



STEALTH

TW/14

FILE 770

166

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2015 Shirley Jackson Awards

The winners of the 2015 Shirley Jackson Awards were presented July 10 at Readercon 27.

The awards recognize outstanding achievement in the literature of psychological suspense, horror, and the dark fantastic, and are voted upon by a jury of professional writers, editors, critics, and academics. The 2015 jurors were Livia Llewellyn, Robert Shearman, Simon Kurt Unsworth, Bev Vincent, and Kaaron Warren.

NOVEL

Experimental Film, Gemma Files (ChiZine Publications)

NOVELLA

Wylding Hall, Elizabeth Hand (PS Publishing-UK/Open Road Media-US)

NOVELETTE

"Even Clean Hands Can Do Damage," Steve Duffy (*Supernatural Tales* #30, Autumn)

SHORT FICTION

"The Dying Season," Lynda E. Rucker (*Aickman's Heirs*)

SINGLE-AUTHOR COLLECTION

The Bazaar of Bad Dreams, Stephen King (Scribner)

EDITED ANTHOLOGY

Aickman's Heirs, edited by Simon Strantzas (Undertow Publications)

Big Changes For Big Read

The Big Read program has been given a dramatic makeover, with sf/f novels added and subtracted.

Over the past ten years, the National Endowment for the Arts has supported more than 1,200 NEA Big Read projects, with 4.2 million Americans taking part in community-wide programs that

each explore a single book.

On the new list of titles available from the program, *Pretty Monsters* by Kelly Link and *Station 11* by Emily St. John Mandel have been added, *A Wizard of Earthsea* by Ursula K. Le Guin remains, while *Fahrenheit 451* by Ray Bradbury has been dropped.

An NEA spokesperson's introduction of the new list emphasized the authors' availability for interaction.

"When author Kelly Link was a kid, she owned a pet boa constrictor named "Baby." Celeste Ng had dreams of becoming an astronaut and Kao Kalia Yang loved reading *Little House on the Prairie*. Before they became writers, Ron Carlson was a fry cook, Emily St. John Mandel was a professional dancer, and Yu Hua was a dentist who wasn't too fond of the inside of anyone's mouth. Alejandro Zambra records himself reading his entire books aloud (he's lucky they're short); Claudia Rankine wrote a play performed on a bus ride through the South Bronx; Joy Harjo plays the

ukulele; and Kevin Young, on occasion, watches *Judge Judy* on CBS. Books by these authors will soon be added to the NEA Big Read as part of a new vision for the program to celebrate its tenth anniversary, as well as the NEA's 50th anniversary. Can you imagine what fun communities around the country will have chatting with them?"

Judith Merrill Selected For Cordwainer Smith Rediscovery Award

The late Judith Merrill has been recognized with the Cordwainer Smith Rediscovery Award. The announcement was made at Readercon on July 9.

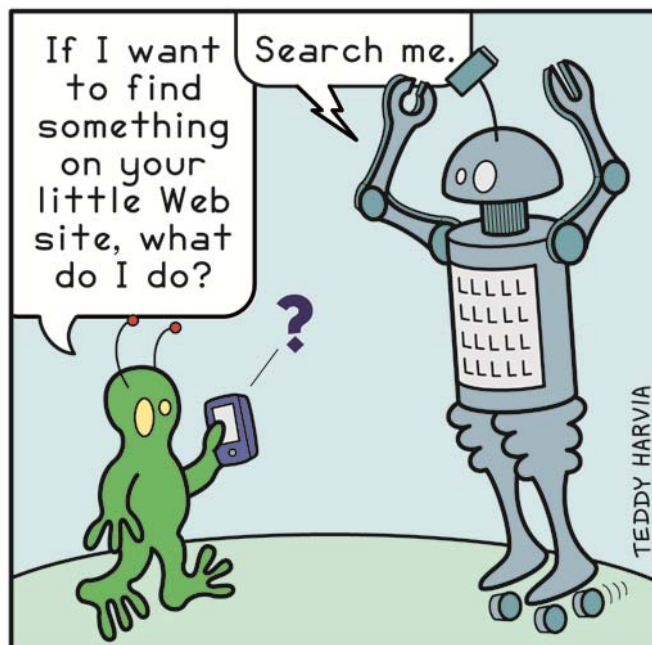
Robert J. Sawyer, one of the judges, confirmed the news in a comment on Facebook.

We did indeed select Judith Merrill as the winner this year and the award is presented at Readercon. Judy was the unanimous choice of all four judges. The decision was reached September 1, 2015.

The current judges for the Cordwainer Smith Rediscovery Award are Sawyer, Elizabeth Hand, Barry Malzberg, and Mike Resnick.

The Cordwainer Smith Rediscovery Award was created in 2001 and goes each year to a science fiction or fantasy writer whose work displays unusual originality, embodies the spirit of Cordwainer Smith's fiction, and deserves renewed attention or "Rediscovery."

It may come as a surprise that the judges reached a unanimous selection in September, considering that Barry Malzberg subsequently wrote a column about Merrill for *Galaxy's Edge*, "There Is No Defense", saying that before Merrill moved to Canada in 1968, "She had been on an increasingly evident, now unapologetic campaign to destroy science fiction."



News of Fandom

Rob Latham Fired By University of California

Rob Latham, a tenured professor of English at University of California, Riverside and a member of its science fiction research cluster who evangelized the Eaton Collection throughout fandom, was fired by the UC Board of Regents in January. Charges of sexual harassment and substance abuse are addressed in Latham's 3,900-word statement, first presented to the Regents and now published by the *Academe Blog*, however, the exact charges are not quoted.

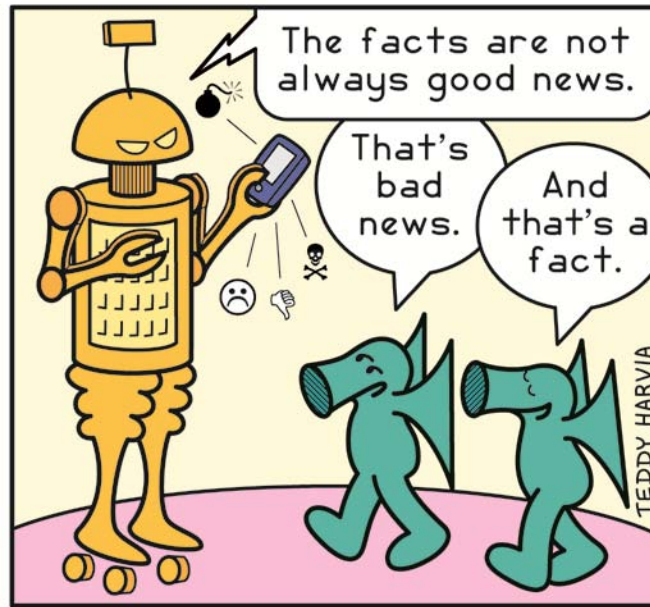
He denied the charge of sexual harassment:

....I can't believe that this case, which began with false charges of sexual harassment brought by a disgruntled graduate student and his girlfriend, has been allowed to reach the Board of Regents. It should have been settled through informal mediation long ago.

However, not only was no such good faith effort ever attempted by the UCR administration, but I was never even invited to respond to the charges or to submit exculpatory evidence. Instead, the administration adopted an adversarial posture from the outset, as if the original allegations—the vast majority of which we now know to be untrue—had already been proven. As Vice Provost Daniel Ozer testified at the disciplinary hearing, the administration never sought to change course even when it became clear that the two complainants had submitted doctored evidence and leveled charges that were proven false by a police investigation.

He argued the issue of substance abuse was being manipulated to support a disproportionate disciplinary action:

I made a serious error of judgment in relation to substance abuse, for which I sought treatment one full year before any charges were filed against me. The Senate, for whatever reason, gave me no credit for that effort at self-correction, and now Chancellor Wilcox is asking you to dismiss me for the recurrence of a psychological illness, rather than for the original charges of flagrant, serial sexual harassment—charges that were considered and dismissed by the Hearing Committee, whose findings the Chancellor has accepted in their entirety.



He levied many criticisms against the hearing process in his address to the Regents, including —

I have outlined, in my ten-page written statement, the political pressures and rank homophobia that deformed the disciplinary process, including acts of official misconduct that are currently being investigated by the Faculty Senate. All I will repeat here is that the intervention of the graduate student union, at an early juncture of this case, and their threats to “go public” if the administration did not acquiesce to their demand for my “removal as Professor of English,” was crucial in setting the administration on the course they pursued. This course included manipulating and corrupting an ostensibly fair and impartial Title IX investigation, coaching student witnesses supportive of their case while attempting to intimidate those supportive of me, and suppressing evidence crucial to my defense before the Faculty Senate.

Latham spent the first 13 years of his teaching career at the University of Iowa as a Professor of English and American Studies, where he ran a Program in Sexuality Studies.

He was hired by UC Riverside in 2008 to join the English Department faculty, with responsibilities that included serving as an informal liaison to the J. Lloyd Eaton Collection of Science Fiction, Fantasy, Horror, and Utopian Literature. He received the Claerson

Award for Distinguished Service from the SF Research Association in 2012, the field's premier award.

Latham has made many connections with fanzine fans. He contributed a perceptive and well-received article to Earl Kemp's *el* #37 about using fanzines for academic research. Mike Horvat's vast fanzine collection landed at the University of Iowa because a former student of Latham's, Greg Beatty, a UI graduate spotted the listing online, and immediately E-mailed Latham.

Despite the growing prestige of UCR's science fiction collection and research, there have been signs of conflict between the administration and faculty members in UCR's science fiction research cluster. Both Latham and Nalo Hopkinson, a well-known sf writer and another member of that research cluster, publically expressed concern in

summer 2014 about the way the Eaton Collection was being administered (see “How Healthy Is The Eaton Collection?”).

Nothing that was aired in 2014 seems directly related to the issues in Latham's hearing, other than the foreshadowing of the toxic professional relationships explicitly alleged in Latham's statement to the Regents:

My hiring was the result of an international search for a senior scholar, mounted by former Dean Steve Cullenberg and former Chancellor Tim White, two very good men and superb administrators with whom I had an excellent working relationship. However, following the hire of Chancellor Wilcox in 2013—and especially of Provost D'Anieri in 2014—the atmosphere at UCR changed from one of cooperation and consultation with faculty to one of confrontation and hostility. I say this merely to indicate that I gave seven years of exemplary service to the campus but, following the lodging of false charges by a student with a grudge, have been hounded by a vengeful administration intent on railroading me out of my job.

Readers do not have full information to evaluate the case, nor is that likely to become public unless Latham follows up with a lawsuit and the suit goes to trial. The UC Regents website shows the dismissal was discussed in a closed session. The action and trustees' votes are reported there. The decision was taken by a vote of 14-5.



Rob Latham in 2008.

Rob Latham made the following statement in response to *File 770's* online coverage:

Since there appears to be some doubt, let me make clear the UCR Faculty Senate's verdict on the charges of sexual harassment brought by the two grad student complainants:

"Taken as a whole, the Hearing Committee finds no clear and convincing evidence that Professor Latham violated the UC Sexual Harassment Policy, APM 015-II.A (Ethical Principles), or APM-015 II.A.2 with regard to Complainant #1....

"The Hearing Committee finds no clear and convincing evidence that Professor Latham violated the UC Sexual Harassment Policy, APM-015 II.A (Ethical Principles), or APM-015 II.A.6 (entering into a sexual relationship with students) or APM-015.II.A.7 with regard to Complainant #2."

More specifically, the evidentiary record, considered as a whole and in context (as required by UC Sexual Harassment Policy), "argues strongly against a pattern of sexual harassment."

Let me be clearer.... The Committee did not say it did not find sufficient evidence to sustain the charges. It said the students' allegations were "not credible," "inconsistent with contemporaneous evidence," and contradicted by multiple other witnesses (see my original statement). Since I was speaking to the UC Regents when I said all this, and since they had a copy of the Senate's report before them, you can assume I did not make this up. But I understand that, in today's environment, an accusation of harassment is tantamount to a verdict of guilt. For myself, I've had enough of that argument.

Ryan Kopf Refiles Suit Against Nerd & Tie Blog

It was only a matter of time. Conrunner Ryan Kopf, whose suit against blogger Trae Dorn was dismissed in Iowa for lack of jurisdiction, has refiled it in Illinois. Dorn announced the development at *Nerd & Tie* on July 5 and has posted a copy of the new lawsuit online.

Kopf is suing in response to a pair of *Nerd & Tie* articles published in summer 2015.

- "[Ryan Kopf's Anime California Harasses, Threatens Maid Cafe Operators After They Refuse To Sign Over Ownership](#)" reported allegations that Kopf's company engaged in unscrupulous business practices.
- "[AnimeCon.org CEO Ryan Kopf Allegedly Attacks Vendor During MetaCon 2015](#)" reported that Kopf's effort to remove a vendor selling bootleg merchandise turned into a physical confrontation (a story picked up by *File 770* in "[Rough Justice at Meta Con](#)"). Kopf allegedly punched vendor David Silvieus, a fight ensued, and one of Kopf's friends claims to have physically subdued Silvieus.

In both suits, Kopf has denied the allegations made about him.

Kopf explained on his blog why he is pursuing the litigation in Illinois.

Aside from Iowa, there are three places that may be considered proper. Wisconsin and Indiana are places the defendants live. However I don't do business in either state. That leaves Illinois, a place where they have done business. We're now suing them in Illinois, a jurisdiction that should be proper and equally fair for everyone, as all the parties have done business in Illinois.

Why am I suing them?

Because you can't just make stuff up online without repercussion. The things they've written, which, again, were usually untrue, turned away business from the conventions. If you go around telling peo-

ple "Blank is a bad person," often enough, they're going to start taking your word. But that's not fair to Blank.

It's really really easy to make stuff up on the internet.

I own the moon.

Christopher Sturz, a *Nerd & Tie* co-creator and contributor (aka Pher Sturz) has also been named as a defendant in the suit. Dorn writes, "It should be noted that Pher was added to that suit solely because of posts made on his personal Facebook page in support of me."

The lawsuit describes those remarks as follows:

On or about January 6, 2016, the Defendant Sturz posted on his Face book that the Plaintiff is "a rapist." He also suggested that the Plaintiff should pay him in "ball lickings."

Kopf is asking for \$50,000 in actual damages to his business, and \$50,000 in actual damages for the defamatory statements, plus punitive damages, costs, and a court order for the defendants to remove their statements from the internet.

Dorn, who was able to crowdfund his defense against the Iowa suit, has launched another GoFundMe campaign to defray the costs of the Illinois suit. The appeal has raised \$460 of its \$6,000 goal as of this writing.

2016 CFLA Book of the Year

The Conservative-Libertarian Fiction Alliance's pick for Book of the Year is Larry Correia's *Son of the Black Sword* (Saga of the Forgotten Warrior Book 1).

The CLFA press release identifies the author as an "action favorite and Sad Puppy extraordinaire."

Second place went to Michael Sheldon for his debut novel *The Violet Crow: A Bruno X Psychic Detective Mystery*.

In third place is Jack July, for *Amy Lynn: Golden Angel*.

The winner receives an electronic badge with the CLFA logo, and a framed certificate.

(Left) *Nerd & Tie's* Trae Dorn. (Right) Pher Sturz.



MEET WORLDCON'S BIRTHPLACE

CARAVAN HALL

BY DAVE DOERING

[[Editor's Introduction: Dave is a noted fan from Utah where he started the first SF club, the first SF magazine, and the first con at his alma mater Brigham Young University. He served as

chair of Costume Con 23 and Westercon 67. His most treasured fannish possession is his nickname "the peregrinating pilgrim from Provo" given him by Forrest J Ackerman.]]

NYCon¹ at Caravan Hall, 110 East 59th Street, New York, New York

The Search for Caravan Hall

On the first weekend in July 1939 (July 2-4 to be precise) the so-named "World Science Fiction Convention" was held in New York. Later referred to as "NYCon I", this was the birth of the Worldcon, as well as the spawning of a myriad of other cons, spanning now 3/4 of a century. Little noticed by surrounding New Yorkers at the time, a 200-strong legion of fen gathered in Caravan Hall² to celebrate in collegial fashion their passion for all things SF.

The address is easy enough to locate in Midtown Manhattan. (In fact, there's still a building at 110 E. 59th.) Here's the site found on a map.



¹ Sources vary in spelling. Some use *NYCon* reflecting the abbreviation for New York City (NYC) while others use *NYcon*, reflecting the "Worldcon" usage. This occurs even in contemporary accounts of the gathering.

² Fred Pohl refers to it as "Bahai Hall" in his autobiography.

The address wasn't enough for me. What I yearned for was to actually see where this pivotal event occurred. It took a year of searching, but now I've found two good pictures of this heralded hall and its environs. Here then is Caravan Hall looking to the south-west on 59th Street and towards Park Avenue:



Caravan Hall is the wide darker-colored building in the middle. The actual meeting room is on the 3rd floor (the floor with the open doors on the balcony).

³ I had great hopes to see it in *FFF's Illustrated NYCon Review*, only to discover the extant 2nd Edition lacked the tipped-in photos(!) See <http://efanzines.com/1939Nycon/Illustrated-Nycon-Review.pdf>.

Looking towards the southeast (away from Park Avenue), Caravan Hall is the balconied building at the center:



Notice in both pictures "Argosy Books" situated right next door. I can just imagine that quite a few NYCon members wandered over there to browse, if not buy, in that store⁴, or to eat at the Margarita Restaurant or the candy shop. The clarity of these photos makes it easy for me to imagine the banner stretched across those balcony railings proclaiming "First World STF Con"⁵.

⁴ Surprisingly enough, Argosy Books is *still* in business at almost the same location! (See photos later on.)

⁵ One wonders if anyone kept that banner.

Sadly, it is much more problematic to get a view of the proverbial cafeteria (or bar, depending on whom you ask) where the excluded Futurians retreated after their ejection from the con. Other than sources calling it "nearby" and "across the street", no one seems to have recorded the name of the establishment. However, Bickford's Cafeteria⁶ at 127 East 59th is "across the street" and "nearby" just a couple of buildings away. If the place was a cafeteria, then Bickford's is a likely match for the Futurians' hideout from fannish fury.



⁶ Surprisingly, Bickford's also remains in business today, albeit not at the 59th Street location or in Manhattan but in Massachusetts.

Prices seem to be a little high for 1939 fans.⁷ Maybe they just imbibed.



Here's an interior of a Bickford's in early 1940s:



This could be an interior of a restaurant today with those aluminium chairs and ketchup bottles.⁸ Wish we had those prices though.

⁷ Consider that the NYCon banquet was \$1. Seems nothing's changed on how different catered-meal prices are.

⁸ Come to think of it, this looks a lot like the kind of place the LASFS goes after the Thursday meetings.

