

FILE 770

Editor's Notes by Mike Glycer

We interrupt this program: Make that, *next* issue will run a long and detailed commentary on the state of science fiction clubs. I devoted enough time in June to this D. Westian project that the window of opportunity to finish *File 770* closed. Then I had to prepare the Mythcon XXIX Program Schedule. The article needs a little more work, so I have decided to fire off a regular news issue before going to Buconeer. When I come back I will produce an issue containing Worldcon highlights, the completed clubs article, and John Hertz' *Westcon Notebook*.

Meantime, here's a teaser from Ken Keller about the fatal problems of a famous club from the 1950s--and an afterword by Greg Benford, who was there!

How Clubs Were Killed in "The Good Old Days" by Ken Keller

The following SF club anecdote was told to me more than twenty years ago by my fannish mentor, the late Tom Reamy. I know it to be true because Tom told me he was one of the architects of the apocalyptic event in question. It's just the kind

of thing a bunch of science fiction fans in the 50s would do--you just can't make this kind of stuff up! Its lesson is as valid today as it was then...

During the 1950s, Tom was a member of the Dallas Futurian Society, which like a lot of other groups of the time had sprung up in the postwar era. (It was actually founded in 1954.) He was an active member in the club for most of its five year history and eventually became the editor of the club's fanzine, *CriFan-Ac*, which he then promptly turned into his full-blown genzine for awhile. It was a fine zine and was respected in fandom. (It was also the spiritual ancestor of his Hugo-nominated fanzine, the elegant *Trumpet*, which he later published from the mid-to-late 60s.) Toward the end, Dallas fandom had been split more than once by the specter of faanish politics, the last straw being the heated politics surrounding the Dallas Futurians bid for the 1958 Southwestercon.

The major agitator of things political in Dallas fandom was a fan by the name of Orville W. Mosher. Orville was a well known super-fan (in some fandom quarters), mostly in the then high-profile national club, the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F) as a fanzine publisher. He had been a self-styled SF club "authority" and "expert" in general fandom in 1951, while he lived in Kansas. After moving to Dallas fandom, he rapidly became one of those not-to-secret fannish politicos that no one, according to Tom, ever really got along with. (He sowed the

seeds of dissent everywhere.) It seems he was *always* trying to manipulate and control the club through someone else, unseen, behind the scenes. Feuds abounded as a result.

At the end, when everyone (except Mosher) seemed to know the Dallas Futurian Society was all but finished (due in no large part to Mosher's not-so-transparent meddling), in one, final act of *lex talonis* the club dragged Mosher from out of the shadows and into the spotlight, electing him President of the organization! It was a short-lived moment of fannish glory. The stunned Mosher then stood by helplessly as the entire Dallas Futurian Society, in the next breath, unanimously voted to disband the organization. For good. Fannish Armageddon, Texas-style. The Dallas Futurians were finished, never to return. Soon after, Mosher (it was rumored) drifted away from fandom, an embittered fan...and off into local politics, never to be seen in fandom again--by his own hand, doomed to be remembered as a "Claude Degler."

Postscript by Greg Benford: The Dallas story is right; I was there. But we reformed a month later as a party, not a club--no more boring meetings!

I last saw Mosher--a near-dwarf, by the way, even if a "superfan" in the N3F--outside his pathetic printing company in downtown Dallas, shouting about starting a new club...

And we think the good' ol days were all good...

File 770 125

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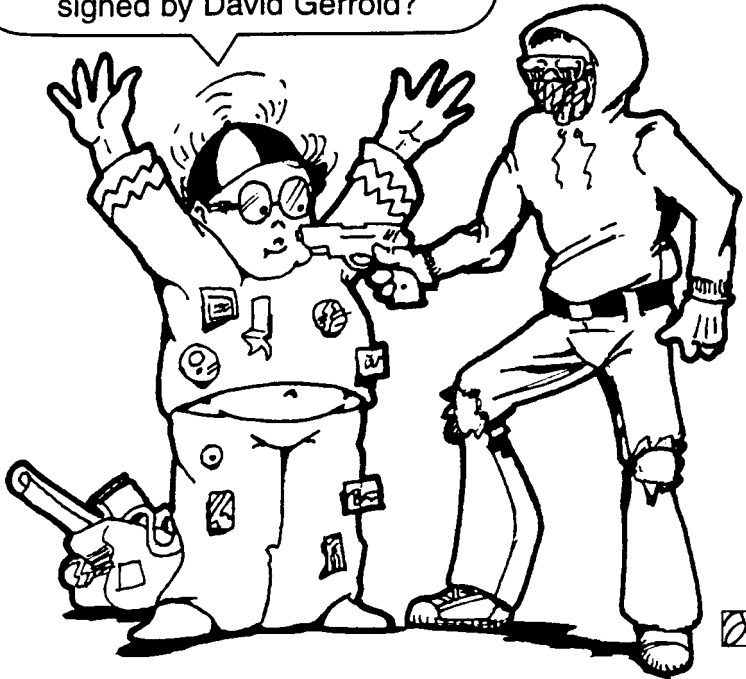
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Alan White: 3
Alexis Gilliland: 4
Bill Rotsler: 4, 6, 7, 10,
15, 20
Teddy Harvia: 5, 13
Brad Foster: 9

News of Fandom

My money or my life? Uh, how about an Elvira poster, three Hershey bars, a can of Diet Coke, a copy of "The Enchanted Duplicator" and a styrofoam cup signed by David Gerrold?



Willis Collection

A dozen advance orders arrived in the first month after Robert Lichtman announced his plan for a reprint collection of Walt Willis' *Nebula* columns. "If orders continue to come in at this pace, there'll be no question that I can go ahead in September with a 100-copy edition. One person ordering pointed out to me that the bibliography in *Warhoon No. 28* lists four further columns published in 1964 by Peter Weston's *Zenith*, so I'm looking into getting copies of those."

Midwestern Matrimony

Ricia Mainhardt and AJ Janschewitz celebrated their marriage on May 16 at the First Presbyterian Church in Manitowoc, WI, following the civil ceremony in New York by a mere 357 days (it was on May 24, 1997). Remarks by the groom at the reception, at the Lighthouse Inn in Two Rivers, WI hinted that the non-simultaneity had more to do with procrastination than with the difficulty so many couples encounter when trying to schedule a church for a wedding during the spring. As for the 800-mile separation of the ceremonies, the bride's literary agency has had her residing in NYC for years, but her roots (and many of her relatives) are in America's Dairyland. [[By E. Michael Blake]]

Air to Spare

Denver fan Michelle Dane used CPR to help save a 3-year-old girl who was discovered drowning in a campground pool. The *Colorado Springs Gazette* reports that Michelle was in the pool with her baby daughter when the woman she was talking to noticed the girl floating face down. Dane gave her baby to the woman while another woman dove in and pulled the girl from the pool. Then Michelle placed the girl on the pool deck and started pushing on her stomach and chest to expel water. Just before paramedics arrived the girl took some shallow breaths on her own, and her color started coming back.

A fireman said Michelle's quick, calm action saved the girl's life, but Michelle said she didn't think twice, she just acted. She credited the woman who retrieved the girl from the pool and the people who called 911.

The girl's mother arrived at the pool after the girl had been taken to the hospital. She had been trying to get her other two children ready to go on the pool when the 3-year-old wandered off. Three days later the girl was released from the hospital without apparent ill-effects.

[[Source: DASFAx 7/98]]

News From the Nyet Zone

No one in Yekaterinburg, Russia, is planning a Worldcon bid. T. R. Smith, now serving there as a vice-consul for the State Department, e-mailed this encouraging news to the *Bucconeer* managers list in late July. "Just thought I'd let everyone know that there are *not* any plans for a worldcon bid in Yekaterinburg. I have thoroughly questioned all of my visa applicants since I arrived last week and responses varied from 'vat's dis worldcon' to 'hell no, we won't go.' So that answers that." It would have been cruel and unusual punishment for *Bucconeer* staff to get exiled to Siberia just to discover they'd already been assigned to Gulagcon in 2010.

TR makes life in Russia sound like an adventure, beginning with the bat she found in the bedroom of her new accommodations.

1997 Nebula and Other Awards

At the annual awards banquet and ceremony on May 2 in Santa Fe, New Mexico, SFWA presented the following awards:

Novel: *The Moon and the Sun*, by Vonda N. McIntyre

Novella: "Abandon in Place," by Jerry Olton

Novelette: "The Flowers of Aulit Prison," by Nancy Kress

Short Story: "Sister Emily's Lightship," by Jane Yolen



Other SFWA Awards

Grand Master: Poul Anderson; **Service To SFWA:** Robin Wayne Bailey, outgoing South/Central Regional Director.

SFWA Elections

President: Robert J. Sawyer; **Vice-president:** Paul Levinson; **Secretary:** Michael Burstein; **Treasurer:** Ian Randal Strock; **South/Central Regional Director:** Linda Dunn; **Canadian Regional Director:** Edo Van Belkom. [[Source: Craig Miller]]

Tempest in a Petri Dish

Canadian academic Allan Weiss reportedly has sued Robert Sawyer, incoming SFWA President, for \$4 million, and the publishers of *Realms Magazine*, a Toronto arts-and-entertainment tabloid, for \$3 million, over the publication of Sawyer's letter condemning Weiss's negative review of one of his prize-winning novels.

The November 19, 1997 issue of *Realms Magazine*, published Allan Weiss's blast of Robert Sawyer's *Starplex*. Sawyer's novel had won an Aurora Award, but the headline over the review insisted "The best book did not win" and a subhead flatly stated self-promotion landed him the award. The review itself trashed *Starplex* in detail. Two weeks later, the tabloid published Sawyer's answer in which he defended his book by a combination of personal attacks on Weiss and quotes of favorable reviews by other magazines.

The two men have clashed in the past. In 1994 Weiss won an assignment coveted by Sawyer, preparing a bibliography of Canadian sf and fantasy for a National Library of Canada exhibition. Sawyer later took the opportunity offered by a museologist

working on the exhibition to pore over Weiss' bibliography and pronounced it "rife with errors."

The lawsuit only underscores Sawyer's violation of the writers' dictum to never publicly answer a bad notice. That his letter accurately repeats Weiss' bibliographical errors or shows most critics loved the book fails to put a better face on Sawyer's anger. A Nebula award-winning SFWA officer and writer of meteorically-rising popularity can never look good squashing a gnat.

Weiss wins no points himself for pinning a megabuck lawsuit on two scuffling young tabloid publishers who still live at home with their families.

The episode has also been painful for Toronto's circle of sf and fantasy writers, as both Weiss and Sawyer have been part of Hydra (the informal group founded by the late Judith Merrill) and on one occasion Sawyer scheduled a private party opposite a Hydra meeting in response to notification that Weiss was invited.

Weiss allowed to expire Sawyer's offer to settle the lawsuit by reimbursing Weiss's legal costs and making a \$1,000 donation to the charity

of his choice.

Asia in a Minor Key

Home is the sailor, home from the sea...and the pilot, bus passenger and pedestrian. Mark and Evelyn Leeper have returned from a three-week-long tour of Turkey. The logs of their trip are available at:

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/4824/turkey.htm>

<http://www.geocities.com/Hollywood/6960/turkey.htm>

Evelyn ironically explains: "They're long (187K and 361K). This should not be a surprise."

