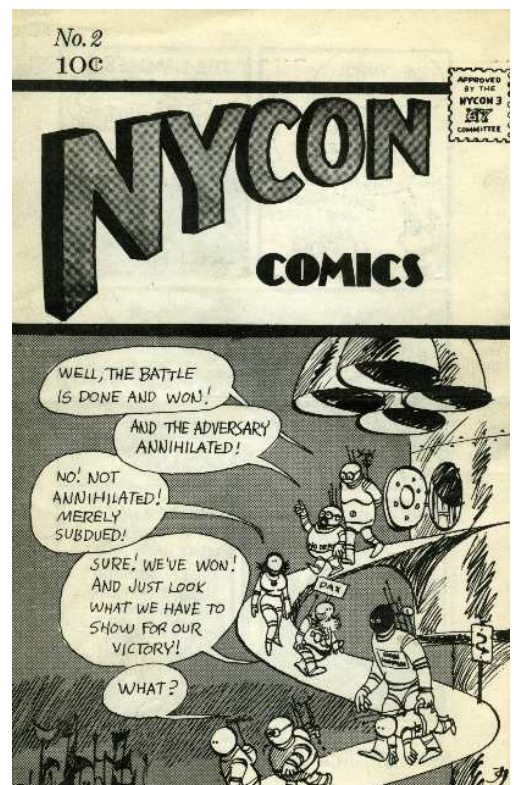
He worked on his friends' fanzines, helping to produce issues of *Locus* and *Niekas*. He wrote the beginnings of his TAFF trip report for *The Spanish Inquisition* (1976) but it remained unfinished.

He served NYCon 3, the 1967 Worldcon, as Sergeant-at-Arms and was immortalized in Jack Gaughan's *NYCon3 Comics*.

He was part of the "7 for 77" bid committee, a slate of East Coast fans who proposed to run a Worldcon in Orlando. They won, but their convention hotel went bankrupt and refused to honor its contract, causing the Worldcon to move to Miami Beach.

For awhile Shorter ran Merlin's Closet, a bookstore opened in 1979 in Providence, RI which specialized in SF and fantasy.

As a public figure, Shorter operated in dynamic tension between people's sense of



Shorter was immortalized in Jack Gaughan's *NYCon3 Comics*. Explains Andrew Porter: "Shorter is shown walking down the ramp holding another NYCon committee member, rich brown. I'm the big guy in the back, with glasses. The others on the ramp, from the bottom, are Ted White, Dave Van Arnam, Mike McInerney, Robin White, and John Boardman."

affection and intimidation, which led to many dramatic moments in his fannish resume.

Before the start of the Discon II Masquerade (1974), when emcee Jack Chalker announced “No flash photography,” someone in the audience (by pre-arrangement) stood up and took a photo using a flash. Michael J. Walsh describes what happened next –

*Jack looked pained, called out and from either side of the stage came Elliot and one other linebacker sized fan. Into the audience they went, the camera (a prop of sorts) was rather publicly broken, the miscreant dragged up on stage and then off stage. Whereupon loud thwacking sounds were heard along with cries of pain.*

*“Remember: no flash photography,” said Jack.*

*Oddly enough there were no flash photographs taken during the masquerade.*

Also, as Morris Keesan recently recalled for File 770 –

*My favorite Eliot Shorter moment occurred one evening when I met Eliot and some other folks for supper in Harvard Square, after they had been participating in some sort of SCA event on the banks of the Charles. We went to The Stockpot, a salad-bar-and-soup restaurant, and at the end of the salad bar, there were some loaves of bread, along with knives for cutting slices of bread. Eliot tried using one of these flimsy bread knives, and became quickly frustrated with its lack of effectiveness, and muttering something like the Crocodile Dundee “That’s not a knife. This is a knife.” line, innocently pulled a large, and very sharp, knife from its scabbard on his belt, and used it to cut himself a slice of bread. The looks on the faces of the elderly couple next to him as he pulled out his knife were priceless. They calmed down a little bit when they realized what he was using the knife for, but I don’t think they had fully recovered from the shock by the time we left.*

Shorter was fictionalized as “George Long”

### Bobbie DuFault



in the Niven/Pournelle/Flynn novel about fandom, *Fallen Angels*. Some believe he is also the model for “Shorty Mkrum” in Heinlein’s *The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress*.

Prior to his final illness Shorter spent the last five years in declining health, suffering the amputation of a foot, while cared for at VA and other hospitals.

### Bobbie DuFault

Sad news: Bobbie DuFault, co-chair of Sasquan, the 2015 World Science Fiction Convention, passed away from unknown causes September 14.

Life is far more important than fanac, of course, but it’s hard not to think of all the years Bobbie spent trying to win a Worldcon bid — and finally did just two weeks before her death.

Seattle fandom endured two heart-wrenching experiences of having its 2002 and 2011 Worldcon bids collapse due to loss of facilities. Despite that, many veterans of those bids signed on for the Spokane in 2015 campaign which finally broke the curse. Bobbie DuFault would have co-chaired the Sasquan with Sally Woehrl.

Bobbie became active in fandom in 1981, first as a con attendee, then as a volunteer doing live video for Seattle area conventions.

Eventually Bobbie chaired Rustycon and C-Cubed, the Pacific Northwest conrunning convention, both multiple times. She chaired the 2005 NASFiC, CascadiaCon, and the 2012 Westercon in Seattle. She ran the Program Division for Chicon 7, the 2012 Worldcon. By her estimate, she worked on more than 150 conventions.

Her organizational memberships included Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc., the Seattle Westercon Organizing Committee, the Northwest Science Fiction Society, NW Club League (co-chair 1995-1998) and the NW Con League.

Bobbie was Fan GoH at Baycon in 2011.

She was a technical writer by profession.

She was proud of her work with the Reading for the Future program which promotes the use of SF and fantasy in the classroom. She was on the board of trustees and maintained the group’s website.

She lived with her husband, Jerry Gieseke, in the country with their children and grandson.

### Richard E. Geis

**By Andrew Porter:** Hugo award winning fanwriter and fanzine publisher Richard E. Geis (1927-2013) died February 4 in Portland, Oregon. He was 85. No cause of death is known.

Richard E. Geis was one of the finest fan writers and fanzine publishers SF fandom ever produced. His own writings, primarily in his



**Richard E. Geis** in 1983 at the age of 56. Photo by Rick Hawes.

schizophrenic “Alter-Ego” editorial role in his numerous fanzines, which were notoriously wont to change their names in mid-publication, are famous in the field. They gained him numerous Hugo Award nominations and many wins. His fanzines, which became focal point fanzines attracting numerous contributions from the finest writers, professional and fannish, and artists, also gained him numerous Hugo nominations and wins.

Geis was a Fan Writer Hugo nominee in 1970 and 1971, and every year from 1973 to 1986, winning Best Fan Writer Hugos in 1982 and 1983. His fanzines were Hugo nominees from 1968 to 1971, and 1974 to 1983. His *Science Fiction Review* won the Fanzine Hugo in 1969, 1970, 1977 and 1979. *The Alien Critic* won the Fanzine Hugo in 1974 (tied with Andrew Porter’s *Algol*), and in 1975. Altogether, he received 30 nominations for the Hugo award, winning eight times.

Geis was a legendary recluse, living his early and later life in Portland, Oregon, and in Venice, California, during his period of hyperactivity in the 1960s and 70s. Even when he lived in the Los Angeles area, he did not attend local fan meetings or conventions. I met him, once, in 1975, in Portland, at his home, while travelling the West Coast after Westercon, accompanied by Jon Singer.

Geis was also known for his soft-core pornographic novels, of which he claimed authorship of 110, most done as work-for-hire for the major paperback erotic publishers of the day. Many were done under the name Peggy Swenson. He had another four novels published in other genres.

## Dave Locke

**By Curt Phillips:** Dave Locke (1944-2012) passed away October 26, 2012. His son Brian stopped by Dave's house after returning from an out-of-town trip and found him. Dave had suffered from serious heart troubles for year and had a heart attack a few years ago. His long-time friend David Hulan – who'd visited Dave at his home in Pownell, VT exactly one month before, was called by Brian and Hulan broke the news.

I only met Dave Locke once; at a Midwest-con several years ago. But as often happens in Fandom, we quickly became fast friends and I felt that we both knew each other very well through our fanzine writing and our extensive private correspondence. I'm going to miss that friendship for the rest of my life. In spite of the fact that I'm one of the laziest fanwriters in all Fandom, Dave somehow managed to talk me into writing a semi-regular column for his on-line fanzine *Time and Again*. That ranks as no small feat and I'll always be grateful to him that he did twist my arm over those articles. Somehow he knew I'd enjoy having written them after I got off my butt and actually wrote them, and Dave gave me as fine a showcase any fanwriter could ask for in *T&A*.

Dave Locke was one of those folks we rarely meet in life; He knew how to cut through the nonsense most of us clutter our lives up with and he could do that in just about any situation. He knew how to connect with a new friend instantly. He was witty, sardonic, analytically critical – yet he could find the proper context for any discussion. And he was intelligent. *Vastly* intelligent. He was also a kind man. Intolerant of fools and scoundrels, yet endlessly tolerant, helpful, and understanding of the shortcomings of any honest friend. He was a damn good friend to have your corner. I'm glad he was in mine for a time.

Dave, I wish we'd had a thousand face-to-face conversations at a thousand convention fan lounges instead of just that one at Midwestcon, but I'm glad we did have that day. It

was a very good day.

## Frederik Pohl

Frederik Pohl (1919-2013) died September 2 at the age of 93.

He spent the last several years of his life writing *The Way The Future Blogs*, fashioning the pieces from which a new volume of his memoirs might be made – in the meantime so charming the latest generation of science fiction fans with his anecdotes from the genre's golden age that he was voted a Best Fan Writer Hugo in 2010.

Pohl himself had started out in sf as a teen-aged fan – not without controversy, for he was one of the six Futurians who were thrown out of the first Worldcon in 1939. The scales of justice would balance later when he was named guest of honor at the 1972 Worldcon, L.A.Con I.

Pohl was also one of the field's youngest prozine editors, from 1939 to 1943 running *Astonishing Stories* and *Super Science Stories*.

He served in World War II as an air corps weatherman, mainly in Italy. After the war he ran the genre's leading literary agency – yet it was not financially successful. He closed it down in the early 1950s and went back to writing full time.

He co-founded the Hydra Club in 1947, a regular gathering of New York's sf pros.

A satire written in collaboration with Cyril M. Kornbluth, *The Space Merchants* (1953), was one of his most noted works in this period. They followed in 1955 with *Gladiator-at-Law*.

In the 1960s Pohl became one of the field's most important editors. His *Galaxy* and *If* won the Hugo Award for Best Professional Magazine in 1966, 1967 and 1968.

Resuming his writing career in the 1970s, he penned such renowned novels as *Man Plus* (1977 Nebula), *Gateway* (1978 Hugo and Nebula), and *Jem. Beyond the Blue Event Horizon* followed in the 1980s. He also won a Hugo for his 1985 short story "Fermi and Frost."

Pohl was President of the Science Fiction Writers of America in 1974.

He earned many lifetime achievement honors — Science Fiction Hall of Fame (1998, Living Inductee), SFWA Grand Master Award (1993), Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award (2013, distinguished service), Eaton Award (Lifetime Achievement, 2009), Forry Award (lifetime achievement, voted by LASFS, 1994), Milford Award (1995, lifetime achievement), Prix Utopia (2000, lifetime achievement), Skylark Award (1966, given by NESFA), Writers and Illustrators of the Future (2000,



Marty Gear at 2009 Arisia. Photo by Daniel P. Noé.

lifetime achievement)

He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Anne Hull, Ph.D.

## Marty Gear

Legendary costuming fan Marty Gear (1939-2013), whose fanac spanned six decades, died in his sleep on July 18 at the age of 74.

Marty and his wife, Bobby (who predeceased him in 2005), won many awards in masquerade competitions. He founded The Greater Columbia Fantasy Costumers' Guild, a forerunner of the International Costumers' Guild, was the ICG's first Executive Director, and was honored with the ICG's Lifetime Achievement Award in 1991.

One of Marty's earliest fannish experiences, when he was 14, was traveling from Columbus, Ohio to Philadelphia for the 1953 Worldcon. Marty was unprepared for what he found there, felt overwhelmed and said he would have gone back to his hotel room to hide but for "a tall, white-haired man [who] came over and began to talk to me about what I liked to read. I had just bought a copy of *Skylark of Valeron* in the dealers' room... and began enthusing about this 'new' writer that I had just discovered, E.E. Smith, Ph.D." He soon discovered it was Smith himself he was telling this to, and Doc and his wife took Marty in tow, introducing him to other authors and artists. "For the remainder of the weekend, whenever either of them saw me alone they made a point of checking to see if I was enjoying myself, and of somehow including me in whatever was going on."

Despite this friendly encounter with one of the field's most loved writers, Marty did not attend another SF con until 1977 when Page Cuddy and David Hartwell "conned" him into going to a Balticon in order to meet Philip

## Dave Locke and Dave Hulan in 2012.



Jose Farmer.

After that Marty rapidly developed into a fannish leader. He ran programming for Balticon 13 in 1979 and became a regular fixture as the con's masquerade director beginning in 1981. He chaired CostumeCon 3 (1985) and Balticon 21 (1987).

He held major committee posts on 4 Worldcons. Michael J. Walsh, chair of the 1983 Baltimore Worldcon where Marty ran the masquerade, likes to tell the story – “In 1981 when I called him from Denvention to let him know we had won: ‘Marty, bad news!’ [He answered] ‘We won?’”

Marty was famous for presiding over masquerades in costume as Count Dracula. And he was infamous for filling time with terrible vampire jokes such as –

*What do you get when you cross a snowman with a vampire?*

*Frostbite!*

One of his most challenging moments came while directing the 1998 Worldcon (Bucconeer) masquerade — at the start he stumbled against a table of awards and took a four-foot fall off the stage. Quite the trouper, Marty got right back up and did his job without visible problems. He even looked in pretty good shape the morning after at the masquerade critique where he had nothing to say about his mishap except an apology for detracting from the costumers. He did use a cane for awhile afterwards, though.

Marty was a fiery advocate for his beloved event. Even at a Worldcon he refused to concede first place to the Hugo Ceremony, protesting during the Bucconeer masquerade post-mortem, “To the Worldcon committee the Masquerade is not the most important event.... It's just the best-attended, and has the most people involved, but to the committee it's a secondary event.”

When he was feeling more mellow he'd deliver the message humorously, saying things like, “Costuming is the second oldest tradition in sci-fi fandom. The first is drinking beer.”