As for the con itself, the rare 1st Edition of the *FFF's Illustrated NYCon Review* should contain at least one photo of the rostrum, perhaps several. There's a hint though of this in one interior shot from the 1940s:



Note the white lectern at the center rear. Think of the pros and fens who stood behind that. (No sign however of the notorious radiator behind which the infuriating Futurian pamphlets lay hid.) Another shot shows a bit of the hallway:



Argosy Books Today

While much has changed on 59th Street, you can still go into Argosy Books as did fen in 1939.



However, today's edition of Argosy moved into the building next door from where it was in 1939. It's truly remarkable that both the building and the bookstore remain to this day. Wow. (See the photo of the building on the next page.)

You can see this same old/new building in the background of Caravan Hall looking southeast.



Where in 1939 the Margarita Restaurant and candy store were (as seen in the earlier photo).



And what of Caravan Hall itself? There's still a 110 East 59th street address, but sadly the hall has fallen — torn down many years ago to be replaced by the "Yankees Clubhouse" (a sanctioned souvenir shop) and offices.

Challenge to Identify

One challenge threw me off for months in finding photos of Caravan Hall—the oft-reprinted photo of Forry Ackerman at NYCon 1. Here’s the photo⁹ as reproduced on Fanac.org:



<http://fanac.org/photohtm.php?worldcon/NYcon/w39-030>

None of the buildings in the background matched those shown in 1930s photos of 59th Street. I all but gave up hope then that there were any photos of the site—after all, Google Street View was 70 years in the future. I just about resigned myself to this when I suddenly thought “Wait. What if this reprint of 4e is actually *flopped*?”

⁹ Forry looks stellar here. I wonder what happened to this costume? Now there’s a rare artifact, one that spanned the entire costuming field and the whole global cosplay art.

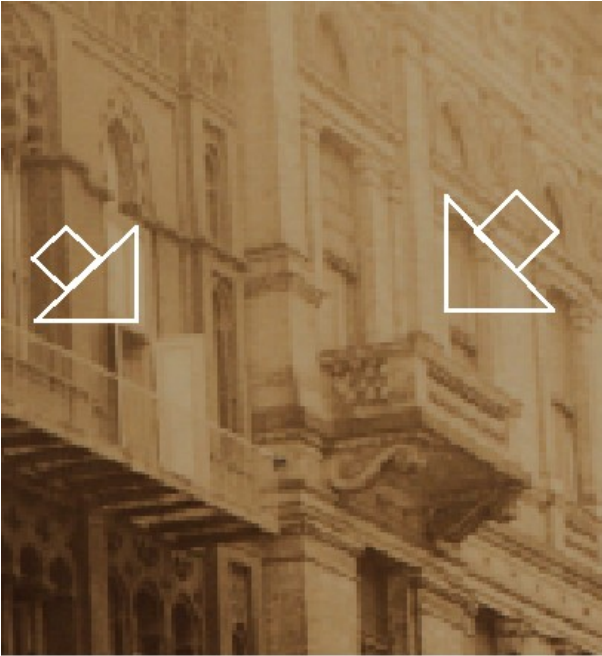
It was after I reversed the picture then that the photo and location instantly matched:



Now, the base of the background building (the Hotel Delmonico) in the 4E pic matched up perfectly with this known photo of the hotel on 59th Street and Park Avenue:



More importantly, the balcony 4e is standing on (as well as the cement one behind him) match right up too:

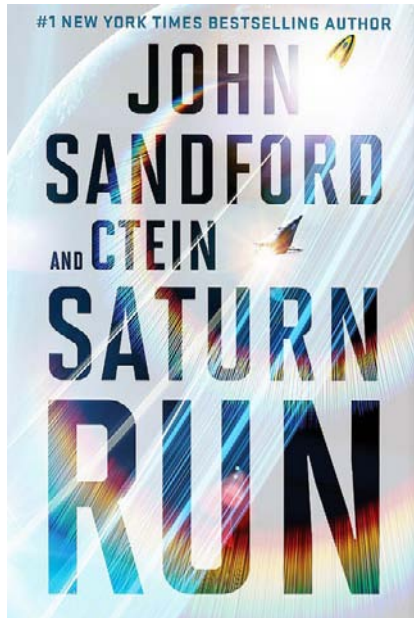


They even match right down to the style of the open door frame on the balcony. (From this angle, the pictures almost seem like they were taken on the same day. You might just catch 4e stepping out right then from the hall.) Some may wonder what Forry was relishing out there on the balcony. Maybe both his chance to pose and this view:



Hmm...perhaps he wanted to give a furtive glance at the terra-cotta crested food-foisting fortress of the Futurians at the Bickford's to the far right?

Eureka! Our Caravan Hall photos are now found. May all who thirst for fannish history enjoy this journey to all-but-lost worlds of yesteryear!



On the Saturn Run

an interview with Ctein about his new (and first fiction) book with John Sandford
conducted by John Hertz

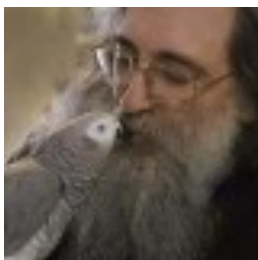
His name is pronounced “k’TINE”. He has only one: not “John Ctein” or “Ctein Jones”; not “Mr. Ctein” or “Professor

Ctein” or “Ctein, Esq.” (which anyway, in the U.S. where he lives, is used only of lawyers, but that’s another story); no initials whether or not he is entitled to them, not “Ctein, B.Sc.” or “H.M. Ctein, T.E.” (although he is thoroughly educated, having a double degree in Physics and English from Cal Tech, and in a way his accomplishments, and fannish qualities, have made him highly magnified). Just Ctein.

He is, as the inside-back jacket-flap of *Saturn Run* (October 2015) says, a celebrated member of the science fiction community. Mostly we know him as a superb photographer; he was Artist Guest of Honor at Westercon LIII and Armadillocon XXVII; everything in his pictures has physical existence, but they have such a quality of marvel that his work can be found in our Art Shows, and in our homes.

As Lydy Nickerson has pointed out, he is an accomplished author, with hundreds of articles and books, paper and electronic — but not fiction.

John Sandford, among other things a Pulitzer Prize journalist, is a celebrated author of fiction — but not science fiction.



So here is another diversity, a diversity of mind.

JH. How did you two get together?

CTEIN. About eight years ago I started doing a weekly photography column for [The](#)

[Online Photographer](#). John is a photographer too. He was a regular reader and commenter, and an occasional columnist. We got to know each other. It was the modern incarnation of a fanzine acquaintance.

In a 2009 column I mentioned I’d be off on vacation attending the 4th Street Fantasy convention — really, a must for anyone who takes the literature and writing seriously, in my ever-humble judgment. John was living an hour outside the Twin Cities. He dropped me an E-mail: would I like to come by his place and we could perhaps meet in the flesh?

As it happened, Peggy O’Neill and I were planning to go to a party at Erin McKee and David Wilford’s place in Wisconsin; we’d drive right past John’s house. It was not an opportunity to be passed up. It would take us maybe 5 minutes out of our way and if we didn’t hit it off we had a polite excuse for leaving.

The three of us hit it off great. Thereafter, whenever I was in town the three of us would get together for dinner and conversation. Our casual discussion included ideas for SF novels John was noodling around with, looking for a change of pace.

JH. I suppose the kind of books he’s known for could be called thrillers, action novels with adventure and danger. Our host, Mike Glycer, has read thirty of them.

CTEIN. Some of the books in this genre you might more specifically call technothrillers. Technology is part of it; but even so, many an SF reader might not feel they were science fiction.

JH. When I say *The Hunt for “Red October”* is science fiction, few heads nod.

CTEIN. Tom Clancy’s first novel, 1984. It’s an early technothriller. There are differences in the forms.

Eventually John came to decide he couldn’t do a proper SF job without working up to it. For the kind of novel he’s

accustomed to writing he'd want a deep enough technical background to get all the rivets in the right places. He felt that even if he put in the time, there was too great a chance of bonehead mistakes slipping in. Not just technology, but the kind of things SF authors, and readers, get used to thinking of.

He could have learned all that stuff. He's smart, and a very good researcher. But he writes two or three novels a year. He's built up a lot of fans. They — and his publisher — have come to expect it.

JH. It's the kind of reasoning that prompts people to form partnerships.

CTEIN. Besides, he thought I could write. I could and I did. But he thought I could write *fiction*. That didn't go over with me. We had conversations like this. I have witnesses.

JOHN. You should really think about writing fiction, like me.

CTEIN. I'm not interested. It sounds way too much like work. Nonfiction is easy. Fiction you have to make all sorts of stuff up and keep it straight.

JOHN. It's not as hard as you think. You'd be good at it.

CTEIN. I'm a lecturer, not a yarn-spinner. I've never written fiction. I don't know how to write fiction.

JOHN. You could learn. I did. I think you could be the next Michael Crichton.

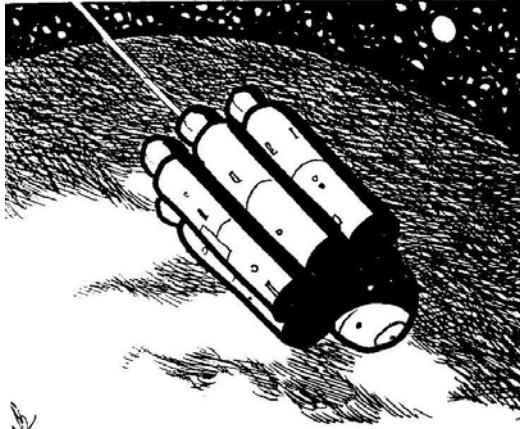
CTEIN. I doubt it. And I really don't *want* to be Michael Crichton.

JOHN. Just think about it. You could make a lot of money.

CTEIN. I live in Silicon Valley. I've had lots of opportunities to make a lot of money doing things I didn't want to do.

JOHN. Okay, whatever.

At last about four years ago John wrote me, "I'd like to talk to you about something." That turned out to be the proposal that we co-author *Saturn Run*. Which we did. When the book came out, speaking of "whatever", I talked about it in a [Big Idea column](#) for John Scalzi's blog.



JH. So you did form a partnership, or at least a joint venture. What part did you each have?

CTEIN. My summary description is that I wrote about two-thirds of the book and John wrote about two-thirds. There's about a third that's very close to word-for-word what was in my first draft, another third that's pretty much pure John, and the remaining third bounced back and forth between us so much it's a complete hybrid.

John sent me the first two chapters to get me started. I re-wrote them, and he re-wrote that.

I wrote most of the first draft solo and handed it off to John who mucked about with it. It came back to me and I mucked with what he'd mucked with, and that went back to John who further mucked with the already-mucked muck. I gave it a final read, and that was pretty much it. I sincerely think it's better than either of us would've written alone.

The great part is that readers can't tell what I wrote from what John wrote. I read all the reviews on *Goodreads* and *Amazon*, because they entertain me and are (very occasionally) informative, and it's clear that the majority think one of us did most or all of the real writing. Generally if they liked the book, they figure it's John's and I was a technical advisor. If they hated the book, they think it's mine and John just signed his name to the resulting horror. He has twenty times the readership I do — anyway, that's what we had before *Saturn Run*.

People who guess in more detail figure, for example, he wrote Crow's description of the computer hacking (that's not a spoiler without context), because it has that matter-of-fact down-to-earth style, one of John's signatures. Nope, that's me. Thank all the popular-science writing I've done. Conversely, the cinematography and photography scenes are John's ideas and John's prose.

JH. Once you were working together, did you find yourselves better and worse than the other at different things, like the Jack Sprat nursery rhyme? That can have a lot to do with how a partnership operates. What about writing styles? Did you find you were similar or different?

CTEIN. When left to our own devices John and I do not have the same writing styles. I'm a "Please forgive this long letter; I didn't have time to write a short one" author. But while I channel Faulkner, John channels Hemingway. We both adjusted. I felt there was also a practical consideration. He was the one with a reputation as a novelist to maintain. For commercial reasons our book had to read like a John Sandford novel. I read one and learned from his style. I didn't give up my own, but I adapted it to sound like his. He also pushed my way, some. I'd say the result is about 75% his style, 25% mine.

Both of us in our careers have had to learn how to satisfy editors and the stylistic demands of publications. If you're in the magazine or newspaper business and you can't write to style, the best that's going to happen is that you'll be blue-penciled mercilessly and the worst is that they won't use you again. We're both used to being edited and we don't take it personally — important when you're collaborating! We've also both had to edit other people's writing. In that way it wasn't difficult working together at all. Entirely the opposite.

In the novel, some of the descriptive passages were hardest for us both. Painting a word-picture of what I knew turned out not to be one of my strengths. I'm not good at descriptions of scenes or what people are wearing. If I were a playwright, it would be like *Waiting for Godot*. Plenty of dialogue, but the stage is bare and for all you can tell from my writing my characters are naked. John might not know what things looked like if based in technology I'd invented or science I knew and he didn't. We made it happen, but it was slow and hard work. Every so often an inspirational phrase would pop into my head.

Dialogue and tone of voice proved fairly easy for me, maybe because I compose orally. I've been using voice transcription software for twenty years. I'm a terrible and slow typist, my fingers can't keep up with my thoughts. When I'm trying to write a nonfiction article, it formulates in my head like a lecture I'm giving. I don't literally hear the words, but I imagine myself speaking them.

With fictional characters, I imagined what they would say in a situation I'd set up, then all I had to do was write it down (well, dictate it). With tone of voice, also, I found no problem. I decided how characters were going to speak and then just followed that style. Did they speak in full sentences? Long or short? Did they use contractions a lot? Choose words precisely or casually? I kept those details in mind when dictating the characters' dialogue, and when reading what I'd written on an editing pass.

Point of view I never thought about until I started fiction. It turned out not to be hard for me to take a scene and change the point of view from one character in it to another, or among first, second, and third person. This was a bit of a surprise. Handy when you decide, after writing a chapter, that it really doesn't work from the perspective you'd given.

JH. You said there were differences in form between SF and technothrillers.

CTEIN. What John and I set out to write wasn't entirely fish or fowl. It's a mainstream thriller which is a good hard-science-fiction novel. Not the other way around, and not exactly a technothriller.

If this were an SF novel only, it would have three major movements. First there would be the set-up — the problem to be solved and how the characters were going to solve it. In this case, finding out there were aliens at Saturn — that much is on the front inside flap of the book jacket — and wanting to know what they were up to. The next movement would be a voyage. The third movement would be discovering just what's out there, and why it's there, and what the characters get out of it. For SF readers, the solution to the intellectual puzzle is the climax, and may be the end; *2001* is an example.

In a mainstream thriller, there's a fourth movement. How do the characters get out of the situation alive — or not. In SF, that's often an afterthought if it comes up at all. In a mainstream thriller, that's the punch line.

In a hard SF novel, the set-up is where you place all the rivets in their proper locations, so they can be made use of later. In a mainstream thriller, the set-up is just background.

To paint with an exceedingly broad brush, mainstream thrillers tend to be hard-edged and nasty. Science fiction tends to be smart and smug. Those aren't necessarily in contradiction, it's more like they're orthogonal. We wanted to get the tones right, but we didn't want a muddy result like mixing all the primary paints together. A lot of the polishing John and I did in later revisions, especially John, was fussing with the tone. Making it harder in some places, making it more humorous in others to relieve the tension. Most of the really silly bits were thought up by John. The name of the ship was my idea, but he started it by wondering if we could name it the *George W. Bush*. Naaah.

We had a good reason in the story for what we did name it,

we make clear what that is, and it says some real things about the historical process. John was a history major.

Think of Andrew Johnson. When I was in school I got a 25-word version. But the politics of post-Civil-War Washington were very complex. I'd guess a politically-savvy contemporary of Johnson would find today's high-school summary so incomplete and lacking context as to be effectively wrong. In my high-school days, Johnson was a man from a hundred years in our past. The ship is named for a man from a hundred years in its past.

But really, we named it the *Richard M. Nixon* because we thought it was funny.

Back to those differences, there's also a difference in what audiences expect of a book. In the broadest terms, I'd describe mainstream fiction as concerned with the challenges of living in this world; science fiction, fantasy, horror, as concerned with challenges of some other world. SF readers by and large don't mind being dropped into a wholly alien culture and having to paddle like mad to stay afloat. For many it's part of the charm of the literature. For mainstream readers, that's at best an obstacle to get past.

We particularly had to avoid the "expository lumps" of bad science fiction, where the action and momentum come to a halt while one of the characters explains. "Well, as you know, Bob, the quantum star drive works by incorporating —" We had an awful lot that really did need to be explained, a technical novel with lots of rivets. Managing them without turning narrative tedious was always on my mind.

It was John who suggested we add an afterword. That would never have occurred to me. To me it feels like breaking the "fourth wall" and taking the reader out of the story. Based on the comments of reviewers so far, John was right. No one who liked the book has complained about the afterword; many have praised it and said it left them liking the book even more.

JH. You've said elsewhere John Sandford had read and liked a lot of SF. Am I right in supposing he's more what fans have customarily called a reader, than what we've called a fan? Some people have been both fans and pros — for instance, Bob Bloch, Terry Carr, Bob Shaw, to mention three who are no longer alive. Some are one or the other, and there's no reason why not. Nor do fans necessarily aspire to be pros; as Patrick Nielsen Hayden has pointed out (and he should know), fandom is not a junior varsity for prodrom.



CTEIN. John was a reader when he and I met — through the Internet equivalent of a prozine's letter column, although it was a photography prozine, not an SF prozine.

For anyone familiar with the Minnesota-Wisconsin area, John's house was on the banks of the Eau Claire south of Interstate 94. Now he lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and hangs out with George R.R. Martin, because it's a small world.

In 2014, John was back in the Twin Cities at the same time I was there for Minn-StF's Fallcon. His hotel was within walking distance. I brought him by the con because a couple of fans he knew (also from *The Online Photographer*) were there and he hadn't yet met them face-to-face, DD-B (David Dyer-Bennett) and Timprov (Tim Cooper). He wound up spending an hour and a half in conversation with them, Seth Breidbart, Felicia Herman, Lydy Nickerson, and me. Miscreants and ne'er-do-wells, the lot of us. As to the future, who knows?

JH. Not only is *Saturn Run* quite a story (and I think it's Hugo-worthy; don't bother saying "Naaah" again), but its story is quite a story. When I've been discussing people's adventures with them awhile, I often end with this question: I'll ask it now. What did you learn?

CTEIN. The big thing I learned was that I could write fiction. It's kind of stunning to find that out after a third of a century as a professional author.

John had been encouraging me for years. I was pretty sure I'd not like it and couldn't do it. Sure, I'd never even tried. But I figured that meant something. Having no inclination for so long, well, that to me wasn't a signifier I'd turn out to have any fun or be any good at it. John was

pretty sure I was wrong.

I can say with great certainty I have never in my life been happier losing an argument.

Peculiarly enough I did know, and I was right, what was likely to come easy for me. I knew which tools I'd be good with — chisels, planes, to use a dubious metaphor — and which ones I'd not — saber-saw, drill. But that didn't mean I could make an end-table. Tools aren't the result.

