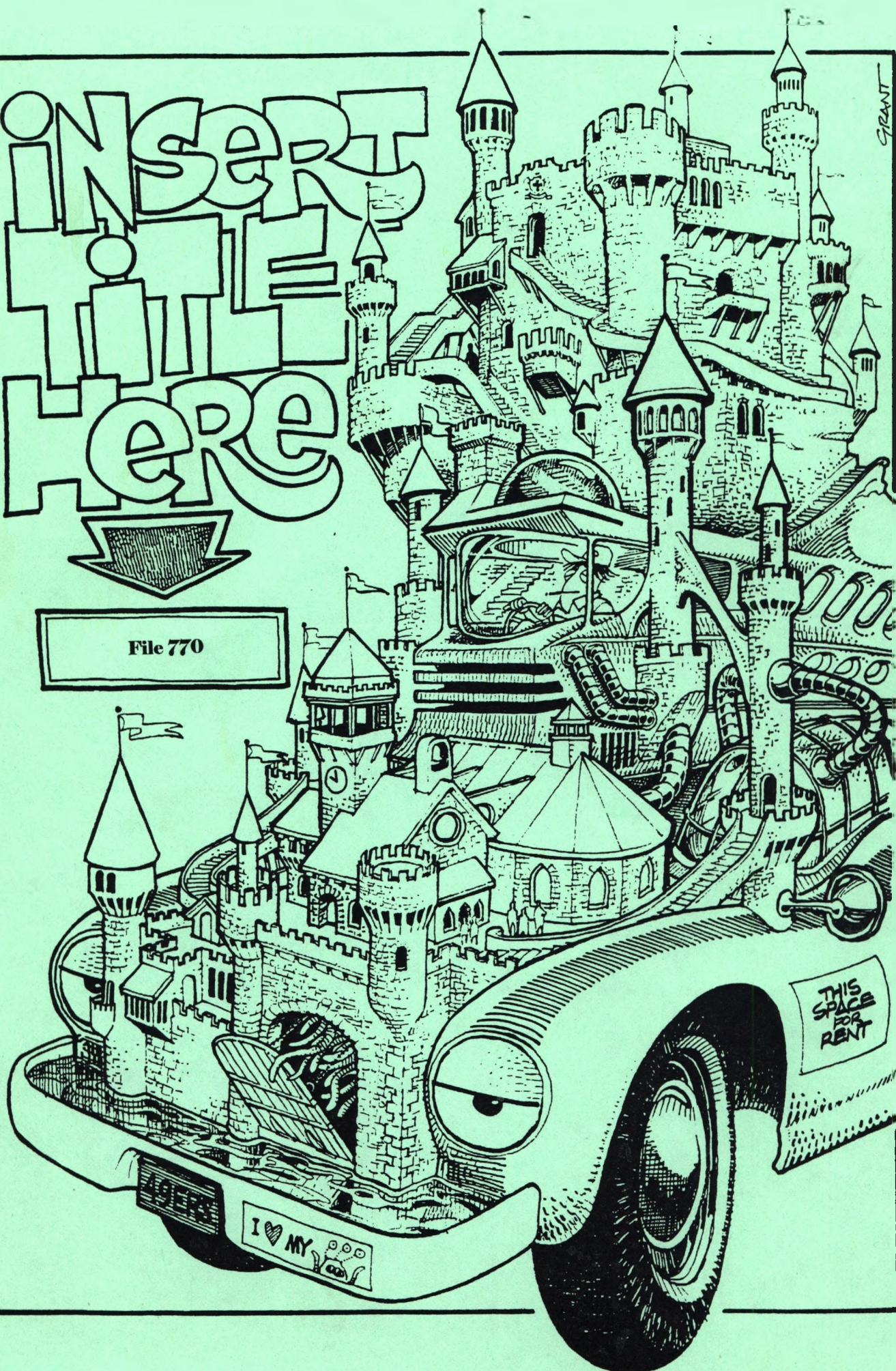


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File 770



File 770:142

File 770:142 is edited by Mike Glycer at 705 Valley View Ave., Monrovia CA 91016. *File 770* is available for news, artwork, arranged trades, or by subscription: \$8 for 5 issues, \$15 for 10 issues, air mail rate is \$2.50.