Marty remained an active member of the Baltimore Science Fiction Society, and at the time of his death was parliamentarian of the BSFS Board of Directors, coordinator of the Jack L. Chalker Young Writers' Contest, and liaison to the school for the BSFS Books for Kids program.

Over the years he was a guest of honor at Unicon 87, Disclave 34, Sci-Con 8, Genericon 2, Arisia 9, and Balticon 30.

Professionally, Marty managed his own company Martin Gear Consulting Ltd.

Other than dressing as a vampire, Marty said one of his favorite costumes was “Cohen the Barbarian” a prize-winner at the 2004 Worldcon as “Best DiscWorld Entry.” His Cohen wore a fur diaper, a very long white beard and an eyepatch — and not much else. In one hand he carried a sword and in the

other a walking cane.

To the end Marty continually mentored costumers and passed on his enthusiasm for the costuming arts. He told an interviewer, “I probably won't stop costuming until I am dead, and maybe not even then.”

### Vanessa Schnatmeier

Vanessa Schnatmeier (1954-2012), BAarea fan and long-time LASFS member, died November 20 from complications of endometrial cancer.

I knew her mainly before she moved to the BAarea, when we were both members of LASFS. We both joined in the awful days when the club gathered at the Overland Park Playground.

We may have met briefly even earlier. Vanessa was part of the science fiction group at Granada Hills High School in the late 1960s with Ed Finkelstein (he and I would co-chair the 1978 Westercon), Bill Welden (an Elvish linguist who helped with Tolkien's languages on the first Lord of the Rings movie) and others. A counselor at my high school steered me to their first organizational meeting for a one-day convention they eventually held. I wasn't quite ready to become an actifan that day, but in little more than a year we were all attending LASFS.

She was immediately popular there. An overlooked bit of fanhistorical trivia is that Bruce and (then) Dian Pelz' “divorce party,” which famously inspired Larry Niven's short story “What Can You Say About Chocolate Covered Manhole Covers,” also encompassed a surprise birthday party for Vanessa.

By the 1980s Vanessa was living in the Bay Area. She had an active interest in social dancing. She cofounded the Bay Area English Regency Society in 1985.

Every reminiscence I've seen mentions her keen sense of humor. Elizabeth Fox says she'll never forget walking across the Golden Gate Bridge on its 50th anniversary (1987) with Vanessa and other friends: “Alan [Winston] was griping about carrying a heavy backpack and we ignored him till it turned out he was carrying two bowling balls for Vanessa. She had planned to cross the bridge walking on one, with the other balanced on her head, one of her peculiar talents.”

### Pam Fremon, F.N.

Pam Fremon died November 7, 2012 of a heart attack reports. Fremon, a long-time NESFA member from Waltham, MA chaired the 2002 and 2006 Boskones, served several terms as Clerk of the NESFA, and was selected a Fellow of NESFA in 1990.

“She brought together MCFI and Bill Neville who did all our Lens-Family art, and was a major force in the group that did the starry vests that you showed in a recent item,”

Chip Hitchcock recalls, adding this praise: “She was invariably calm when people around her got more and more tightly wound.”

“At Noreascon Four, [Pam] was the goddess of signs, pumping out many, many signs for the convention while not-quite chained to the large-format printer we had bought for the task,” said Deb Geisler.

I remember the deftly humorous meeting reports she wrote when Clerk of the NESFA – some bits so funny I had to share them in *File 770*.



### andrew j. offutt

andy Offutt (1934-2013), perennially popular convention toastmaster, prolific sf/fantasy author and two-term President of SFWA (1976-1978), died April 30 at the age of 78.

offutt, who typed his byline in lower-case, wrote dozens of published novels, many under pseudonyms (most frequently, “John Cleve”), producing fiction so rapidly he teased that his idea of “writer's block” was getting stuck for 45-minutes as he dramatized in the introduction to his story “For Value Received” in Harlan Ellison's *Again, Dangerous Visions*.

*i fought. i kept sitting down and trying to type. i snarled, cursed, cussed, obscenitized. Kept on fingering keys. (i use three fingers, one of which is on my left hand. it gets sorest.) i kept on. Come on, damn you! i know what a block is. i'd liefer forget, and i will never stop at a stopping point again!*

His first professional sf story was the winner of the College SF Contest sponsored by *If*. “And Gone Tomorrow” appeared in 1954. His next sale, “Blacksword,” appeared in *Galaxy* in 1959. “Population Implosion” was selected by Wollheim and Carr for Ace's *World's Best SF* (1968). His first science fiction novel followed a Sixties vogue for funky titles – *Evil Is Live Spelled Backwards* (1970).

Prior to becoming a full-time writer offutt worked several years for Proctor & Gamble,



then ran insurance agencies in three Kentucky towns.

He married Jodie McCabe in 1957. They have two daughters and two sons, including author Christopher Offutt.

An energetic and amusing speaker, offutt was constantly in demand as a convention toastmaster. But, at the peak of his popularity, when called upon to emcee the 1974 Worldcon banquet, things seemed to get away from him. He extemporized for so long it was perceived as a discourtesy to GoH Roger Zelazny. Although offutt's reputation suffered, his friends rallied and showed their affection by making him the 1975 Midwestcon guest of honor — the only GoH the con had ever had up to that time.

offutt promptly rebounded in professional circles and was twice elected President of SFWA.

Highly regarded by pros, offutt also was fan-friendly, often writing for fanzines. He contributed "A Chatty, Preferably Controversial Column" to Tom Reamy's *Trumpet*, actively participated in all the arguments in Richard Geis' various fanzines, and wrote letters to *Algol*, *Mobius Trip* and my own zines (though I heard from Jodie far more often).

He was honored with the Phoenix Award for lifetime achievement at the 1986 Deep-SouthCon — where he was also, of course, toastmaster.

Later in life he had various health problems: a heart bypass in 1999, and a perforated ulcer in 2001 that forced him to step aside as toastmaster for Kubla Khan 29.

One of his collaborators, Richard K. Lyons, recalls:

"As things worked out, Andy and I wrote and published four novels together. The problem that finally made us stop was that we were having too much fun. While that was fine by me since I was in it mostly for fun, Andy had a living to earn and the fun was eating a lot of his time."

For a man who needed to make a living, Andy offutt was always remarkably generous with his time and writing talents. I won't forget that.

### Ruth Speer

Ruth Speer (1923-2013) died December 11 at the age of 90. While primarily known to fandom through her spouse of 57 years, Jack, who died in 2008, she led a remarkable life in her own right.

Born in Nova Scotia, she grew up in Vermont and Maine. She served with the WAVES in World War II. A certified pilot who flew cargo planes, she assisted in searching for lost aircraft and became one of the first female air traffic controllers.

Her son, Ed, and daughter, Margaret Ann, both spoke at her funeral. Ed's remarks offer a

little window into his fannish upbringing: "Both my parents were gracious enough not to try to discourage me from doing things I really wanted to do. I'm sure Mom would have been much happier if I'd taken up tennis instead of medieval sword fighting, but she sewed my costume and helped me find a source of obsolete road signs for building my armor."

In addition to her son and daughter, Ruth survived by her brother, Robert, and four grandchildren.



### Frank Dietz

**By Andrew Porter:** The death of Franklyn M. Dietz, Jr., — Frank to his many friends — was announced on Facebook on October 22, 2013. Dietz, who lived at the end of his life in Marietta, Georgia, participated in many of the major activities of mid-20th century SF fandom. With David A. Kyle and his then wife Belle, in late 1956 he founded the Lunarians, aka the New York Science Fiction Society, which in turn launched Lunacon, a convention that continues to this day. For years, Lunarians met in his Bronx apartment at 1750 Walton Avenue, moving with him and his second wife, Ann — Belle had died — to Oradell, NJ, as the neighborhood around them decayed.

He was chairman of the first 14 Lunacons, and was Fan Guest of Honor at the 2007 Lunacon. His activities as "Station Luna," an effort to record the proceedings of many World SF Conventions, continued for many years. He recorded events at the 1951 Worldcon in New Orleans. It was there that a loud party in his room was moved to a larger venue: the now legendary Room 770, and the name of a Hugo-winning newszine. He was one of the organizers of the Guild of Science Fiction Recordists, and of the International Science Fiction Correspondence Club in 1949, which promoted correspondence among fans in different countries. Frank recorded events on tape at many other conventions, continuing at least until the 1967 Worldcon in New York City.

He possessed an original tattoo of a mouse on his upper arm, done especially for him by Hannes Bok.

He recorded events at the 1957 Worldcon in London, and while there was inducted into the Order of St. Fantony, which featured, according to Rob Hansen's website, "an elaborate ceremony staged by the Cheltenham Circle, in full medieval costumes, with real swords, armor, etc. Those who received this signal honor were Walt Willis, Bob Silverberg, Terry Jeeves, Bobbie Wild, Eric Bentcliffe, Ken Slater, Bob Madle, Franklin Dietz and Ellis Mills. We were given the test of the true fan, under threat of the executioner's axe — a real one — if we failed. It was to drink a glass of water from the well of St Fantony. It looked like water, smelled like water ... but it turned out to be 140-proof white Polish liquor."

### Leland Sapiro

Leland Sapiro (1924-2013) died October 8. Sapiro was best known as editor of *Riverside Quarterly*, three-time nominee for the Best Fanzine Hugo (1967, 1969, 1970), "an earnest little fanzine, the hand-knitted fannish equivalent of an academic journal" as described by Alexei Panshin, whose *Heinlein in Dimension* first saw print there.

The zine began when Sapiro, along with Jon White and Ron Smith revived the fanzine *Inside Science Fiction* as *Inside* in 1962. Eventually, Sapiro gained editorial control, renaming it *Riverside Quarterly* in 1964. The zine continued to appear until it went on hiatus in the mid-1970s. When he resumed publication issues came out infrequently, the last in 1993.

In the early days of academic study of science fiction Sapiro considered his *Riverside Quarterly* in a rivalry with Thomas Clareson's *Extrapolation*. He humbly conceded first place to Clareson in a 1972 Worldcon program book ad while touting his own long list of distinguished contributors.

These were the early days of academic interest in science fiction and fantasy. In 1962 Sapiro, Fritz Leiber, Robert Bloch, Sam Russell, and Arthur Jean Cox participated in a panel discussion about Lovecraft at a LASFS meeting and the published transcript (with annotations by August Derleth) became a sought after collector's item.

Although he had a reputation as a dry, scholarly writer, there was a passionate fan inside. So the story goes, in the 1950s a prozine published a bigoted letter by a Louisiana fan that pushed Sapiro's buttons. Sapiro, who then lived in Los Angeles, took a plane to New Orleans and a taxi to the fan's house. When the fan answered the door, Sapiro punched him in the face, returned to his taxi, and flew back to LA.

# True Dreams Do Lie

## by Taral Wayne

When I was much younger, I had a wild and crazy notion that I'd like to become an illustrator of science fiction books and magazines. I had become a voracious reader of science fiction that I bought in numerous seedy used-book stores, whose scattered locations were the inspiration for many long bicycle rides and pedestrian pilgrimages downtown. It wasn't long before I knew the names of the great genre illustrators of the day – Frank Kelly Freas, Jack Gaughn, John Schoenherr, Richard Powers, Edd Cartier and many others. I even met one or two of them. Vaughn Bode awarded me a prize for a life-size cut-out I entered in the art show of a local comics convention. At another local con, I spoke briefly with Will Eisner about animation. I actually had a nodding acquaintance with the *Cosmos* painter, Jon Lomberg, well before he was famous in the genre. Our work was in the same show together in 1972.

For a long time, that was as close as I ever came to establishing my own credentials as a professional artist in the science fiction genre.

My big break came in 2002. For a number of reasons, I choose to be relatively discreet about the events surrounding my entry into the field of SF illustration. For one thing, the writer whose book I illustrated has a tremendous ego. For another thing, his editor is a friend of mine who is still working in the field, and he would no doubt be unhappy to discover the facts of the matter in plain discussion by outsiders. He would be right in fearing that it might reflect badly on the publisher, and therefore on him. For those reasons, I will invent disguises for everyone ... and, most of all, for the novel.

Syd Smithers and I had first met in the remote days of fandom when Worldcons were relatively small, and no one imagined they would ever be reported as human interest stories on Fox News, as they are today. We became friends because we shared an interest in publishing our own fanzines. I went on publishing my own fanzine, but Syd had a



dream not unlike my own. His dream was to become an editor for a science fiction publisher. Unlike *my* dream, which didn't seem to be in any hurry to materialize, Syd was actually taken on by Sierra Books. Today, he is the preferred editor of at least one major fantasy writer for the Sierra imprint.

In his work, Syd sometimes found jobs for his old friends, but the reality of the book business is that there isn't much budget for other than production costs, the cover design and a nominal payment to the author for getting things started. Interior illustrations are almost unheard of, except in children's books. Now and then, however, Syd was able to throw a crumb to the various starving artists he knew.

The crumb Syd threw my way was a book called *Paraworld*. It was written by Mickey Moody, an author who had made a big splash as a humourist and pedant

on the subject of alternate worlds. *Paraworld* was something like his tenth or twelfth novel, and, though it had been a while since the last, he was still at the top of his form.

The story in *Paraworld* was much the same as the story in every one of Moody's other novels. The protagonist is sucked into another dimension, where his senses are magically augmented to cope with strange new natural laws, and he has great sex with the blob-like denizens. (At times, you're led to wonder about the writer's sex life ... and also to wonder whether he knows only mathematics and nothing at all about physics.) Apparently under the impression that the reader has difficulty following his ideas, Moody sometimes likes to provide primitive little sketches of the sort that show three perpendicular arrows and one more, supposedly slanting off into the fourth dimension. For *Paraworld*, Moody had supplied some 16 or 17 of these

little sketches.

Syd offered me the task of starting from these sketches and then bringing them up to a more professional standard. We agreed on a sum that was both generous, but rather less than I would have expected for a professional fee. At any rate, it was better recompense than I was used to.

Each of Moody's sketches was elementary in the extreme. One showed a being from the parallel world pushing into our dimension, a simple outline appearing in an ordinary room as through a window. Another showed a cross section of a three-dimensional head as seen from the four-dimensional point of view, and so on. In the first case, I re-drew the room in our space as though it were two-dimensional, on a slate seen from a slight angle, and drew the intruder as protruding into it from a third dimension. In the other example, I drew a head showing it as a slice through skull, brain, tongue, teeth and so on. Looking back on it now, I see that in fact my draftsmanship really did enhance the original doodles provided by Moody.