Many successful authors recommend to newbies setting a daily schedule as a matter of discipline. Many of them write that way themselves. They have a word goal for the day. They write until they reach that goal. Sometimes it comes easy, sometimes it comes hard. Either way they stick to their goal. If you're the kind of author who turns out a new novel every several years, it could be 100-200 finished words a day. For other authors it could be 10 times that, or more. You pick a number that's realistic for you and then stick with it.

I learned my realistic number was 400-500 words a day. More practice might add a few hundred. That's a full-length novel each year. An author could make a living at it. How good a living would depend on how successful the novels were.

For me that's an average. I've really been a 3,500-words-a-week author. Or, more rarely, a 15,000-words-a-month author. Some days I struggle to get 500 words, although I do get them. Other days, the stream of consciousness becomes a raging torrent and the prose comes out almost as fast as I can dictate it. I haven't turned out 500 words day after day.

With *Saturn Run*, some days hit 5,000 words. Frequently, those were scenes that were big on dialogue. The NPR-interview chapter, for example, was the easiest thing in the world. I just channeled the "NPR voice" and let it flow.

There's a Really Bad Thing that happens in the book.

Remember, we wrote a thriller. It has a lot of humor, but it's not a romp. Just so you know.

In my first draft, that spanned four chapters, and I wrote it in a little over a day. In the revisions it got cut a lot because of how we allocated length.

Once I did one of those marathon runs, I'd be wiped out. I couldn't write again for days. At least, I couldn't make myself. Maybe if there were a gun held to my head. But one of those 3,000-word days still amounted to most of a

week's worth of writing.

I don't know if I'm exceptional, or if a lot of authors set daily goals that turn out to get averaged. I don't know whether, if I do more fiction, I'll find it goes like *Saturn Run*.

Here's another thing I learned.

I've talked about contributing to the science; my Physics major. From my English major I got structural knowledge. Literary criticism was always a favorite of mine. It helped me think about the structure of this novel and about what I was doing while I was writing it.

Well, I've become a fiction writer. Whether I do any more or not, I've done this one and here I am. Now every time I read something merely for enjoyment, part of my mind remains in Editor or Litcrit mode. I can't shut that off.

A lot of the time that doesn't get in the way. In fact, when writing is really good that adds an extra dimension of joy. But a lot of my heroes of earlier ages — SF that got praised at the time — wonderful ideas, but the writing! If I were an editor and such stuff came over the transom to me, I'd send back a polite letter suggesting they shouldn't quit their day jobs. It should be noted that many of them didn't.

I used to be able to turn the critic off and ignore the literary merit, or the distinct lack of it, in such stories. No longer. I'm not entirely sure I'm happier for this bit of learning.

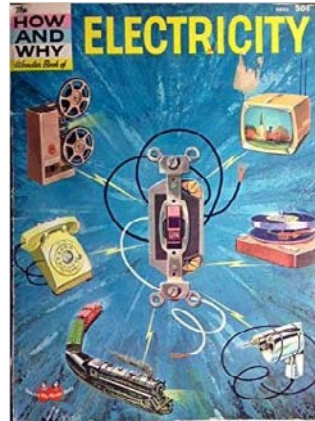
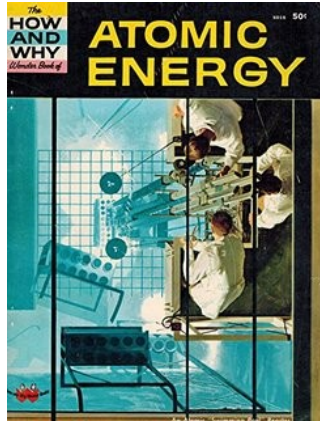
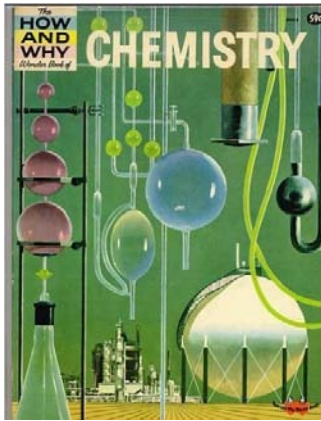
JH. I guess you know why I like Jack Vance's "Green Magic".

Thanks, Ctein. It's a pleasure being on the same planet with you.



Once, When We All Were Scientists

By James H. Burns



By James H. Burns: There was a time, when we all were scientists... Or many of us wanted to be!

There were certain hallmarks of growing up somewhere between the 1950s and 1970s, if you had an interest in science...

First off, were those amazing *How and Why Books of Wonder*. The artwork in many of which is still superb, and whose texts, in certain editions, *remain* first class introductions to their subjects!

The most unusual element to these volumes may have been what in New York, anyway, seemed to be their excellent distribution in pet shops! In both local pet stores of my youth (one of which occasionally had a *tiger* on display!), were spinner racks filled with the books.

The Science Service Science Program books were another talisman of the times...

The Science Program 5-1/2 by 8-1/4 inch volumes, were offered as a monthly subscription from Nelson Doubleday, Inc. Each sixty-four page "digest" was in two colors, but their special feature was a centerfold of beautiful full-color photo stamps, which the reader could

then attach in the appropriate boxes throughout the book.

Album slipcases which could hold a number of the volumes were also included with the subscription membership.

(Doubleday also used this overall format for other series, including the National Audubon Society *Nature Program* and the American Geographical Society *Around the World Program*.)



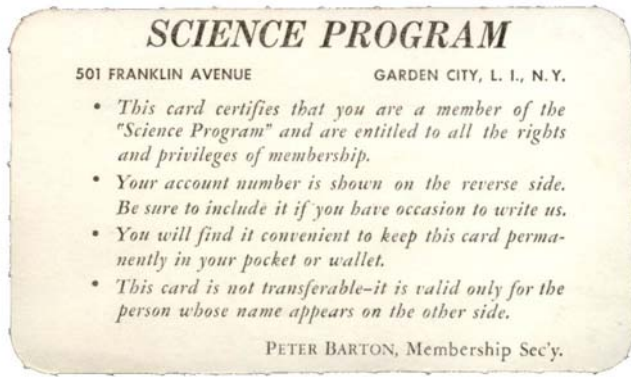
Different introductory membership kits throughout the 1960s, could include a poster, as well as the Mercury model seen here. By my era, in the early 1970s, the model offered was a lovely rendition of the lunar module on the moon, with Neil Armstrong and Edwin "Buzz" Aldrin upon the surface.

The Science Service, under a new name, itself remains an active organization as the publishers of *Science News* magazine.

With a name-change to the Society For Science & the Public in 2008, the group also publishes *Science News For Students* online (as well as *The Science News* website), and is a sponsor of the Science and Engineering Fairs, Talent Searches, and other events.

Its contributions to the children of another time were also significant, on many fronts.

The Science Service was launched in 1921 by newspaper publisher Edward W. Scripps and California zoologist William Emerson Ritter, under the name the American Society for the Dissemination of Science,



as a news service to make the latest scientific information available to the public. One year later, they started distributing their own periodical, *Science News-Letter* to "satisfy curiosity from educators, and the general public."

One of the group's great encouragements to youth was a series of kits, *Things of Science*. A small blue box, or sometimes a manila envelope, was mailed to subscribers each month. It held a yellow booklet explaining the monthly topic, samples, directions for experiments, parts to make a basic but effective apparatus (sometimes out of cardboard cutouts!).

Some kits through the years were Liquid Crystals, Pendulum, Buoyancy, Hydroponics, Optical Illusions, and Seeds.

Things of Science was the invention of Watson Davis, who was director of the Science Service from 1928 until 1967. It began in 1940 when the Service sent samples to editors corresponding to Service articles. After a few years the Service estimated that half the subscribers were individuals, and the rest were schools and science clubs.

One mailing contained *dinosaur bones*, pounded into slivers so each kit could bring its own personal set of prehistoric specimens! Because of sending such *Things* the kits had to go by subscription — by 1952 there were 12,000.

Things of Science was sold to another company in 1981, who kept the club going for another nine years. George B. Moody of Harvard and M.I.T. has more at <http://ecg.mit.edu/george/tos/>.

There were other instruments of wonder in many like-minded American homes. I can't remember a time when my Dad didn't have a "Star-Finder" in one of his bookshelves.

And the Edmund Scientific catalogue was filled with a *cavalcade* of delights.

Intriguingly, I don't remember my family ever actually ordering anything from the catalog, but it was the *possibilities* that were always so enticing. (I must admit, I still would like a six-foot weather balloon, although I'm not quite exactly sure why...)

And then, there was the Gilbert Chemistry Set.... An astonishing amalgam of chemicals and equipment, and experiments neatly printed out on index cards. I set up my "laboratory" on an old desk in the basement.

What, exactly, was I hoping to discover, as a ten-year old?

But I can still remember the sense of trust implicit when my father said I could use the bunsen burner on my own. And the *thrill* when my folks picked me up my first Erlenmeyer flask.

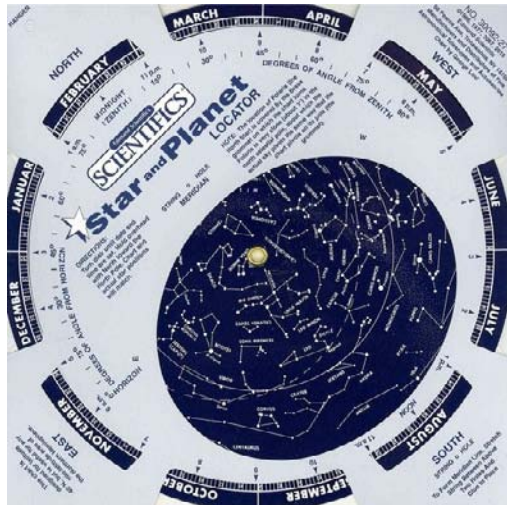
Earlier, there had been the fun of working with the microscope my Dad passed on down to me. And there were always a couple of telescopes somewhere nearby. But for some skygazing, it was my father's World War II binoculars, brought home from Europe in 1945, that seemed to be the most stable.

Somewhere around my house were copies of *Popular Science*, *Mechanix Illustrated*... Set apart, in a special place, were the *Life* magazine issues from 1955 debuting "The Epic of Man" series (with extraordinary depictions of primitive



Things of Science: These small kits equipped subscribers to do simple experiments at home.





humanity), and the still remarkable *Complete Book of Outer Space*, from 1954.

Surely, there were signposts of your own scientific life as a girl or boy.

But all these ruminations lead me to one more pioneer of our nascent knowledge, someone who helped educate the young in years and temperament for over a *couple* of generations, through some of the most crucial periods of our history.

It also brings us to the aforementioned mystery that you just might be able to help solve...

When I was a little boy in the 1960s, there was a column in the newspapers, "Uncle Ray's Corner." (I suspect that the feature was in *The New York Post*, back when that was actually considered New York's liberal newspaper.)

I can remember being disconcerted when Uncle Ray's column was suddenly gone from the daily, just a while after I had discovered it. Like other kids, I had clipped and saved some of the installments, in a notebook which was now destined to have too many empty pages.

I remember "Uncle Ray's Corner" as being a *science* column, an early stop for those enchanted by the era's sense of exploration. But apparently, the articles were across a wide range of subjects, *anything* that might interest a school-age child.

My parents actually said they remembered "Uncle Ray," from their own younger days, but I didn't see how that was quite possible...

Until the dawn of the internet.

When I finally got actively online, later than many, in 1999, I'd occasionally look for information about Uncle Ray, but with little luck. Whatever kindness and good fellowship of awareness had been in his columns, had made an impression that lasted *decades*.

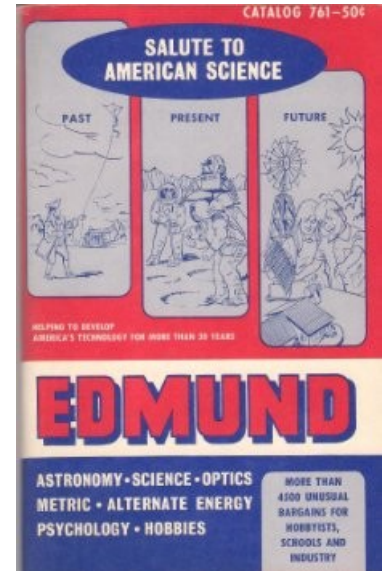
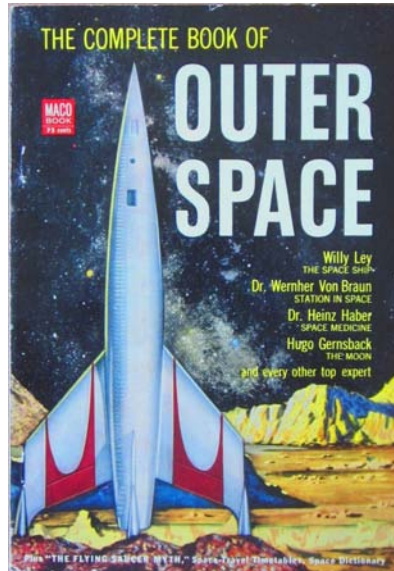
Suddenly, years later, I was able to begin finding listings for some of his old books.

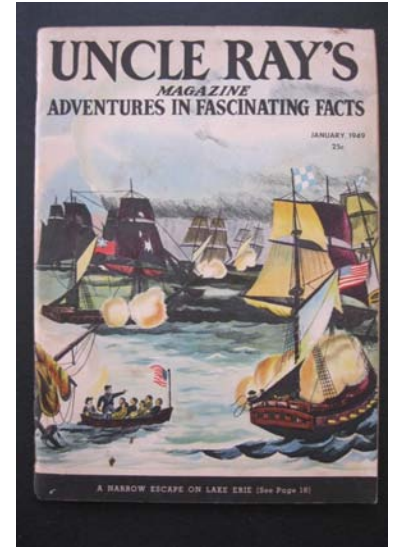
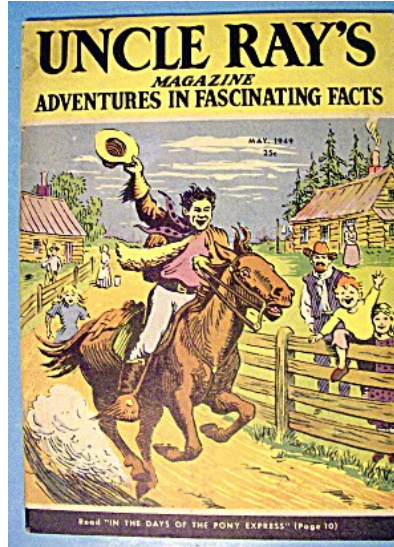
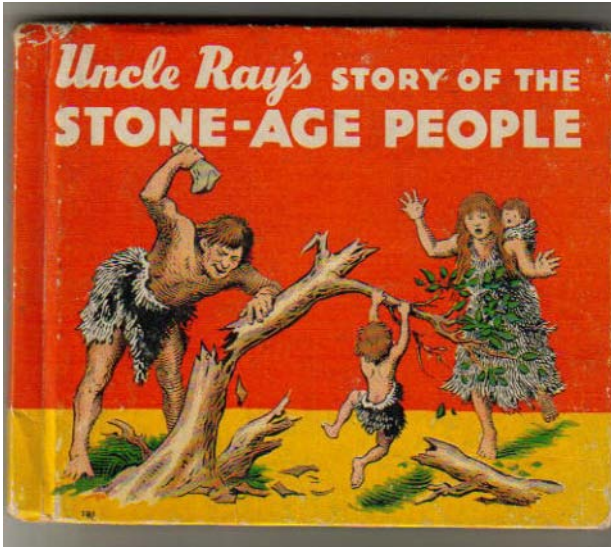
Uncle Ray was Ramon Peyton Coffman. Beginning in the 1930s (if not earlier), he wrote such volumes for "young people" as *The Child's Story of the Human Race*, *Uncle Ray's Story of the Stone Age People*, *Famous Kings and Queens*, and *New World Settlement*. (There was even a Big Little Book edition, *Uncle Ray's Story of the United States*.)

Commencing in the late 1940s, Coffman was also responsible for *Uncle Ray's Magazine*, subtitled "Adventures in Fascinating Facts." It seems to have been devoted to any of the myriad of historical, scientific and current world events that might interest kids.

A few years ago, an obituary tribute to Coffman popped up from the Madison Wisconsin Central High School Records.

The obit says that Coffman was born circa 1896, in Indianapolis, and grew up in Madison. He attended Yale and Columbia Universities, as well as the New York College for Social Research, and earned a Bachelor's Degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1927. Coffman lived in Shorewood Hills, Wisconsin from 1935 until 1949, and then resided in several states, "often returning to Madison."





“Uncle Ray’s Column” was launched around 1925, “to teach children about science.” Appearing in many newspapers in the United States “and several foreign countries.” It ran, it seems, through 1970.

Coffman passed in June, 1989 in Palo Alto, California, survived by four children, Gratton, Peyton, Roger and Kathleen Davis.

Why all this curiosity from me about Coffman? His column was from a time when more of our society celebrated the simple pleasure of knowing about things. It’s extraordinary to think that Coffman’s career as a popular educator spanned the *time before jets*, and the splitting of the atom, and, of course, the space age; from *before* the Depression, to the heart of the tumult *and* joy of the 1960s...

The internet must be a godsend for scientifically inclined children, but the beauty of a column like Ray Coffman’s was that it was there for anybody in the newspaper, from a precocious tot to a like-minded adult.

Surely, those who helped set so many of our paths of exploration should be remembered!

It strikes me as sad that someone like “Uncle Ray” has so little trace on the web. I’m hoping that some here can help expand our familiarity with this gentleman of elucidation.

I also have a somewhat selfish wish.

In the late 1960s, I sent in a request to the column: just for the

asking, a reader could receive a special certificate proclaiming that you belonged to Uncle Ray’s club (or legion of fellow junior wonderers!).

I had that yellowish heavy-stock proclamation, attached to my science scrapbook from the 1960s, until less than two years ago, when due to an awful calamity, almost *all my* collection was destroyed.