Highlights of their trip included the Hippodrome in Istanbul, Aya Sofya, Blue Mosque, Topaki Palace, Gallipoli Battlefields, Troy, Bergama [Pergamum], Ephesus, Temple of Diana, Hisar Fortress--in fact, to any fan of history (regular or alternate) there are no "lowlights" on a trip like this!

Knowing my own interest in biblical archeology, Evelyn adds, "We skipped Mary's House in Ephesus, but most Christians go there. In my log I list the Seven Churches of Turkey, but we didn't go to most. And of course, they were congregations, not buildings."

Down Under Fan Fund

Teddy Harvia's unexpected withdrawal as a candidate has thrown the 1999 DUFF race wide-open. Teddy and his wife, Diana, definitely plan to attend Aussiecon Three, but after nearly two years of quietly laying the groundwork for the DUFF run have decided that administering the fan fund would be more than they could handle at this time. (Not least among their other projects is the Cancun in 2003 Worldcon bid.) Teddy may run for DUFF in a later year.

The only definitely announced candidate still in the field is Guy Lillian III.

DUFF delegate **Terry Frost** is at large in North America. He presented himself at the Westercon Business Meeting and moved to amend the Bylaws so that the convention could be held in Australia so that he might enjoy it more frequently. After a spirited and hilarious debate, the motion was passed subject to Ben Yalow's proviso that it not take effect until either Australia is annexed by the US or the US is annexed by Australia.

While in town for Westercon, Terry Frost and Cheryl Morgan jumped over the border to Tijuana, Mexico. Cheryl's latest *Emerald City* reports, "One of the main businesses of Mexican border towns is the sale of pharmaceuticals.... I found one shop which claimed to sell Viagra over the counter. Terry claimed not to need it and muttered about taking some back for members of the MSFC whom he regards as hormonally challenged."

Frost went to the Bay Area after Westercon and attended a BASFA meeting. The club made him an ambassador (as it does to all unsuspecting foreign visitors). According to Cheryl Morgan, "Given that we already have an ambassador to Australia [Stephen Boucher], Trey Haddadd suggested that we make Terry our ambassador to 'Australia at Avignon' and that he be known as the 'anti-ambassador.' For some reason this latter point appealed greatly to him."

Terry spent time in Alcatraz, then boarded a train for Seattle. After that, his next stop is Minneapolis.

fistiCUFFs

R. Graeme Cameron's plan to take the Canadian Unity Fan Fund (CUFF) in a different direction by limiting eligibility to fanzine fans was sharply criticized by John Mansfield (husband of former CUFF administrator Linda Ross-Mansfield) in the March/April issue of his fanzine, *Contact*:

"The current CUFF administrator has decided that the only people who should be allowed to be nominated for CUFF, would be those who are either Fanzine editors or contributors. This decision was given with no if's and's or but's. When Linda talked about closing CUFF, the idea was talked about it for two years. Like those who worked his recent positioning as CUFF administrator, we were just told after the fact."

Feeling the sting of Mansfield's rebuke, Graeme points out the clear announcement of his plan within his January call for CUFF nominations: "I have redefined the purpose of CUFF" and "narrowed the nominee focus to Fanzine Fandom."

Graeme defended his decision in an apazine: "In the course of my research on the history of CUFF I had come to believe that CUFF was originally meant to be a subgenre SF award specifically aimed at promoting Fanzine Fandom very much in the tradition (as I see it) of TAFF, after which CUFF was patterned. Certainly the first three CUFF winners (Michael Hall, Taral Wayne & Robert Runte) were chosen because of their fanzine fanatic."

It's hard to imagine how Graeme, in taking his inspiration

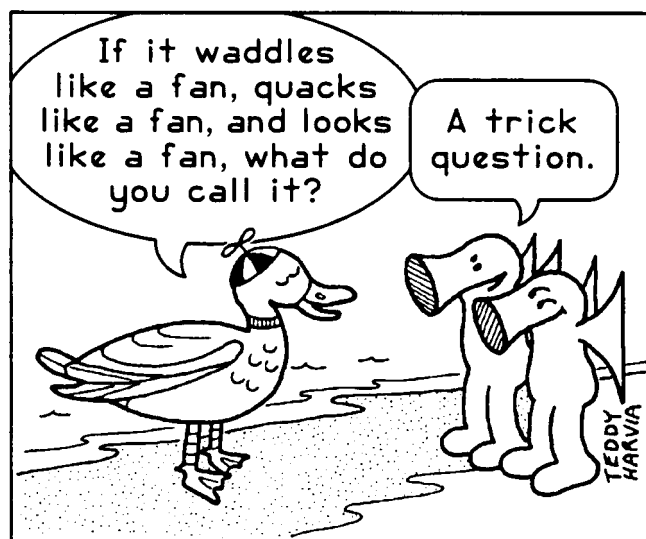
from TAFF, thought that was a well-settled model of a trip fund exclusively dedicated to fanzine fans. This very controversy has stalked TAFF again and again down the years from Bob Madle through Samantha Jeude. But, unlike TAFF, the CUFF tradition gives the administrator a decisive say in who wins. For example, Graeme's predecessor basically told him he was the only candidate and he won, there was no vote. This is in contrast to TAFF, whose direction is guided by democratic vote of a large number of fans.

Graeme answers to his critics: "If you take the contrary view, as John evidently does, that if CUFF is to remain relevant it must be a fandom-wide award open to any active Fan at all, a well-known and appreciated costumer, for instance, or a highly successful con organizer, then you might want to communicate this to Lloyd & Yvonne [Penney] since, after October, they will be the administrators of CUFF and free to take it in any direction a consensus of Canadian fandom would appear to desire."

GUFF

Judith Hanna, reporting in *Australian Bullshead* about the European end of GUFF, wrote, "The names being murmured about at this end seem to be Mike Abbott, of the *Attitude* trio and Cambridge connection, and Claire Briarley of *Banana Wings* and famously bourgeois Croydon fandom. Croydon fandom is addicted to funny animals, books and DIY; Mike notoriously looks glamorous in red sequins. Of course, it's hard not to look glamorous in red sequins, but not everyone dares appear in public wearing them."

But in Australia, Ian Gunn replied "I've been reliably informed by a source very close to Claire Briarley (i.e. Claire herself) that while she intends coming to Aussiecon Three she doesn't wish to run for GUFF. I feel that this, however, should not prevent people cajoling her further. Or indeed cajoling anyone else."



Briefing

John and Eve Harvey have collected 25 of **Dave Langford's** *SFX* columns in *Pieces of Langford*, offered at 5.45 UKP in aid of the "Auld Lang Fund" which plans to bring Dave to Aussiecon Three. Contact them at: 8 The Orchard, Tonwell, Herts., SG12 0HR, U.K. [[Source: *strangely enough*, *Ansible* 130]]

Jon Stopa is writing a hardcore sf novel. He's two-thirds through; Martha Beck has seen the drafts and says they're "very well done."

Eric Raymond is now a prominent hacker--prominent enough to rate a paragraph in the "People" section of the May 1998 issue of *Wired*. Raymond's arguments for open software development in his paper "The Cathedral and the Bazaar" convinced Jim Barksdale to release Netscape's browser source code to the world. "But he's always been a well-known Philadelphia fan," remembers Martin Morse Wooster. "In fact, I saw him at Balticon last week."

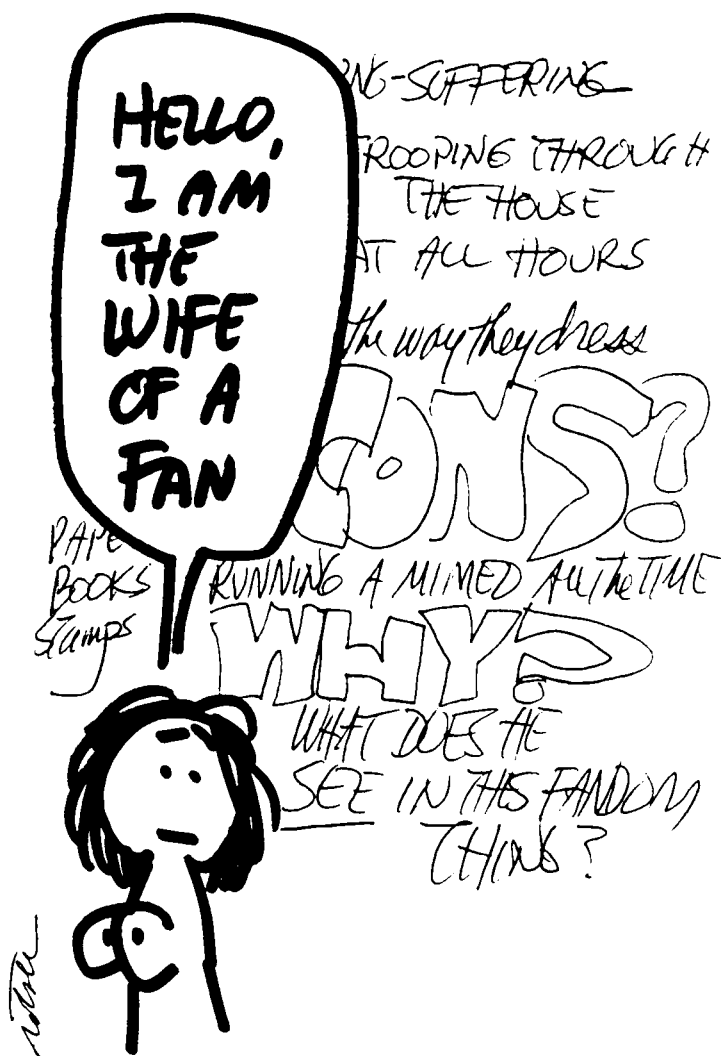
Returning to the LA area from the wide-open Texas range, **Bjo Trimble** immediately saw a need: there's nowhere pet dogs can run wild and free. So she's started editing *Foothill Paw Prints* for POOCH, Pasadenans Organizing Off-Leash Canine Habitat. The nearest official off-leash dog parks are 25 miles from Pasadena, Sierra Madre and Monrovia (towns along I-210). POOCH has its eye on several parks that could be adapted by adding 6' fences, appropriate gates and other furnishings.

Dog-owners in special t-shirts, with their dogs in tricolor neckerchiefs, will march for POOCH in the famous Sierra Madre Fourth of July parade and distribute pet information.

Rubbed the Wrong Way: We now know that one must have a massage license from the City of Burbank to do the business of massage within city limits. Officials shut down Nancy Klauschie's massage table in the AgamemCon II dealer's room after she admitted having no license.

Craig Miller and Marv Wolfman's *Pocket Dragon Adventures* has wrapped production on its first 52 half-hour episodes (104 stories). The animated series will debut in the U.S. and 60 other countries in September. The show is already on the air in France, where Pocket Dragons are already used to advertise a new Suzuki family mini-van, the Wagon R -- "Pocket Size. Pocket Price." The show is based on Real Musgrave's artwork.

Wanted: SF Fan (vaguely left-leaning) with eye disorder needs correspondence on audiotape. My medical problems are extremely isolating and I could really use mail contact with sf-oriented people. Interests: Gene Wolfe, Ursula K. LeGuin, Sturgeon, Niven, Clarke, Dr. Who, *Prisoner*, *Red Dwarf*, *Blake's 7*, *Black Adder*, *Avengers*, *Babylon 5*. Contact Jay Harber, 626 Paddock Lane, Libertyville, IL 60048.



Is Picture Framing More Expensive Than Artwork?