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Jim Bearcloud: 16

Mike Glycer's Editorial Notes

"I used to get frustrated that [File 770] appeared so irregularly, but now that it is one of the few fanzines that has survived earlier eras I have to assume that it is all part of a Master Plan." — John Foyster

Revisionist History: Once upon a time, there was an editor who published a newzine for twenty-four straight years. Then he had a baby, programmed a Westercon, and got a

promotion. Suddenly he was halfway through his twenty-fifth year of publishing and hadn't put out an issue in over twelve months. That would be me.

Several friends noticed the long silence. They asked with utmost delicacy if they had missed an issue or their subscription had expired. I felt like the press agent of a critically ill celebrity each time I gravely assured them another issue was in the works. Indeed, the next issue always seemed "just about finished" because I worked on it a couple of hours every week. But do the math: it takes a hundred hours of work to produce an issue of *File 770*. That means I'll finish the next issue...right about now.

I'd hate to start over from scratch, so I beg your pardon for all the antique "news" this time. Tom Galloway encouraged me to call it "revisionist history" and let it go at that.

The three things I devoted so much time to since last issue all get their due here. Sierra's progress is reported in loving detail on pages 8-9. Westercon comes alive from the pages of John Hertz' notebook. And my promotion?

I've worked for IRS Appeals since 1987, and last October successfully applied to join its Technical Guidance unit. Right out of the box I was assigned to advise the creators of the "Offshore Voluntary Compliance Initiative." The program is aimed at bringing back into the system people who stashed unreported income in a tax haven country and use it to pay charges incurred on a Visa or Mastercard issued by a foreign bank.

Now I do much more work-related writing than before. While I enjoy that very much, it's an added challenge to have my vocation and my recreation powered by the same creative battery.

Fifty Candle Blowout: *File 770* passed its 25th anniversary in January, then came my 50th birthday in February: there have been a lot of birthday candles blazing in Monrovia. In our family we spread the celebration out for a full seven days, and Diana treated me to the greatest Birthday Week in history.

For the family party on Sunday, February 16 (my actual birthday) everyone dressed in Fifties theme costumes. Sierra wore a poodle skirt her aunt had made. Diana had great deco-

rations. She bordered the top of the living room walls with construction-paper 45-rpm records. Each had a label of a rock-'n-roll hit, plus a few special dedications like "O Daddy, O Daddy" by Sierra and the Graces. I enjoyed them so much we left them up for weeks.

A couple days later, on Tuesday, Diana engineered a surprise party at work and brought Sierra, who everybody loved getting to see in person. I enjoyed that a lot, and there was more to come.

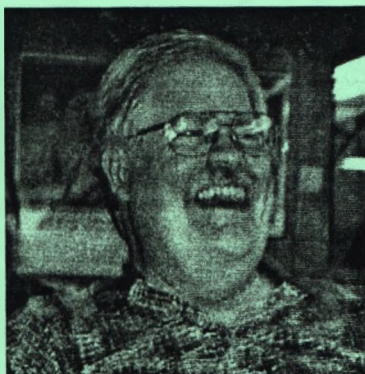
For Thursday night's LASFS meeting, Diana conspired with my friends Rick Foss and Ed Green to deliver the surprises: a huge chocolate cake and an order of pizzas. Everyone pounced on the food like starving wolves the moment they finished singing "Happy Birthday."

When I blew out the lone candle Ed commented, "I see you didn't get your wish" — Jerry Pournelle was still finishing a mournful variation of Happy Birthday sung to the tune of "Volga Boatman." Truthfully, I enjoyed Jerry's enthusiasm. A good thing, because five minutes later Larry Niven arrived and proved that great minds think alike. Hearing the reason for the party, Larry decided he should serenade me with the "Volga Boatman" birthday song as well. I enjoyed it again.

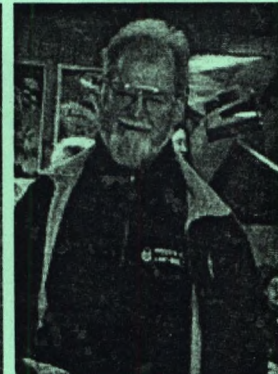
Diana told me she had a hard time convincing Ed to tell her what kind of pizza the club members would like. He kept answering, well, what kind of pizza does Mike like? I explained that Ed hadn't really been evading her question, just being polite, because he knows that LASFS members' favorite kind of pizza is -- free!