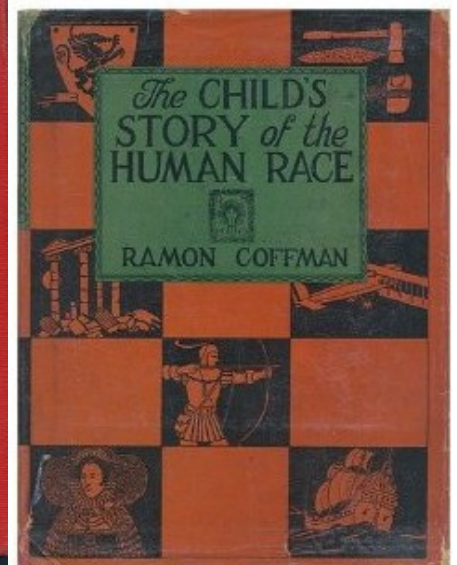
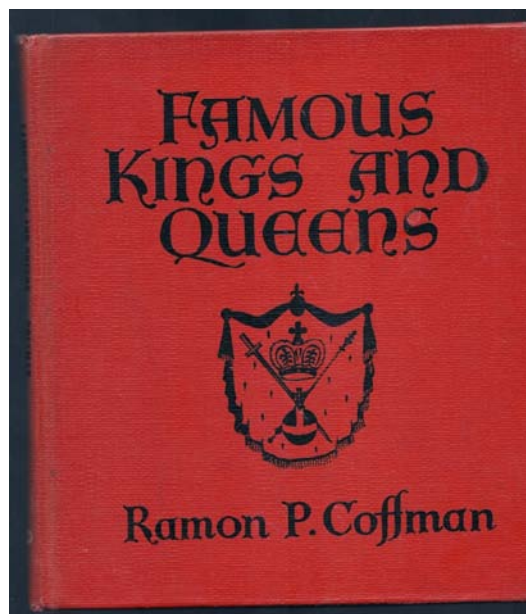
I’ve found no sign of the Uncle Ray “diploma” anywhere on the net and would love to see it again.

(I had planned on scanning it, along with many other irreplaceable mementos from the era, and later, other histories.)

In fact, all the books and items seen here were once part of that assemblage.

But all these totems of the future, very happily, belong to all of us.

They are always nice to revisit, and remember such gifts of inspiration, and strive to create such passages for all our tomorrows.



The Worldcon I Saw by John Hertz

Sasquan, the 73rd World Science Fiction Convention
Spokane, Washington. August 19-23, 2015
Convention Center, Davenport & other hotels,

Author Guests of Honor David Gerrold, Vonda McIntyre; Fans, Brad Foster, Tom Smith, Leslie Turek; Special, Dr. Kjell Lindgren on the International Space Station

If Anyone Can Do It, Spokane

Before I say another word, pause for that Special Guest. I don't mean his being an Eagle Scout or on the U.S. Air Force Academy "Wings of Blue" parachute team or having an M.D. or starting to read SF with Lester Del Rey's *Runaway Robot* (1960; yes, published before he was born) or training in *tae kwon do* with his wife and kids.

I mean we have an International Space Station.

Gosh.

Anyway, "Sasquan" was *sasquatch* + *convention*. Attendance about 5,200 (of which 970 registered at the door, gosh). We — but pause again, for Bobbie DuFault.

She was the latest of many laboring to bring the Worldcon again to this corner of the world for the first time since 1961. She'd chaired the 8th NASFiC (North America Science Fiction Convention; Seattle, 2005; since 1977 held when the Worldcon is overseas) and Westercon LXV (West Coast Science Fantasy Conference; Seattle, 2012). I worked with her on both. Her Worldcon bid succeeded. Two weeks later she was dead. Sally Woehrle, who'd been announced as co-chair, was unco. Then the Worldcon had to be held in Spokane. There's diversity for you.

Where we choose to live
Seattle can love Spokane.
Imagi-Nation.

In fandom we wrestle with passing on lore. We want to do things our way and don't like people telling us what to do. On another tentacle Dean Gahlon says when con committees go astray (I might say *gang agley*, but he doesn't), it's not so much a matter of re-inventing the wheel as re-inventing the square



Opening Ceremonies: *Seated L-R:* Leslie Turek, Tom Smith, Vonda McIntyre, David Gerrold, Brad Foster. *Standing L-R:* Kjell Lindgren (photo), Mike Willmoth, Glenn Glazer, and Pierre Pettinger. Photo by Michael Donahue.

wheel. Heinlein speculated in "Gulf" that *homo novis* might be people who thought faster. Maybe ordinary people — sorry, didn't mean to insult you — fans could perceive better. Or wider, better at looking to the right and to the left: I'm doing B, how will that affect A, or Z, or the letters in Seuss' *On Beyond Zebra*? Some of us are good at this. Some improve. Such thoughts burble in my mind as I come to a Worldcon. Maybe yours too.

The Spokane airport code is GEG. That sounded to me like an interstellar alien, but it's only short for a former name *Geiger Field* honoring an aviation pioneer. I arrived on a six-bladed-propeller-engine airplane. I stayed at the Davenport, one of Sasquan's many miracles — incidentally when the chain added a Davenport Tower, ours became the Historic Davenport — built for luxury in 1914, declined, restored, and available to us; today

the only hotel in Washington State gold-certified for energy efficiency by the U.S. Green Building Council; how's that for a right and a left? I saw a plaque about Vachel

Brevity, fullness, and perspicuity.
Johnson

Lindsay's living there writing poetry in 1924. The Davenport apparently didn't like the notion of parties in people's hotel rooms. So we had Meet-and-Greets. We'd done that before. The Davenport was where they were.

From the Davenport to the Convention Center was half a mile, manageable if you liked to walk. Or there was a shuttle going the round of our hotels. Or you could take a taxi, or share one. I did all that.

Outside Operations was a couch labeled "Dave Kyle says you can't sit here." Several

such signs were judiciously placed — well, maybe one wasn't judicious. If you saw someone wondering you could explain about stairs to the balcony at Nycon II, which Kyle had chaired (see his own account in *Mimosa* 9). Later I learned Scott Edelman had put up the signs.

One of my favorite Kyle moments was at a Lunacon. I found him ushering — ushering? Everyone may have said “I am Spartacus” at the end of that movie, but at a con many of us could say “I am Cincinnatus” — look him up. Kyle, red blazer and all, said “Actually you can sit wherever you like.”

At Sasquan, I was chief hall-costume judge — SF clothes some people wear for strolling the halls; I think they enrich the con. Marjii Ellers had helped clarify the concept. Stage costumes are meant to be seen at a distance, hall costumes are meant to be met. You may not be able to walk much in a stage costume. You build a hall costume so you can stand in line to get autographs or sit giving them, so you can eat lunch or dispose of waste products. Ellers called hall costumes daily wear for alternative worlds. To reward them, a gang of judges wanders the con with rosettes: see a good one, pin a rosette on. It can't be a ribbon to stick on a name-badge; if the award is worn with street clothes it loses its exemplary effect.

I like to recruit the other hall-costume judges on-site, when I can see who's attending and what they wish to do. It's not like composing a panel of Masquerade judges; among other things, they don't all have to work at the same time. This year my judges were Christine Brockway, Teddy Harvia,

Above all, the comic order of things.

Guarini

Dave Howell, Suford Lewis, Melinda Snodgrass, Bill Taylor, Diana Thayer, some costume expertise, some fanart expertise, generally having a cool head and a keen eye.

Thursday 11 a.m., my Art Show tour. I don't know what happened with these; I offered to arrange them; the con said “We have something else planned”; I was scheduled to lead one, and apparently there was only one other; happily it was a team-tour led by Ctein and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, a dynamic duo the three of us began by accident years ago and spectacular ever since.

Noon, the SF Classics discussion of R.A. Lafferty's *Past Master*. This was the Worldcon in the centenary year of his birth (7 Nov 14). If you're electronic you can find a previously written 1,500-word note by me, <File770.com> right-hand column below “Meta”. I read aloud from Harlan Ellison: “The wind of imagination blows strongly ... in



Juan Sanmiguel, Chris Barkley, David Gerrold and Dave Gallaher at the Hugo Awards Reception. Photo by John O'Halloran.

a novel he can reach full gale force.... This is a great galloping madman of a novel, drenched in sound and color.” Morris Keesan said the plot wasn't the point. I asked what was wrong with Cathead, on the planet of perfection a strange boiling barrio that kept growing from people's preferring it to peace and plenty. Fred Lerner said the book was a meditation on sin, maybe on original sin.

One of my Rotsler Award tasks is building an exhibit at the Worldcon if I'm attending. Two of the best we've had were at Denvention III, where Spike brought all those black foam-core panels, and at Lonestarcon III, where all those volunteers helped me choose samples that wouldn't be

incomprehensible to folks who didn't already know.

At the end of Renovation my stack of reproductions got lost; I was told *Come at X o'clock* and found everything taken down, stored nobody knew where. By Chicon VII they still hadn't been found. Randy Smith helped me print images from the award's Website. For Lonestarcon, I had culled through decades of fanzines all over again and was ready. For Sasquan, Chip Hitchcock offered plenty of exhibit space — but I couldn't find the collection I'd carefully saved. The day I was scheduled to fly to the con I let my plane go while I made one more search. There was only one more plane that

Costume Exhibit at Sasquan. Photo by Francis Hamit.



Masquerade Results

Masquerade Director: Sharon Sbarsky

Master of Ceremonies: Kevin Roche

Judges: Foster, Gerrold, Sandy Pettinger, Kathy Sanders, Syd Weinstein

Workmanship Judges: Tanglwyst de Holloway, Michele Weinstein

Young Fan

Best Comic: “Ms. Marvel”, Sashti Ramadorai

Best Media: “Arya Stark”, Alexis Davis

Best in Class: “Emma Swan”, Melinda Kilbourne

Novice

Honorable Mention for Workmanship: “Red”, Megan

Workmanship Award for Traditional Materials: “San” (*Princess Mononoke*), Casandra Friend

Workmanship Award for Woodworking Magic: “Ashe and Lux” (*League of Legends*), Rachelle Henning, Tori Wheeler

Workmanship Award for Accessory: “Faunta!”, Ashlee

Workmanship Judge’s Choice (de Holloway): “Octopus Dress”, Desiree Gould

Honorable Mention: “Don’t Blink”, Paulina Crownhart, Julia Buragino; also Workmanship Judge’s Choice (M. Weinstein)

Dead Ringer Award: “The Captain” (*Captain Kangaroo*), Robert Mitchell

Best Re-Creation: “Immortan Joanna”, Claire Stromberg; also Workmanship Award for Use of Recycled Materials

Best in Class: “We Are Groot”, Jason Giddings; also Best Workmanship in Class, Rising Star award with a complimentary membership in Costume-Con XXXVI (San Diego, California, 2018)

Journeyman

Honorable Mention for Workmanship: “Luigi”, Bevan Rogers

Honorable Mention for Workmanship – Transformation: “Diana Prince, Wonder Woman”, Denise Tanaka

Workmanship Award for Non-Traditional Materials: “*Sleeping Beauty*, the Vintage Edition”, Hal Bass, Sharon Bass, Barbara Galler-Smith, Janine Wardale, John Wardale, Ita Vandenbroek

Workmanship Award for Materials That Hate You: “Theia the Tabbybrook Mage”, Natalie Rogers

Most Beautiful: “Marian Keiffer” (*7 of Eowyn*), Debi; also Workmanship Award for Patterning and Fitting

Best Re-Creation: “*Doctor Who* Time Lords”, Carol Hamill, Forrest Nelson; also Workmanship Award for Worst Infection of the Beading Disease (tied with “Victorian Justice League”)

Best in Class: “Blood Dragon Lord”, Lesli Jones; also Best Workmanship in Class, Rising Star award

Master

Workmanship Award for Use of Sweater Pattern: “Knit Klingon Warrior”, Shael Hawman; also Rising Star award

Workmanship Award for Light Refraction: “Dreams of a Rainbow”, Susan Torgerson, Chris Corbitt (prop only)

Honorable Mention: “Rainbow Jellyfish”, Orchid Cavett; also Workmanship Award for Use of Shower Accessories, Rising Star award

Honorable Mention: “Senator Padmé Amidala”, Torrey Stenmark; also Workmanship Award for Dyeing

Best Critter: “Roll for Initiative”, Jonnalyn Wolfcat, Melissa Quinn, Alita Quinn, Anita Taylor; also Best Workmanship in Show

Most Beautiful: “Princess Marshmallow”, Lance Ikegawa; also Go Big or Go Home Workmanship Award

Best in Class: “Professor R. Miles Levell, Gentleman Time Traveler”, Richard Miles; also Workmanship Award for Most Skill-Sets in a Single Bound

Best in Show

“Victorian Justice League” (Journeyman), Barbara Hoffert, Mark Ezell, Ellie Ezell, Ann Ezell, Zachary Brant, Kathryn Brant; also Workmanship Award for Worst Infection of the Beading Disease (tied with “*Doctor Who* Time Lords”)

day. I went without.

Luckily a working fallback was already known. Mounting it still took help, and I thank Pat Butler, Harvia, Walter Parker, Marc

Not to worry, but if to worry, not to worry unduly.

Violet Murray

Schirmeister, Smith, and Thayer; Hitchcock had plenty of use for the space I released. What fine fanartists we’ve had. What a pleasure to honor those who’ve long contributed wonders, and at the Worldcon to show some of their work.

The Hospitality Suite was open round the clock, much the best way if it can be managed, particularly at a Worldcon. There was a New Zealand for the 2020 Worldcon bidding party, joy. I’d been at the NZ national con when the bid started. With work and zest it might succeed. Publius and I found the party: flags, a stuffed kiwi-bird in a New Zealand bid jacket — NZers are kiwis, more or less as U.S. Republicans are elephants and U.S. Democrats are donkeys — Andrew A. Adams (I’m not sure this typeface will do a superscript for “Acubed”) tending bar; Karen Babcock, Kelly Buehler & Daniel Spector; a tray of Pavlovias came round; all correct.

Friday 1 p.m., *Out of the Silent Planet*. This novel of First Contact, which some think abrasive and some trenchant, is so early it was on the Retro-Hugo ballot at Loncon III. From the audience: it’s like the *Odyssey*, going away, traveling strange places meeting godlike beings, returning home. Why isn’t “A pint of bitter, please” the end? Chapter 22 says “At this point, if I” — the narrator, who is not Dr. Ransom; there’s a framing-story — “were guided by purely literary considerations, my story would end”; but there is that chapter, and the Postscript, written by the author who made the narrator speak. Keesan said, the book’s too thin. Another: it’s not even a caricature. Another: maybe it’s flat on purpose. Another: it’s against the British Empire, and must have been shocking at the time. Another: it’s all seen through Dr. Ransom, so he’s the most developed character. Another: how visual it is. Another: he sees what he can’t understand. I said, look how the author shows us that.

With Jukka Halme, hard at work on the Helsinki for ’17 Worldcon bid, I discussed something I’d wondered about from Loncon

If you want to hear anything from me, give and take reason.

Abelard of Bath

III. People liked its “Fan Village”; and, he said, facilities were different outside the U.S. — as was certainly true at Nippon 2007. But a

“Fan Village” may be conceptually weak. It didn’t promote mixing; it tended to siphon fans and pros apart — even the name. It lacked, both for better and for worse, the intimacy, the immediacy, of people’s hotel rooms.

In the Convention Center’s Hall C was Guinan’s Place, a cabaret & watering-hole; since obviousness is relative, it was called “... watering-hole and bar”, and likewise I note Guinan is a somewhat mysterious *Enterprise* bartender on *Star Trek, the Next Generation* (played, somewhat mysteriously, by Whoopi Goldberg). There were indeed a stage with various performances, food & drink, and at suitable hours a big screen on which the Masquerade and Hugo ceremonies were streamed live. In front was a Costume History exhibit, at left the Fanzine Lounge.

Don Fitch says a Fanzine Lounge has two faces, or if that sounds forked-tongue two functions, a place in the midst of things, easily found, and labeled *fanzines*, where those who don’t already know can learn (Tom Whitmore at Denvention III said he was changing his inner avatar to Rikki-Tikki-Tavi for “Run and find out”), and a place more or less intimate and immediate where fanziners can hang out: two ideas which, unlike mere elements of the physical universe, can co-permeate.

Hall C held the Fanzine Lounge by Day; a room in the Davenport was the Fanzine Lounge by Night. They were hospitably hosted by Randy Byers, Andy Hooper, Jerry Kaufman, Ulrika O’Brien, Suzle, and like that. The Lounge by Day had not only tables and bins full of fanzines, but pegboard panels full of fanart, all the righter (Queen Elizabeth I of England once said “You right me much”) in memory of Stu Shiffman.

O’Brien had invented and hosted a pre-Worldcon relaxacon she called Prolog(ue), 14-16 Aug at the Red Lion in Renton near the Seattle-Tacoma airport, about thirty fannish folk; I couldn’t attend, and only later realized I should have registered for a Supporting Membership. She took the position that “a blog is not a fanzine, any more than a tweet is a blog, or an aardvark is an armadillo,” with which I certainly concurred, not that I had anything against armadillos, or aardvarks. Her front and back covers for *Chunga 23* were superb.

Eight o’clock, the Masquerade, in the

A divine release of the soul from the yoke of custom and convention.

Plato

INB Performing Arts Center, a 2,700-seat auditorium on the same campus as the Convention Center. Our onstage costume competition, once a dress-up party as its name

suggests, evolved into an artform unlike anything else I know. Drew Sanders says it’s a cross between *kabuki* and Little Theater. This year 45 entries, 10 major awards.

Our Novice, Journeyman, and Master classes are based on experience; at the Worldcon, you may enter as a Novice if you’ve never won a major award at a Worldcon (or Costume-Con, which likewise tends to draw the best and brightest). You can always “challenge up”. Adrian Butterfield and Victoria Ridenour might’ve been shot if they hadn’t entered the Master class at their first Worldcon Masquerade. Some years ago we realized we had two divisions of Masquerade entries: Re-Creation, trying to be not original but authentic, presenting images already seen e.g. in graphic novels, television, film; and Original, everything else, whether from books or myth or the entrants’ imagination.

The Judges sit in the theater and see what the audience sees. In addition Workmanship Judges study entries backstage — optional, and entrants can limit it e.g. “only this gauntlet” — to recognize craft that may not otherwise be apparent. I’ve done both.

To be a Judge exhilarates and excruciates. You’re always comparing apples and androids. You have to be right and you have to be fast; when everything has gone on and you retire to deliberate, if you spend one minute discussing each of 45 entries you’ve used three-quarters of an hour. Long

experience shows Masquerades need almost limitless leeway in giving awards. There may not be a Most Beautiful, or Most Dramatic, or even Best in Show; these *mosts* and *bests* are not taken statistically but mean an entry that’s outstanding. I’ve judged a Worldcon Masquerade where Best in Show was a Novice.

Once the Judges retire, some in the audience are content to read all about it in the newsletter next day (which indeed in some years runs an Extra). This is their moment to go. Others want to stay for the awards. So we invented “Half Time”, i.e. until the Judges return. It’s a good showcase for anyone who

Only a principle of the utmost simplicity can dominate a multitude of diverse problems which on even a close inspection appear to be individual and distinct.

E.T. Bell

can reach the back of the theater and can do an accordion act — it may have to expand or contract. This year conveniently GoH Tom Smith was a filker, our home-made music named for a 1950s typo that stuck. Not every filker can do that; not every GoH can judge a Masquerade.