Spending a mint to frame your fan art? A fan-run picture-framing business recommends itself as a thrifty alternative — EASyFrame Custom Matting & Picture Framing.

Decor Magazine's survey of professional picture framers showed that in 1997 the nationwide average cost to custom-frame a picture was \$104.46. This was based on a standard frame job consisting of a 16"x20 hardwood frame, with a single rectangular window mat cut from regular matboard, drymounting, and glazing with regular glass.

By comparison, EASyFrame's quoted price for a similar framing job remains at \$63.52, and they use superior materials, including archival cotton mat board and plastic glazing to provide reater ultraviolet-light protection and shatter-resistance.

For further information, look for EASyFrame personnel at the upcoming Bucconneer Worldcon, look up the EASyFrame Web Page at <http://freeweb.digiweb.com/arts/EASyFrame/index.html>, or email to easyframe@usa.net

Abbreviations

Be Frayed, Be Very Frayed: "Fursuited is a growing interest among furry fans; there seems to be a real interest in getting 'into the skin' of the creatures that inhabit our minds and appearing that way towards other furs.... Furs will be seen wearing ears and tail through conventions, which is beneficial in that it's still totally cool-looking and if you have to pass through areas that are populated by mundanes, you can go into stealth mode by unclipping the tail and stowing the ears in your shirt." Tony Greyfox, *BCFSAzine* 6/98.

Ken Fletcher is publishing again! A little chapbook-sized zine called *Spontoon*--a shared universe of coral atolls, seaplanes and hula-girls with a furry complexion. Taral writes, "I guess I'm not the only one to find it fun. First issue contributors included Steve Gallacci, Roy Pounds, Jr. and Tim Fay, as well as others you couldn't hope to recognize. He's proceeding with the next issue as I write."

Fred Patten is writing a history of furry fandom. (Naturally, since I see Fred every week at LASFS, I had to learn this from Taral, who lives in Toronto.) Taral continues, "What would perhaps surprise you is there is already talk from one Joe Rosales III about writing a revisionist history! Fred, you see, subscribes to the standard scheme in which the organized, or self-aware, fandom came into being with the birth of *Rowrbrazzle* (apa). It was also the year (1984) when several important furry comics (*Albedo*, *Critters*, *QT Bunny*, *Captain Jack*) first came out. Some people, on the other hand, want to do a Brian Aldiss and claim anthropomorphics goes back to Genesis, and everything from animal-headed Egyptian gods to Uncle Remus. Various motives for this can be easily extrapolated, but I won't bother. Fred's publication date, perhaps 1999."

Fine Print: The latest Teddy Harvia postcard was read aloud to the June 14 NESFA meeting. *Instant Message* 627 ends its report of that event, "and the pun fines were added to his account." There are a lot of financial reports in *IM*. A lot more of them than, say, reports about Mr. Skunk. So I wondered, just what is the balance in Teddy's punfine account? *IM* #627 included a table of the past three years' balance sheets and income statements. I thought -- after more than 20 years I could finally get some use out of these reports. But there was no line for "Teddy Harvia" or for "Accounts Receivable: Punfines." I plan to wait 20 more years before I read another NESFA income statement!

Fun With Your New Hood

George Flynn was hit by a car while crossing the street in Somerville, MA on April 28. He detailed the accident, cataloged his bruises and talked about his recovery in his letter substitute, *Hits, Cons and Errors*, published in June:

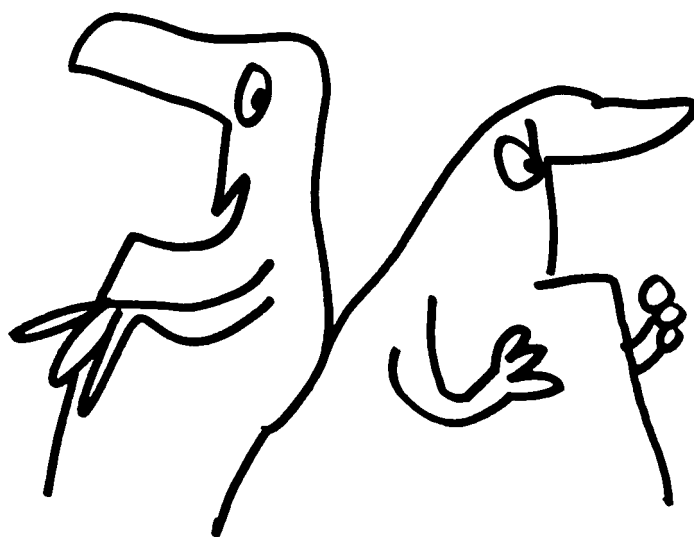
"The next thing I knew, I was borne up onto the car's hood.

As the driver jerked to a stop, I was thrown off, landing at least ten feet from where I had been... (My briefcase made it to the far side of the street unaccompanied.) I demonstrated my coherence by yelling, 'What the hell were you *doing*?' as the 20-year-old-driver rushed out to help me...."

A neighbor's call to 911 turned out a police car, ambulance and fire truck. George was transported to the emergency room, checked for concussion, patched up and allowed to hobble off to work. "My most visible injuries were mostly a string of bruises all the way down my right leg. (The car hit me on the left side, but the marks were all on the right--probably from when I hit the pavement.) The bruise on my hip and buttock was especially spectacular." George had several days when moving around was painful (even finding a comfortable position to sleep in was nearly impossible.) Fortunately, within a few weeks the bruises faded away, and the driver's insurance is paying the various bills.

Ditto Again

George's accident produced no Hollywood screwball personality transformation. He's doing exactly what he did before--joining convention committees. His latest involvement is with Ditto 11, being held by MCFL in Newport, RI November 6-8. Ditto is "the other" fanzine convention, and this year will give some North American fans who had to pass on the Corflu in Leeds, UK a second chance, while giving others a second fanzine-focused weekend. Attending memberships are \$30. Make checks payable to MCFL, and mail registrations to Ditto, c/o MCFL, P.O. Box 1010, Framingham, MA 01701-1010.



Short Waves

R'ykandar Korra'ti, curator of Norwescon Fanzine Lending Library, had mixed success and failure at this year's con. "Norwescon 21 was, well, not the best year for the lending library. Readership appeared to be down, we had problems with

'ghosts' trying to use the library as their hotel room, late Saturday night we had our first real round of theft ever (three zines went bye-bye) and Sunday morning we had a second round (another three zines flew away.)" Trek and horror zines were taken, not apparently any faannish zines. Hmm. Should we proudly infer that no trufan would pilfer a fanzine, or bristle that the thief didn't think our best stuff was worth stealing?

Jeanne Gomoll and Scott Custis will be taking over *Cube*, the clubzine of Madison, WI's SF3. Hope Kiefer has given up the editorship due to the responsibilities of being a parent of two kids, Jeanne promises, "Scott and I have volunteered to start putting out a one-sheet, zippy, monthly, all-news *Cube* starting as soon as we recover from WisCon 22."

Rotsler Art: Bill Warren is holding the last trove of Bill Rotsler original illustrations and invites requests for the art from fanzine editors and publishers. Contact him via e-mail at BillyBond@aol.com (If you're not on e-mail, send your written request in care of me, and I will e-mail the information to Bill.)

Medical Updates

Richard Wright of Seattle had successful quadruple-bypass heart surgery on May 20. He convalesced at Bob and Judy Suryan's home for a few weeks thereafter. His heart problem was diagnosed when he went to doctors with complaints of tiredness: they found a blockage and promptly checked him into the hospital.

[[Source: Westwind, 5/98]]

Vincent Clarke's incremental improvement is continuing, according to his faithful visitor, Rob Hansen. They've now removed the feeding tube that was taped to his head and entered via his nose. The distance he can walk increases by the day. According to Rob, "He has a cane and is limiting the walking exercise to laps of his bed so that there's something soft to fall on if he stumbles. Still no proper return of epiglottal function--at this point even the thought of being able to drink a simple glass of water is something to dream about--but they seem confident it will return eventually."

Many fans have sent Vince books to read. When he's done, they're passed on to Ken Bulmer, who has been in a nursing home since suffering a stroke 1996. (Bulmer also recently had a minor operation to remove a tumor from his lip.)

Robert Lichtman received a handwritten letter from Vince dated May 30 mentioning, "I find I'm a little stronger every day. I can't yet get to my feet without help, but when I do I can balance okay and move along behind a Zimmer frame. Most of the pain in joints is gone. I can keep my head upright when walking."

Rob Hansen's June 28 report is that doctors feel Vince's prognosis was good enough to consider sending him home in the near future.

Rob's continued visits to Vince depend on his temperamental, rusty old car, which has developed engine troubles that will cost more than it's worth. "I parked it in a nearby side-street.

When I returned to it yesterday there was an official notice on the windscreen declaring it an 'Abandoned Vehicle' and marking it for destruction."

Ian Gunn came out of hospital July 25 after four days of treatment for an unknown infection. Karen Pender-Gunn, looking for the bright side, adds, "He did get a private room for two nights so he got some sleep, the lucky sod!"

George "Lan" Laskowski, in a loc to *NASFA Shuttle*, updated readers on his condition as of June 30: "My health has both improved and gotten worse. The cancer spread to my liver and so the operation I was supposed to have didn't happen. I had another operation for an intestinal bypass; the tumor blocked the duodenum and stopped food from going where it should. I am undergoing more chemotherapy, even as I type this letter. I have a portable pump strapped to my side which is administering the drugs in small amounts every 30 seconds. I'll be on the pump for a week, then have a short stay in the hospital for a different set of drugs, then off for three weeks, at which time the cycle starts again. After three cycles we'll see how effective this is. My plans for the future, however, include a trip to Alaska with my loving wife Kathy, between cycles in August, and a return to work teaching in September. I have a few short experiences of pain as the tumor tries to reach out from my duodenum and pancreas to the liver, but I am hoping this round of chemotherapy will put the tumor into remission."

Changes of Address

Bob Berlien, Kathy Routliffe & Andrew Berlien, 6615 N. Talman, Chicago, IL 60645

Gary Farber, c/o Zev Sero, Apt. 1L, 396 - 12th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11215-5017

Murray Moore, 2118 Russett Road, Mississauga, Ontario L4Y 1C1, Canada; New E-mail: mmoore@pathcom.com

Jon Singer, 10018 45th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98125-8120

Joy V. Smith, 8925 Selph Road, Lakeland, FL 33810

Shaun Lyon, E-mail: jslyon@gallifreyone.com

Gene Stewart, 1004 Tigerville Rd., Traveler's Rest, SC 29690

Eric Lindsay and Jean Weber, P.O. Box 640, Airlie Beach, QLD 4802 Australia

Jean Weber, E-mail: jean_weber@compuserve.com and

jhweber@whitsunday.net.au.

Wolf von Witting, Lakegatan 8, S-133 41 Saltsjobaden, Germany

Gary Farber's mail drop has changed because Rebecca Lesses is moving at the end of this month and going to Israel for a year.