But at the time, I was much more ambitious. I began to add ideas of my own – elaborate architecture in the other world, and alien technology. For a time, Moody let me work undisturbed. He said nothing, either good or bad about my initial drawings, and let me complete all 16 or 17 of the roughs. Mind you, it wasn't as though we hadn't communicated at all while I was at work. We had several pleasant exchanges of e-mail, in which Moody came across as a highly amusing individual. I thought we were getting along splendidly, and that he accepted my rough sketches as submitted to him. So when he sprang his surprise on me, it came as a complete shock.

Apparently, Mickey Moody didn't appreciate me adding my own ideas to his sketches – but rather than discuss it with *me*, he went over my head to the publisher. I had to hear from Syd that I had overstepped myself, that Moody was the genius here and I was “just a pair of hands.” (That's a real quote.) I was angry enough to be reminded that I was just the hired help, and wasn't supposed to do any thinking, but angrier still that Moody had gone directly to Syd to register his dissatisfaction. He had revealed no such misgivings to me. Moreover, despite plenty of opportunity to correct me

while I was doing the roughs, he allowed me to finish and waste valuable time. For whatever reasons, Moody preferred to embarrass me before my boss instead ... all the while showing me a friendly face. Nice guys, these geniuses.

There was nothing to be done but grit my teeth and erase everything but the basics ... to dumb it all down to Moody's level of genius, you might say. Worse than having to do the work over again, Moody pushed both me and Sierra Books up against the deadline. I had to be given an extension. However, Syd *did* thank me for the professional manner in which I remained cordial toward the writer and did the work without complaint ... and that went some distance toward making up for my having to have anything at all to do with the smug, two-faced bastard.

Just as Harlan Ellison uses the name “Cordwainer Bird” to disavow his work when he is unsatisfied with it, I briefly considered asking Syd to credit me under a pseudonym. In retrospect, I'm grateful that Syd talked me out of it. Although the work contains little of me, it was a job done as well as circumstances allowed. I've no reason not to feel a wee bit proud.



What can I say? The book came out eventually. It was a reasonably handsome production, and had my name in tiny little type on the copyright page. That made me a professional SF illustrator, at last. The check for \$1,700 arrived. I cashed it. I'll be damned if I can remember what I spent any of the money on, but rent and utilities were a constant high priority. A box with a dozen or so copies of the hardcover arrived some time later, for me to hand out to friends.

And that, sad to say, is the story of my *entire* career as a science fiction illustrator.

Fortunately, it was not the end of my career as an illustrator *outside* of science fiction. I went on to become a mainstay for a small magazine on the West Coast for several years. I was also, briefly, a comic book artist. I drew and wrote three whole books of my own, and a number of back covers for another comic book. So it seems that my dream of being a professional illustrator did not turn out to be *completely* untrue. Some dreams don't lie ... not entirely.

# Remembering Ray Bradbury



(Above) Ray Bradbury hawking newspapers in 1938.

Ray Bradbury, cherished science fiction writer, attendee of the first Worldcon, and a member of LASFS since the Clifton's Cafeteria days, died June 5, 2012 at the age of 91.

## Ray Bradbury, Neofan by Mike Glycer

Ray Bradbury had discovered science fiction when he was eight. Now at the age of 17 he was about to discover fandom.

T. Bruce Yerke, secretary of the Los Angeles chapter of the Science Fiction League — an office I held 50 years later in the renamed LASFS — was given Bradbury's name as a membership prospect. Yerke sent a letter on the club's hectographed stationery inviting him to attend their meetings at Clifton's Cafeteria. Ray Bradbury appeared on October 7, 1937 asking, "Is Mr. Yerke here?"

Bradbury was then in high school, graduating in 1938, and already turning out stories. Within a week, Forry Ackerman had him writing and drawing for the clubzine *Imagination!*, beginning a lifelong friendship. With Ackerman's encouragement and occasional financial assistance he weathered a stream of constant rejections from sf prozines. Ackerman also underwrote Bradbury's fanzine *Futura Fantasia*, with material by Kuttner and Heinlein, and loaned Bradbury the money to attend the first Worldcon in New York in 1939.

The young fan's full name was Ray Douglas Bradbury. His father had named him for the silent movie star Douglas Fairbanks. And in the pages of *The Damned Thing* editor T. Bruce Yerke teased the lofty, Hollywood aspirations of "Rayoul Douglass Bradbury" who sold papers on a Normandie Ave. street corner.

This sounds snarky, taken out of context. In fact, Bradbury probably enjoyed the teasing — he was one of Yerke's regular contributors and even drew the cover of *The Damned Thing* #2.

Bradbury himself told stories about those days in the 1930s when he would roller-skate up to the gate at Paramount and hang around trying to get stars' autographs. After W. C. Fields complied he dismissed Ray, saying, "Here you go, you little son-of-a-bitch." And Ray liked to loaf at the famous Brown Derby restaurant — but bought his meals at Hugo's Hot Dog Stand across the street.

Ray cultivated his many talents to entertain and win friends. He played the violin (badly), impersonated FDR, W.C. Fields and radio star Fred Allen, cracked jokes at club meetings, sang loudly enough while riding a boat in Central Park that the authorities complained, and wrote plays and acted in a little theater group led by actress Laraine Day.

All the while he was faithfully writing 1,000 words a day and selling nothing, until at last he broke through with his first sale in 1941, "Pendulum," written in collaboration with Henry Hasse and published in *Super Science Stories*. Soon he was selling regularly, with Julius Schwartz as his agent. He eventually shed the pulps and began selling to major magazines — once hitting the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Coronet* and *Esquire* within a three-week period.

Bradbury married Marguerite McClure in 1948 and they had four daughters. Marguerite passed away in 2003.

Quite a bit of his most famous fiction was written before 1955. By then television was booming and Bradbury began writing scripts for *Twilight Zone* and *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* and many other shows.

In 1956, John Huston hired him to write the screenplay for the movie *Moby Dick*. This took him to Ireland and inspired a series of Irish stories — my favorite when I was much younger was "The Anthem Sprinters," about Irishmen who tried to get out of the theater between the end of the film and the start of "God Save the Queen."

In the Sixties filmmakers began making movies from Bradbury's own work, *Fahrenheit 451* directed by Francois Truffaut (1966) and *The Illustrated Man* (1969).

An amazing thing is that even with his ever-increasing fame, speaking schedule and strenuous writing workload Ray remained cordial towards his fans. I think he actually reveled in his fame, one of the fruits of his success as a writer, but he was an incredibly generous spirit by nature, who gave his time and attention to any cause he felt indebted to — such as the libraries where he'd educated himself — and paid forward the encouragement and mentoring he'd received as a young, unpublished dreamer.

When I got into fandom in the late Sixties I was part of a local library discussion group. I persuaded them to put out a fanzine and as the editor assigned myself the job of trying to get contributions from pro writers. Nearly all of them sent friendly replies saying "no." Ray Bradbury actually sent us something to use — a tearsheet of "These Unsparked Flints, These Uncut Gravestone Brides," a poem that essentially compares spinster librarians to unused tombstones, a metaphor less appreciated by the library staff than the rest of us who fixated on the "Wow! Ray Bradbury is in our zine!" part.

He clearly relished an audience, speaking often at libraries, universities and civic events. He spoke at USC during my freshman year, the first time I got his autograph. That was 1970, and Ray had already shaped the basic autobiographical speech that he continued to present til

he was 90, about his childhood memories, the art he loved and his successes as a writer. That day he said, “I wanted to become the greatest writer in the world. Aren’t you glad I finally made it?” The audience cheered like mad.

Ray became pretty receptive to invitations to speak at LASFS’ annual convention, Loscon, after his friend Julius Schwartz got active in fandom again in the Eighties. I always hoped to pull off an appearance by Ray for one of the cons I programmed. When at long last his schedule and health seemed likely to permit it, he unfortunately got sick the weekend of the con and had to cancel. Forry Ackerman saved my bacon by agreeing to take that hour and tell stories about Ray, by then his friend for over 60 years.

Writing this blog drew me back into Ray’s orbit once more by connecting me with John King Tarpinian, Bradbury’s batman on outings and one of my colleagues at the IRS. John lives in Glendale near Mystery & Imagination Bookshop, scene of a plethora of Bradbury appearances like his annual birthday parties.

John helped make *File 770* “all Bradbury all-the-time,” our incessant drumbeat of reports about signings and sales amplified by the occasional news blast, like when John snapped a photo of Ray’s gobsmacked expression as he watched Rachel Bloom’s “F\*\*\* Me, Ray Bradbury” music video for the very first time.

I’ll continue to celebrate Ray’s work and life because I’ve never had more fun as a fan of any science fiction writer than I’ve had following the exploits of that unpublished teenager who wandered into LASFS in 1937 and went on to be one of our greatest fantasists, opening the genre to millions of readers.



## Ray Bradbury, Professional Writer by Bill Warren

I’ve never met someone who was so enthusiastic, ebullient, upbeat all the time.

At the Oakland-Berkeley Worldcon in 1968 (or so), I was sitting in the coffee shop with some friends when we saw Bradbury enter the hotel. He smiled and waved at me — then, to my surprise, made an

abrupt turn and came into the coffee shop to talk to me. He said I always knew where the best stuff was going on, so where should he go? We chatted a bit, and he breezed out of the place. My friends stared at me in shock. Ray fucking BRADBURY? Did I know Bradbury THAT well? I said “Evidently so,” but I was quite puzzled myself — yes, I knew him (thru Forry), but I didn’t think I did know him that well. So later I encountered him in a hallway and asked about it. He was ready for me. He said that at an early convention (I figure this was the post-WWII Worldcon in LA), he was with a bunch of friends when Leigh Brackett came up and chatted with him about his work. He was puzzled; they WERE friends, but it seemed out of character for her to approach him like that. So he asked her about it. She said she was trying to encourage his career as a writer, by treating him as a fellow professional — and did it in front of his friends, to give him egoboo. Bradbury said “Now you have to pass it on.”

People don’t quite seem to realize how VERY unusual he was — not really so much so in his fiction (though nobody else ever wrote like him), but in how he used his fame. He was EVERYwhere in Los Angeles, turning up for many events, always upbeat, always booming and very much there (that stunned me when I first met him; I thought he’d be a shy, quiet poet type, not so much like say Jack Carson or Sonny Tufts). He had a direct, forceful way of talking that still seemed fresh and spontaneous and friendly, dropping in little affirmations (“doesn’t it?” “don’t they?”) of what he’d just said. He was just about the most PUBLIC writer I have ever seen, or will ever see again. He was a very big booster of Los Angeles, so much so that it still seems a little odd that he ever lived anywhere else.

Side note: I read, then heard directly from him, about how he changed his mind about Disneyland. At first, he was highly skeptical of the place, and of Walt Disney. He refused to go to the park for a couple of years, then Charles Laughton, “the biggest child on Earth,” impatiently took him by hand and down to Disneyland, where he showed Ray that the place was not at all what he had imagined it to be. Too bad there are no photos of Laughton leading Bradbury around Disneyland. To me, that’s as wonderful a thought as imagining Ray Bradbury as a grandfather. He would have been the greatest grandfather who ever lived — except maybe for Walt Disney.

Today, I thought further on the strange tale (I think I heard it from Bill Nolan) that in the 1940s, Bradbury had a big bonfire in his back yard, where he burned all his unsold stories—and he must have had hundreds of them. At first, I was horrified — all that great Bradbury stuff, gone up in a gout of fire, undoubtedly burning at Fahrenheit 451. But then I realized what it was: His way of ensuring that he would not be followed around by the ghosts of his past writing, of stories that he knew weren’t as good as what he was turning out by then. He also knew he had become a professional writer; he couldn’t yet have been certain that he could be the sole breadwinner of his (new or about to be) family, but he knew he could write stories that would sell.

I hope someone more skilled than me can write about the habits of Ray Bradbury, Professional Writer. He said he wrote a thousand words every day of his life, and I have no reason to disbelieve him; I’ve heard that he kept on doing it, up until a few months before he died. That indicates a steely, hard-learned discipline — even though he came on like a house afire (which greatly surprised me), even though his reputation at LASFS was that of a practical-joking chatterbox, he was very serious about becoming a writer. Then he was very serious about BEING a writer; he was just about the most public writer I’ve ever heard of. He loved being famous, and he used his fame very wisely, and very

(Above left) **Bill Warren and Ray Bradbury** at a surprise party for Forry in 1967. Bill remembers, “About five minutes after I first met Ray Bradbury we swapped glasses, and found our prescriptions were similar.” Photo by Walt Daugherty.