Copyright Makes Might: My apologies to Colleen Crosby. She should have been credited in *File 770:141* for her photograph of Chaz Boston Baden (first photo at the top of page 11, on the left.)

And thanks to Chaz Boston Baden, the hard-working proprietor of the site where I found the photo, Hazel's Picture Gallery (www.boston-baden.com). Chaz has over 9000 digital photos in Hazel's Picture Gallery. He's doing everything he can to identify the faces in his pictures, and make it possible to search for people by name in the index.



Left: My expression the moment Ed sprang the surprise; **Middle:** Party conspirators Ed Green and Rick Foss; **Right:** Birthday soloist Larry Niven. Photos courtesy of Rick





News of Fandom

Fandom's World Class Lifter

Fandom's future Olympian, Benn Overkamp, keeps climbing the ladder of athletic success. In March 2001, his performance the Jr. National Championships in Los Angeles secured his place on the United States' Jr. World team. He followed that success by placing fourth at the National USA Weightlifting Championships in April 2002.

Now age 20, Benn is competing for the first time as an adult lifter by Olympic standards. At the 2003 National USA Weightlifting Championships, held in Chattanooga this May, he competed against 20 men (including three former Olympians) and astounded everyone by taking a silver medal (second place), lifting 324.8 lbs. in the snatch and 396.5 lbs. in the clean and jerk.

Benn had been struggling this past year with a back injury and feared he would lose his spot as a resident at the Olympic training center. After this performance, his spot for next year is secured. Although he did not score the qualifying totals for the Men's World team, he may be sent in place of an injured team member. Videos of Benn lifting are online at: <http://benn.vectorx.org/>

Benn also has a personal website at: <http://home.earthlink.net/~joverkamp/>

Time to start thinking about the 2004 Olympics, August 13-29, 2004! Some of Benn's supporters have talked about arranging group rates for travel to Athens 2004 Olympics. If you are interested in receiving further news of Benn's progress and *maybe* joining a group going to Athens for the 2004 Olympics, please e-mail his mother, Jenny Overkamp, at sosqe@hotmail.com.
[[Source: *Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol*]]

Wall of Fame

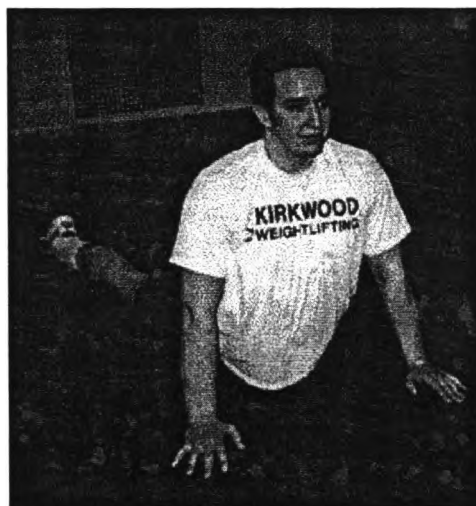
Fantasy artist Rowena frequently won awards at sf convention art shows in the 1980s. She

also painted cover art for paperback novels. Her years of popularity, however, have not prepared her to handle the discovery that her legions of fans include Iraq's former dictator, Saddam Hussein.

Televised reports about Saddam's palaces and residences revealed two of Rowena's paintings hanging on the wall in a secluded Baghdad townhouse where Saddam brought his girlfriends.

Rowena told a reporter for the New York *Daily News*, "I would give anything to get them back. I am so upset that they are there." She sold the two paintings years ago -- one went for \$20,000 to a Japanese collector -- and hadn't heard about them since.

The reporter supposed Rowena was upset to discover her works in the hands of an infamous figure. Or did she take it badly that her paintings remained untouched while looters were emptying the city of four thousand years of great art?



Benn Overkamp warms up at the Kirkwood, MO school gym.