Eric Lindsay warns that his e-mail address at work, eric@maths.uts.edu.au may disappear after July 17, 1998 as he has resigned from the University where he worked. His fanzine, *Gegenschein*, is currently available from his web site:

<http://www.maths.uts.edu.au/staff/eric/sf/geg.htm>

Conventional Reportage

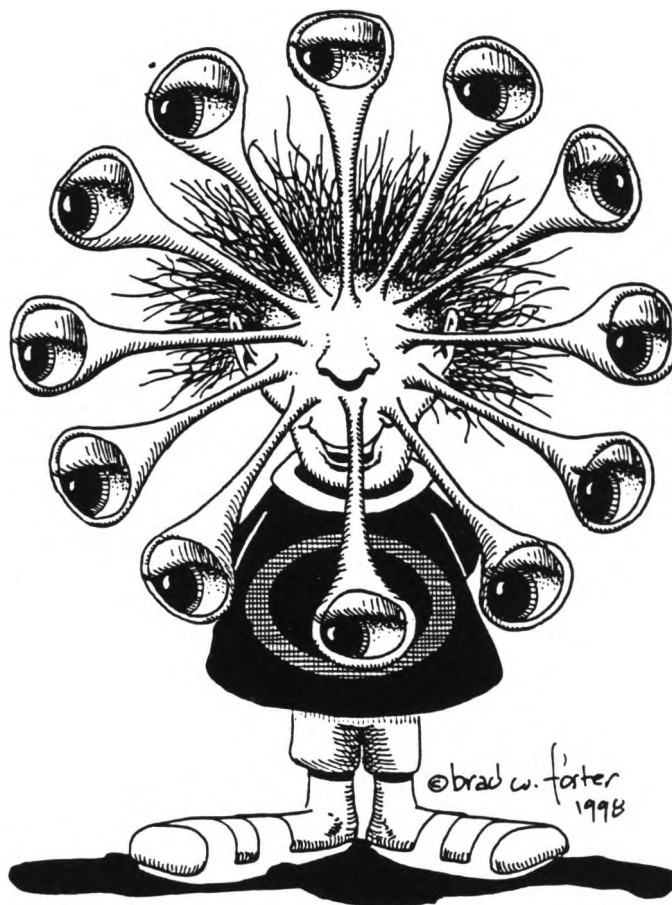
WisCon 22

Notes by Jeanne Gomoll

WisCon 22 was fabulous. The weather was beautiful in spite of predictions of rain. People were able to get out and stroll around downtown Madison. They could also stay in: There were 113 programs scheduled over four days (Friday through Monday, which was Memorial Day) and usually 6-7 programs were happening at any one time, plus a track of kids programming. There was a Saturday night variety show starring the musical talents of GoHs Ellen Kushner & Delia Sherman, plus David Emerson, and Barb Jenson (who emceed the event). They all received standing ovations. Eileen Gunn did stand-comedy; Terry Garey did stand-up poetry; and the Jim Frenkel players did a really funny play based on Delia Sherman's short story, "Nanny Peters and the Feathery Bride." Earlier in the day, Andy Hooper lead a troupe of some 30 folks on a 4-mile walking tour of a couple Madison neighborhoods. Lots of good conversations, great parties and a smoothly-running con.

We were surprised to learn from our GoH, Sheri Tepper, that WisCon 22 was her first and only SF convention. She says she's not interested in attending any other convention. I guess that means we have an "exclusive." Other news from Sheri: she's made an agreement with her editor that she will henceforth turn in only two books a year, rather than three. She's decided to stop writing mysteries (which she did under several pseudonyms).

While the Tiptree Ceremony was not held at WisCon this year (it will be at Readercon in July); there was plenty of



Tiptree-related activity at the con. The Tiptree auction, sales room, bake sale, and various other venues raised about \$5,000 for the award. The Tiptree motherboard, meanwhile, has incorporated the Award as a non-profit group and is hard at work on production of the first Tiptree anthology which will include short fiction that won or was shortlisted in the first 5 years of the award. Its title is: *Tea Cups and Flying Saucers: Gender Explorations in Science Fiction and Fantasy*, edited by Debbie Notkin and the Secret Feminist Cabal. Copies can be reserved for the advance sale price of \$14.50 plus \$2.50 postage.

The Tiptree has spun off a second (random) award called the Fairy Godmother Award -- a mini, mini, mini, mini

MacArthur Award which will strike without warning, and provide \$1,000 to a deserving writer in need of assistance to continue creating material that matches the goals of the Tiptree Award. No one can apply for the award. Names are collected through the time-honored process of rumor and innuendo. If anyone wishes to call attention to a writer they think we should know about, they should send a note to Ellen Klages at klages@well.com.

For more info about the Tiptree Award, there is a web page: <http://www.sf3.org/tiptree/>

Conversion 15

July 15-17, 1998

Calgary, AB

Report by Dale Speirs

Calgary's annual SF con is ConVersion, held this year July 17 to 19. Special Guest of Honor was J. Michael Straczynski, creator of the television show *Babylon 5*, and undoubtedly the biggest draw at ConVersion 15. While the concomp pays travel and accommodations for GoH's, its constitution prohibits paying honorariums. Therefore, a group of very dedicated fans chipped in to pay his appearance fee. As a reward, they got to schmooze with him at his birthday party July 17.

The regular GoH was Joe Haldeman. Canadian GoH's were J. Brian Clarke and Dave Duncan. Science GoHs were Bridget Landry of the Mars Pathfinder mission team, and Dr. Phil Currie, of the Royal Tyrrell Museum of Paleontology in nearby Drumheller. Currie made the cover of *Time* magazine recently for his dinosaur research (the Tyrrell is the largest fossil museum in the world) but he is also an SF fan, having published an Edgar

Rice Burroughs fanzine in his younger days.

There was a robotics demonstration, with one robot dog roaming about the hallways. The small children were delighted with it, as it would stop and wag its tail if petted.

Bridget Landry is also a dedicated costumer. I saw her start off the Sunday morning in a bright pink Elvira wig and spandex jumpsuit. In the middle of the day she showed up for her Pathfinder talk wearing a two-piece, very revealing costume that distracted the males in the audience. This is the first time I've seen a genuine rocket scientist with bare midriff and micro-mini give a slide show on space probes.

The favorite trashport of ConVersion is Writers at the Improv, put on by the Imaginative Fiction Writers' Association (IFWA). This involves three teams of IFWA writers. Members of the audience suggest a word, and each team has one minute to write a sentence using that word. When time is called, the sentences are read aloud, the audience votes on the best one, and the process is repeated. By this method, a short story is built up, not entirely coherent or with any depth of characterization or plot, but great fun.

Star Trek was absent from ConVersion except for a lone Klingon at the masquerade. The local ST club USS Equulus held a decommissioning party at the con. Star Trek is dead; long live *Babylon 5*! Joe Straczynski's panels were SRO, not surprisingly. At the GoH speeches on Sunday, instead of making a speech he answered audience questions.

Paid attendance was 550, up from last year.

A Westercon Editorial by Mike Glycer

The 1998 Westercon in San Diego was an okay convention drawing 1040 fans. That didn't make it an okay Westercon, an achievement that has passed beyond almost anyone's reach but the Portland group's. But much of what was missing from it as a *Westercon* was not the fault



of the local committee, it is fandom's verdict about Westercon's history of bad choices.

Taking the San Diego con on its own merits, it often succeeded in its attempt to be Con*Dor writ large. There was a Friday evening concert with popular talents including Wild Oats and Lynn Maudlin. The dealer's room boasted a sampling of book dealers, Sue Dawe's art, Scott and Jane Dennis' acres of t-shirts, and my wife's favorite jewelers--enough to balance out the many dealers in video tapes and celebrity photos.

Programs rocked with vibrant discussions--the "Archeology in SF" panel I was on was launched by the articulate outrage against inaccurate storytelling of two real archaeologists in the audience. I walked in at the end of another program because I heard wave after wave of laughter--the panelists were taking turns reading an article about how to wash your cat. Part of the advice was: "Place the towel so that you can easily reach it, even if you're on your back under water." A lot of fans said good things about other panels they attended.

The con also boasted some memorable, wacky moments. One evening in the Boston-for-Orlando party suite Ken Forman eloquently explained the advantages of becoming a reporter for *CriFanac*, because that would give me some place to send all those news stories fans don't want to wait three months to read. When

I left, I looked back over my shoulder to take in the Felliniesque vision of Aline Forman mounted on Hal O'Brien painting his goatee purple, watched by Ben Yalow who was wearing a pink flamingo stuffie as a headband.

In the morning I visited with Don Fitch. Don says when he isn't at a con he's on the computer: "But I haven't slipped as far down as the SMOFS list yet. Besides, when they asked for references I answered, 'Bullshit!'" I asked, "Wasn't that enough of a reference?"

Still taking the con on its own merits, there were some incomprehensible choices made by a committee that was supposedly preparing to host a large regional. Had many more fans shown up for the July 4th weekend the facilities at the San Diego Marriott couldn't have handled them. But there was no danger of that happening for such a poorly-advertised event, especially with an annual *anime* convention over the same weekend in Anaheim.

The con underplayed some exceptional drawing cards, like the *Locus* Awards, so horribly advertised few fans realized they were being held at Westercon until they wondered why Gardner Dozois, Connie Willis, Harlan Ellison and Tom Doherty were roaming the halls in evening dress. (Having believed Westercon's reputation, Doherty threw a Worldcon-sized Tor party, resulting in a lot of leftovers.) J. Michael Straczynski also brought his whole bag of *Babylon 5* material, including one of the feature-length movies. I simply don't think a con with these resources needed to have been smaller than a Loscon.

Though when it comes to this con's deficiencies as a *Westercon*, size is not really the issue. Westercon isn't signified by large numbers of anonymous warm bodies. In my mind, a Westercon is signified by a surprising abundance of interesting fans from all the major West Coast centers, and a ferment of creativity, with art shows and masquerades to rival a Worldcon. And these things have become less and less true of Westercon over the past 10 years.

The number one thing that's missing is the large number of Bay Area fans (and pros, like Silverberg and Anderson) who used to follow Westercon. Recent Bay Area bids have been trounced by Washington state bids: the locals who've stopped traveling to Westercon also aren't site selection voters. There remains a sizeable Bay Area presence at the con, yet it's a much smaller group than in the past.

I agree there have been advantages over the long run in unshackling Westercon from its perpetual bounce between Northern and Southern California. But as long as it was in those two areas, or in Phoenix, Westercon was an annual habit for a community of people an 8-hour drive (or a cheap flight) from the con. When this geographic monopoly was broken, Bay Area fans seemingly were affected more than fans from other areas. The obvious tactic to draw them back to Westercon would be to have one local to them. While there will be six Pacific Northwest area Westercons in this decade, unfortunately there will be zero in the Bay Area.

Another thing that's missing from Westercon is a major contingent of costumers. I don't know why. People I ask speculate that many of these fans are saving their energy for the specialty costume conventions. And yet specialty filking conventions haven't diminished the filkers' presence at Westercon. (Next time, try spraying....)

And the final thing I'll list as missing from Westercon is better stewardship by its community of leaders. Jaded fans enjoyed the stunt of voting a Westercon to El Paso in 1996, in contrast to the genuine enthusiasm behind this year's winning bid, Hawaii in 2000. Though the purity of the motivations has changed, how wise is it to continually send the con away from the California-Arizona region? For example, as often as the con has been held in Washington state, it has not generated a new following for Westercon: few of the area's fans are ever seen at a Westercon south of Portland. Westercon needs a better balance of distribution. Get the Bay Area involved again. Cheer up the Phoenix bidders so they'll try again soon.

LA's running for 2002--that's been enough excuse for bids from those two areas in the past!