The rise of video technology cuts two

Best in Show: “Victorian Justice League”, Barbara Hoffert, Mark Ezell, Ellie Ezell, Ann Ezell, Zachary Brant, Kathryn Brant. Photo by Olav Rockne.



ways. With one edge it pleases many — particularly in a television age — and it allows streaming to an alternative site like Guinan’s Place, or hotel rooms when we can manage. At the other edge, video is a different medium. Live theater is a whole, there are no close-ups. To some extent the camera’s view is distracting, and if you follow it only, even distortive. I’ve spent hours with techmen (you do know the suffix *-man* isn’t masculine) pondering this.

Saturday, the crack of dawn i.e. 10 a.m., “What Every Fan Should Know about Fandom”, Joe Siclari moderating me, Mike Resnick, Roger Sims, Toni Weisskopf. Sims said he began with a Halloween party in ’49. Resnick began with a party in ’63, invited by Sprague de Camp and Lester Del Rey; the community was then too small to be exclusive. Hmm. I was in a rooming house with Jack Harness. Weisskopf was drawn by Darrell Schweitzer columns in *Asimov’s*. At her first con there was a presumption of fannishness. Siclari said, in fact we’ve always been welcoming. I told how Bill Rotsler once asked a woman “What if all those people are as shy as you?” Resnick recommended Harry Warner’s *All Our Yesterdays* and *A Wealth of Fable*, also Moskowitz’ *Immortal Storm* and Speer’s *Up to Now*; they’re about the past, parent of the present. Weisskopf said fandom was inextricable from the genre. Resnick said it’s now possible to make a living with SF. Weisskopf said people can be consumers and not fans. I said, in our sense *fandom* means *participatory*.

Helsinki beat Washington, Montréal, and Shizuoka 1,363 – 878 – 228 – 120 (1,303 needed to win); at-con votes 897 out of 2,605 (not counting 19 No Preference and 1 invalid). I had friends on all four bids. Helsinki’s quick rebound after losing to Spokane not only gained two more years for look & learn, but put its Worldcon in the centenary year of Finnish independence.

Two p.m., Regency Dancing in the Davenport, the gorgeous Hall of the Doges. I

There is just a little nonsense in your disposition which makes you turn everything to jest.

Melissa Brandon

never know how much space we’ll need; sometimes a few dozen come, sometimes two hundred. The con graciously provided refreshments. The crowd made it obvious they’d rather have had another hour, gosh. I still think the best introduction is Georgette Heyer’s deft historical romances of this period (about the year 1800); Jane Austen is a greater writer, but that’s like saying Mozart is greater than Sullivan. Formal dance, where there’s something particular to do in the game of



File 770 Meetup at the Saranac Restaurant. Standing: JJ. Photo by Francis Hamit.

shape and time, is largely alien to us; plus aristocracy, aiee. But we can play at being they, they could never have played at being we. Heyer died in the mid-1970s (about when Patrick O’Brian started his tales of Jack Aubrey and Stephen Maturin set in the same era). So far she seems timeless. Fuzzy Pink Niven’s favorite is *Cotillion*, whose hero isn’t the protagonist and isn’t even a woman.

In the Art Show eighteen panels of Foster, bless him. He also did the Raven mascot in tribute to Northwest American Indian artwork, color covers for the Convention Guide, Souvenir Book, and Progress Reports (mine coming by real-mail looked fine in monochrome), and a logograph for the newsletter *Sasq-watch*.

Elizabeth Berrien brought wire sculpture. Her “T’ang Dynasty Horse” won Fans’ Choice. How scrupulously she’d executed this famous image. A 1978 “vintage moose” showed the maturation of her technique and the sureness of her vision. John Douglass’ deep-space ships fascinate. One year someone on my Art Show tour said they were realistic; I asked “How does he do that when we’ve never seen any?” David Howell’s latest work was cut-paper “mindscapes”, white geometric shapes with words behind. Margaret Organ-Kean’s “Alice on Mars” met flying fish hovering in air, a bulbed and towered city with strange beavers. John Picacio brought three of his *Loteria* cards. In his “Nuestra Señora de la Esperanza”, an interior for the Carrie Vaughn story (and a Chesley Award finalist), a woman emerged from tree bark, browns rising almost to gold; some of the curls became birds. Arlin

Robins brought bronzes, one a Silkie shedding skin among seals.

The Hugo ceremony, 8. I was Julian May’s acceptor for her placement into the First Fandom Hall of Fame. I could’ve gone to the pre-Hugos reception, but my tie wouldn’t come out right. The Davenport did have a flower shop, unlike years I’ve run all over town for a white carnation. At Montréal — but that’s another story. Roche had tipped me off I should watch for one of his stunts to chaff Gerrold, who was Master of Ceremonies with Tananarive Due. I was just in time to see a giant figure of Death.

There was much to say about May, who published the fanzine *Interim Newsletter*, chaired Chicon II at age twenty-one, built a Masquerade entry to help her think about people who would wear such things, and had a distinguished pro career, but when I asked her (she couldn’t attend) she told me “A simple ‘Thanks’ will suffice.” So I said that. The Big Heart award was given to Ben Yalow.

This year’s Hugos occasioned yet another controversy that plunged all fandom into war, some of prodom too. Since 2013 a pack of Sad Puppies had complained Hugo ballots and winners were overloaded with message fiction, mostly left-wing message fiction. Now a fresh pack of Rabid Puppies (apparently careless that rabies is a disease) heated up name-calling. Retaliating names were called. When the ballot appeared, several categories were dominated by Puppy favorites. Puppies were accused of gaming the system. Thousands of people, more than ever, got Supporting Memberships. Finally it emerged

No Award had in five categories beaten everything else. Puppy friends said this was a crushing defeat for left-wing bad guys, who had broken the Hugo rather than admit they were wrong. Puppy foes said this was a crushing defeat for right-wing bad guys, who had been wildly outvoted rather than admit they were wrong. Who will nominate in 2016? Why? It was still way cool that Dr. Lindgren presented Best Novel from the Space Station.

Sunday after noon Van Vogt's stepdaughter found me in the hall, just in time for coffee before *Slan*, a book loved when it was published, later neglected, perhaps both for poor reasons. From the audience: it's an early case of the mutant's being the good guy. And it's told from the viewpoint of the mutant. Another: the mind-control is abhorrent. Does that show how well the author has portrayed those it's used on? Another: are we to approve a dictator? Another: it's different each re-reading. Another: it has so many levels. Another: it's like Hemingway. I asked, how so? It's vivid, blunt. Are the

sudden changes well set up? Was there better education in 1946, a higher reading level? Van Vogt's famous dazzlement is a literary quality — and his stories end. Bringing in H.E. again (we'll end the day as we began) I said, no less than Harlan Ellison praised Van Vogt as a stylist.

The Dead Dog party (after the con has officially closed, until the last d. is —). In the elevator lobby, which was very full, I found Ctein playing *Ingenious*, surely appropriate, with folks wearing "My first Worldcon" ribbons. I met the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund delegate, Nina Horvath of Austria. Learning I was a terminologist she observed that the sausage known in Vienna as *Frankfurter* was in Frankfurt known as *Wiener*. I didn't dare ask if she'd run into the U.S. chain *Der Wienerschnitzel*, the name of which means *Viennese cutlet*, and which serves hot dogs. Nor are they dogs. I did ask Josh Kronengold about his singing "The 5% Solution" to Stephen Sondheim music at the Business Meeting (motion passed; if ratified next year,

Hugo nomination and vote reports thereafter will again list off-ballot nominees getting less than 5%). This led to discussion with him and a half-dozen others, until 4, of "*E Pluribus Hugo*" (also passed, subject to ratification; a revised tallying of nominations which is hoped to make any slate-voting less effective), individualism, and antidotes to majoritarianism, the tyranny of the majority.

Daylight; off to ship books and May's plaque. I couldn't leave, and didn't, without riding on the 1909 Charles D. Loeff carousel, which I'd last seen at Westercon LII. The Nat'l Carousel Ass'n says there were 5,000 in the U.S. 1890-1930, now 150. This one is in Loeff's Coney Island style, with lots of gold trim, braid, rope, tassels, fringe. Some of the horses carry bedrolls, some a roll of flowers, or a cherub; one has a hunting horn, one a pheasant, one a pistol. The tiger is the only one, of three known, not in a private collection. I didn't catch a ring. The tiger didn't go up and down.



Jerry Pournelle Wins the National Space Society Robert A. Heinlein Award

National Space Society members have voted the 2016 Robert A. Heinlein Memorial Award to Dr. Jerry Pournelle. The citation states:

"This award recognizes Dr. Jerry Pournelle's many years of support for space science, exploration, development and settlement and his close association with Robert Heinlein. He was active in the NSS predecessor, the L5 Society, during its early years. Jerry served as co-chair of the very first ISDC, NSS secretary, and as a Board member.

Jerry was also Chair of the Citizen's Advisory Council on National Space Policy. This group was active during the 1980s and was one of the most effective groups promoting specific space related policy positions at that time. Robert Heinlein was also an active member of that group. The group's early support of missile defense eventually led to the perceived need for an inexpensive launcher. The briefing that he and two others gave to then Vice President Quayle was instrumental in getting the approval of the DC-X program, overcoming government skepticism about the project. Jerry was present at White Sands on September 11, 1993 when the first large rocket, the DC-X vehicle, was

reused.

"Jerry has consistently supported the vision of self-sustaining human settlements in space and on planetary surfaces, and as part of a free, spacefaring civilization, which is at the very heart of the space movement. Jerry's work as a science fiction author, focusing on science fiction with realistic physics, has contributed to a better understanding of the limitations and the abilities of human space operations. Few have made such a rich contribution to these fields."

The NSS Robert A. Heinlein Award is given once every two years "for lifetime achievement in promoting the goal of a free, spacefaring civilization." The winner is decided by the vote of the entire NSS membership. The award consists of a miniature signal cannon (a reference to *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*) on a base with a plaque.

(This award is distinct from the Heinlein Award given by the Baltimore Science Fiction Society and co-funded by The Heinlein Society, and the Heinlein Prize for Accomplishments in Commercial Space Activities administered by The Heinlein Trust.)



(Left) **Peggy Ranson**. Photo by Vincent Mariano. (Right) Peggy with her 1993 Hugo Award.



Obituaries

Peggy Ranson

Peggy Ranson (1948-2016), a very popular fanartist in the 1990s, passed away March 16 from cancer.

She grew up in Memphis, and attended Memphis State University. While living in New Orleans she worked as a commercial artist for D.H. Holmes and the *Times Picayune*.

Ranson was employed as an ad illustrator when she volunteered to help with the 1988 New Orleans Worldcon. Guy H. Lillian III remembers, "She co-edited the Nolacon II program book with me, did scads of inimitable and exquisite fan art, and graced every moment we spent with her."

She was an L. Ron Hubbard Illustrator of the Future contest finalist in 1990, and attended the awards ceremonies (see photo).

Ranson was a Best Fan Artist Hugo nominee every year from 1991-1998, winning in 1993. Lillian liked to say she was only the second fan from Louisiana (adopted) to win a Hugo (the first was Camille Cazedessus, publisher of *ERB-dom*.)

She did countless pieces of art for conventions, bids, and fanzines, and for charitable

publications like the Charlie Card Fund's 1991 Fantasy Art Calendar. Her work won Best in Show at the 1991 Worldcon art show (Chicon V).

Ranson was a guest of honor at Deep-SouthCon 34 in 1996, and Armadillocon 20 in 1998, and other small cons across the South.

When Hurricane Katrina struck New Orleans in 2005 she fled to Memphis. Afterwards she wrote a long account of her escape and what it was like to return to the heavily damaged city in *Challenger 23*.

Although she did some cover art for professional publications, she does not seem to have pursued that as a vocation, for many of her assignments were for books by writers or small press publishers she knew well. This includes her covers for *The NESFA Index to Short Science Fiction for 1989* (1992), *Mau-*

Guy H. Lillian III writes that this piece was Ranson's first fan art.



reen Birnbaum, *Barbarian Swordperson: The Complete Stories* (1993) a paperback of George Alec Effinger stories from Swan Press, *Girls for the Slime God* (1997) a collection of stories edited by Mike Resnick, and *Birthright: The Book of Man* (1997) by Mike Resnick. She also did interiors for magazines, including Algis Budrys' *Tomorrow Speculative Fiction*.

Ranson is survived by a sister and two brothers (one of them her twin), and several nieces and nephews.

Ed Dravecky III

Popular conrunning fan Ed Dravecky III (1968-2016) died April 23 in Irving, TX while at Whofest, the convention he co-founded.

His brother wrote on Facebook: "When Eddy didn't show up for an event, his long-time girlfriend Robyn went to his hotel room and found him unresponsive. He was rushed to the hospital where the medical staff worked on him for about 45 minutes but were unable to resuscitate him. The doctor said he died peacefully and painlessly."

Dravecky, a nationally-known conrunner, also co-founded FenCon in Dallas in 2004. He served as the event's communications director and webmaster from the beginning.

He helped handle social media for LoneStarCon 3, the 2013 Worldcon in San Antonio, and was a past board member of its parent group, ALAMO, a Texas nonprofit corporation that has organized many major conventions.

Dravecky was a past president and

held other offices in ORAC, the “Organized Rebel Adventurers Club” of Dallas / Ft. Worth.

His particular interests as a fan were *MST3K* and *Doctor Who*.

Dravecky attended Georgia Tech. Afterwards he spent a dozen years working as a radio disc jockey – “moving town to town, up and down the dial” like the *WKRP in Cincinnati* theme song. He said of his experience: “I broadcast under my own name as well as the airmames ‘Scott Montgomery’ (my idea) and ‘Skip Church’ (not my idea). Yes, ‘Skip’ had the Sunday morning shift before the syndicated countdown show. Surprisingly, the station received no complaints.”

He finally settled in Dallas, where he helped develop music scheduling and broadcast automation software with several leading companies.

Dravecky also devoted considerable time to being an active Wikipedia editor. Over 100 articles he worked on were featured in “Did You Know?” or recognized as “Good” articles.

Dravecky originally was from Huntsville, Alabama, and his brother says he will be interred there. A service will be held at Huntsville’s Holy Spirit Catholic Church, and there will be a separate memorial service for his friends in Texas in a few weeks.

James H. Burns

Frequent *File 770* blog contributor James H. Burns has died, found by his landlord on June 2. A month ago Jim was hospitalized for blood clots in his legs and put on blood thinners. After he was released, Jim also told me he was troubled by other medical “mysteries,” comparing his case to an episode of *House* but without ever saying in so many words what



the problems were.

Now other friends of Burns’ are saying on Facebook that doctors found a lump in his lungs and he’d been scheduled for a biopsy on Wednesday, but having no one to go with him had stayed home. By the next day he passed away.

Jim was about 56 years old. When the photo above was taken by Patrick O’Neill in 1976 or 1977, he was about thirteen or fourteen years old – and already writing for some of the science fiction film magazines. (On the right is longtime sf fan and 1970s convention organizer, Steve Rosenstein.)

He was among the first writers for *Starlog* and a contributing editor to *Fantastic Films*, and Steranko’s *Prevue*. Jim was one of the first genre magazine nonfiction writers to cross over to mainstream publications like *Gentleman’s Quarterly*, *Esquire* and *American Film*, while continuing to write for *Cinefantastique*, *Starburst*, *Heavy Metal* and *Twilight Zone* magazines.

Jim also had the chance to appear in some movies, with minor parts in *Igor and the Lunatics* (1985), *On the Q.T.* (1999) and *For Love of the Game* (1999).

In his last years he became active in radio,

and authored Op-Eds and features for *Newsday*, *The Village Voice*, *thesportingnews.com* and *The New York Times*.

Jim had a large fund of anecdotes about sf, movies, tv and the New York theater, which he enjoyed sharing on several fannish blogs and in the forums at the *Classic Horror Film Board*.

Around 2012, Jim discovered *File 770*. Initially I was signal-boosting his pieces for other sites, Jim earning his way by authoring entertaining original “hooks” that made fans want to click and read the rest.

I always wished Jim was writing that stuff for me – and eventually my wish came true. He became one of the most active and creative participants on my blog. The past two years we exchanged e-mails every couple of days, Jim constantly coming up with ideas, drafting new articles, or finding ways to adapt material published earlier in his career.

Jim was especially proud of a trio of posts that paid tribute to the influence of his father — [My Father, And The Brontosaurus, Sons of a Mesozoic Age](#), and [World War II, and a Lexicon in Time](#).

Quite often his posts here were inspired by memories of “growing up fannish,” such as the very popular [Once, When We Were All Scientists](#), and [CLANKY!](#)

He also wrote about celebrities he’d known ([Joe Franklin, R.I.P.](#), [THE Man from U.N.C.L.E.](#)), comics history ([Marvel Comics to Implode — End of a Fifty-Plus Year Era](#) and [Lee Falk’s Phantom of Happy Memory](#)), longtime figures in NY fandom who’d passed away ([Alan Levine, “Original Dealer.” 79 Years Old, R.I.P.](#)), and pop culture classics that needed a champion ([Are We Ready Again For George Pal’s Puppetoons?](#)).

Jim’s appeal as a writer was his ability to

Left: Ed Dravecky III in 2009. Right: James H. Burns.



remind readers why they were – as he was – sentimentally attached to the works and experiences that brought us into fandom. His strength was his ability to express what had been worthwhile in those attractions and what remained so today.

That's been a lifeline for me amid the uninterrupted controversies that fill my blog. Filers often ask each other what they love. That question was one Jim clearly enjoyed answering over and over. How much he will be missed.

Philip Edward Kaldon

SF author Dr. Philip Edward Kaldon died April 20. The cause of death has yet to be posted. His last few blog entries dealt with his health problems, and being treated by an orthopedic surgeon, although nothing he described as life-threatening.

Kaldon was born in upstate New York. After graduating high school in North Carolina in 1976, he took a B.A. at Northwestern, and advanced degrees in physics at Michigan Technological University. He taught physics at Western Michigan University for many years, and was known as “Dr. Phil” until the one on TV came along.

He attended the Clarion Workshop at East Lansing in 2004. “The Gravediggers,” his first published story, appeared that same year in Anthony D. Ravenscroft’s *CrossTIME Science Fiction Anthology, Vol. III*.

He also was a devoted competitor in the Writers of the Future contest. By the time his “A Man in the Moon” was published in *L. Ron Hubbard Writers of the Future Vol. 24* (2008) he had chalked up a total of three Finalists, two Semi-Finalists, ten Quarter-Finalists, and four Honorable Mentions.

Having his short story “The Brother on the Shelf” published in *Analog* (2009) was the fulfillment of a lifelong dream. (Equally pleas-

ing, the story was optioned by a producer.)

“Machine” and “In The Blink Of An Eye” both appeared in *Andromeda Spaceways In-Flight Magazine* in 2009. “Hail to the Victors” can be read at *Abyss & Apex* (2011). “End Run” (2012) was published by *GigaNotoSaurus* (edited by Ann Leckie).

Kaldon is survived by Debbie, his wife of 32 years.

Justin Leiber

Sf/f author Justin F. Leiber (1938-2016), retired philosophy professor, and son of Fritz Leiber, died of cancer March 22 in Tallahassee, Florida. He was 77.