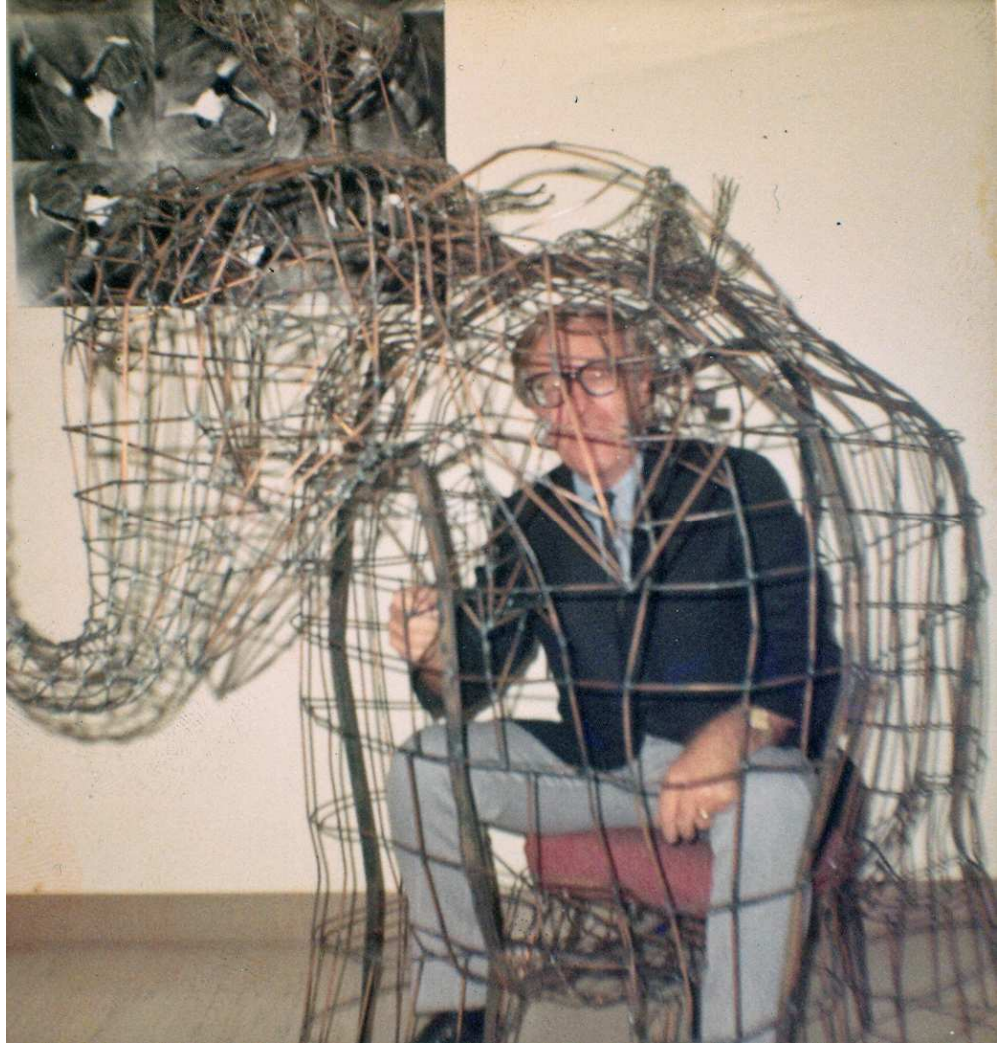
often. Okay, so his plays were usually not very good, and his poetry was limp, but long ago he won the right to be judged by his best work. Don't all writers have a falling-off period? (*Cont'd next page*)

Take a look at his Internet Movie Database pages; he wrote for a LOT of TV series in the 1950s, many more than I knew about, some of which seem highly unlikely as a venue for Bradbury material (*Steve Canyon???*), but he was a pro, and pros sell their stuff. He even wrote 65 scripts for his own *Ray Bradbury Theater*, which was often not all

that good, but by George, he did it, he did it. There's a whole lot of filmed Bradbury, much more than most people realize—and even more yet when you count all the student and amateur productions of his work. He told me that he allowed any film student who asked to adapt his work, as long as they sent him a print of the finished product. As he said this, he gestured sort of absently toward the darker recesses of his basement office, where there was a lot of room. I hope his family considers collecting the best of those student films into a set of DVDs.

The odd shot requires a little explanation. Remember the Lytton Center for the Visual Arts? (I think that was the name — the basement of a savings-and-loan place that was at the corner of Sunset and Laurel Canyon) One night, they showed something of interest; Beverly and I, and our friend Jon Berg, went; so did Forry, Bradbury, Ray Harryhausen and his wife. We were there for a movie, but there was also a current display of slightly eccentric wire sculptures. One of them was of an elephant, and was about half the size of a baby elephant. It had a door and a stool inside; you could sit there and waggle the trunk and ears. I did this to amuse Harryhausen ("Is this how you do it, Mr. Harryhausen?") but Bradbury got all excited and insisted I get out so he could get in. He, too, waggled the ears and trunk and declared "I am the spirit of the elephant!"

++ **Bill Warren**



### ***Loncon 3 Nixes Experimental YA Hugo***

Steve Cooper, Co-Chair of the 2014 Worldcon, Loncon 3, said in a message to the Smofs list that a meeting of the full committee decided against introducing a YA special Hugo or YA award despite requests to use its one-time authority under the WSFS Constitution to do so.

"Reasoning — As there is currently a business meeting sub-committee in place to bring forward proposals for a YA Hugo / Award to the WSFS business meeting at Loncon 3, we

believe it would be wrong for Loncon 3 to pre-empt the workings of this committee, especially as they do not have a draft proposal we could test. So any such move would be seen as Loncon 3 giving an opinion that we believe X is the solution to the YA award, and as the administrating convention for the business meeting where the proposals will be tabled this would be inconsistent with the due impartiality the WSFS membership would expect of us."

Advocates for a YA Hugo category Chris M. Barkley and Juli Marr responded on Facebook expressing "profound disappointment" about the decision and criticizing the way it

was communicated. They also rebutted the reasons given for the decision.

"That being said, we would like to reiterate several points; the call for this Special award would have served a dual purpose; to see if the idea of a YA award had any traction with the Hugo Award electorate and for the Hugo Award administrators to provide the YA Committee (and the Business Meeting) any indications of problems that may have occurred during the nomination or voting process....

"It is our fervent hope that we will present a viable YA Hugo Award proposal for passage at the Loncon 3 Business Meeting."



Actor Joe Mantegna and Bradbury biography Sam Weller.

### *A Wonderful Day in the Neighborhood*

**By John King Tarpinian:** On December 6, 2012 the City of Los Angeles dedicated the intersection of 5th & Flower as Ray Bradbury Square. The area is just behind the main branch library, where Ray spent many hours in his teens all the way thru adulthood and beyond.

This event was spearheaded by Steven Paul Levia, who was responsible for Ray Bradbury Week for Ray's 90<sup>th</sup> birthday. City Councilman Jose Huizar, representing the area of the dedication, also grew up in Boyle Heights where Ray and his family briefly lived in the early 1930s. That is where Ray was inspired to write *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit*, and where it was filmed. The other City Councilman present was Paul Koretz, who represents where Ray lived and also went to school with Ray's daughters. Another city representative was John Szabo, who is the head librarian.

Sci-fi writer/futurist David Brin spoke about the time he took his children to meet Ray and he briefly gained respect beyond that of a mortal parent. Sam Weller, a Bradbury biographer, gave a lovely speech and ended by vocalizing as Ray: "You are wondering why I called you here today..."

Ray's eldest daughter and bookseller Susan Bradbury Nixon said a few words about her dad, which brought out more than a few hankies.

Last up was Joe Mantegna who first worked for Ray in 1972 in a Chicago production of *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* and went on to play the same role in the Disney movie. He told of his last meeting with Ray at the house, which choked him up a wee bit.

As much as I hate driving downtown, I now have a place to stop and sit in a shaded park while I read a few passages from one of Ray's stories and to remember the joy he has brought so many of us with his stories.

### *Ray Bradbury Library Dedicated*

**By John King Tarpinian:** On September 23, 2013 the City of Los Angeles dedicated the Palms-Rancho Park library to Ray Bradbury. This is a newly remodeled and upgraded library, however, the original library was the one closest to the Bradbury household. Ray would take his four daughters on adventures to this library. Three of the four daughters were in attendance for the ceremony (the fourth was a little under the weather.)

Steven Paul Leiva spearheaded the dedication. Steve was responsible for most of Ray Bradbury Week in the City of Los Angeles which celebrated Ray's 90<sup>th</sup> birthday, and for getting Ray Bradbury Square dedicated to Ray out

front of the Main Los Angeles Library.

City Council members spoke on how Ray was a son of the city, even having only been a resident for 76 of his 91 years. Ray's daughter, Susan Bradbury Nixon, read a tribute to her dad.

Harlan Ellison was there and noticed a gaggle of high school students sitting on the floor beside the podium. He went over to talk to them and had a little innocent fun with their teacher, to the students' delight.

After the tributes and speeches were made by officials of the city and the head librarian, Maggie Johnson, everybody moved outside for the unveiling of the dedication plaque.

This was followed by a discussion panel about Ray in the Ray Bradbury auditorium which was dedicated years ago. Due to silly fire marshal rules only the first 80 people could attend.

Steven Paul Leiva, the moderator, was joined by Harlan Ellison and George Clayton Johnson. Steve has only known Ray for about thirty years while Harlan and George have know Ray for more than half a century.

Harlan began his tribute by saying that even with their different personalities they bonded almost immediately upon meeting. The "ah-ha" moment being when Harlan and Ray were having dinner with Leigh Brackett and her husband, Edmond Hamilton. Ray leaned over to Harlan and proclaimed that they were brothers and that across the table were their parents. That was quite the metaphor. I've spoken of Harlan with Ray over the years and the love was not made up, it was real.

The normally loquacious George Clayton Johnson was relatively subdued. He talked about his collaboration with Ray on the short-subject film based on Ray's story "Icarus-Montgolfier-Wright." George was so humble he did not bother to mention that the film, voiced by Ross Martin and illustrated by Joseph Mugnaini, was nominated for an Academy Award.

A few fans and a few fiends of Ray's were in attendance that chose to speak. Among them Michelle Pincus, representing LASFS, the world's oldest sci-fi club. Ray joined at the tender age of 17.

Marc Scott Zicree spoke of having seen Ray talk for the first time at this original library when he was only 13. Ray's talk was one of the reasons he became a writer.

Those three hours went by all too fast. It is sad that a few of us have only gotten together for tributes like this for Ray. We loved the man that played such a great part in so many of our lives. Even before we met him in person we knew him from his wonderful stories. Those stories will live on forever.

Bradbury Branch Library Dedication: Steven Paul Leiva, Harlan Ellison and George Clayton Johnson.



# The Fanivore



## Robert Lichtman

I was struck by the story, “SCA will pay \$1.5M to settle abuse case.” First the details reminded me of the Catholic Church’s problems, but after that I was amazed at the kind of money the SCA has to pay damages either directly or through insurance companies to which they have to pay premiums. I imagine those companies will drop the SCA as a client or drastically increase their premium.

Taral’s entertaining and detailed account of his adventures before, during and after the Reno Worldcon made for some good reading. When I got to the exchange between him and Alan Rosenthal on page 39 about the distances between various cities and towns in the North Bay Area, I boggled when Alan said that Santa Rosa is “about three hours from downtown San Francisco.” That’s not at all true. From downtown S.F. Santa Rosa is perhaps one and a half hours, but part of that is getting out of the City. Once you’re on the Golden Gate Bridge, barring really bad commute traffic it’s all freeway up Highway 101 and takes a little over an hour.

I’m quite familiar with the house and other buildings where Jeanne and Alan live, since it was my doing that Jeanne is in fandom at all. Back around 1981 we were lovers — I’d met her at a meeting of the local anti-nuclear group — and she discovered fandom reading issues of *Pong* over my shoulder in bed.

In his description of what Jeanne at one time called the We B Dudes Ranch (I didn’t know it was now “District 9”), Taral didn’t mention the giant dog heads in one area of the

property. Maybe they aren’t there anymore, which would explain why, but if they are, a word of explanation...they’re the cartoon-style dogs identifying the long-defunct Doggie Diner fast food chain that existed in the Bay Area from 1949 to 1986. See [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Doggie\\_Diner](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Doggie_Diner) for a photo of what the heads looked like. A friend of Jeanne’s was able to obtain a number of them, and because he lived in the more urban parts of the Bay Area wasn’t able to keep them at his residence. Jeanne agreed to warehouse them. They became a popular sight on hot air balloon flights over the area.

So with that in mind, it was a little mind-blowing to turn to Grant Canfield’s cover for #162 and see that giant Goofy head.

Craig Peterson’s article on Jay Kay Klein was a lovely, personal piece of writing that I really appreciated. I learned a lot about Jay Kay that I’d never known. I have all four of his Convention Annuals, two of them bought from him directly, and I treasure them.

I agree with Eric Mayer’s comments that in 1972 “fanzines seemed a much larger part of fandom” than they do now, and that “big tent fandom is far too large to serve as anyone’s community.” Like him, I hunker down in fanzine fandom and tend to ignore the rest except for occasional selective contacts and events.

## Alexis Gilliland

Thank you for *File 770* #161 and 162, which might reasonably have been 161A and 161B since they approximate the two halves of a larger fanzine. The Grant Canfield covers are

excellent, and if they were archival material (you would have said something if they were new, right?) a reminder that Grant did a lot of outstanding work in the time he was engaged with fandom.

I wasn’t at Readercon [in 2012], but it appears to me that the problem between Rene Walling and Genevieve Valentine could have been resolved if she had been willing to accept his apology when he repeatedly tried to offer it. Generally one’s refusal to accept an apology means that the two of us are at feud, and in this case a feud is what Ms. Valentine’s actions came to look like. She upheld her right (conferred by Readercon’s unfortunate “zero tolerance” policy) to the max, and as a result all five members of the Readercon board who tried to find a reasonable compromise have resigned. Ms. Valentine’s actions were at least unfannish if not grossly disproportionate to the offense.

*[[The internet fosters the illusion that people know what the offense was and its degree, whereas all they know is the general terms. And at the time few knew anything about Ms. Valentine’s past experiences or the intensity of her feelings about it, which she has since written about. Nor do I regard Walling as entitled to have his apology accepted because that would make fannish life more pleasant for others. (But if that ever becomes a rule, I have a few apologies I wish would be accepted...]]*

The passing of my old friend Jay Kay Klein is noted with regret, but was not a surprise; we exchanged Christmas cards and his 2011 card included a short note to the effect that he had cancer and might shortly be moving to an assisted living facility. It is a blessing that Craig Peterson was on hand to help him wind up his affairs and get his 100,000 carefully indexed photos to UC Riverside.

Looking over Taral’s 25-page report on Renovation, I am reminded that in 2009, en route to Anticipation in Montreal, Lee and I went through airports with Lee in a wheelchair, and it IS a most expeditious way to get from point A to the point where you board your flight. Subsequently, when Lee’s doctor recommended an operation she changed doctors, the new doctor treating her problem with diet, exercise and massage. Over time her pain level is down, her stamina is up enough so she no longer needs the handicapped parking permit, and she has lost about 20 pounds, all good things except for having to buy new and smaller clothes.

What else? After the July 3rd derecho when we had a power outage for three days in the middle of a heat wave, we had a backup generator installed. Come Hurricane Sandy,



8th Street South was dark for two days, except for 4030, where our generator was up and running on natural gas.

## Bill Warren

First, you have our sympathy concerning your marital problems. We never knew your wife very well, but I know how important she and your daughter are to you.

Second, someone in a new File 770 letter asked if Rotsler left art in his will. Rotsler left no will at all. Paul Turner dealt with most of Bill's belongings; Beverly and I helped him clean out Bill's house and garage -- both were very cluttered. As his health gradually worsened, Rotsler became increasingly unable to clear things up, or to put much away.

He left many, many pages of unfinished *Masques*, so I assembled them into a bunch of issues, chose art from what was on hand (including computer art, which he was just getting into when he died), and sent them out to people on his previous *Masque* mailing lists, with a few others who seemed reasonable.

As for the art: every now and then, he'd go on a kind of art bender and turn out stacks of color art. He took this to conventions to sell, and brought the unsold home, where he put them in a box in his garage. Next time he got the urge, he created altogether NEW art, and went through the same process. This resulted in enough color Rotsler art to fill the entire back area of our SUV; I donated it to the Eaton collection at UC Riverside, and there it remains.