By the way, "Conolulu," the 53rd Westercon, will be held in Honolulu from July 1-4, 2000. Guest of Honor is Dan Simmons, Artist Guest is Ctein, and Fan Guest is John Lorentz. Attending memberships are \$45 until June 15, 1999.

Better Will Hunting

Seven Baltimore conventions, including Bucconeer, received an avalanche of complaints about the legendary incompetence of the subcontractor handling hotel reservations for the Baltimore Area Convention and Visitors Association. That company, Biospherics, reportedly was fired around the beginning of July.

Bucconeer has also been dealing with a demand for reservations on Tuesday before the con amounting to several hundred more rooms than had been blocked. People's inability to reserve all the nights they wanted has interfered with their vacation plans and ability to book flights. A few have posted publically that the difficulties have convinced them not to come to the Worldcon.

Bucconeer has taken many practical steps to recover. Chair Peggy Rae Pavlat came to Westercon with a complete print-out of all hotel reservations and personally verified with dozens of fans whether their room requests had been satisfied, and if they had not, making lengthy notes to deal with those problems. She also stepped in as an impromptu clearing house of duplicate reservations west coast fans had made directly with the convention hotels.

BACVA will set up a booth at Registration to serve as "hotel problems central." Although Ann Zembala suggests rotten vegetables will be available around the corner, her post dated July 29 sounded confident that, "We've been able to get everyone who wants one a room downtown at this point."

As of June 21, Bucconeer had 4,258 total members, of which 3,585 are attending.

The Bucconeer Crab Feast sold out as of July 28. Fans who ordered tickets

while they were still available and have not received them yet are to pick them up at the con. People who placed orders recently will be notified that tickets are not available.

While all this was going on, George Flynn received at the World Science Fiction Society box a large envelope from the Baltimore Area Convention and Visitors Association full of brochures on hotels, convention facilities, tourist attractions, etc. George guesses it was sent "on the theory that WSFS might want to hold a convention in Baltimore sometime. Gee, what do people think?"

2001 Home Stretch

By Any Other Name: If your entry in the contest to name the 2001 Worldcon wasn't *Magicon 2* -- you lost! The Boston for Orlando committee announced that Dick Lynch won a full attending membership in the con for being the first to make the suggestion. More proof that it pays to have an encyclopedic recall of fanhistory.

Runners-up in the contest included Art Henderson of Virginia, Carlos Perez of Florida, and Alex Lucyshyn of Georgia. As retribution, each gets his pick from the bid's "amazing collection of fantastic flamingos of fandom."

Big Green Numbers: The July *PSFS News* reports that the Philadelphia SF Society voted to contribute \$2001 to the Philadelphia Worldcon bid party to be held at Bucconeer. Minutes of the discussion include a fascinating guesstimate that the Boston/Orlando "will probably spend upwards of \$12,000 for their party." Holy Cow!

Good to the Last Drop

Steve and Sue Francis have announced that they will "retire" RiverCon, Louisville's annual sf convention, in 2000 after its 25th voyage. In a letter sent to the convention mailing list, they explain:

"We have enjoyed an association with a fine group of talented and dedicated people who have been working on and supporting RiverCon for many years. However, it is obvious that this same group of people cannot continue to run RiverCon indefinitely. Replacing retiring

committee members, department heads and even staff has become increasingly difficult. By establishing an ending date, we have hopefully provided that 'light at the end of the tunnel' that will give all our committee members (and ourselves!) the incentive to stay with RiverCon through the very last one."

Steve and Sue resolved, "We do not wish to continue running RiverCon beyond that time when we can still do it well, and can do it with enthusiasm and fresh ideas. We want RiverCon to end on a high note as a successful and enjoyable convention, not only for the members but also for those running it...."

The names RiverCon and NorthAmeriCon, both service marks of the Louisville Science Fiction Association, Inc., will also be retired.

Late-Breaking LSC2 Stories

One new and one not-so-new story....

LoneStarCon 2 has distributed membership reimbursement checks to staff and program participants.

Martha Beck says she discovered a new way to get stuck in the hotel elevator. She drove her scooter-wheelchair forward into the elevator car, and discovered after all the people got off that the button for her floor had never been pushed. Seated with her back to the panel, she couldn't reach either the buttons or the emergency phone, and she wound up waiting 20 minutes until the next person called for the elevator.

"Inspiring view of Marquette Avenue, isn't it?"

"When we said 'Minicon 34 will be different,' we didn't know how different," write Geri Sullivan and David Dyer-Bennet in a Minicon news release. "Minicon is a bit startled but, on reflection, pleased to announce that we are moving to the downtown Minneapolis Hilton and Towers Hotel, beginning with Minicon 34 in 1999."

The Radisson Hotel South, home of Minicon for the past 14 years, was sold in May. The new owners proposed to renegotiate the terms of their contract with Minicon, so the committee spent 10

weeks negotiating with both the Radisson and the downtown Hilton.

Room rates for 1999 will be \$72 (plus tax) single-quad. The Hilton has about the same number of rooms as the Radisson and Sofitel combined, so there's the possibility of Minicon fitting into a single hotel. Further details will appear in PR 1, to be mailed at the beginning of August. At that time, the PR will also be posted on the Minicon web site: <http://www.mnsthf.org/minicon/>

Skywriting

"[To Dan Goodman:] If Minicon is going as you describe, it's joined the preposterous thinking--putting second things first--in some quarters about the Masquerade costume competition. The question is not 'What's the most expensive thing at the con. Let's jettison that.' By such reasoning cons themselves could never occur; they're absurdly expensive in time, effort, money, annoyance. Instead, ask what value our resources buy. Masquerades are wonderful, even the worst of them, at best superb. And they're better-attended than anything but the Hugo Awards. Then, 'Efforts are being made to replace it with something costumers will enjoy.' Backwards, backwards. Masquerades are not a trivial self-gratification in which costumers indulge themselves; they are a priceless contribution to the con as a whole. They deserve support." John Hertz, *Vanamonde* No. 256

Lora Boehm and **Bjo Trimble** are heading up a bid for Costume-Con 20 in 2002. They're proposing an Easter Weekend date in Southern California, which was popular for their Equicons in the 1970s. The 2002 site will be voted on at Costume-Con XVII next year in Philadelphia.

The law firm representing the group who called themselves *Philcon: the Greatest Show on Dirt* will soon be sending that original Philadelphia lawyer, **Gary Feldbaum**, a letter saying that they will never, ever do it again. (Note to the uninitiated: the infringement was on the name Philcon, not the tagline "Greatest Show on Dirt." Philcons are played on astroturf.)

[[Source: PSFS News 5/98]]

The American Film Institute's list of "The 100 Best Movies of All Time" has provoked lots of critics to publish lists of their own favorites. This has overflowed into the sf field, with *DASFax* movie reviewer **Laura Givens'** list of "100 Best Fantastic Flicks of All Time." Dispensing with theoretical baggage, Laura writes in the July *DASFax*: "My criteria were completely personal and as thoroughly researched as my memory would allow." Laura's 10 favorites are:

(1) *2001: A Space Odyssey*; (2) *The Wizard of Oz*; (3) *Star Wars*; (4) *Aliens*; (5) *Alien*; (6) *Blade Runner*; *The Director's Cut*; (7) *The Empire Strikes Back* (8) *Return of the Jedi: Special Edition*; (9) *The Abyss: Director's Cut*; (10) *Contact*.

(*Plan 9 From Outer Space* isn't on her list!)

Wrong Baercon Buried: The defunct Berlin in 2003 bid was nicknamed Baercon. It seems that a Berlin club has run a convention by the same name for the past 18 years, and the members are irked that Eckhard Marwitz' announcement ending the Worldcon bid was mistaken in some corners as an announcement cancelling their local con. *[[Source: Ralf Grosser via Intersmoff]]*

Aussiecon Three: The second issue of Voice of the Platypus is now available at the website:

<http://www.aussiecon3.worldcon.org>

Chicon 2000 will raise the attending membership rate for North Americans to \$135.00, effective September 1, 1998. The increase won't apply to overseas fans until a later date as yet to be determined.

Con-8 Cancelled: The Portland club won't be holding a 1998 edition of its local convention, CON-8. The July issue of *Pulsar* gives the reasons: "*They include a lackluster outpouring of people purchasing their memberships as well as a hotel that seemed less than cooperative.*"

Obituaries

Gary Anderson

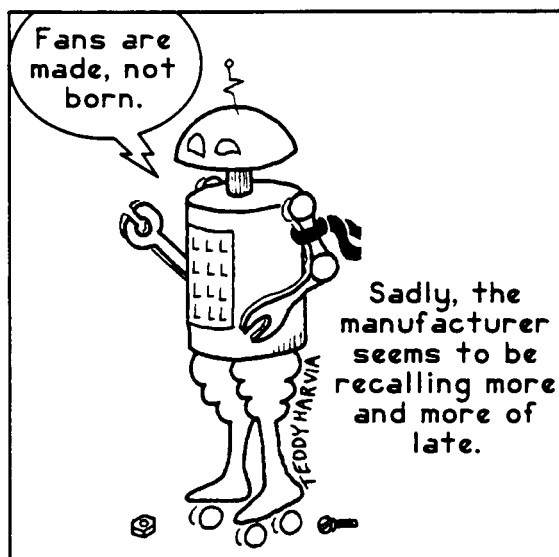
Gary Anderson passed away on May 20 at home after a valiant nine-month battle with a rare form of brain cancer, glioblastoma multiforma. His passing was very quiet and easy as his breathing just slowed and then stopped. There was no pain, even at the end. Someone present tried CPR and then they let him go.

"He was not a series of contradictions... he really could do it all!" summarized Cat Deveraux, who has done the selfless work of keeping Gary and Janet's hundreds of far-flung friends in e-mail contact with the latest developments.

Within costume fandom, Gary was known for his technical prowess. John Hertz, in *Vanamonde No. 263*, counted off several famous stories: "He rewired the hotel at Costume Con 8--the hotel engineer having died a week before the con, leaving no schematics, Anderson had to fetch power from the mains, thus working with live wire; declining to expose others to danger, he stood on a plastic trashcan, surrounded by fans with ropes to pull him away if the current connected with him. Aside from lighting and sound systems, he saved so many entries sitting backstage at a Repair Desk, with tools and supplies, that his once being stumped at Noreascon 3, by a hydraulic lift that blew a gasket, for which he didn't happen to be equipped, became man-bites-dog legend, earning him many later greetings of 'Have any hydraulic-lift gaskets?'"

Gary's other claim to fame, recognized in the citation when he won the International Costumers Guild's Lifetime Achievement Award, was "[As] the founder (Big Chief) of the Ook-Ooks--our own troop of folks who tote, lift, lug, tape, glue and otherwise get stuff where it is needed to be and in the shape it needs to be in. He is notorious as the inventor of the Ook slogan 'strong like bull; smart like tractor, smooth like brick, smell like goat!'"

On June 28 fans and family gathered



for a celebration of Gary's life at a South Pasadena veteran's hall, undeterred by the summer heat. Stories were told. Songs were sung. The Galactic Patrol formed a sword arch. "The Parting Glass" was played. A final toast was raised to our Gary in black shot-glasses etched with the Galactic Patrol emblem. (A hundred glasses were ordered, figuring that would cover the large number of fans expected at the celebration--in fact, over 175 attended.)