He wrote the sf trilogy *Beyond Rejection* (1980), *Beyond Humanity* (1987), and *Beyond Gravity* (1988), and a pair of fantasy novels *The Sword and the Eye* and *The Sword and the Tower* (both 1985). His short story, “Tit for Tat” was published in *Amazing* in 1987.

Leiber attended the University of Chicago Lab School, went on to receive his Ph.D. from the university, later also received a B.Phil. from Oxford University.

During his academic career, he taught at Lehman College (CUNY) and the University of Houston. He retired as a professor of philosophy from Florida State University. He worked mainly in philosophy of language, and also in philosophy of psychology and cognitive science.

Justin Leiber’s article about his father, “Fritz Leiber and Eyes,” first published in *Algol/Starship* in 1979, was reprinted by Earl Kemp in *el*.

“...[In the summer of 1968] we were to see him at Clarion and then he was to visit us in Buffalo. I had just finished reading Fritz’ ‘A Specter Is Haunting Texas,’ then serialized in *Galaxy Magazine*.

“The specter in question is a tall and very thin native of the satellite communities who

most wear a support exoskeleton to visit a Texas which some two hundred years hence has annexed much of North America. Scully, an actor by profession, becomes a useful symbolic figure in the bent-back revolution against the ruling class of Texans, who use hormones to reach Scully’s eight-foot height without mechanical support....

“Scully, artist-actor like Fritz, does not change the world—he reflects it darkly. (The Communist Manifesto begins “A specter is haunting Europe, the specter of Communism ...” I asked Fritz whether anyone in SF had noticed the source of his title. He said no.)

“When I saw Fritz that summer of 1968 he was sporting all of 140 pounds on his six-foot-five frame—a mighty gaunt reduction from the accustomed 200 or so pounds. He was Scully, or so it seemed to me. He had the somewhat silly giddiness of Scully. And he was putting on a crazy dramatic act (at Clarion anyhow). I still have a clear vision of this cadaverous scarecrow capering about and teaching fencing at a drunken backyard party at Clarion....”

At the Campbell Conference in 2001, when Fritz Leiber was posthumously inducted into the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame, Justin Leiber was present to accept on behalf of his late father and participate in the rest of the conference.

Gregory Benford wrote on his memorial page, “He had deep knowledge of science fiction and informed his long view of it, learned also from his elegant father. He carried this into the Byzantium of philosophy with great insight.”

Leiber, unfortunately, found his academic colleagues were less accepting. On a panel at the 1988 Worldcon in New Orleans, wrote Evelyn Leeper, “Justin Leiber gave a long description of his experience with teaching a writing course at a college with a creative

(Left) Dr. Philip Edward Kaldon. (Middle) Justin Leiber and Fritz Leiber at a 1980s World Fantasy Convention. Photo by and © Andrew I. Porter. (Right) Bud Webster.



writing program. The fact that he was a successful author was bad enough, but that he was a successful *science fiction* author meant he was a total pariah.”

Leiber was the birth father of ArLynn Presser, who wrote romance novels under the pen name Vivian Leiber. In 2011, the *Chicago Tribune* ran a profile about her with some poignant family history:

“Given up for adoption just before her third birthday, she endured a rocky childhood with her adoptive family and, later, in foster care...

“[Her] biological father, Justin Leiber..., too, is a Facebook friend, whom she first tracked down through a private detective when she was 25. For her Facebook experiment, she traveled last winter to see him in Tallahassee, where he is a philosophy professor and writer.

“A video post from that trip shows Presser retreating to a bathroom after her father guided her through the photos in his office; not one was of her or her sons. ‘I thought I was coming here because, well, yeah, he’s my Facebook friend, but I thought I was his daughter,’ Presser says tearfully in the video. ‘He is just a guy who has a family, and I’m not part of that family.’”

However, she was included in the family obituary published this March, named among Leiber’s survivors:

“He was the beloved husband of Barbara R. Foorman of Tallahassee, FL; and father of KC Leiber of New York City and Arlynn Presser of Chicago, IL; and grandfather of Joseph and Eastman Presser and Jonquil Leiber-Wyatt.”

Morris Keesan

Morris Keesan’s wife Lori Meltzer announced on March 30:

“Morris Keesan was pronounced dead a few minutes ago. He was 63 years old, died of a brain tumor that was diagnosed on his birthday in January. He will be missed by his wife and son, sister and other family members, and many friends worldwide.”

Keesan had been a science fiction fan for decades. Condolences may be sent to:

lmeltzer@alum.bu.edu
Lori Meltzer and Joseph Meltzer
9 Surry Road
Arlington MA 02476-5933

Murray and Carol Tinkelman

Acclaimed artist Murray Tinkelman (1933-2016) died January 30. He was 82. He was preceded in death by his wife Carol, who died January 16.

Arnie Fenner notes, “Fans might remember him best for his covers for Ballantine’s Lovecraft paperback in the late 1970s. Murray also did the covers for the hardcover and paperback Brunner’s *The Sheep Look Up*, Halde- man’s *The Forever War*, and others.”



Murray and Carol Tinkelman.

Leading sf artist Vincent DiFate, a former President of the Society of Illustrators, describes the unique style of those covers:

“In the 1960’s for example, he formulated an interesting method that applied colored inks and dyes to drawings rendered exclusively in line. Using this technique, Tinkelman almost single-handedly revolutionized the horror genre a decade later when his work began appearing on the covers of del Rey’s mass-market editions of books by noted horror author H. P. Lovecraft.

“Since the artist used an open crosshatch technique, his illustrations appeared light in tone, reminiscent of an old photograph that had faded with time. Contrasted with the fully rendered paintings of other paperback artists, Tinkelman’s drawings looked so unlike traditional book cover art that they had an immediate and significant impact. In the case of the Lovecraft books, especially, which had been repackaged dozens of times before with the most dire and morbid of cover illustrations, Tinkelman’s airy, often whimsical visions lightened the look of those books and no doubt helped to introduce them to an entirely new audience of readers.”

Carol Tinkelman was Murray’s partner in his art studio from its inception in 1957. The Norman Rockwell Museum’s tribute credited her work on its behalf, and the couple’s generosity:

“Carol was a driving force behind Norman Rockwell Museum’s illustration collecting mission, and her passion was to help the Museum build its collection of original illustra-

tion art,” notes Museum Deputy Director/Chief Curator, Stephanie Haboush Plunkett. “She and Murray donated from their own collections extensively, and invited other artists to do so as well. Carol will be greatly missed. Her spirit was infectious and she truly loved the Museum and its work.”

Murray Tinkelman’s illustrations appeared in *Atlantic Monthly*, *The New York Times*, and *The Washington Post*. The National Park Service commissioned him to do drawings and paintings of National Parks and Monuments. He was an artist-reporter on several U.S. Air Force missions.

He had a one-man exhibit of his baseball art at The National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum in Cooperstown in 1994. He also exhibited at The United States Sports Academy in Alabama, which named him the 1995 Sports Artist of the Year.

His work is represented in the permanent collections of the Brooklyn Museum, the Delaware Art Museum, the International Photography Hall of Fame & Museum, and the New Britain Museum of American Art.

In 1956, Tinkelman joined the celebrated Charles E. Cooper Studio and remained there until its disbanding, some eight years later. From the mid-1960s on, he became fully freelance and pursued simultaneous careers in illustration and as a painter of abstract expressionist artworks. In 1970, was named Artist of the Year by the Artists Guild of New York for his work as an illustrator.

He also enjoyed a reputation as a great teacher. In the late 1960s he joined the faculty at the Parsons School of Design and, as its Associate Chairperson. He later taught at Syracuse University, in its undergraduate and graduate programs. He received the 2001 Syracuse University Faculty Service Citation. He also was named the recipient of the 1999 Distinguished Educator in the Arts award from the Society of Illustrators in New York, the second living artist/educator to be so honored.

In the spring of 2013, Tinkelman he received an honorary doctorate from Ferris University’s Kendall College of Art in Grand Rapids, MI, and was inducted to the Society of Illustrators’ Hall of Fame.

Bud Webster

SFWA’s Estate Project manager Bud Webster (1952-2016) died February 14. He had been suffering for over a year from bile duct cancer and was in hospice care for the last weeks of his life.

Born Clarence Howard Webster in Roanoke, VA in 1952, he studied music at Virginia Commonwealth University, majoring in composition.

He was a fan for over 40 years, becoming involved in fandom in the early 1970s, and he was a pro for over 20 years, beginning when



(Left) **David J. Lake** in Brisbane in 1991. (Right) **Lake** at home in Bangkok in the 1960s.

his first published story “The Rabbi’s Tale” appeared in Bill Bridges’ *Drums Around The Fire* anthology (1993).

His fantasy fiction appeared in *F&SF*, other genre magazines, and collections.

Webster’s most popular fiction was the four Bubba Pritchert stories that appeared in *Analog*, starting with “Bubba Pritchert and the Space Aliens” (July, 1994). Two stories in the series came in at the top of their category in the annual *Analog Readers Poll* (1995, 1997).

He had a sharp sense of humor, one often directed at himself. His Goodreads author page began –

“Bud Webster is a big know-it-all who can empty a room in three minutes just by blabbing trivia about science fiction and fantasy....”

— and listed his influences as “Cheddar cheese, recalcitrant cats, good music.”

He also worked on Steve Segal’s and Phil Trumbo’s film *Futuropolis* (1984), voicing a bearded guard, a computer, and Spud.

At least once, though, he began to write a story with humorous intent and ended up dealing with life wounds that he did not set out to reveal. “Christus Destitutus,” a nominee for the 2005 Southeastern SF Achievement Awards, was “originally envisioned as a satire, the sort of wry observation that Damon Knight and others used to write for *Galaxy* or *F&SF*. It turned into a dark and angry commentary on my own religious upbringing, something I honestly did not expect.”

Webster was a respected sf historian, too. He discussed long neglected genre works in *F&SF*’s “Curiosities” department. His *Past Masters* and *Anthology 101* columns for various publications including the *SFWA Bulletin*, were collected in *Past Masters, & Other Bookish Natterings* (2013), and *Anthology 101: Reflections, Inspections and Dissections*

of *SF Anthologies* (2010). His autobiographical *The Joy of Booking* (2011) chronicles Bud’s adventures as a collector and seller of science fiction books at regional conventions.

He had a long association with *Black Gate*, recounted by John O’Neill in a tribute at the blog:

“I was already a fan of Bud Webster’s ‘Past Masters’ column, thoughtful biographical pieces on the enduring impact of our finest writers, when I first approached him to become a Contributing Editor. His first article for us, a marvelous discussion of Tom Reamy, and a continuation of his ‘Who?’ series on neglected genre authors, appeared in *Black Gate* 15.

“...It was the beginning of a long and fruitful partnership with Bud. He was briefly our poetry editor, before the death of the print magazine made that title superfluous. He became a prolific early blogger for us, contribut-

ing a dozen posts, mostly on his favorite subjects — the pros and cons of selling vintage books, his role as an sfnal historian, and the magical books that first lured him into the hobby.”

O’Neill’s obit includes the text of Webster’s last column proposal, bound to be an interesting and controversial one, that was never written because his health failed.

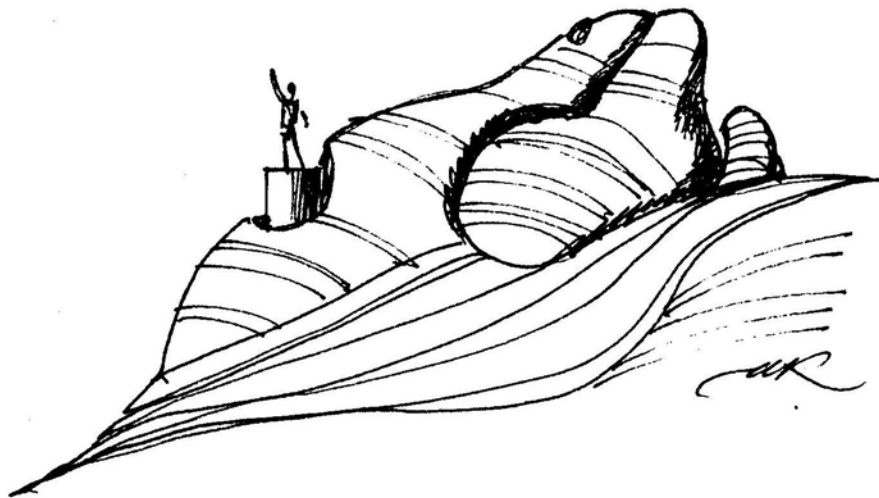
As a poet, Webster’s most famous work was the narrative SF hobo poem, “The Ballad of Kansas McGriff,” which took first place in the National Hobo Association Rendezvous 2000 Poetry Contest, where he read it to an audience of over 5,000 hobos.

Webster won the 2012 Service to SFWA Award for his efforts on The Estate Project, which collects information about deceased members of the professional sf community. This data is used by editors, publishers and agents to research rights, obtain permissions, make payments, and ensure legitimate publication without copyright violations.

Michael A. Ventrella interviewed Webster in 2014 and learned how he became SFWA’s point man for author estates.

VENTRELLA: Tell us about the SFWA Estates project.

WEBSTER: Well, SFWA had been tracking estates for years when I was asked to take it over in ’07, but it was catch-as-catch-can and some of the information they had was either outdated or inaccurate. I was on the verge of leaving SFWA after several events had transpired, and then-president Russell Davis and former president Michael Capobi-



anco offered me the position of Estates Liaison not to placate me but to give me a legitimate reason to stay on and be productive. I had already been able to track down a few estates through the network of email lists I was on, so it was right up my alley. It appealed to my sense of history, and it fit in with my interest in keeping classic sf and fantasy alive.

A typical Bud Webster appeal to get writers to make provision for their literary estates began with a frank description of how things would look if they didn't:

"Do you want your intellectual property rights to be so profoundly screwed up that your heirs sell it off just to be rid of the bother, or so unutterably confused that it will take years to straighten out? Okay, then, start thinking about what to do now, while you can still make phone calls, send e-mails and sign papers."

Bud is survived by his wife and long time companion Mary Horton whom he married in 2013.

David J. Lake

Australian SF writer David J. Lake (1929-2016) died of a lung infection in Brisbane on January 31.

Bruce Gillespie calls Lake's novels and short stories "an important part of the Australian SF surge in the 1970s and early 1980s."

Lake's novels published in Australia included, for Hyland House/Quartet Australia (Ann Godden and Al Knight), *The Man Who Loved Morlocks*; and a series of novels for Paul Collins' Cory & Collins Publications.

DAW Books republished in the U.S. his *Walkers on the Sky* (1976), *The Right Hand of Dextra* and *The Wildings of Westron* (both 1977), *The Gods of Xuma or Barsoom Revisited* (1978), *The Fourth Hemisphere* (1980), *The Man who Loved Morlocks* (1981), *Ring of Truth* (1982), *Warlords of Xuma* (1983), *The Changelings of Chaan* (1985), and *West of the Moon* (1988).

Lake also wrote for fanzines, including Gillespie's *Science Fiction Commentary*, which published a chapter of his autobiography.

Lake's stepson, David, sent this email to Bruce:

"I'm very sorry to tell you that David passed away from a lung infection last Sunday afternoon. He was in the hospital for two weeks and was simply not responding to treatment.

"He had a period of initial discomfort because of the mucous build-up in his chest and the oxygen mask. But they gave him morphine and his passing was peaceful.

"In a way, it was the best outcome. I think they were going to put him in a nursing home if he recovered – which would have been absolutely horrible for him. He was so weak, the next flu that came along would have knocked him over, and he would have to endure it all over again. He went out on his own terms – he was adamant he would live in his house as long as he could. Even so, we will all miss him."

Until he retired, Lake was a Senior Lecturer in English at the University of Queensland. Born in British India in 1929, he moved to Australia in 1975.

David G. Hartwell

Tor senior editor David G. Hartwell (1941-2016) passed away January 20 in the aftermath of a massive stroke a day earlier.

Hartwell was a three-time Hugo winner, for Best Professional Editor (2006), and Best Professional Editor Long Form (2008, 2009). All told, as a professional editor, and co-editor of *New York Review of SF*, he was nominated for the Hugo a total of 41 times. He was Guest of Honor at the 2009 Worldcon in Montreal, Anticipation.

Hartwell also received World Fantasy Awards in 1988, a special award for his work editing anthologies, and another specifically for the anthology *The Dark Descent*.

He was the chair of the board of directors of the World Fantasy Convention and, with Gordon Van Gelder, the administrator of the Philip K. Dick Award.

Andrew Porter, who has been photographing Hartwell for decades, recalls: "I knew David since he was a live-in dorm proctor at Columbia, I think, in the early 70s. He was doing *The Little Magazine* and I, with a bunch of other SF fans, went to a reading at the 92nd Street YMHA by some little-known Canadian author, Margaret Atwood..."

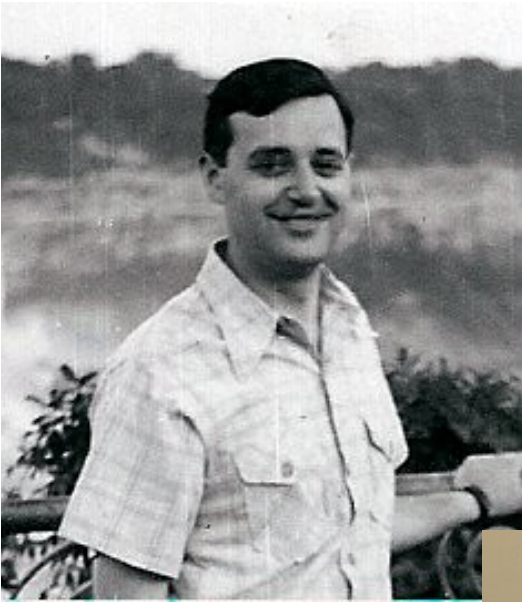
He is survived by his wife, Kathryn Cramer (with whom he co-edited two annual *Year's Best* anthologies for SF and Fantasy), and his children.

Jack Robins

By Jon D. Swartz & John L. Coker III:
First Fandom original member Jack Robins

(Left) **Gregory Benford** and **David Hartwell** share the President Taft Chair at the Mission Inn, Riverside, CA. (Right) **David Hartwell** at the 2015 World Fantasy Con. Photo by and (c) Andrew Porter.





(1919-2015) passed away on December 23, 2015 after a brief illness. Robins was a science fiction (SF) fan who belonged to the International Scientific Association (ISA) in the early 1930s [invited by Walter Kubilius to attend a meeting], was a member of the famed Futurian Society of New York when it was formed in the late 1930s [inviting a former classmate of his, Isaac Asimov, to join], was part of the small group of Futurians (that included Donald Wollheim, John Michel and Fred Pohl) that organized the Committee for the Political Advancement of Science Fiction (CPASF), and he also attended the first Worldcon (Nycon) in 1939 (despite the Exclusion Act that prevented some of the other Futurians from attending).