But most of his art was little black and white drawings like those that had been featured in fanzines since the late 1940s. He always carried with him a small pad of white paper and a couple of Flair pens; he was often seen at conventions, parties, dinners, etc., sketching away. He could easily turn out a hundred or more of these in an evening. He gave lots away, both in person and to fanzine editors, but he also took a lot home. After he died, in the corner of one room in his house there was literally a snowdrift-like mound of these drawings, quite honestly thousands of them. Beverly and I gathered this stuff, plus the various piles of his art that he had photocopied, sorted into various classifications which I stuffed into big manila envelopes, and started sending fistfuls to faneds who asked for them. I did this for a while, maybe a year or two, and then finally became too depressed by it -- all this Rotsler art and no Rotsler--so I turned over the rest to Marty Cantor to distribute. I occasionally still keep coming across envelopes of Rotsler art.

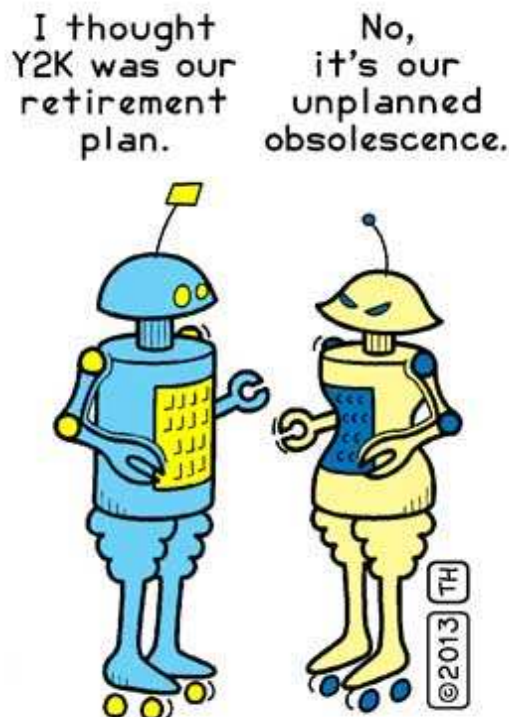
His art was so much a part of SF fan-

dom and fanzines for so many years, I thought it was a good idea to keep sending out Rotsler art even when there's no Rotsler.

He'd done this so long, he became extremely proficient at capturing clever ideas (and a lot that weren't so clever) in those drawings; at his peak, I think he was one of the best cartoonists, not just in fandom, but in the United States. He was often as good as Steig, whom he revered; he'd be shocked and even annoyed by the comparison. He worked for years turning out book after book of quotes, which never sold (well, two did), often on various themes. He had one idea -- I forget what it was -- that he really wanted illustrations for. When he told me this, I laughed aloud, and he grew a bit testy. What was so damned funny? he wanted to know. I was taken aback -- wasn't he joking? NO, he wasn't joking, he insisted. What's the joke? I said, in mystified tones, that he could illustrate himself. His jaw literally fell and he looked amazed. Why... why... why I never THOUGHT of that! he exclaimed, and mentioned this again over the years.

## Ted White

A quick note of correction: The photo identified as "Jay Kay Klein the Younger beside Jay Kay Klein the Elder" (page 12) is significantly in error if you think the photo being held by someone's thumb and forefinger on the left is of a younger Klein. It is not. It is a photo, instantly recognizable to anyone who knew him in the '60s, of Samuel "Chip" Delany.



I expect I won't be the only one to point this out.

So \*many\* obituaries in #161 -- and so many old friends and acquaintances... most of them younger than I. Saddening.

[[Thanks for pointing out the Delany identity. Realizing that if it's not a young Jay Kay then it's not necessarily the photo of a kid either. I asked Ted when he thought it was taken.]]

I'd guess it was taken in 1966 or within a year of that; 1966 was the year Chip "came out" to the SF community (with an appearance at Tricon), which found out something a few of us (Terry Carr, Don Wollheim, me) had known for several years, that Chip was black. (It was enlightening to see how the attitude of the SF establishment toward Chip did a 180 in his favor....)

That photo was one I think Chip used as a publicity photo for years thereafter; it looks awfully familiar.

So how old was he? I dunno; somewhere in his mid-20s, I'd guess. Wikipedia says he was born in 1942, so in 1966 he was 24. I'd known him for a year by then.

By the bye, I met Jay Kay Klein in 1962. He looked *nothing* like that photo of Chip.

## Tim Marion

Just about finished reading the 2 issues of *File 770*, 161 & 162. I thought Craig Peterson's eulogy/obit for J.K. Klein was incredibly moving; it actually brought me to tears by the time I finished reading it. Craig comes across as both modest and honorable here.

Although I'm very grateful for the zines and the news, the initial impression upon reading *File 770* is that it is quite a bit of a downer with all those obituaries leading off. 40% (or greater) of these fans I have never heard of before, so I am only just now becoming "acquainted" with them after their deaths. Likewise, your (and others') write-ups regarding people I have known who are now deceased are sometimes informative in that they tell me things I didn't know about them. It is regretful that I am getting to know all these people so well only after they have passed. But I have to assume that is better than not at all. And perhaps someday mine will be just another in your zine, should you outlive me and continue to publish.

Anyway, to be a bit cheerier, I happen to think that's a very impressive lettercol you have there! I mean, any letters column that has the likes of Eric Mayer, Michael Shoemaker and Tim Marion in it...! It's almost enough to make me feel like I'm reading *Title*

again! Michael Shoemaker is one of the very first fans I traded ditto'd genzines with.

To comment on the art, I sure wish you could have reprinted one of those *Supergirl* covers by the late Bob Oksner rather than that weird insect creature who had the caption "1973" underneath. (But understandable too if you don't want superhero art in your SF zine.) Looking through the issue, I see this is a set of illos by Marc Schirmeister, with different (presumably fannish) dates underneath. Perhaps this is meant to be a parody of antiquated fanzine art, but they all come out looking like crude, hand-stencilled illos from 1940s fanzines. I hate to say bad things about Marc Schirmeister's art, because I sincerely like/love almost all the art he's done since the early 70s, but this experiment (whatever it was, and even that isn't obvious) just didn't work. Maybe you have a note somewhere explaining it that I just haven't come across yet.

I may have been a bit harsh in what I said about Marc Schirmeister's illos: certainly they don't look like "crude, hand-stencilled art" with those large, black backgrounds. But this deliberately primitive style (I'm assuming) just isn't as interesting to me as his regular "funny animal" style.

All of ATom's illustrations were absolutely brilliant, and it's hard to believe that they were probably done so long ago. I assume Arthur Thompson (if I remember his name correctly) is no longer with us, alas.

Very grateful to see Grant Canfield's front covers on these two issues, and wonder if these were done for you or if they are reprints or merely vintage covers (from what you and I would probably consider The Golden Age of Fandom) which were never used. Whatever, they're a very welcome sight. And I can't really blame Grant for not wanting to contribute to fanzines nowadays.

Although perhaps I *should* make myself available for more fanzines. Perhaps in the past, I may have said, [assume haughty, high-falutin' voice:] "Oh Mike, puh-lease, I don't want to receive any of those fanzines! Merely list my email address, if you absolutely *must*!" Now I'm saying, Mike, please don't list my email address. No, I'm not being spammed by your readers. At least, I don't think I am. But I would rather have my street address listed, if you print a letter.

And thank you for being candid, without going into any unnecessary detail, about your own marital situation and how

that has impacted *File 770*; that's more courage than some fan editors would have, or indeed have, shown. Without meaning to sound intrusive, gossipy, or judgmental, I know all too well, having been an unwilling witness to such, how the temptations of tender young willing flesh can prove irresistible to someone who has made his way to the top of fandom, with resulting strain on that person's marriage. Please understand I have never discussed your own situation, nor do I ever intend to, so I don't even know if what I'm saying here is applicable to you at all, nor do I mean to imply such. I'm merely saying such things happen, and I wish some women could understand that men are merely flesh and blood and can't help but find irresistible the temptation of fulfilling one's greatest sexual fantasy; experiencing joy such as that, after all, is just a part of being a man and being alive. But, fortunately or unfortunately, I am, again, speaking only as an unwilling witness to such situations, not as a participant. If you cannot be forgiven for whatever by your spouse, perhaps at least someday you can forgive yourself. (A concept I am trying to get used to for myself about so many other regrets.)

And thank you for doing such typically great issues during such a time of emotional turmoil and trauma. I can only hope that you found doing these two issues to be of some therapeutic value.

Of immense value was the photo of Terry Hughes and Susan Palermo on page 12 of #161. Despite the fact that I actually saw them so rarely, my fandom is, to sadly use the cliché, a much smaller place without them. The same can also be said for Lou Stathis, Harry Warner and Bruce Pelz. There is almost the sense that I should look each fanzine just as hard and fast as I get it, just in case either the editor or I should expire before the next issue is published. Indeed, it inspires a sort of riff on a Steeleye Span song, "Dance With Me" (from the *All Around My Hat* album):

Loc my zine, while you may,  
Tomorrow is your dying day.  
Loc my zine, read it through,  
Let them all remember you!  
Loc my zine! Loc my zine!"  
Anyway...

Also of immense value was the letter from Michael T. Shoemaker in #162. I haven't had that much fun reading a Shoemaker letter since...his letter in *So It Goes*, I guess.

The first part of my letter in #162 is actually funny; which is to say, amusing, if I

do say so myself. I say that with a note of surprise both because there is (unfortunately although certainly understandably) so little humor in these two issues (aside from some of the art) as well as the fact that I'm not sure I even remember writing it! Still, I trust you not to have ghost-written for me. And I have to remember that I do, at least on rare occasion, have a sense of humor.

But it occurs to me that, whenever I am remiss in writing you a letter, perhaps I should, indeed, give you permission to write a letter for me. Feel free to gush on the praise for your previous issue; just be sure to spell my name correctly and make at least one really witty joke. You can even start a feud with Taral if you want; at least that way maybe he'll feel like he's getting enough attention. (That's another attempt at humor. Meanwhile, I confess, there's *nothing* that will make me feel like I'm getting enough attention!)

### Sam Long

*File 770: 161* was noteworthy for Taral Wayne's conrep on Renovation 2011. An epic trip! But the photo of Taral was a bit of a shock: he's much changed from when I saw him last decades ago (and I hadn't seen a photo of him in almost as long), and I'm distressed to learn about his physical problems -- myasthenia gravis, etc. I'm not sure I would have recognized him had I been there -- but then he might not have recognized me: I've put on weight and grown a beard and am now quite white-haired.

Nevertheless, Taral has not lost his skill with his drawing pen or his writing pen: I've enjoyed his illos and his entertaining and cogent articles that have appeared in F770 and other fanzines over the years, and this conrep was no exception. The stories of his travel adventures (and tribulations) were as enjoyable as the stories of his adventures (and tribulations) at the con itself. I can sympathize somewhat: a couple of years ago, on a choir tour of Italy, I was suffering from a problem with my right hip and found it difficult to keep up with the group when we were on foot. (The problem has since cleared up.) But at least I didn't have the problem our choir director had: she fell on the trail up Mount Vesuvius and broke her leg! She had to be brought down the mountain in an ambulance. (Another singer tripped on the same trail and severely scraped his knee and lower leg; but he was laughing about it when he came back down the mountain, and was not disabled by it.)

I read the obituaries, and was dismayed to see so many entries for fans younger than I am

(I'm coming up on 67). Nice obit on Rusty Hevelin: I had forgotten that he was a meteorologist with the Marines in WWII.

The remembrance of Jay Kay Klein in #162 by Craig Peterson was very moving and a good piece of writing. I knew Jay slightly and had met him a couple of times at cons; I hadn't known he was in his 80s.

The lettercol in #162 had a lot of meat in it: good letters, but I'm not going to comment on the individual letters, save to say that they were thought-provoking.

I enjoyed the "Goofenheim Museum" cover of #162, because a couple of years ago my wife and I visited the Guggenheim while we were in New York. But I wonder what the Disney empire would think of it. Various cartoonists have been having fun with Disney's purchase of the Star Wars franchise.

### Eric Mayer

I hope you'll pardon me if I am somewhat confused and behind the times. Just read issue 161 which says October 2012 but somehow seems much older. (And in some ways much, much older. A Grant Canfield cover. Neat. Takes me back to the seventies) *File 770* always gives a terrific summary of what's been happening in sf fandom but I admit I didn't read all the obits this time. Sometime. I still haven't managed to read all of the last *Challenger*, the medical problems issue. All the aging, and illness and death has got to me. Dave Locke with whom I corresponded regularly most recently (and as I'm reminded others who I corresponded with recently or in the past like Bob Sabella and John Berry)

Then you mention your separation. Just awful. I hope you are beginning to feel a little better by now. (Probably not to judge from my own experience) My divorce was about the worst thing I ever went through but eventually I recovered. Well, I don't know if we ever totally recover from all life's shocks. We put ourselves back together but there are always cracks still visible. I hope you can remain amicable for your daughter's sake.

The major part of this issue is Taral's Renovation report and this has me totally flummoxed. As you know Taral sends out previews. I think you're on his list. I very often give him some feedback – essentially pre-locating the piece for him. Well, I was sure I'd read and commented on the report and I found my comment in my files. But Taral couldn't recall me sending it to him. Nor could I find any record of my sending it to you -- and how could I have read *File 770* when I only read zines posted on eFanzines?

Anyhow, my comments, however they came about!

Excellent article by Taral. It was awfully long -- I prefer whole fanzines to be shorter --

but it's fine for an article to be long if it holds my attention which this did. The piece covers a lot of ground (literally and figuratively) and if Taral hadn't squandered this wealth of material he could have mined it for enough articles for him to appear in every fanzine being published. Oh wait, he already does.

It might seem strange that I enjoyed an article on Renovation although I am neither a fan of conventions or remodeling. What commended the article to me was that most of it was not about conventions or remodeling and the portion that was about conventions pretty much reflected my own jaundiced view. As for the part about remodeling, the description of the Rosenthal residence in progress was enthralling even to someone whose idea of changing the decor is putting the dirty dishes away. The place sounds sort of like the Winchester House, if the Winchester House were a tiny shack in the desert. Well, okay, it doesn't sound much like the Winchester House, except that it is pretty weird.