The Galactic Patrol symbolism was a carryover from the group's Lensman entry in the L.A.con III Masquerade. Gary, as Port Admiral Haynes, performed the wedding of Kimball Kinnison (Jim Fox--Davis) to Clarissa MacDougall (Janet Wilson Anderson). One of the wedding guests was Tregonsee, a quadrupedal Rigellian, manned by Susan Fox-Davis and Karen Willson. As Susan Fox-Davis summed up for Gary in rehearsals: "Let me get this straight. You are going to marry my husband to your wife, while I'm in the oil barrel with someone else's wife?"

Richard Payatt introduced his opening prayer with sensitivity to the diverse spiritual beliefs of the people present, as well as the deceased. "Gary, as you all should know was an agnostic. I myself am a Buddhist. The major difference between agnostics and Buddhists is that Buddhists have a peer group. We saw eye to eye on the subject of God, I guess that

I why I am here." The prayer was a bit more humorous than devout, beginning, "To Whomever Out There Might Be Listening: We are here today to remember Gary Anderson. He has left us all too soon. Since most of us aren't too religious, and he certainly wasn't, we won't ask much of you. But we would like to ask you this: Put Gary in the front of the circle in that big filking room in the sky...."

Payatt's prayer was followed by Father John Blaker's more solemn tribute, read in his absence: "If you needed help on a project [Gary] would always give good advice. Because of Gary, I have decided not to use a Tesla coil in a costume project

(he showed off the scar with such pride!). Because of Gary I will always wear long pants while soldering. I have canceled any plans to experiment with machined metal liquid fueled rockets near a built up area.... It takes a big man to admit mistakes and an even bigger one to brag about them. Gary was a giant among men, a man of refreshing honesty and openness. He fit a good definition of holiness: wholeness. He knew who he was and he was honest about his failings. He had something about him that I can only call innocence. He was child-like without being childish. He was always widening his circle of friends and he cared deeply about them. His love and devotion to Janet was inspiring. I'm going to miss Gary a lot."

Most of the fans who spoke at the gathering either remembered Gary as a fellow engineer, or as a devotee of 'ose filksongs, the saddest genre of filk. John Hertz wrote in *Vanamonde*, "He thought nothing of sweating through a Masquerade, then as entrants and techs collapsed, returning to his hotel room for his guitar, and going off filking. He played a 12-string.... In the filk world, perhaps to counterpoint the quiet can-do that always calmed others, he was famous for songs of the morose, or 'ose' as the idiom came to be known, his signature being 'Ian the Grim', in which everyone dies including the dog." As one of Gary's daughters, Maura Rebholz, posted online, "Heck, I

even remember he and Ron Bounds filking in the entry to the men's bathrooms at 2 a.m., with their deep bass voices making the porcelain quake.... For a long time he seemed to only be able to connect with sad or really gross songs."

Tired of arriving at airports to find his guitar damaged in transit, Gary designed a metal case for it. One eulogist claimed if the plane had gone down the black boxes would have been in worse shape than Gary's guitar.

One of Gary's most visible contributions to a convention occurred at Con-Francisco, where Janet was a division head. Gary engineered and led construction of a 24'-high model of the Golden Gate Bridge that floated on stage in a sea of fog at Opening Ceremonies. Gary was mildly disappointed that Bruce Pelz wouldn't take it home and make it a permanent part of the Worldcon History exhibit.

Cards can be sent to Janet Wilson Anderson house at 3216 Villa Knolls Dr., Pasadena, CA 91107. People are encouraged to donate to brain cancer research in Gary's name, to The National Brain Tumor Foundation, 785 Market St., Suite 1600, San Francisco, CA 94103, or The American Brain Tumor Association at 2720 River Road, Suite 146, Des Plaines, IL 60018. Both organizations were very helpful during Gary's fight.

Filkers are encouraged to donate to InterFilk. As a founder and director, Gary helped bring filkers together from all over the world. Donations should be made payable to InterFilk, and sent care of Bob Laurent, 388 Palm Ave., Oakland, CA 94610. Please let Bob know this is in Gary's honor.

Doc Lowndes

Robert A.W. "Doc" Lowndes, 81, died July 14 of renal cancer--in no pain--at a hospice. He is survived by his wife, Ruth (who notified friends and relatives.)

Lowndes was one of the Futurians. His first story, "The Outpost at Altark" (1940), was written in collaboration with another Futurian, Donald Wollheim.

The Newport (RI) *Daily News* in its article on his passing reported that "Doc" Lowndes "was fourth on the list of Ten

Most Prodigious Science Fiction Magazine Editors and began as one of the youngest editors of science fiction in 1940 with Columbia Publications." His extensive editorial credits include the Avalon Books science fiction line (1955--67), Columbia Publications magazines *Future Fiction*, (1941-1943), *Dynamic Science Fiction* (1952-4), *Science Fiction Stories* (1954-1960), also *Sexology*, *Luz Magazines*, and Gernsback Publications' *Radio Electronics Magazines*.

Although Lowndes did not officially retire until 1992, his most active professional years occurred long enough ago that to many of today's fans he was best known for his columns in fanzines like *Science Fiction Review*.

Donations in lieu of flowers may be made to Visiting Nurse Health Services, Hospice Program, 1984 East Main Road, Portsmouth, RI 02871. *[[Sources: SFWA Online (Sharon Sbarsky, Michael Burstein)]]*

In Passing

Ardis Waters, a long-time Bay Area fan, died in early June after a long illness. Debbie Notkin remembers that Ardis was "a marvelous party-giver (I met Terry Carr in her kitchen), mother of three now-adult sons. Her smile lit up rooms. I barely knew her, but I'll miss her nonetheless." Her short story, "Storyteller", appeared in the March 1980 issue of *Asimov's*. *[[Sources: Debbie Notkin, Gary Farber]]*

Wally Gonser died of heart failure on June 1 at the age of 75. He was an active member of the Seattle group and contributed to its zine, *Cry of the Nameless*, in the 50s and 60s. He received a lengthy obituary in the *Seattle Times*. *[[Sources: Gary Farber, Jerry Kaufman]]*

John Baltadonis, member of First Fandom and one of the founders of PSFS, passed away July 19. He was an original member of FAPA. I believe he appears in the group photograph (reprinted in *SFC* sometime ago) of the October 1936 gathering of New York and Philadelphia fans in Philadelphia, claimed by some as the first sf convention. Later he edited the well-regarded *Science Fiction Collector*.

Paul Lehr, acknowledged "a major star in the SF art universe" by colleague Bob Eggleton, died July 27 of pancreatic cancer. His work was recently showcased in Vincent DiFate's *Infinite Visions*. Lehr is survived by his wife Paula.

The Mythopoeic Awards

Winners of the Mythopoeic Awards were announced July 18 at Mythcon XXIX in Wheaton, IL. The nominees are listed below; an asterisk denotes the winner: (*)

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Adult Literature:

Beagle, Peter S. *Giant Bones*
(*) Byatt, A.S. *The Djinn in the Nightingale's Eye*
de Lint, Charles. *Trader*
Gaiman, Neil. *Neverwhere*
O'Leary, Patrick. *The Gift*

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Children's Literature:

Cooper, S. *The Boggart and the Monster*
Ipcar, Dahlov. *A Dark Horn Blowing*
McKinley, Robin. *Rose Daughter*
(*) Yolen, Jane. Young Merlin trilogy:
Passager, Hobby and Merlin

Mythopoeic Scholarship Award for Inklings Studies:

(*) Flieger, Verlyn. *A Question of Time: J.R.R. Tolkien's Road to Faerie*
Goffar, Janine. *C.S. Lewis Index: Rumours from the Sculptor's Shop*
Hooper, Walter. *C.S. Lewis: A Companion & Guide*
Horne, Brian, ed. *Charles Williams: A Celebration*
Lindskoog, Kathryn. *Finding the Landlord: A Guidebook to C.S. Lewis's The Pilgrim's Regress*

Mythopoeic Scholarship Award for Myth and Fantasy Studies:

Cavaliero, Glen. *The Supernatural and English Fiction*
(*) Clute, John, and Grant, John, ed. *The Encyclopedia of Fantasy*
Joshi, S.T. *Lord Dunsany, Master of the Anglo-Irish Imagination*
Mathews, Richard. *Fantasy: The Liberation of Imagination*

The Fanivore

Sourdough Jackson

I just received *File 770 #124C41+* this afternoon, and promptly stumbled over a lot of food for thought. Why does anyone care whether the local fan club survives? I realize that in LA this is a much larger question than it is in Denver. For one thing, LASFS has invested a huge amount of collective energy into such things as the Clubhouse, while DASFA has not. You guys have a lot more at stake if your club goes belly-up. Dissolving LASFS would be akin to dissolving a millionaire's marriage, at least where property and legality are concerned. Dissolving DASFA would be more like a couple of poverty cases deciding they weren't going to shack up anymore. If DASFA died, there would be hardly a ripple.

Or would there be?

In the hearts of a few dozen Denver fen there would be an black, aching void. Losing our club would be damned painful. I do not exaggerate when I say that many Denver fen would mourn the loss.

What do we have in DASFA that would cause such a response? What is there about a club that meets once a month and parties twice a month? What is so valuable about a monthly newsletter and a treasury that rarely tops two grand? Why would any of us miss a monthly author reading, or popular-science lecture, or round-table discussion of some sternal topic or other?

It's COMMUNITY. DASFA is a lively social group that happens to revolve around SF fandom. Without our meetings and parties, and our friends at those meetings and parties, there would be something irretrievably missing from our lives. We aren't quite a big happy family, but we come close, I think. We celebrate our births and our

weddings, and mourn our deaths and divorces. We are happy when a new face comes in and, over a period of months, becomes an old, familiar face. We are sad when an old, familiar face goes away due to gafiation or just moving to another city's fandom. There are DASFAns who are close friends, and there are DASFAns whose names I, for example, know only because, as editor of DASFAx, I keep the membership/mailling list. We have our elders and our newcomers. We have our cliques and in-groups, and we have people who circulate among all of them. We have inveterate gossipers and people who are completely indifferent to gossip. We even, unfortunately, have the occasional people whose ideal of brotherhood is best portrayed by Cain and Abel, or perhaps Jacob and Esau (those we try to keep toned down to a minimum).

In short, we are a neighborhood with a strong, well-woven social fabric. Those of us who have been around DASFA very long treasure that social fabric. Keeping it strong is probably what motivates the usual ten percent of us to do the usual ninety percent of the work required to keep the club healthy. Unlike some SF clubs, we have real difficulties scraping up one candidate per office each year. Everyone knows very well that in DASFA, offices are all work and no power.

For me, that social fabric is particularly important. I do not believe a local fandom can thrive without some sort of lasting, solid social basis. Unlike most DASFAns, I have experienced a fandom that was otherwise.

Twenty-five years ago, I found fandom in Phoenix, Arizona. There was a sercon club and a social club, and a long-standing quarrel between the two that was settled only when the sercon club followed the precepts of Marx and withered away. For a time, we had weekly parties, often at my apartment, and a great deal of fun was had by most. We pubbed fanzines, went to cons in groups, partied, gamed, put together a good apa for a while, organized local cons, partied, quarrelled, made up, partied, and quarrelled again. There was a social fabric in Phoenix in those days, albeit frayed, weak in spots, and with the occasional tear that few if any of us had the skill to mend.