Robins was born February 17, 1919, in Elizabeth, New Jersey. His siblings were much older, and he “was like an only child.” Born Jack Rubinson, he legally changed his name to Jack Robins. After he left the Futurians, he earned a Ph.D. in physical chemistry from The Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn (which later merged with NYU), but he maintained an interest in SF his entire life.

In the late 1930s Robins published two issues of his fanzine *The Scientific Thinker*. In the early 1940s, he published ten issues of another fanzine, *Looking Ahead*. Later he contributed an article, “Sex in Science Fiction,” to *Geep!*, *The Book of the National Fantasy Fan Federation* (1987). In addition, he has written LoCs, articles, and reviews for fanzines, including *The Fan* and *Tightbeam* for the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F) and *Scientifiction* for First Fandom.

Jack recalled the summer of 1936:

“Walter Kubilius introduced me to the ISA. These were people like me. They read and lived science fiction! They met in William Sykora’s basement and issued a mimeographed fan magazine to which I contributed.

In 1937, Sykora closed his door, but the group reformed and became the Futurians. I still have fond memories of the group, and feelings of the warm comradery of those early days.”

Robins just missed being included in several important events in the history of fandom. Once, he was away when pictures of attendees at an early meeting of SF fans were taken, a meeting that became known as the First Eastern Conference. At the premier performance of the movie *Things to Come*, Robins left before a party that took place among fans that included Wollheim, Michel, Pohl, and James Blish. Robins was forgotten later when Wollheim wrote about those who had seen the movie and attended the



party.

He missed out on other historic events because he was attending college classes, did not have enough money for required expenses, or was uncertain about dates (not having a telephone at the time). When the ISA decided to produce a movie and asked for scripts, Jack submitted one, but his was chosen as a backup in case the

first choice did not work out.

Robins was a photographer who made a number of historic pictures of the Futurians.

He recalls a long walk that they all took:

“Once, during the 1939 World’s Fair Days, Wollheim, Michel, Lowndes, Chester Cohen, and I decided to make a trip to Tarrytown. After taking the IRT all the way to the last stop in the Bronx, we then walked, walked, and walked, until we finally reached our destination. I had taken along a cheap 35mm camera to take pictures of all my friends, but I neglected to ask anyone to take a picture of me. We found a diner, but Lowndes and I were too poor to pay for a meal. Later, when our excursion ended, we took the train back down to the City, and then took the subway back to our homes.”

Years later, when he had a subscription to *Locus*, Robins saw a notice by Damon Knight seeking former Futurians. Knight wanted documents related to the famous SF fan club for the tell-all book he was writing. Robins sent him what he had, but all Knight used in his 1977 book, *The Futurians*, was a couple of pictures that Robins had taken.

In his 1983 book relating his memories of SF’s Golden Age, *The Way the Future Was*, Frederik Pohl barely mentioned Robins. Later, in commenting on Robins’ activities as a Futurian, Pohl referred to him as “the smiling guy in the background.” Another time – after acknowledging that Robins had been a Futurian from the beginning — he described him as more of an auditor than a participant.

One of the reasons for his exclusion from some Futurian activities probably was the fact that Robins was a “science man” and was not a would-be writer. Although he wrote some fan plays, he went on to earn three college degrees and became a research chemist with a doctorate. Most of the Futurians aspired to be professional SF writers and editors, not professional scientists. Another “science man” was Asimov, who had gone to Boys High





School with Robins.

In 1984, Robins retired from his job with the Atlas Powder Company in Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, where he had worked for twenty-five years as a research chemist. Over the ensuing years Jack wrote family histories, convention reports, articles, poetry, sonnets, and plays, including a tribute to the Futurians entitled "The Ivory Tower." In retirement Jack was busier than ever, writing a column of non-fiction articles for his condo newspaper and working on his memoirs. In addition, he was at one time co-president of the computer club at his condo and the person in charge of publicity.

Robins was optimistic: "The world is full of wonder to me. Many scientists developed their interest in science after reading science fiction and some inventors attribute their creations to their knowledge of science fiction. I see the influence of STF everywhere."

Jack was happily married for sixty-six years to Lottie, the love of his life. They shared an interest in photography and classical music. They adored each other and enjoyed the daily company of family and friends. Then, after a brief illness, Jack passed away.

Jack Robins was inducted into the First Fandom Hall of Fame and made a N3F Life Member, both in 2012. He was a life-long genuine enthusiast who knew many of the early fans and was present as history was unfolding. Jack pursued his dream of going to college and becoming a real scientist. His written accounts and photographs have be-

come an important part of the record of the early days of science fiction fandom.

James Busby

Space flight historian James Milton Busby died June 1 after a lengthy hospitalization. He was 61 years old, and had suffered many health problems in recent years.

He is survived by his wife, Arlene, a longtime LASFS member. They married in 2012.

James volunteered and consulted with the California Museum of Science and Industry in Los Angeles on the 1980 redesign of their aerospace museum. He was hired in 1984 as a museum assistant and was employed there until 2003. The museum awarded James with an Honorary Doctorate degree of Space Science Information.

He was part of the Organization to Support Space Exploration, the first group to do historical recreations of the Apollo Moonwalks. In 1979 they became involved with Rockwell International's speakers bureau in Downey, Ca. where



James was master of ceremonies for the open houses and astronaut visits to the plant from 1979 until the plant closed in 1999.

In 1994, he assisted in the Universal film *Apollo-13* and participated in the Tom Hanks-produced Apollo miniseries *From the Earth to the Moon* as a technical advisor, historian — and actor. He appeared as a "pencil tapping Lunar Module designer" in the fifth episode, "Spider."

James was employed in 1999 by the Space Frontier Foundation as Director for its International Lunar Conferences for two years.

He also worked in space suit sales and rentals at Global Effects in Hollywood.

He served on the History Committee for the American Astronautics Society, and frequently wrote for *Space Times* magazine and Apogee Publishers *Mission Report* book series.

In 2006 he joined XCOR Aerospace in Mojave, Ca, to rebuild their media relations.

Late in life he was part of the Aerospace Legacy Foundation of Downey, CA and had been trying to raise funds to represent ALF at Spacefest VII in Tucson in June.

(Opposite page) Jack Robins over the years. (Above left) (L-R) Robert W. Lowndes, Donald A. Wollheim, Chester Cohen, Cyril Kornbluth, John B. Michel. (Photograph by Jack Robins.) (Below) Walter Kubilius (late-1930s). (Above right) James Busby and Arlene Satin.



Our Loss, His Gain

By John Hertz: Luckily I managed to attend the memorial service for Jim Busby (1954-2016) on Tuesday June 14th. Luckily I managed enough presence of mind to say something suitable when the floor was opened.

We were in the spacious brick Latter-day Saints church at 2000 Artesia Bl., Torrance, CA 90504. The service was conducted by Zack Robertson, a bishop in the LDS lay clergy.

Pastors giving eulogies have the sober but perhaps inspiring duty of learning or refreshing memory about any parishioner whose life on Earth has ended. The rest of us most often need only recall people we knew well. Not only the tasks near to hand are worthwhile.

Many in the room knew Jim from aerospace work, the science fiction community, or both. The memorial pamphlet began, "This death takes place in ... the sunrise of a new world, a world that our beloved comrade gave his life to protect and nourish ... and we will not debate his profound wisdom at these pro-

ceedings,” quoting James Tiberius Kirk.

Right after the opening hymn and invocation we heard “The most important thing we can do is inspire young minds in science,” quoting John Glenn, and “Wonder is the basis of Man’s desire to understand,” quoting Neil Armstrong.

Arlene Satin, Jim’s widow, told how she first met him. While in charge of Programming for a Westercon, and noticing he’d fallen off a list, she asked if he wanted to be put back on. Good deeds can be rewarded.

Jim’s sister Alexis told how when she was twelve Jim already had her in a makeshift Space suit. Later for schools and other exhibitions he helped build detailed replicas, one of which, with Andy Monsen in it, came to the reception afterward. Alexis said, “I got so sick of drinking Tang... Jim, you won’t have to talk so much about Space to God, He was there first.”

The California Museum of Science & Industry, after Jim’s twenty years there, awarded him an honorary Doctorate in Space Science Information.

He advised the Hugo-finalist film *Apollo 13* and the Emmy- and Golden-Globe-winning television miniseries *From the Earth to the Moon* – in which he also acted: he was the Grumman fellow tapping his pencil in the fifth episode, “Spider”. That was lifelike. We were all given pencils inscribed with Jim’s timeless expression, “Sorry.” The episode, incidentally, used a real Lunar Module, built for Apollo 18.

We also heard due reference to the Ancient Honorable Order of Turtles, for Gene Cernan and Walt Cunningham still alive, and in memory of Jim, Donn F. Eisele, Paul Haney, Walter M. Schirra Jr., Donald K. Slayton, John L. Swigert, Walter C. Williams, and John F. Kennedy – no questions asked.

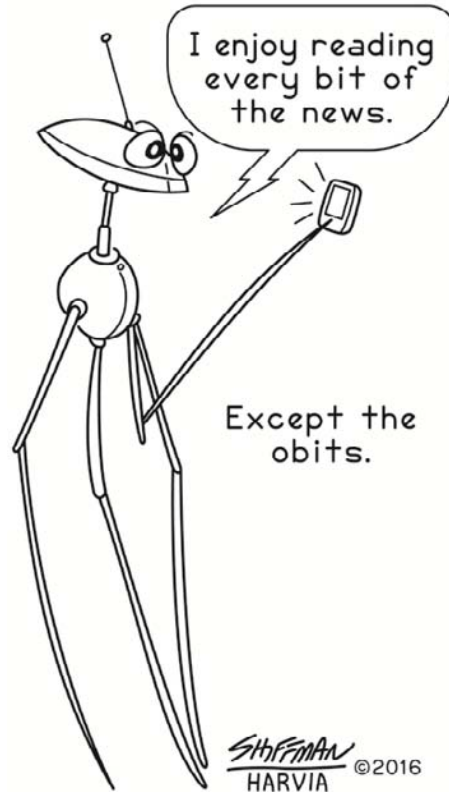
Mr. Robertson named sources he’d consulted. The first was *File 770*. He inquired “Is Mike Glycer here?” I answered “In spirit.” So, of course, was Jim.

Honor him with a donation to Aerospace Legacy Foundation, P.O. Box 40684, Downey, CA 90239.

Fred Prophet: With Honor in His Own Country

By John Hertz: (reprinted from *Vanamonde* 1203) On June 29th we lost Fred Prophet (born 7 Jul 1929), co-chair with Roger Sims of Detention the 17th World Science Fiction Convention (4-7 Sep 59, Detroit, Michigan), whose publicity was headed by George Young, the head upon which as I understand was previously the first propeller beanie.

This was the Worldcon of the celebrated panel discussion — a panel of fanzine editors, John Berry (brought from Ireland by a special fund), Ron Ellik, Boyd Raeburn, Wally We-



ber, Ted White, moderated by Bjo Trimble — which began Sunday night, attended by six dozen, and ran until 4:30 a.m. having somehow adjourned to Harlan Ellison’s hotel room, leading Bjo to explain “After that they wouldn’t let me moderate panels anymore.” Her name is written with a caret over the “j” (possibly beyond Glycer’s or your software) to show by an Esperantism the pronunciation “bee-joe”.

Opening Ceremonies hauled a seeming corpse across the stage: Howard DeVore had said a Worldcon could only be held in Detroit, his home town, over his dead body. Alas, that did stop our giving the Big Heart Award (first presented in Detention) to Howard forty-seven years later. By then he’d long been Big-Hearted Howard anyway.

When I first met Fred, a while if not quite so long later, he still looked like his photograph in *A Wealth of Fable* (photo by Elinor Busby; book by Harry Warner, Jr.; 1992 rev. p. 403). After that I dared call him the Prophet of S-F.

Detention seems to have detained us all from holding another Worldcon there, but we did make Detcon the 11th NASFiC (17-20 Jul 2014; North America S-F Con, since 1975 held when the Worldcon is overseas). Shall we have a Detention or Detcon II?

Detcon made Fred and Roger its Con Chairs *Emeriti*. When Geri Sullivan put up a banner in the Fanzine Lounge where one could sign for each NASFiC one had attended I had the honor, or luck, to find Fred and get him to sign it. *R.I.P.*

Endeavour Award Shortlist

Five novels written by writers from the Pacific Northwest are finalists for the 18th annual Endeavour Award.

- *Edge of Dark* by Brenda Cooper of Kirkland, WA (Pyr Books)
- *Irona 700* by Dave Duncan of Victoria, BC (Open Road Integrated Media)
- *The Price of Valor* by Django Wexler of Bothell, WA (Roc Books)
- *Silver on the Road* by Laura Anne Gilman of Seattle, WA (Saga Press)
- *Tracker* by C.J. Cherryh of Spokane, WA (Daw Books)

The finalists were announced at Westercon over the Independence Day weekend.

The Award comes with an honorarium of \$1,000. The winner will be announced November 18, 2016, at OryCon, Oregon’s primary science fiction convention.

The Endeavour Award honors a distinguished science fiction or fantasy book, either a novel or a single-author collection, created by a writer living in the Pacific Northwest. All entries are read and scored by seven readers randomly selected from a panel of preliminary readers. The five highest scoring books then go to three final judges, who are all professional writers or editors from outside of the Pacific Northwest. The Endeavour Award is sponsored by Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc. (OSFCI), a 501(c)(3) non-profit corporation.

The judges for the 2016 Award are Jack McDevitt, Michaela Roessner, and Gordon Van Gelder.

2016 Manly Wade Wellman Award

Charlotte author John G. Hartness is the winner of the 2016 Manly Wade Wellman Award for his novel *Raising Hell*.

The award is given by the North Carolina Speculative Fiction Foundation to recognize outstanding science fiction and fantasy novels written by North Carolina authors.

The winner was announced July 16 at ConGregarate in High Point, North Carolina. In his acceptance speech, Hartness expressed both his gratitude to those who voted, as well as his honor at being included among his fellow nominees this year.

The award is named for long-time North Carolina author Manly Wade Wellman, and the recipient is chosen by a vote of members of sf conventions held in that state: illogiCon, ConCarolinas, ConTemporal, and ConGregarate.

Crusader Clifford Clinton and His Cafeteria, Clifton's

By John Hertz

On Wednesday, February 3rd, between Groundhog Day (doesn't that sound like someone who pitched a tent too wide?) and Chinese (and others') New Year, the Casa Verdugo branch of the Glendale Public Library hosted a talk by Edmond J. Clinton III, eldest grandson of the founder of Clifton's Cafeteria.

My local s-f club met at Clifton's in the 1930s. It was the early days of each. We go back to 1934. Clifford Clinton opened a Los Angeles cafeteria in 1931, with 2,500 recipe cards and \$2,000.

If you know about names and numbers, you'll have already figured out that EJC III's father was EJC II, i.e. not named for EJC II's father (so not EJC Jr.) but for another EJC in the family (which was, in the Clintons' case, EJC III's great-grandfather).

Another restaurant in the family was called Clinton's. So the Los Angeles ones took half of *Clifford* and half of *Clinton*.

At one time there were eight Clifton's Cafeterias in town. They all ran for years.

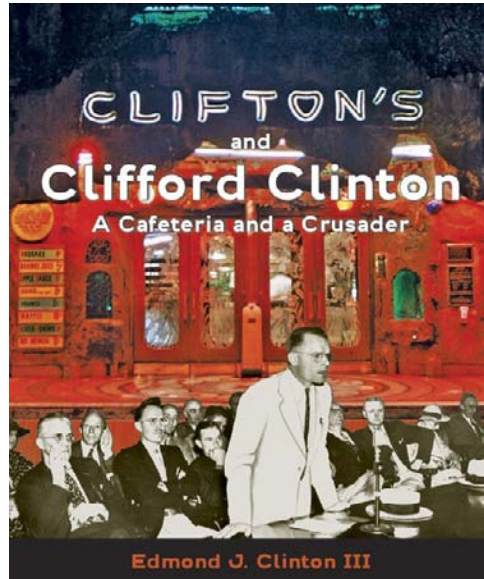
Their history was glorious, by which I include the physical glory of neon lights – some of which were palm trees – and the moral glory of feeding thousands in the Depression days.

Clifton's was the Restaurant of the Golden Rule, which was, in the Clifton's case, if you didn't have any gold that didn't rule. A sign – neon – at the door said "Pay what you wish." It wasn't even qualified, as the Art Institute of Chicago sign was, "– but you must pay something."

In the Depression days some s-f fans couldn't pay anything. Some could. It's no secret that Forry Ackerman staked Ray Bradbury to a New York trip for the first World Science Fiction convention in 1939. Far more people had then heard of Ackerman than of Bradbury.

Clifton's at its peak had 15,000 diners a day. Everyone went there. Walt Disney. Mayor Hahn. Bradbury had his corner when his pockets were empty and when they were full.

Eventually all the Clifton's Cafeterias closed but one, Clifton's Brookdale at 648 S. Broadway down town, named for Brookdale Lodge 350 miles north in redwood country,



near where its founder grew up. It was decorated accordingly, with wood and rocks and taxidermy. "Stuffed animal" did not then mean what it did when Chocolate Moose was the chair of Loscon XX in 1993 (okay, Elayne Pelz helped).

In 2010 the Brookdale was sold to restaurateur Andrew Meieran. He spent \$10 million on a lot of restoration and a little renovation. He stayed open a few days a week

as long as he could, then closed awhile. Before he was quite ready he powered up the lights for "A Night on Broadway." Re-opening Day was October 1, 2015.

The original terrazzo sidewalk is still in front of the door. The original tiles are still on the ground floor. There's a stuffed bison and a stuffed mountain lion and a waterfall and a giant redwood fabulous two ways: it's *faux* (it took a year to build), and it's wonderful, bringing you into the forest – or the Forrest.

The two bars are new, Mr. Clinton never served alcohol; the one on the third floor has a 250-lb. meteorite. Not that old, but old enough, is a neon lamp in the basement which was uncovered during renovation, still lit as it had been for almost eighty years and as it still is. The food too is old and new: hand-carved turkey every day, prime beef (in a cafeteria!), and pizza.

Also on the third floor you can recognize the Ray Bradbury corner. The handrail caps at the other three are animals; at his, an s-f widget which could be part of a time machine.

You may have known all that, particularly since Re-Opening Day. I didn't know the crusader part of Clifford Clinton.

I don't mean his parents' being Salvation Army captains and taking him with them to China. I don't even mean Clifton's Golden Rule.

I mean he exposed waste in the food



service at County General Hospital, and spearheaded a mayoral-recall election. I mean he founded Meals for Millions researching then transporting a cheap nutritious soy food round the world, in which eventually the United Nations got involved so as to teach local folks about better feeding themselves.

That's in Edmond J. Clinton III's new book *Clifton's and Clifford Clinton*.