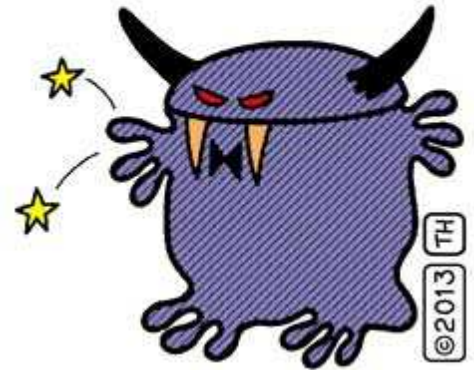
I was happy to discover that business suits are not *de rigueur* even for the awards ceremony because I only wear my one suit to funerals, and the \$5 shoes that I polish to appear acceptable for those occasions, but are actually made of something like cardboard, would never hold up for trekking the vast distances you describe. Then again, I would only go to a convention over my dead body, so to speak. Would that make a suit therefore *de rigor mortis*? The idea of needing to pass through a casino on the way to convention activities strikes me as about right. Since a casino is my idea of hell it's a perfect location for an sf convention. I guess I'd better behave or I might find myself spending eternity at a convention awards banquet.

Sorry Taral only had to make his way to the stage during the rehearsal, although apparently that was bad enough. I haven't been on stage since my high school graduation. The diploma they gave me turned out to be about as useful in making a living as a Hugo probably is. Well, I guess some recipients conflate their fan Hugos into

professional credits. But anyway, Taral's long losing streak doesn't mean much from a practical standpoint although it would surely be wonderful if he finally got recognized as the best for at least one year. Nominators actually had to pull Taral's name out of the air to place him on the ballot. Once a name's there people can just tick one off, whether or not they even know the nominees.

It must have been amazing to see Chris Garcia's legendary performance live, however. Years from now there will be as many old-phans who claim to have seen it as there were people who claimed to have seen Babe Ruth call his shot, although I suppose they are all dead now. The more honest folks will be asking each other, where were you when Chris

Those who think I'm  
too didactic haven't  
learned their lesson.



went bonkers? What I wonder is will someone seek to emulate Chris and start a tradition? Before long it will be required that every Hugo winner break down or fall down on stage.

That ghost town Taral visited sounds much more to my liking than a crowded convention at a casino, provided you remove the country music, and the tourists. I liked the bit of history he includes. Also, the contrast between the real Virginia City and the television one was fascinating. I watched all those westerns he said were filmed on the same set. No wonder the Old West all looked the same!

Although I am not a "car person" the auto museum still sounded interesting. I'd quite like to see a steamer. And yes, even I know about Big Daddy Roth. Even I assembled some of his monster hot-rod models.

Too bad Taral was suffering so much from the Myasthenia. It adds a touch of drama to the account that I'm sure he would have preferred to do without.

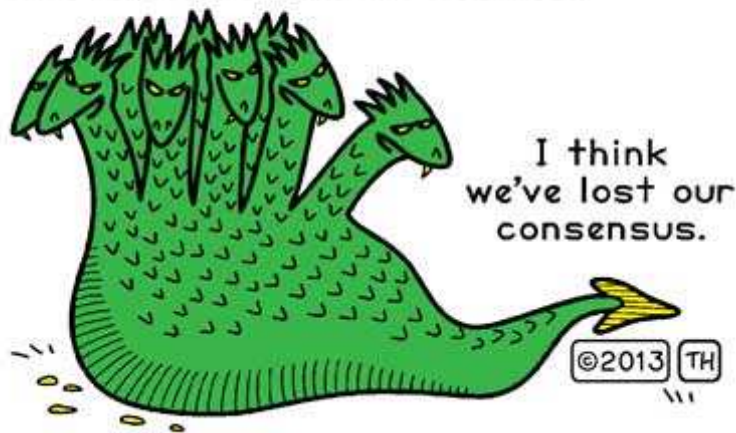
### Brad Foster

So, when it rains it pours, and after a bit of a drought, getting not just one, but two new issues of *F770* was very nice! I try to check in on the blog at least once a week, but still nothing like having it all in print and in hand. Not to mention, still easier for these eyes to read long runs of text on paper than staring at the computer screen, so thanks for continuing to publish!

So sorry to read of your separation with Diana. Since you choose to make the announcement small and quick, I shall inquire for no further details, just hope that you will all still be carrying on with happy lives, even if now living them apart.

I would like to ask, though, if that great Canfield cover on #161 is something done originally for a zine called "Urboplex 57", or

Acquit! Convict! Yes! No!  
For! Against! Attack! Retreat!



is that just the title of the image? Could go either way with that, so thought I'd ask.

[[I don't really know if Canfield whimsically added that title or specifically drew it for a zine called that.]]

In the same regards of reading something I'm not totally clear about, saw the line "involuntary deviate sexual intercourse" in the article on the SCA troubles. Brings up the question of how one can be charged with committing an involuntary act. Surely, if involuntary, the person didn't want to do it? Like so much legalize, probably has a logical origin, buried under the awkward wording. I hope.

[[I'd think that legal terminology dates back to times when certain sexual acts were illegal even if done voluntarily.]]

As usual these days, it seems, way too many obituary notices taking up space in both of these issues. Sigh. Life. Don't talk to me about life. Actually, don't talk to me about death!

Really enjoyed Taral's long trip report this issue. Though, I guess to be more correct, it was more of a travel tale with a convention at the center of it. Made me think of reading Bill Bryson, one of my favorite travel writers. Lots of personal touches while still taking us along for the ride, mixing in factoids and background info where it helps, and generally making us feel like we are right there beside him the whole time. Great piece of extended writing! (Oh, and I only just recently was also able to experience one of those wonderful huge hotel breakfast buffets that impressed him so. Was at the hotel for a steampunk convention in Oklahoma City, and there were so many goodies each morning, pretty much kept me energized for the entire day until dinner. For the starving, penny-pinching fan, I'd love to see a list of all the hotels that offer this bonus around the country!)

I think  
we've lost our  
consensus.

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discovered by the next wave of humanity that arises after whatever disaster will next overcome us, imagine their fun trying to work these things into a coherent narrative of history.

Hertz's con report this issue was almost the perfect complement to Taral's last time. It was like you could drop this one into the middle of the previous, where Taral didn't get to much actual programming, John covers a huge swath of it. One con, two different sets of eyes see it different ways.

Absolutely -loved- that run of Schirm's "Aliens through the ages" toons. Would make a nice set of trading cards, if anyone made trading cards anymore. (Do they? I'm so out of touch....)

### Martin Morse Wooster

Thanks for *File 770 161* and *162*. I took the issues with me to the Kennedy Center, where I saw *Jekyll and Hyde*. My usher was renowned WSFAn Winton Matthews, who didn't recognize me. I thought of shouting, "Dang! This Capclave review is *smoking!*" But I didn't. It would only have confused Matthews.

Taral Wayne wonders what I was doing at Alan Rosenthal and Jeanne Bowman's house. Ummm...because Alan and Jeanne invited me? Because I've known Alan for over 25 years, and have gone to baseball games in two countries with him? Because I've gone to dinner with Alan and Jeanne in Washington several times? However, Taral's confusion gives me the opportunity to say that Alan and Jeanne are delightful hosts, and I very much enjoyed my visit.

Like Taral, I also went to Virginia City. If Taral had gone to the bookstore there, he could have read an article by the Nevada State Archivist which charged that much of the

Another wonderful Grant cover on issue 162. If Disney Land/world/whatnot would

start to build a few structures like these, I'd be up to visit again! (Actually, they really do need to do a series of giant head buildings like this down there in Florida. Then in a few thousand years, when the crumbling but still mostly intact remains are re-

material in the "Territorial Enterprise Museum" is bogus--i.e., according to the archivist, there's no evidence that Mark Twain used the desk they claim was his. If I could have gotten the \$4 back from the "museum," I would have.

I also went to the Bucket of Blood Saloon, which at least during the day has some very good old-timey music, played by a musician who recorded himself on an old piano which he had converted into a player piano. He then accompanied himself on a violin! I thought the saloon, despite its name, was quite pleasant.

Virginia City does have fannish connotations. When I was there, I saw posters for a steampunk convention. I hope the steampunks have air-conditioned corsets, because Virginia City in August is VERY hot.

### Jerry Kaufman

I think this will be just a brief note to thank you for sending us the two issue of File 770 that arrived a few days ago. First, I want to extend my sympathy on your separation. I don't have any words of advice, comfort, or consolation - I'm not very good at that.

The art in these two issues was quite good, especially the two Canfield covers. I am puzzled by the Schirmeisters in #162 with the dates under them. What do they mean, if anything?

I also enjoyed the string of Taral's cartoons you ran with his Renvention report. Interesting to note that the con sounds very much like the Renovation I attended - it was also in Reno.

Regarding the discussion of the Fanzine Hugo category, I find that I cannot accept a blog as being the same as a fanzine. I talked to Mary Kay Kare recently about this - she is one of the people who see them as essentially the same. Each difference I suggested, she countered that there was no difference - for example, I said fanzines have individual issues, and she said a posting in a blog was the same as an issue. (I hope I'm not misremembering the conversation.)

But I agree that fanzines as I understand them continue to slide out of the view of the fannish community, while blogs loom larger. My solution would not be to create a new Hugo category for blogs, or websites, or even podcasts. I would suggest renaming and refocusing the fanzine category. Let's call it the Best Fan Publication - "publication" can have a very broad definition, that of "presenting to the public." This could include fanzines, blogs, webcasts, podcasts, etc. The definition would have to be clarified so it includes only amateur efforts - I think - and something to signify multiple issues, changing content, etc, if we want to continue to exclude one-offs.

It's possible that a fanzine as we know it

might not ever win again - but those are the breaks in this ever-changing subculture of ours.

*[[You're right, they should have renamed the category when they poached it away from actual fanzines.]]*

## Murray Moore

The Grant Canfield art which decorates the cover of *File 770 #161* is titled *Urboplex 57*. *Urboplex 57* is a group of connected buildings the construction of which might be beyond the limit of current technology and/or the imagination of urban planning departments. Frank Gehry's buildings in comparison are conservative. I have a memory that Grant became an architect; appropriate, looking at this example.

Samples of Rusty Hevelin's extensive collection, donated to the University of Iowa Special Collections and University Archives, regularly are posted to [hevelincollection.tumblr.com/](http://hevelincollection.tumblr.com/).

Attending a Swedish national Swecon is on my to-do list. I must remember to represent myself to Swedish fandom as Bob Webber. I would be better known if I claimed to be Taral: I could explain that I left my Hugo nomination rockets at home because of the hassle of passing through airport security: but I might be asked to draw, so, no, I won't pretend to be Taral.

Twenty-six obituaries, none of me, so that's good.

Taral's Renovation Worldcon trip report is a model of its type: descriptive; comprehensive; flavoured with its writer's personality; a fan-fund-delegate-level trip report not written by a fan fund winner.

Another fine Grant Canfield illustration, Mike, that you chose to be the cover of *File 770 #162*. If enough Hugo nominators see numbers 161 and 162, maybe Canfield will be a Fan Artist nominee on the 2013 Hugo ballot. Yes, I am an optimist. Regardless, I very much enjoy his art and I encourage you, almost certainly unnecessarily, to continue showcasing Canfield.

Seeing these examples of Canfield art reminds me of the years in the previous century when Canfield was just one of the fine and prolific artists whose art and cartoons decorated covers and filled the interior pages of fanzines.

In your report of the creation by the Winnipeg Science Fiction Association of the A E van Vogt Award, you typed that van Vogt relocated from Winnipeg to Hollywood. When I see the word relocate I am moved (pun intended) to wish that relocate, used to mean move, would go missing; I mean, disappear. You relay the information that the first van Vogt Award was to have been presented last September. Today (Dec. 3) I was unsuccessful

in my on-line search for the announcement of the name of the first recipient.

I was interested to learn the names of the recipients of the 2012 Phoenix and Rebel awards. I was at my first DeepSouthCon this year but I was occupied helping with the London in 2014 bid party.

Mike Gorra: from such humble beginnings: I was sorting fanzines today and, skimming a sample issue of Donn Brazier's *Title*, my gaze fell on a contribution by the future distinguished professor of English and biographer of Henry James. Whether James committed amateur journalism in his youth, I do not know.

Congrats on printing Craig Peterson's story of how he met Jay Kay Klein and became his friend and non-plumber helper at the end of Klein's life. I do not know how you became aware of this memoir: I ascribe reportorial digging.

*[[I received it through the good offices of Dr. Melissa Conway of the Eaton Collection.]]*

Your letter writers are a varied lot; some I see in other fanzine letter columns. All have interesting views, information, stories. On the back page a Steve Stiles spaceman holds a box with books floating out of it; an exercise for a group of writers: tell the story.

## Lloyd Penney

Michael, we were both saddened to hear about your separation from Diana...we hate to hear of anyone separating or leaving any time of year, but Christmas is the worst. We hope you'll be able to get together again soon.

Fans on television...not sure if we've told you, or you've read it elsewhere, but there's a great, Canadian-made detective show called *Murdoch Mysteries*, which may be available through Netflix, I am not sure. Even with its fan base, it languished on a local station for years until being purchased by the CBC, the national network, and it will start its new season next month. At a special event staged by local Murdoch fans, I won a walk-on role for the final episode of season 6. I wanted to do it with Yvonne, and the producers said no, so I gave it to Yvonne. On August 31 of this year, we gathered with the rest of the background actors at Sullivan Studios in Scarborough, Toronto's east end, and Yvonne was given her own dressing room, she went through fitting for wig and clothes, and gathered with the two ladies who staged the Murdoch event...they got walk-ons, too. They did a ton of background shots, and with luck, they will appear in background shots in the final episode of season 6, which should be broadcast on the CBC in late March/ early April 2013. (Let me

know if you'd like some photos.)

The World o' Zines...I may have been the only person to loc *The Drink Tank* #300. I think it ran to 8 pages. I took it as a challenge, and I think I rose to it. I don't remember if it made a zine all by itself; it should have.

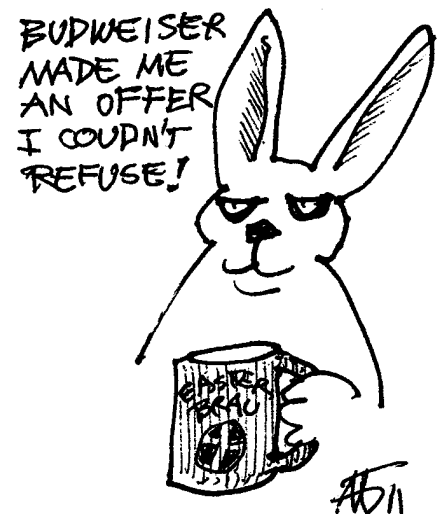
It is so easy to hate the obituary section, even though it is true news. Too many friends are dying, too many reminders of our own ascending ages. Yvonne turned 60 on December 19, I'll be 54 in June, and the years start to weigh heavy.