The Devil loves to tempt fools. There were those of us whom the Devil, in the guise of Worldcon, tempted into that acme of folly, bidding for a Worldcon. There are but three kinds of fen who bid for Worldcons: LASFSians, NESFAns, and blind idiots. We were not saved from the folly of a few of us. The Devil got hundreds of unknowing fen to vote for us. We were all stuck with it, whe-

HEY, GET THIS ONE!
HE WANTS US TO
JOIN THE NFFF!



ther we wanted it or not, and nobody had any idea how to deal with the evil thing. Over the next two years, what social fabric we had sometimes unravelled at the frayed edges from manifold stresses and strains, and sometimes was rent in pieces by the fighting that resulted from trying to deal with a complex of problems that were much too great for us to handle.

I watched helplessly as my home fandom destroyed itself before my eyes, tore itself to shreds and then burned what little was left. It hurt like Hell. The memory is still painful. The worst part of it is, that Phoenix fandom never recovered, not socially. There is still no social life to speak of in Phoenix fandom. There is the shambling, undead husk of a fandom that organizes conventions, fosters more rounds of feuding, and sucks the life out of the local fans. There is no fandom left in Phoenix, not in the way that counts, nor has there been for twenty rotten years.

After that horror, I moved to Denver and married Gail Barton, one of the founders of DASFA. Somehow, we got involved, fools that we were, in another Worldcon, but this one did not wreck local fandom. The difference, I think, lay in the far sturdier social fabric of DASFA, and in a few fans who knew something of how to maintain it. We did not take the monster of Worldcon so seriously that we lost sight of the fact that it would eventually go as it came, leaving us behind. We exhausted ourselves for a time, but we did not lose our heart as a community.

All this discussion of con organization, not to mention stresses and strains, brings me to the unfortunate cancellation of Disclave, and to Gary Farber's even less fortunate comments thereon. In my reading of Joe Mayhew's announcement, several important points struck me. Earlier Disclaves had had large amounts of participation by a group unrelated to fandom, apart from a certain amount of crossover between the unrelated group and fandom (I would not even call this group a fringe fandom). The group in question habitually engaged in activities that were potentially harmful to the hotel room furnishings and the physical plant of

the hotel. At the most recent Disclave, an inordinate amount of hotel damage resulted from these activities. Why am I not surprised that other hoteliers in the area looked askance at Disclave? Previous Disclaves showed poor judgement by inviting such a risky group. Mr. Mayhew showed excellent judgement by banning their activities. Alas, the damage had already been done.

Mr. Farber brings up moral issues, which are (to me) a red herring. Whatever one may think of the morals of the group in question, there remains the problem that their activities involve putting hotel furniture and fixtures to uses they were not designed for. As anyone with any knowledge of engineering knows, that is a good way to break things. Did I say "engineering knowledge"? Try "common sense" (consider the problem of predicting the service life of a bed that a child mistakenly uses for a trampoline). Some nincompoop put a breaking strain on a vital piece of safety equipment, with disastrous results, both immediately and to future conventions. "It held the night before." Yeah, right. I only hope that paying the damage bill brought that fool close enough to bankruptcy for him to learn something.

In short, if the same issue arose here in Denver, I'd advocate banning "a.s.b.-like activities" in a flash. There is just too much risk of bad hotel problems involved in this. I understand Mr. Farber once ran a Worldcon; I'm sure he knows something about maintaining good relations with hotel and facilities management, especially when it comes to preventing avoidable damage.

Related to this problem is the more general problem of groups unrelated to fandom. Should the struggling con court such a group? I think not. The Disclave Debacle is an excellent example of an unrelated group wrecking a con. Mind you, I am not speaking here of fringe fandoms. I am talking about totally unrelated groups coming in to a convention. If the convention is small, such groups will have a profound effect on the con, even if they manage to stay out of trouble. Mainstream fen, and even fringe fen, will feel less comfortable because of the invading

mob of Ghu-knows-what oddities.

It is bad enough to unwillingly suffer an invasion by an unrelated group. I recall at the 1982 Westercon, in Phoenix, about twenty or so punk rockers showed up, and for some reason decided SF cons were a cool scene to make. At a Westercon, they were fairly easily absorbed, although some of us felt a little nervous. Unfortunately, they got together with about forty of their friends and invaded that fall's Coppercon. At the time, Coppercon was perhaps a 200-person convention. The ornery little no-accounts trashed the hotel, frightened all of us regular attendees, and put the concon in a state of siege. Understandably, the hotel did not want any part of any SF con thereafter. No, I don't think any concon with a lick of sense should consider for a moment inviting "unrelateds" into the con--especially not if the group has a reputation for rowdiness or damage. This goes double, redoubled, in spades, and vulnerable (as in, "the convention is vulnerable") if the unrelateds want to "help".

So it comes down again to community. Community, our social base, is our most precious asset as fannish groups. "Unrelateds" in strength at cons tend to disrupt the community spirit of the con. I don't know how better to express this. The fandom with a good community spirit is a joy to be a part of. Without this, it is empty, cheerless, and not at all attractive. Indeed, why bother with such a thing? There are those who say, "Competition is good. The occasional feud keeps you sharp. Okay, so running a Worldcon wrecked the club. So what? Get over it. That's fandom." No, it isn't fandom. It is young teenage boys in their thirties and forties who never bothered to grow up, making a mess of the community of fandom with their silly, stupid quarrels.

Joe T. Mayhew

Thanks for the copy of *File 770:123*. I have attached a LoC. By the way, "LoC," to my profession means Library of Congress, but we understand that other meanings exist.

Your explanations printed in the letter from Gary Farber (p.19) were most wel-

come, and quite accurate.

Disclave 1998 had a hotel problem, based upon previous hotel problems, traceable back, perhaps, to Eden. Hotels are very concerned about cosmetic values: how things look on the surface, or sound in reports. Their aesthetic philosophy takes money into account: If a group spends a lot of it, tipping generously, they are given the benefit of the doubt as to their puking on the furniture. If they look shabby, weird, gothic, and do very little tipping, hotels tend to get very hard-nosed about whatever they do. Fandom tends to be some of the above. Unlike most conventions, our "Cons" are often low-budget affairs, attended by people who'd rather go out for Chinese rather than to a huge, trendy banquet. Hotels would prefer you ate the fruit of their garden and pay generously and cheerfully to do so. You can even have the apple if you leave a large tip behind -- instead of the core.

Fans frequently claim tolerance as a central value, but have trouble distinguishing between tolerance and license. In manufactory, "tolerance" means "that amount of deviation which does not interfere with function." If one's guests frighten the horses, attract the police, or steal the silver, they are generally less welcome for it. We must learn to be more tolerant of the little tics and biases of hotels, or learn to do without them.

Public displays of affection are usually encouraged at Cons, but not displays of sex. "The Lollypop Law (if you don't have one for everyone else, put yours away)," "Rotsler's rules," and Lord Chesterfield's letters might provide guidance for those who can't quite find the proper boundaries for public behavior.

Joseph T. Major points out a real and troublesome problem in his letter (p. 20). To survive, an organism must dominate its own body. Other interest groups are frequently parasitic. While Disclave 1998 wanted to discourage functions un-related to SF literature, it did not ban *anyone*. If you were into pyrotechnics, we only asked that you leave your firecrackers home. A Con is not a public park. It is a focused event, sponsored and worked by people who chose what it is that they are trying to do. Simple courtesy requires that

those who come to their event, come *for* their event and do not disrupt it. While freedom of speech is a central value, its use is limited in theaters, biker bars, and secret escape tunnels. Thus, public displays of normally private affairs are subject to the public's censure.

As Chair of *The Disclave That Wasn't*, I hope that your hobby doesn't put you in the hospital.

Harry Warner Jr.

The newest issue of *File 770* contains somewhat less death and destruction information than many of its predecessors. But I'm sorry there was need for an obituary column at all. Jackie Causgrove is the individual in it whom I knew best via fanzines: a fine writer and editor some years back and from all accounts, an extremely nice person.

I'll be looking forward to your roundup of information on how local fan clubs are doing. Maybe you'll be able to determine the size at which a club can reasonably hope for longterm survival because it has however many members are needed to permit replacement of key members who gaffate or die. The smaller clubs are the ones that seem most threatened, if I may judge by the clubzines that reach me.

The exact figures are gone from my memory, but the "preview" opening of *Godzilla* didn't exactly cause a stampede in Hagerstown. One showing that day had about 40 persons present, if I remember the newspaper story correctly, and the other was even less patronized. I keep wondering if those newspaper accounts of how much business a new film did on its first weekend are based on reality or on calculations based on the attendance in a few key cities.

I thought every fan in Seattle was a member of SAPS, but the convention bid survey proves me wrong: not one of the committee members mentioned is a member of that ancient and honorable apa. The gap between fanzine fans and convention fans seems to be widening.

One possible source of a good choice for fan guest of honor at a Worldcon would be a survey of telephone directo-

ries in major cities and calls placed to each of the F.T. Laney's found in them. If Fran's death really was a hoax as some fans suspected at the time, he might still be alive and willing to swap his obscurity for the honor of being fan GoH at a Worldcon.

It's good to know that the Trimble's are back in California. I never was able to cope with the concept of their living in Texas. *[[I must admit -- neither was I.]]* I have no idea about where Monrovia is, but I hope it's within commuting distance of the Los Angeles area which I identify so strongly with Bjo and John.

The Intuition report by Wolf von Witting is excellent, and I'm trying to remember if he is the first fan since Ray van Houten to have this kind of honorific in his name. *[[How about Kees van Toorn, chair of the 1990 Worldcon? Then there's Fang Van Took, the fannish name of someone whose mundane name also has a "van" in it.]]* I assume he wrote this report in English and thus maintained the custom of German and Scandinavian fans who can write in that language better than most of us who were born to it.

Despite Gary Farber's optimism, I'm pessimistic about the chance for survival of fanac which exists only on computer facilities. I've read of various organizations that can't get access to their earliest computer records because everything has changed so much and equipment needed to attain the information is no longer manufactured. I think it's reasonable to assume that 50 years in the future, computers will have changed sufficiently to have made current files incompatible with whatever the new methods may be. In contrast, it's quite possible to get information from published materials that are five centuries old. Except for some hectographed and dittoed publications, the oldest fanzines are quite legible, two-thirds of a century after their creation, and if their paper tends to tear or crumble with rough handling, they can easily be converted into Xerox copies that should last a century or more until they too need to be copied on fresh paper. Additionally, I doubt if anyone can be sure how long it will be until deterioration begins for the magnetic impulses that form today's

computerized records and there is evidence that their transmuting to CD-ROMs could suffer the same problems that music and video CD's sometimes suffer after sufficient time has passed.

Either you or I committed a typo at the start of my letter. I probably wrote or meant to write that "my awful example showed them it's better not to become an all-out lockhack."

Buck Coulson

Well, I never belonged to a stf club that had a library, and the club newsletter was a page or two about when the next meeting was and who was holding it (clubhouse? We didn't need no steenking clubhouse...) so I won't contribute much to your next issue.

We haven't planned any Worldcons beyond Chicago in 2000. I'm very dubious about Orlando; putting a Worldcon in Disney World doesn't sound like a good move from here. Mostly, though, Worldcons are too rich for our taste, primarily due to expense, although mob scenes don't appeal either. (Sure, Chicago will have expense and mob scenes, but we got advice from a committee member on the cheapest way to membership, and it's relatively close. And we're regulars at Windycons.)