The Casa Verdugo Library kindly served refreshment, including Jell-O – lime Jell-O – savory lime Jell-O made with cucumber and sour cream and horseradish. Old and new.

At the end of the talk a man asked "Isn't it true that the guys who founded the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, and a bunch of science fiction buffs, were regulars at Clifton's?" EJC III said yes. Then he called on me and I said "Since you mention it, I'm here from the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, the oldest science fiction club on Earth. We met at Clifton's for years, Ray Bradbury and Robert Heinlein and just plain fans like me and maybe you."

So I made sure to dine at Clifton's on Thursday.

2016 Science Fiction Research Association Awards

The Science Fiction Research Association announced its 2016 awards at the organization's annual conference, held this year at the University of Liverpool.

The Pioneer Award

Recognizing the writer or writers of the best critical essay-length work of the year (2015) Scott Selisker for "'Shutter-Stop Flash-Bulb Strange': GMOs and the Aesthetics of Scale in Paolo Bacigalupi's *The Windup Girl*," published in *Science Fiction Studies*

Pilgrim Award

Honoring lifetime contributions to science fiction and fantasy scholarship
Mark Bould

Thomas D. Clareson Award

Recognizing outstanding service activities-promotion of SF teaching and study, editing, reviewing, editorial writing, publishing, organizing meetings, mentoring, and leadership in SF/fantasy organizations
Farah Mendlesohn

The Mary Kay Bray Award

For the best essay, interview, or extended review to appear in the SFRA Review in a given year
Amy Ransom

2016 World Fantasy Awards Final Ballot

The final ballot and named Life Achievement awards for this year's World Fantasy Awards has been announced. The awards will be presented at World Fantasy Con in October:

LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT

David G. Hartwell
Andrzej Sapkowski

NOVELS

Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Buried Giant* (Knopf/Faber & Faber)
N. K. Jemisin, *The Fifth Season* (Orbit)
Naomi Novik, *Uprooted* (Del Rey Books/Macmillan UK)
K. J. Parker, *Savages* (Subterranean Press)
Anna Smail, *The Chimes* (Sceptre)
Paul Tremblay, *A Head Full of Ghosts* (William Morrow & Co.)

LONG FICTION

Kelly Barnhill, *The Unlicensed Magician* (PS Publishing)
Usman T. Malik, "The Pauper Prince and the Eucalyptus Jinn" (Tor.com, Apr. 22, 2015)
Kim Newman, "Guignol" (*Horrorology*, edited by Stephen Jones, Jo Fletcher Books)
Kelly Robson, "Waters of Versailles" (Tor.com, June 10, 2015)
Bud Webster, "Farewell Blues" (*The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, Jan./Feb. 2015)

SHORT FICTION

Selena Chambers, "The Neurastheniac" (*Cassilda's Song*, ed. Joseph S. Pulver, Sr. Chaosium Inc)
Amal El-Mohtar, "Pockets" (*Uncanny Magazine*, Jan.-Feb. 2015)
Sam J. Miller, "The Heat of Us: Notes Toward an Oral History" (*Uncanny Magazine*, Jan.-Feb. 2015)
Tamsyn Muir, "The Deepwater Bride" (*The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, July/Aug. 2015)
Alyssa Wong, "Hungry Daughters of Starving Mothers" (*Nightmare* magazine, Oct. 2015)

ANTHOLOGY

Ellen Datlow, ed., *The Doll Collection* (Tor Books)
S. T. Joshi, ed., *Black Wings IV: New Tales of Lovecraftian Horror* (PS Publishing)
Silvia Moreno-Garcia and Paula R. Stiles, eds., *She Walks in Shadows* (Innsmouth

Free Press)

Joseph S. Pulver, Sr., ed., *Cassilda's Song: Tales Inspired by Robert W. Chambers' King in Yellow Mythos* (Chaosium Inc.)

Simon Strantzas, ed., *Aickman's Heirs* (Undertow Publications)

COLLECTION

C. S. E. Cooney, *Bone Swans* (Mythic Delirium Books)
Leena Krohn, *Leena Krohn: Collected Fiction* (Cheeky Frawg Books)
V. H. Leslie, *Skein and Bone* (Undertow Publications)
Kelly Link, *Get in Trouble* (Random House)
James Morrow, *Reality by Other Means: The Best Short Fiction of James Morrow* (Wesleyan University Press)
Mary Rickert, *You Have Never Been Here* (Small Beer Press)

ARTIST

Richard Anderson
Galen Dara
Julie Dillon
Kathleen Jennings
Thomas S. Kuebler

SPECIAL AWARD – PROFESSIONAL

Neil Gaiman, Dave Stewart, and J. H. Williams III, *The Sandman: Overture* (Vertigo)
Stephen Jones, for *The Art of Horror* (Applause Theatre Book & Cinema Book Publishers)
Robert Jordan, Harriet McDougal, Alan Romanczuk, and Maria Simons, *The Wheel of Time Companion: The People, Places and History of the Bestselling Series* (Tor Books)
Joe Monti, for contributions to the genre
Heather J. Wood, for *Gods, Memes and Monsters: A 21st Century Bestiary* (Stone Skin Press)

SPECIAL AWARD – NONPROFESSIONAL

Scott H. Andrews, for *Beneath Ceaseless Skies: Literary Adventure Fantasy*
Jedediah Berry and Eben Kling, for *The Family Arcana: A Story in Cards* (Ninepin Press)
John O'Neill, for *Black Gate: Adventures in Fantasy Literature*
Alexandra Pierce and Alisa Krasnostein, for *Letters to Tiptree* (Twelfth Planet Press)
Lynne M. Thomas and Michael Damian Thomas, for *Uncanny Magazine*
Helen Young, for Tales After Tolkien Society

File Still Open

A Celebration of a Newsletter

By Taral Wayne



[[Editor's Introduction: The File 770 blog celebrated a birthday, and Taral contributed a humorous retrospective about my fanzine publishing career, with a few pokes at his own history as a newzine editor.]]

I went to the *File 770* site the other day, and saw that it was eight years old.

Eight years old? If *File 770* were a Windows operating system, it would be obsolete by now. If it were a new cell phone or tablet from Apple, *File 770* would have been three generations of technology ago... But then none of us old fogies would know how to use it.

Of course, I remember *File 770* from the Stone Age, when a glide of fingertip wouldn't operate the pages. No, you had to lift a paper sheet by one corner, and flip it over to reveal a *second* page beneath it, and so on! How unbelievably inefficient is that? All the same, the words were all there, and – astonishingly – pictures as well!

Of course, the prehistoric Mike Glycer didn't hit on the formula for *File 770* right away. He experimented with many other model fanzines and titles before finally hitting the sweet spot. Few of us remember *Scientifrication*, *Prehensile*, *The Speed of Dark*, *Rat Tail File*, *Galactic Jive Tales* and ... and ... well, those of us who are that old often have trouble remembering *anything*.

It hardly seems possible that I've been along for the ride with Mike for almost all of that time. When I first saw one of Mike's fanzines, it seemed that he was already a permanent fixture in fandom, and held a seniority that I could scarcely fathom. In fact, Mike's earliest fanzines appeared in fandom at about the same time that I did ... it was simply a couple of years before he added me to his mailing list. In retrospect, I see that a couple of years is no yawning gulf, no generation gap, but only about as long as currently goes by between the issues of *File 770* that Mike still publishes on paper.

We are contemporaries, and to a small degree I think of myself as a junior partner in Mike's various enterprises. I began doing art for him while he was still publishing his first genzine, *Prehensile*, and first wrote for him in *Scientifrication*. And I'm still waiting for my first paycheck...

I have to hand it to Mike for one thing above and beyond his longevity. Anyone can simply park himself in a corner of the con suite at conventions for year after year. Fandom is full of old codgers like that, who remember Isaac Asimov before he grew muttonchops, or who were scandalized the first time a fantasy novel won a Hugo for Best Novel. Being a convention couch potato was not for Mike, though. He has

published continuously for 43 years, as near as I can figure. And what's more, he's consistently performed what I consider the hardest job in fanwriting – writing up the news!

I mean, what could be more boring? I did it for two or three years while publishing a newsletter called *DNQ* with Victoria Vayne, and could not bring myself to deal with some of the trivia that turned up in my mailbox. Every convention in the country wanted free publicity. Clubs I never heard of elected people I never heard of to offices that didn't matter. Fans announced tribute issues to Philip Francis Nowlan or James Doochan. TAFF was open to nominations. Somebody was selling their collection of Arkham House hardcovers. Chicago was bidding for the Worldcon. *Dune* was being done by Marvel Comics. Uri Geller would attend a LASFS meeting. Some obscure fictional alien celebrated her 284th birthday! I filed most such “news” to the circular file, naturally. But Mike, the poor guy, takes his commitment to covering all the news of fandom so seriously that he dutifully produces the requisite number of words on each and every dreary press release that crosses his desk.

I don't know how he does it. Year after year, trying to inject enthusiasm and relevance into the blizzard of self-serving announcements, mundane events and inconsequential convention details that blows into his e-mail box like a snowdrift on the kitchen floor when the door is inadvertently left open. How does Mike stay awake while he pounds the keyboard? What keeps him from screaming “I don't care! I don't give a damn about any of this!” as he stabs the “delete” button, clearing his mailbox of the deadly-dull minutiae of science fiction fandom? What keeps the imp of the perverse from slipping in a few falsehoods and sly innuendoes, just to see if anyone reads all that drudge-work?

I couldn't do it. In my brief stint as a newsletter editor I planted hoaxes, misrepresented the facts, disregarded all that I found wanting in reader interest, blatantly took sides in every dispute and swept under the carpet any least hint of complaint about my editing style. Not Mike, though. I won't say he's wishy-washy or that he lacks a bullshit detector. Far from it. But he brings to the job a determination, evenhandedness and industrious methodology that I can only wonder at ... and thank the elder ghods of fandom that I lack, because at heart I am just not a newsletter editor.

So whither *File 770*? Another eight years? Another sixteen? Or, like floppy disks and modems, is the Internet fated to be replaced by a newer and even more time-consuming medium? Will the *File 770* of tomorrow be snatched from the aether by Wi-Fi and read in a pop-up in our Google Glasses? Or will it be encoded directly into the brain's memory cells without even spending the time to read it? Then again, if the environment collapses and our economy implodes, we might be back to Mimeographs. I can see it now ... dark cells inhabited by silent fans, reverently cranking the hunched black stencil duplicators, printing the classics of a forgotten age whose language has become so archaic that little of the sacred screeed is fully understood even by those who are charged with its preservation.

To be honest, there are many of us old fogies who would probably be relieved that we had no more new operating systems or applications software to learn.

But whatever form *File 770* takes in the future, there will always be Mike Glycer, fandom's most dedicated journalist, ensuring that no one ever misses a single word about Sad Puppies or Ray Bradbury's favourite bedroom slippers.

The Fanivore

John Hertz

Let me join those who point out, in response to Rich Lynch's fine tale of his checkered chess career, that Louis Russell Chauvenet (1920-2003), who coined "fanzine" and "prozine" in the 1940s, was a top player, the 1959 U.S. Amateur Champion, ranked a solid Expert and sometimes low Master. I've told how I once at a Worldcon Fanzine Lounge held in my hands a copy of his multi-color-hectograph *Sardonix*. It had been kept safe from light in a paper envelope and was in more than one way brilliant. Lynch recalls being better than a *Patzer* (German, "fumbler") but sometimes feeling like one. A high-school friend of mine, captain of our chess team, a black along with more than 99% of the student body, upon seeing a very doubtful move, the kind annotated ? or ?? in reporting a game, would cry "Aha! the *Patz!*" meaning that one had just revealed one's true quality. I still hear this in his voice.

Your reminiscences of Noreascon III were superb. As you report, speakers at its brunch recounted many more memories of things past. I recall how in that year's Masquerade a Haydn minuet I'd taught Regency Dancing with was used for "The Court of the Peacock King". I watched in the balcony with George Flynn. Afterward Masquerade Director Suford Lewis and I stayed up all night getting still photographs ready to offer for sale to all attendees next morning. You hold that Vance's *Last Castle* is not fantasy but science fiction. So is *The Dying Earth*, as he sets up early and then crashes home at the end. But I've never discussed it with Jane Yolen. The closest I've come to Oz, not counting in books, was *Aussiecon IV*. I presented the Hugo for Best Fanwriter, which upon opening the envelope I discovered went to Fred Pohl. Robert Silverberg accepted, observing, I fear quite rightly in the circumstances, "This is the strangest of Fred's Hugos."

It turned out to be a great help we gave Sue Mason the 2014 Rotsler Award. We didn't know — maybe Claire Brialey suspected — that Brialey would have to resign from the panel of judges just before the 2015 Worldcon. We pondered possibilities and brought in Mason, just in time for her to take part in deciding the 2015 winner. It would have been wretched had Mason been disabled from getting the Award herself. Roscoe works in mysterious ways.

Fondness for the single-malt scotch Lagavullin was only one sign of Glicksohn's dis-



cernment. In *Vanamonde 472* I reported, from a letter of his, "Mike Glicksohn says Jack Harness' poker game Soft Shoe, in which one could shuffle off to bluff a low, was 'one of the finest puns of this or any year'." I saw at *File770.com* Joel Zakem's report that at Glicksohn's funeral "Taral Wayne drank a whole bottle of Canadian Club in his memory. Luckily there are 50 ml bottles."

I too was in TAPS, with Kurt Erichsen as I recall, certainly with Harry Warner. I came too late to see Barry Gold dubbed the White Knight of TAPS, but I did get people singing "Oc-topus for Jo-ohn Hertz, Jo-ohn Hertz, Jo-ohn Hertz." Maybe some memories are best left in the files.

Brad Foster

Hadn't been to *efanzines* in a bit, and so was scrolling along today, and was surprised to see *F770 #165* up there, having been released at the end of the year. Since we're now at about mid-February, I'll assume you have now switched to all digital, and no more paper copies will be coming. Ah well, it's the future, might as well embrace it. But I do hope you'll send out an email notice or something next time, to let me know when the new issue is available!

2015 turned out to have the least amount of artwork finished by me in... well, in quite some time. Many factors, including this damn

new cataract, really cut into my output. Hoping to get better again in 2016, and if we can ever get out from under a few of the present debts, save up for cataract removal surgery before it starts to spread too much. Life. Always screwing with us! So, not a lot of stuff on hand right now, hope the ones you still have will hold my subscription up.

Scrolling through the issue. (Odd not to be "paging" through it... :)), enjoyed Taral's comments on the various fan artists. All great folks in different ways, but I think that, were I just starting out myself, Steffan is who I would most like to grow up to draw like!

And great to see Teddy now has his own Rotsler to add to his honors list. More than well deserved.

Now scrolling... scrolling... scrolling through -way- too many pages of obituaries. It's good to recognize all these folks, but damn, so many. So many. Let's hope it will be a slightly smaller section next time around!

Okay, back to work for me. Much to do, little time to get to it. Time... just need more time....

Chip Hitchcock

One nitpick amid the obituaries: E. E. Smith's "negasphere" was a sphere of anti("negative") matter, not a black hole. I don't know whether anyone has modeled how such a thing would behave; Smith's description of it as strongly

attracted to the greatest concentration of matter does sound like a black hole, but the size is many orders of magnitude too big (i.e., it's directly visible from a distance).

Lloyd Penney

It has taken longer than I wanted, but I do have *File 770 165* here, and I should get started on making some comments on it. Not sure how long this will take, but it is definitely worth taking the time to do.

The cover...I expected something like this to happen in the latest Star Wars movie. My best to Steve Stiles, and all artists still happy to draw for fanzines.

It is good to hear good stories about folks like Forry Ackerman so long after they've left us. There is always something new to learn and hear about. I wish I had some way to come and visit with LA fandom, maybe at another Loscon.

Ah, David Hartwell...someone else who has left us. I did know David well, but we know each other through our common love of Hawaiian shirts. He had come up to Toronto for Ad Astra a number of times, and certainly made his presence felt through local prodom and fandom. So many are mourning his very sudden loss.

Excellent article about the winners of the Rotsler Awards from Taral, and it reminds me of something that happens to many people... when the Big Name Fan passes away, their Significant Other is often ignored and/or forgotten. We try our best to keep in touch with Susan Manchester, Mike Glicksohn's widow. And I have heard that Stu Shiffman's SO, Andi Shechter, may gafiate and move from the Seattle area. Don't go, Andi! In some ways, though, a fresh start somewhere else might help her deal with her loss and frail health.

I have a lot of old British coinage at home, with lots of old Edwardian and Elizabethan pre-decimal coins, including silver and wooden threepence coins, silver sixpences, shillings and half-a-crowns. Yet, more modern British coinage can have its own strange bits, too. I have a couple of 20-pence coins. Who remembers when we went to Holland for the Worldcon in 1990, having to deal with 25-guilder notes? I always felt I was getting too much change back. We on the North American continent are too used to 20-dollar bills. It could be worse...29 Knuts to a Sickel, and 17 silver Sickles to a Galleon...

And now, the worst part of the zine...the obituaries. May we all have such an obituary to remember us by as that for Art Widner. Yvonne and I were welcomed to fandom by some neofen at one Ad Astra, around the time we'd been around for 25 years. Yvonne reminds some of our friends that we've been married longer than they've been alive. And,



Peggy Rae's passing was painful, too. We don't go to Worldcons anymore, and while our bank accounts thank us, we've lost touch with so many old friends, and it hurts to see that so many friends, made long ago, have gone before we could reunite. We met Adrienne Martine-Barnes at dinner with Marty Gear, way back in 1983 when we were attending our second Worldcon in Baltimore, and helping Marty operate masquerade registration. The names come on and on and on, and there is a twinge for many of them. Terry Pratchett's first North American convention was Ad Astra in Toronto, and Yvonne was his pick-up and driver to the convention.

My loc...health problems are being managed, I am about 10-12 pounds lighter, Yvonne's had carpal tunnel operations on both wrists, and we're better. We couldn't go to the London Worldcon, but that didn't mean that we couldn't go to London later on. As of mid-August, Yvonne and I will be going to London and Lincoln, for some Harry Potter and steampunk fannish fun. I lost my job this past October, but I think we will still be in good shape for our grand adventure this summer. We are

also ramping up our steampunk vending, and will be going to some local craft shows, comic cons and SF conventions like Ad Astra to sell our wares.

For M. Lee Rogers...I will be 57 on June 2, 2016. I promise to stay as young as I can, and no one's getting rid of me soon. I should say 57 for extremely small values of 5 and 7.

And, well into the second page and done. Geography keeps us all apart more than ever now, and I regret that. The damned transporters are still down. I wish I had some news to report on here, but there is little happening. We both got nominated for Aurora Awards again, and once again, we lost, and did quite poorly. We have some pubnights and a few cons, but not much more than that. What little community there was here is mostly gone, and only social media like Facebook helps keep the local fans connected to any degree.

Thank you for the fandom yearbook...it's a necessity now, to keep up with so many. Take care, and see you with the next one, or sooner, I hope.

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