My memories of Reno were possibly more positive than Taral's, but I'll bet we didn't like the long (covered) walk to the convention every day. If nothing else, we got to walk off a lot of the calories we took in that week. Still, good memories of friends I hadn't seen in such a long time, and finding Delphyne Woods for the first time in decades. We did see some of Reno, but the Worldcon was a good time.

I wonder if anyone has asked for René Walling's side of the story. I spoke to him at SFCOntario 4 in Toronto this year, and thanked me for not being judgmental. I don't know all of what happened, and I hope one day, all facts will be laid out on the table. I make no judgments, I just wish to know both sides of this dark, unhappy story.

I am at the point where I am not too interested in future Worldcon bids, except that they continue to happen. I am still waiting for confirmation of a Montréal bid for 2017. I can see it would be a perfect year for such a bid, with

HOPPY  
EASTER





it being Canada's sesquicentennial, and also, I believe, the 350<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the founding of Montréal. I hope they will bid. As Mr. Shirt's wife said, the economy is still in the tank, and I can see a Montréal bid winning over a Japanese bid.

When we were but neos to this fandom game, we brought in new things and ideas that older fans scoffed at. Now, we are the older fans, and it would be easy to scoff at new ideas brought in by newer fans...anime, gaming, Internet, steampunk, etc. We are not interested in a lot of these new things, but steampunk has certainly caught our fancy, us being old costumers, so we are taking part in those activities, and finding many new friends who may be as much as 30 to 40 years our junior. We have chosen not to be the local grumpy fans, and have had our share of new fun. Still, time will march on, and the demographic of Big Tent Fandom will say at one age, and we've marched right past it, and we have to recognize that fact. Time will not march back to meet us, and neither will fandom.

When Yvonne and I were at Loscon 39 (we were looking for you there), Sherry Benoun, bless her heart, drove us all over LA to get to the club house at Aetna and Tyrone, and we sat in on the Thanksgiving meeting that Marty Cantor chaired. After that, we were given a tour of the clubhouse...a great facility and community centre. This was Yvonne's third visit to a LASFS meeting, so she joined, and so did I.

So much to read, and sometimes, so difficult to make a comment on. The news is seldom good, but is better appreciated when it is. I guess this is me saying that I am done going through the two issues at hand. I am writing this while listening to Loreena McKennitt, so perhaps this wonderful but dark music may be allowing me to soak up some of its mood. Yet,

I should shake it off, for Christmas is in just a few days. Yvonne and I wish you the best Christmas ever, and we hope your family is reunited for this special day. You said at the beginning of 161 that it was entirely your fault...as said earlier, no one should be judgmental, especially at this time of year. We wish you peace and love and forgiveness, and hope we shall be able to see you again sometime.

### Joseph T. Major

Given the problems with the TAFF and DUFF elections this year (it's still "this" year, for most of a month), I have to wonder if it isn't time to start reconsidering the concept. Maybe shift to a HANA format, swapping with non-anglophone fandoms. Perhaps a more expected travel of Anglophone fans would have, for example, avoided the Nippon 2007 problem.

As usual, too many obituaries. The most shocking fannish obit I ever saw, though, was Chris Garcia's obituary of his father. Who was younger than I am.

I remember those "Big Daddy" cars Taral liked so. Didn't actually see them, but the models were nifty. Not that I bought the models, lacking paint and dexterity. But they were exuberant in a way that the Fifties were exuberant.

I remember noticing that costs in Japan were somewhat high. Did the Nippon 2007 committee budget on the basis of "if you build it they will come"? This will place a very big obstacle in the place of the Nippon 2017 bid. Lloyd Penney tells me that Montréal is definitely bidding for 2017, which may be a kind of resolution. (As long as I remember that a street sign with a black arrow pointing straight

up in a green ring means "NO TURNS".)

There was one hoax item in the ChiCon 7 hoax track I wished had been for real; the ChiCon 8 organizational meeting. Chicago is not that far from us, we can get around town easily, and I have housing there! Also, my cousin Dana loved the con.

As I recall, First Fandom set up an "Associate" membership a few years ago. Most of the officers are Associate members, including the one who interviewed Mel Korshak and Dave Kyle at ChiCon. There was a "last two" bottle of brandy, which was given to Forrest J Ackerman to keep on the grounds that he didn't drink. It seems to have disappeared.

Comics were "all in color for a dime" until like 1962, when they went up to 12¢. When I mentioned that to Cliff Amos, he recalled the letter DC put in its issues apologizing for the price rise. A dime or 12¢ was a lot of money for us then.

*[[Well sure – my allowance was only 25 cents a week!]]*

Regarding the Schirm alien on Page 23 of #162: Yep, I know that one. Druv by the landin' site this Memorial Day. Wonderful Kain-tucky greetin' "I come in peace!" <BLAM> <BLAM> <BLAM>

[Note for the bemused: Schirm drew the Kelly, Kentucky alien seen in August of 1955. Kelly is north of Hopkinsville. Alien Day happens to correspond with the 2017 total eclipse, by the way. The people who saw the alien shot at it, and heard their shot rattle off its armor — or, so Lexington, Kentucky spoilsport skeptic Joe Nickell says, they saw an owl, shot, and hit a tin roof.]

### M. Lee Rogers

So sorry to hear about the breakup. It makes one realize how hard it is for two people to stay together for many years.

*Issue 161:* The reference to *Storage Wars* reminds me that the show's honesty has been questioned in a recent lawsuit by a former participant. He claims that the show is basically rigged—producers seed the auctions with items and pull various other stunts to make the show more interesting. If true, it is not surprising in the least. Someone once said that there are few things in life less real than a television reality show. Why do we watch these pieces of trash? Have our standards declined that much?

On knee replacement surgeries: the fan artist Julia Morgan-Scott just had a surgery (Dec. 26). Believe it was the right knee. She is starting the physical therapy. She said the pain in the knee was too much to bear any longer.

Taral's Renovation report was quite interesting to read. As to altitude being a problem, it is easy to see how people would not think

about that kind of thing when preparing for a trip. We Easterners do not have many opportunities to get up to serious altitudes. The highest peaks in the Smokies and Blue Ridge only reach just over 6,600 feet. That is high enough to notice if you walk a lot but not like the situations in the Rockies or further west.

Taral mentions hanging out in the fan lounge. If a con has such an area, I find myself gravitating toward it. The people whom I want to see are more likely to be in that area. It helped at the last DSC that Tom Feller and I ran the lounge. Probably won't do that again, but it is harder to find the more interesting traditional fans than it used to be.

Another section mentioned programming at cons. I programmed one of the very early Chattacons. We were doing good to have a single track of programming in those days. Nowadays the programmers want to see how many tracks of programming they can run at the same time. This is a waste of resources. It also seems that many panels are thrown together with little regard to whether any of the available guests actually know anything about the subject matter. I would much rather see two tracks of good programming at a regional con than the near-riots we get now. Harumph.

*Issue 162:* How does a Japanese Worldcon manage to lose over US\$100,000? Was anyone on the committee paying any attention to revenues and expenses? Surely the next bid from that area will need to satisfy the fan community that they have a realistic budget and a CFO who knows how to say, "No," or the local equivalent.

Good to see that Janice Gelb got her Aussie citizenship. Was also good to see her at Deep South Con last summer. Is it difficult to become an Australian citizen?

Taral hopes that you continue to publish the paper zine. I will be happy to resubscribe, but am curious if you intend to continue publishing on paper. It would certainly save a lot of time and postage to go electronic.

## Michael T. Shoemaker

I am truly sorry to hear of your separation. I had gathered from clues in past issues that, like me, you married late and have a daughter about the same age as mine. It pleased me to think that we shared that experience, and so I read your news with a sincere sadness.

#160: Love that phrase, "the Great Firewall of China"; it is, of course, an honor to be blocked by them. It recalls an experience I had as a legal courier in the late 70s. I had to get a visa from China for one of the firm's lawyers, so I called up the consulate, and one of the first questions they barked out at me was "Why does he want to come to China?" Mind you, this was not asked in a business-like way. The undercurrent of the harsh, rapid-fire tone

was "we can't imagine why anyone would want to go to China, and therefore your request is suspicious." This was, perhaps, my first personal contact with police-state paranoia. Picking up the visa was also a chilling experience—but enough of that.

You know, your name on Mars may be all that survives if we manage to blow ourselves up here. I can just see it: an alien race finds the chip, and like the hapless archeologists in *Digging the Weans*, they construct a history of Earth in which you are the absolute monarch.

I was amazed and appalled to see that *Blackout/All Clear* won the Hugo for best novel. When our SF book discussion group read *Blackout* in March 2011, we quickly reached a remarkable consensus that it was a lousy book. We had about a dozen members in that discussion, and only two or three said it was as good as mediocre. I have a couple handwritten pages of notes about why it is bad, but to cite one point: the whole premise — with undisciplined history students flitting about willy-nilly, without regard to training or economics — is absurd. Who would allow such a thing? One point that I brought up in the discussion was the lack of atmosphere and how a scene with wonderful potential — the department store manikins scattered like bodies — fell completely flat. I recently learned that even this scene was not original, but seems to have been based on a real incident. George Orwell in his *Wartime Diary* (Sept. 24, 1940), later incorporated into his "London Letter" to the *Partisan Review* (Mar-Apr 1941), wrote: "Outside John Lewis's, plaster dress models, very pink and realistic, looking so like a pile of corpses that one could have mistaken them for that at a little distance. Just the same sight in Barcelona, only there it was plaster saints from desecrated churches." It really irks me that this book wins plaudits when time-travel classics like *Bring the Jubilee* and *The Lincoln Hunters* are practically forgotten today.

By contrast, Bujold's *Cryoburn*, also a nominee, was generally well liked by our group (though I have reservations, it is certainly better than *Blackout*).

Really liked [Alan Beck's cartoon] "Data Dump." I wonder how many readers noticed the sign on the wall: "Employees must wash and oil their hands"?

About the "dean" of SF: I believe it was Moskowitz's *Seekers of Tomorrow* that said Leinster was known as the dean. The term does seem to denote length of service more than anything else, and that at least is an objective measure. By that standard, Leinster deserved it while he was still alive. I believe his career ran from 1919 to 1970 (I could be wrong, but I don't think he published anything after 1970). Williamson, however, shattered that record with a career running from 1928 to 2005. It doesn't look like anyone will break

his record for a long time to come unless Pohl puts out something in 2017 (but is he still writing at all?). Jack Vance deserves an honorable mention, with a 59-year career (1945-2004). Ditto Bradbury, whom you mentioned, with a career that went from 1941 (or 39 if you count self-published stories) to 2009 (*We'll Always Have Paris*, though I have no idea when the stories in that collection were first published); however, only a small portion of Bradbury's work is science fiction. Silverberg and Ellison also have great longevity, but I don't expect them to break Williamson's 77-year mark. Congratulations on a nice, stimulating piece of research.

Another thought just occurred to me. What significant SF writer had the shortest career? This may be harder to answer, as it is much more subjective. I'd vote for Weinbaum, with a career that lasted only about a year and a half. Walter Miller would be an honorable mention in this category, with a career of just 8 years (1951-1959; the pieces of *Canticle* were all published by 1959, and I don't count the posthumous sequel).

Although I am not a comics fan, I found Bacon's article interesting. (Full disclosure: I do have a 1-foot stack of sentimental favorites from my childhood, including *Metal Men*,



Magnus—*Robot Fighter*, and some *Classics Illustrated*, among others.)

The Bill Blackbeard obit is worth a personal anecdote that you may find interesting. One of my father's best friends was the late Bob Jones, an SF fan, collector, and author of *The Shudder Pulps*. It was Jones who first discovered, in the early 1970s, that the Library of Congress was discarding its bound volumes of old newspapers after microfilming them. The library had a warehouse for the discards in Alexandria (my home town). The building stood on Duke Street just east of the railroad line, but it has long since been demolished. One day in late spring, Bob hired me to help him haul a bunch of volumes out of the warehouse. He had wrangled permission from the library to take whatever he wanted. So he rented a U-Haul truck, and we spent all day filling it up from the warehouse. When I saw the final scene of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, I had a flashback to that warehouse, because that is exactly what it looked like. There were endless aisles of metal shelving reaching perhaps 15 to 20 feet to the ceiling. We had to use mobile staircases (so large they were hard to push) in order to reach most of the shelves. In addition, the volumes were typically large and heavy, so that the job was actually a bit dangerous (not so say exhausting). Bob had a list of volumes that he wanted because they featured particular cartoon strips. When we got the stuff back to his house, the volumes completely filled his garage—floor to ceiling, wall to wall, with his car parked outside. As you can imagine, Bob closely held the secret of this trove. However, he wanted only particular strips, and when he finished clipping what he wanted, he passed the volumes on to others in comic-strip fandom. I suspect this is where Blackbeard came into the story. Of course, after passing on the volumes, the secret was out of the bag. I should mention that the library continued to hold, at least up to 15 years ago, a large number of bound volumes of newspapers. These are (or were) housed in a facility in Suitland, Maryland. Like the hopeless, abandoned attempt to computerize the library's whole card catalog, the library gave up on trying to microfilm everything.

Wooster's piece on Dan Hoey surprised me with the news that the Potomac River Science Fiction Society still exists. I was one of the original members, along with the late Don Miller, Wooster himself, and 6 or 7 others. We wanted to have an SF discussion group because most WSFA fans weren't interested in SF discussion. The club, which had no dues and no officers, originally met in the Wheaton Public Library (if memory serves). By the time Don Miller died in the late 1970s, the club was already moribund due to low attendance. I thought it had completely disappeared. I'm glad to hear it's still going.

"The Little Engine that Wanted to Be Big"

is another great piece from Taral. If he keeps this up, maybe he can get a Hugo for Best Fan Writer. The explosion of SF popularity starting in the 1970s is an important factor in the problem he describes, as it inevitably led to a decrease in cohesiveness. In addition, it destroyed the feeling of specialness that SF enthusiasts once felt. It was that feeling, I think, that helped fans bond so readily. When I was in elementary school in the early 60s, I was the only SF fan, until I converted several friends with retellings of movies I had seen. When I was in high school, SF was still frowned upon.

*[[For several years Taral was one of the people most deserving a Best Fan Writer nomination. One can deconstruct these things endlessly, but this is one time fanzine fans can't say the voters didn't know who he was -- he was a prolific contributor to The Drink Tank, which after all won a Hugo itself.]]*

Taral's railroading analogy and step-by-step dissection of events is excellent. One way to combat this is for a club to have focused SF discussion or program content. This is why I like the book discussion group at my library. We all read an SF book and discuss it. There is also a lot of everyday chit-chat, but the focus is always there. Similarly, the rock clubs I have belonged to always have a program, usually a speaker (lots of ours are from USGS, because of its proximity) or an auction (twice a year).