Fathorpe wrote his regular books in a week (or, actually, talked them into a Dictaphone) so he can probably do one in a day. (And it will be just as bad as all his other novels: we have a small selection of those, nearly all unread and going to stay that way.) I will say that he gave one of the two best program items at the Brighton Worldcon waybackwhen, by explaining his writing methods. He has no illusions about the quality of his work, or didn't back then.

A comment on Farber's specs for Worldcon FGOH's. Juanita and I were FGOH at Los Angeles in 1972, when we'd been in fandom about 20 years. Tom Whitmore visited us on a fan cross-country trip at least that long ago, and the rest of his "recent" fans have been around that long, more or less; I don't have documentation on them. Anyway, the only criterion for Worldcon guests is that

they're people the Worldcon wants to be guests. Fandom is still an anarchy, mostly, despite various attempts to organize it, and I approve. Any group that's willing to do the amount of work that a Worldcon entails should have the right to invite as guests anybody they want. Sure, it would be nice to have Bjo, or Howard, or various others be Worldcon guests, but it's still up to the concon, and rightly so.

Harry's worries about when the last member of First Fandom dies; talk to Tucker. He was there and can probably remember all the members. (Though whether he'd give you a straight answer is open to doubt... he enjoys storytelling.)

Incidentally, one thing I recall about Whitmore's visit was that he slept out on our front lawn that night so he could see the stars. As an Angeleno, he'd never seen them before, and it was a nice warm summer night.

Lloyd Penney

A Worldcon is not only the people who operate it and the people who attend it, but the city in which it is held. Given the choices for 2001, I tended to favor Boston over Philadelphia, mostly because of familiarity, but also because Boston is a city I'd like to explore further. Now, Boston's been removed from the equations, and Orlando's been replaced, and a different Orlando, too, with the hotels at Walt Disney World. Still, given the Boston people who will be running it, and the Orlando location, my preferences remain where they are.

Lionel Wagner may have left as editor of the clubzine for the Ottawa Science Fiction Society, but he has been replaced by Beulah Wadsworth. Beulah changed the name of the clubzine from *InfoRunner* back to the original *Statement*, and has actually produced a cleaner and easier-to-read product. All of this comes from her position as Acting Editor, read to hand it over to whoever might want the position. However, no one seems interested, so it looks like the position is Beulah's, whether she wants it permanently or not. Lionel has actually stayed on as the printer of the clubzine. Beulah's main complaint is a familiar one -- she's get-

ting fewer contributions from the membership.

In various places, I've seen the results of the FAAn Awards, but the first place I saw it was Tommy Ferguson's e-zine *TommyWorld*. My jaw bounced off my lap and onto the floor when I saw that I'd finished a healthy second behind Harry Warner, Jr. for Best Letterhack. No shame there finishing behind Harry, but to show up in the top five at all is quite a surprise.

Dave Clark can smile all he likes at the idea that web-based fanzines are less accessible than paper fanzines, for he obviously has web access and can see those zines whenever he likes. He makes the same mistake many, many others do, and that is to assume that one has been able to afford regular hardware upgrades so that web access is a given. Many fans have not had that kind of money so getting onto the web is a lot less likely than getting a certain fanzine in the mail, even if the print run is extremely limited.

Deborah Hussey

Tom Feller passed along the May issue of *File 770*. Was I surprised to open it up and see my name. I just wish it had been under different circumstances.

[[In Nashville]] April 16th was an interesting day to say the least. The entire day was filled with tornado watches and warnings. Several of the surrounding counties were hit earlier in the day. The building where I work, the Tennessee Performing Arts Center/Polk Bldg., was listed as the most heavily damaged of the state office buildings.

Just before the tornado struck the storms stopped and the sky was clear blue. Then a couple of clouds appeared to the NW and seemed to gently swirl around each other. At first it appeared the thing would head away from us but it turned and headed straight into the heart of downtown Nashville. On its way it passed through my neighborhood, leaving behind a path of downed trees and power lines. Some of the poles were split into pieces. Several buildings were damaged including the local chapter of the Red Cross.

I am still amazed that more people were not hurt or killed during this. The only fatality was a Vanderbilt student within weeks of graduating. He was struck by a tree in Centennial Park and died several weeks later from his injuries. Almost all of the major office buildings in downtown Nashville were damaged.

East Nashville where Charlie Williams and Dave Shockley live was the most heavily damaged part of town. The entire power grid for that part of town was destroyed, they lost about 80-90 percent of their trees and many houses and businesses were either heavily damaged or destroyed.

The tornado then crossed the Cumberland River blew out the third floor of Gaylord Hotel before meeting up with a second tornado, rampaged through The Two Rivers and Hermitage area, finally dying out in a surrounding county.

Sometime after the tornadoes hit another one was spotted flying over downtown, but fortunately this one did not touch down.

We were really lucky on my block even though we were without power for several days. Several of the houses had near misses with trees down around them. The house next door to us had a tree fall on it. But the landlady had a professional crew come out at 1:30 a.m. to get the tree off before it went through the house.

On the other side of town Dave and Charlie were not so lucky. Charlie Williams, a well-known southern fan *[[who used to do covers for File 770]]*... could not even get to his house Thursday night due to the streets being blocked by downed trees and power lines. His house had a large tree on it that went through the roof before it could be removed.

Dave Shockley, the backbone of many a Kubla art show, finally got to his house by abandoning his car and walking. There were several trees on the house and the roof was damaged in several places. Fortunately for Parthecon all of the mail in art was in an undamaged part of the house.

The quote from Butch Spyridon looks very bad taken out of context. But, if you understand that Nashville gets a lot of money from its tourism and convention

business. And that the convention and visitors bureau was receiving a lot of inquiries from different groups about should they relocate their convention someplace else due to their seeing on CNN that Nashville had been blown away you can see why he issued that announcement. Plus, the downtown hotels were especially nervous about the impression people had of the damage to downtown Nashville. The Doubletree managed to stay open. The Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza and several other hotels were only closed a day or two. They were not too thrilled to be receiving calls from people wishing to cancel room reservations due to the hotel being destroyed.

It is also a dicey time for the tourism business here this summer due to the closing of Oprylands theme park. Some businesses estimate losing as much as 40 percent of their income due to the bad press about the tornado and the closing of Opryland.

Since the tornado Nashville along with other parts of the south and Midwest have been hit with a lot of serious weather. Tom and Anita who were not affected at their home by the tornado have lost their power several times in the last two months.

Some good news about Tom Feller is that he will be the Fan Guest of Honor at ConCave next year. And he won the Rebel Award at Deep South Con.

Joy V. Smith

I want to reiterate how much I liked the "Ballad of Mr. Skunk." What's the postcard version?

[[I had only written one verse of the parody when I sent the postcard to NES-FA, so that's what was on it.]]

Re:convention coverage. I always enjoy the con reports. I loved the David Brin quote about *The Postman* film project. "When you've been getting hit with a ball-peen hammer for 12 years and they finally stop, it feels really good." That explains a lot. And wouldn't it be nice if Wolf von Witting's filk tapes could be shared?

Ian Gunn

[George Ivanoff is] a Melbourne based fan, noted for his fan videos, opening/closing ceremony videos and he also designs websites. And he's a bit-part actor, too. And a nice bloke. He just got engaged to fanartist Kerri Valkova.

Hope that this has been some help.

Elizabeth A. Garrett

You say Gary Farber's guess is as good as yours as to who Ruth Shields is? Let me enlighten you.

If you see a piece of art with RMS somewhere on it, that's Ruth's work. She appears in *Fosfax*, and other fanzines, and if you ask sweetly, *File 770* might be similarly blessed. Her husband is Ricky, and they have been leaders in the Chimneyville SFC in Jackson, MS.

I agree that there's too many people turning up in the obits--just a couple of weeks ago I had to call my aunt and tell her about one of her gradeschool classmates. It's not the death rate in general, though, it's People We Know.

Ruth M. Shields

I'm ashamed of you, Mike. in answer to Gary Farber's inquiry into the identities of various names on the Most Influential list, you could at least have told him that I have been a subscriber to *File 770* since the first issue! Of course, in those days my name was Ruth Minyard, so perhaps you have forgotten. But you still get my check every five issues!

[[To paraphrase Mark Twain, faneditors are the only animals that blush--or need to!]]

Seriously, I suspect my name was given to you for that list by Tom Feller, since I edited the Chimneyville F&SF Society's fanzine *Smart-Ash* for some years. When he joined the club and discovered fandom I introduced him to fanzines. He has far surpassed me in his activities within fandom, what with SFC presidency, Worldcom committee posts, chairing last year's DSC, and pubbing his own fanzine, *The Freethinker*. These days

my fanac consists of reading and occasionally loccking zines, sending our a few fillos, writing for a couple of small apas, and going to two or three conventions each year. But I'm not totally unknwon to fanzine fandom, I swear!

[[Taking my cue from Elizabeth and asking very sweetly--might I get some of your fillos for File 770?]]

We Also Heard From

Craig Miller: Bids-At-A-Glance comes not from Jane's Fighting Smofs. You forget that you and Elliot and I used them first to compare Worldcon bidders in the late, little lamented *SFincter*. Scott and Jane borrowed them, with acknowledgement as I recall, a while after we ceased publishing.

[[SFincter, the fannish news release--I'd almost forgotten! (Darn, now I remember!)]]

Sheryl Birkhead: Well, I may be able to get to the Worldcon for a day or two -- depends on how expensive parking is, plus, I have an unblemished record of becoming lost 100% of the time when leaving [the] Baltimore Convention Center, so I need to leave before dark (do I hear someone saying "Pumpkin"?)

Curiously -- when an sf club buys a clubhouse, do they have a specific "status"? (I.e., I presume the deed is to the club and not an individual.)

[[All four clubs that have done it so far are nonprofit corporations.]]

Henry L. Welch: The worldcon information in *File 770:124* is interesting, but how can it possibly tell me about some of the intangibles that may be more important. It certainly doesn't disclose that the Baltimore Housing Bureau is run by idiots or that the the committee will not be responsive to simple requests. (Sorry, I'm venting, but I can't find anyone from BucConeer to respond to my e-mails much less correct my wife's membership designation to Attending.)

On the topic of Winnie the Pooh: he really isn't a US or British commodity since his real name is Winnipeg and he was purchased by a Canadian in White River, Ontario as a regimental mascot during World War I. When the unit was

finally posted to France they decided to leave the bear in London at the zoo.

Taral Wayne: That's the *second* time you've confused the Ottawa SF Society with the defunct Ontario SF Club, OSFiC. You mean *OSFS*. I would appreciate it if you set the record straight next issue in an editorial note. There's no connection between the two groups.

George Flynn: Hey, Mike, I know why the Postal Service changed my address, but why did *you* change my name? (p. 13, lower left corner)

Roy Tackett: Any fen who come down with pancreatic cancer should look into Gemzar as their chemotherapy. It has kept Eleen alive long after her doctor said she had only six months to live.

Robert Lichtman: Linda Markstrom sends her thanks for your publishing a notice of her seeking George Fields. I notice a typo in her address, however: it's Messina Drive, not Messinga. She also now provides an e-mail address: skorpio-@inreach.com

E. Michael Blake: It's important, of course, for downside information to be distributed, so casual acquaintances can learn about (and perhaps provide help to) SF people who are going through tough times, and you're certainly providing a worthwhile service by noting Fan A's latest round of chemo or Fan B's final succumbing (hey, wait a minute, my last name starts with...) That said, it's *still* something of a bummer to read it all. Thus, I'm going to try and pass along as much sweetness and light as I can dig up.

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