I also liked Taral's fanzines-versus-blogs discussion. Unfortunately, the digital communication revolution pushed fanzines to the sidelines for the reasons he describes, and there doesn't seem that anything can be done about it.

#161: Interesting item about the Nobel Prize in Literature. Of course, if you look at a list of winners, you'll see how miserable it is on the whole (though not as bad as the Pulitzer), so I generally pay no attention to it.

*[[Yeah. They ignored Taral too!]]*

It is infuriating how the propeller beanie has been appropriated, without acknowledgment, all over modern society. When I mention the origin to anyone, they just stare at me blankly. Similarly, "IMHO" is now ubiquitous due to the Internet, but hardly anyone knows Dean Grennell.

Sorry to hear about Rusty Hevelin and Don Markstein. I traded fanzines with Markstein for some years.

The item about C. S. Lewis and the CBE

interested me as I am a great fan of his. I just read his excellent but difficult book on philology, *Studies in Words*.

Very sorry to hear of Taral's illness. I remember from the old days that he used to be a powerful walker. The wife of a cousin of mine had myasthenia gravis and lived 20 years with it.

Like Taral, I love the austerity of the southwest deserts, my favorite place to collect rocks. I wish I had more opportunity to indulge myself in the experience. As it happens, Reno has a great geology museum, but when I was in the city for a convention in connection with my job, back in 1998, I was stuck in a hotel on the other side of town and couldn't manage a visit with my small window of free time. I've observed a huge invasion of people in at least one general area between 1994 and 2006. When I was in the San Rafael Desert, in Utah, in 1994, I spent the whole day wandering around on foot (in 115-degree heat, I might add) and saw only a few cars go down the dirt road that led to the mountains (one could see their dust clouds from miles away). When I was in another part of the same desert

We space explorers from Planet X follow a policy of non-inference.

We shoot, no questions asked.



(a little farther to the north) in 2006, I saw a dozen pickup trucks carrying motorized dirt bikes enter the gated back country near the site I was collecting in the space of just 3 hours. Sadly, the wonderful loneliness of this area is no more. One must retreat to much more rugged and dangerous areas such as Canyonlands National Park to get that sense of isolation now.

A lot of the southwestern wildfires are caused by lightning, not matches. In New Mexico, in particular, they typically get "dry" storm clouds, that is, lightning, but no rain. This was explained to me when I visited there in 1994. I drove 54 miles from Deming to Silver City on US-180 and saw smoke to the west most of the way. In Silver City, all the motels (about a dozen or so) were full with the



firefighters they had brought in to fight the fires. Consequently, I had to drive all the way back to Deming and alter my plans. On the way back I ate dinner at a little restaurant in Hurley, and by this time one could see the fires stretching north-south for miles. A state trooper came in and told us all that the fires were about three miles away, but that they were under control and not moving in our direction, so we were okay at least temporarily. He told the owner (who also had an attached, full motel) that he would come back and help evacuate them if the situation changed. I finished dinner quickly and proceeded to Deming.

I agree with Taral completely about the ghastliness of the casino experience. I hated having to traverse the hotel casino on the ground floor just to get to my room when I was in Reno in 1998.

Yes, it's depressing that a Dr. Who book would beat a serious biography of Heinlein.

South Shore on the west shore of Tahoe brings to mind a similarly bizarre arrangement in New Martinsville, West Virginia. There, a North Street is on the south side of town, and it runs in an east-west direction! My guess is that the name derives from a family surname.

#162: Interesting item about Gorra. I believe I met him at Discon 2. I know that he loosed my personalzine, *The Shadow-Line*, in those days.

Although I didn't know Jay Kay Klein personally, it's sad to hear of his passing. I admired his work and always thought his humorous presentation, "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody," was hilarious. I heard people at Discon 2 criticize that program because he had repeated it so many times. I rose to his defense because I know that he often varied the program with new material, as I had seen it myself several times at different conventions. The photo of the younger Klein is the way I will always remember him.

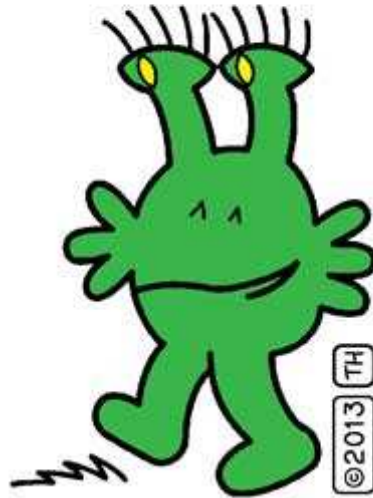
Great words from Greg Benford on the special pro-fan relationship in SF.

Taral has it exactly right about Asimov and the Futurians, I think.

I see that I am superbly positioned to snag the record for longest interval between issues of a fanzine. If I revive *The Shadow-Line* sometime around 2016, then I'll get the record (I believe my last was in 1973, but I'll need to check my files). Or I could do another *Oxytocic* even sooner (can't remember when the last one was). However, my old ditto machine has gone the way of the dodo. Does it count if the fanzine is in a different production format?

Marie Rengstorff's letter spurs the observation that fanzine fandom seems more polite, less acrimonious, than 35 years ago. Of course, I only have a few issues of three fanzines to judge by—not much of a basis, I suppose. However, I certainly feel less combative (my comments on *Blackout* notwithstanding).

When I bug out,  
I do it with  
both my body  
and my eyes.



Is it perhaps because so many of us are so much older?

I think there is entirely too much "showing" rather than "telling" in modern SF. It's great as general advice, but it seems the whole field has lost the ability to use summary narrative. The result is bloated, vacuous texts filled with lots of what Blish called "fake realism." (There I go, being combative again. Sorry, old habits die hard.)

I second Tim Marion's comments on Leinster. I had many wonderful conversations with Leinster/Jenkins over several years, and he was unfailingly kind, charming, and wise. When Leinster died, Don Miller started putting together a memorial fanzine, but unfortunately died before it was published. I don't know what happened to the many manuscripts Don had obtained. My own article for it, covering all of Leinster's stories in *Thrilling Won-*

*der Stories* was published eventually in another fanzine. Don had gotten articles on Leinster's westerns and detective fiction, and I was astonished to learn that Leinster's output in these genres was about twice as large as his SF output.

I have to correct my own letter. I got the order of Paul Walker's books reversed. (The danger of relying on memory.) *Who Killed Utopia?* came out in 1980, which tells me that my first visit to him must have been in 1979, because he read parts of it to me when I saw him. *The Altar* came out in 1983, which means I visited him (and Ben Indick) in 1984, because my second visit occurred about a year after it was published.

**We Also Heard From:** Jose Sanchez, Hope Leibowitz, Patti Kinlock.

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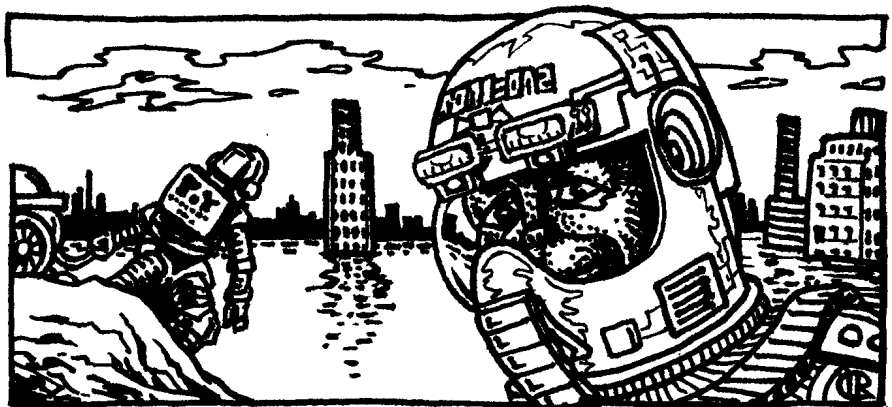
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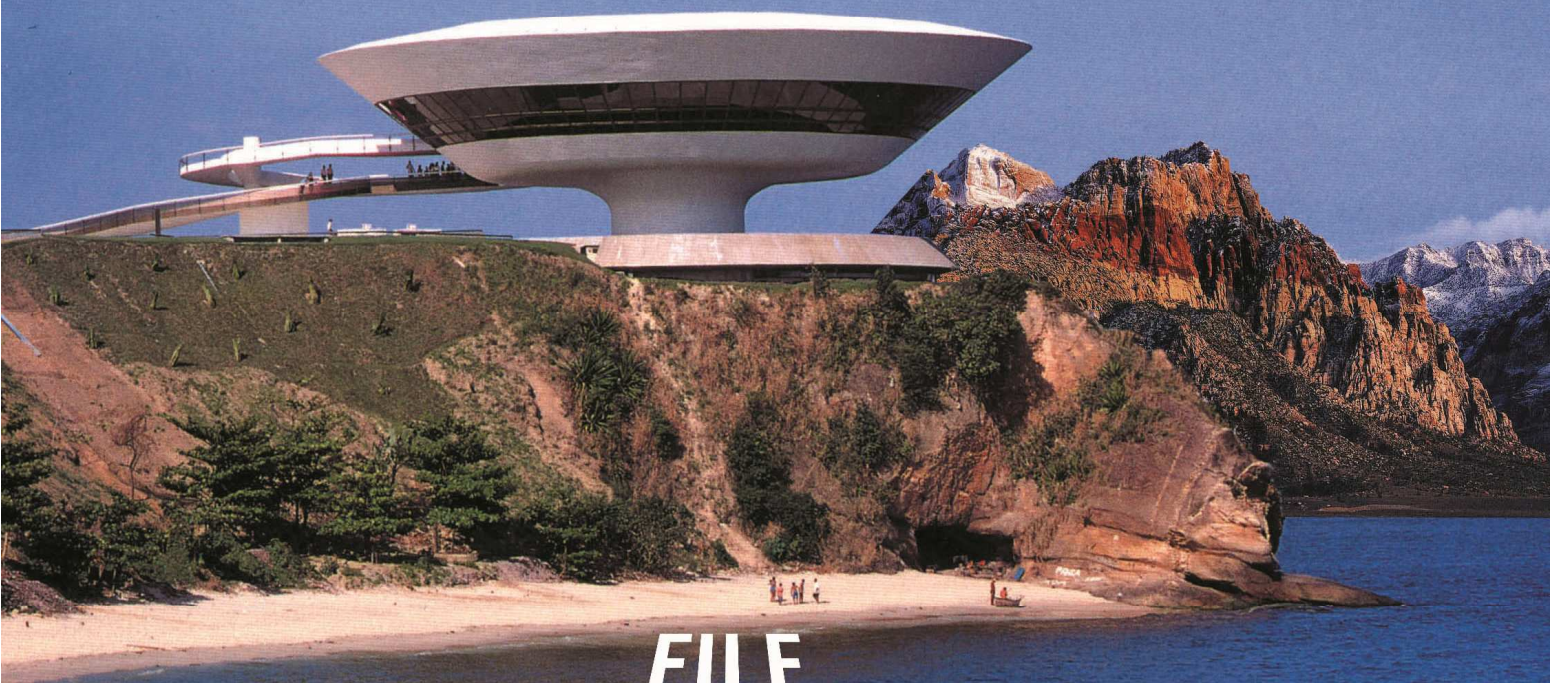
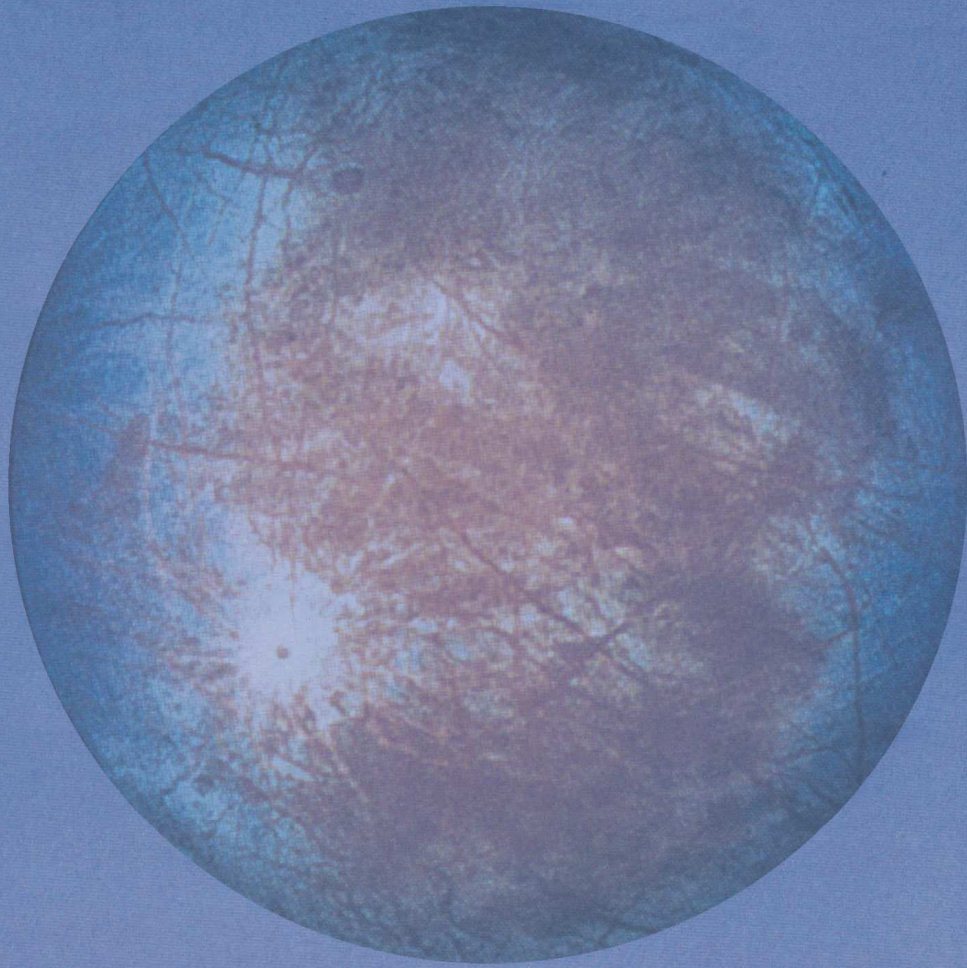
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