Scare Wares

The *Fears For Ears* CD featuring the vocal talents of Lloyd Penney appeared in time for Hallowe'en 2002. The spoken-word anthology contains five horror stories, written by some of Canada's best-known horror writers. The five stories on disk are: "Manifestations" by David Nickle, "Underground," by Tanya Huff, "The Witches' Tree" by Shirley Meier, "The Vampires Next Door" by Peter Sellers, and "The Rug" by Edo van Belkom. The recordings are broadcast-quality audio, reminiscent of popular old radio dramas, and created with the most modern technology, music and sound effects. The makers boast that their work involved, "Three hundred hours of recording and editing, more than 20 actors, scores of sound effects and lots of fabulous, creepy music make for one chilling disk, guaranteed to send that shiver up your spine."

To order your own copy of *Fears For Ears*, check out the website www.fearsforears.com. The CD is US\$17.95, plus \$1.95 administrative fee, payable by PayPal.

GUFF

GUFF is the Going Under Fan Fund or the Get Up-and-over Fan Fund, depending on which direction it's running. So GUFF will be "going under" its next time around, sending the winner to either Australia or New Zealand (or both) in 2004. Interestingly, GUFF is a fund that imposes no requirement on the winner to attend a particular convention in either of those countries. Vying for the right to attend no particular convention in the Antipodes are Doug Bell and Pat McMurray.

Voting is open to anyone who was active in fandom prior to Easter 2001, and who contributes at least £5 or A\$10 to the fund. You can vote (and donate) either on paper or online.

To vote on paper, download the PDF from the GUFF website, print and read it, fill it in, and post it with your cheque or money order to one of the administrators (addresses below). The PDF ballot is at: <http://www.eicilindsay.com/guff/ballot03.pdf>

To vote online, go to <http://www.eicilindsay.com/guff/ballot03.htm>

The voting deadline is midnight on Monday, 10 November 2003 (GMT).

Frequently Asked FFANZ Questions

When last heard from, Paul Ewins wanted candidates for the Fan Fun of Australia and New Zealand (FFANZ). To make being a fan fund candidate more comprehensible to the masses, Paul published some useful information in a question-and-answer format. For

example, what could be more helpful than to know:

"Can I nominate a stuffed toy?"

"Well, yes, but I would suggest that the stuffed toy should run in conjunction with someone capable of taking on the administrator functions. Otherwise the stuffed toy will be placed in a padded bag and mailed to New Zealand."

Sirois Lands in Bucks

Al Sirois encourages everyone to go online and buy his fiction at Fictionwise, <http://www.fictionwise.com/>. While he waits for readers to make him a rich man, Al will be moving his family to Doylestown, PA where they'll definitely be in the bucks - Bucks County, anyway.

His new short stories at Fictionwise include a tale of revenge, "Stress Management for Time Travelers." Then there is a Bradburyesque story about a young girl's quest for recognition in her male-dominated life, "Fausta Carbajal Goes to Mars." Another is a comedy called "This Chicken Outfit."

Al's novels are available in paperback or as downloads of various types. There is a list of links on his website, <http://www.alsirois.com/writing/pubs.htm>. The paperbacks are readily available from Barnes and Noble, or Powells in some cases. One of the novels, *Boss Tweed's Dinosaurs*, is an historical Young Adult novel. He'd like it to get more word-of-mouth.

Fictionwise also distributes his nonfiction about the emerging science of quantum consciousness.

Al turned 53 in March. In his off-hours he is webmaster for Far Sector, <http://www.farsector.com/>, a web-based e-zine of science fiction, dark fantasy and horror. It's a free site.

Fiction With Feline Tendencies

It may not have as many lives as a cat, but David Levine's James White Award-winning story, "Nucleon," has already enjoyed two reincarnations since appearing in *Interzone*. The story was collected in *The Year's Best Fantasy #2*, edited by David G. Hartwell and Kathryn Cramer. And it will be back again next year in Mike Resnick's *New Faces of Science Fiction*.

Not that there's any dearth of new fiction by David hitting the shelves. *Beyond The Last Star*, the final SFF.Net anthology, contained his story "Written on the Wind." *L. Ron Hubbard Presents Writers of the Future, Volume XVIII*, included his story "Rewind." And *Apprentice Fantastic*, edited by Martin H. Greenberg and Russell Davis, is coming out with his story "Zauberschrift."

In the future, look for David to return to hard SF in "Legacy," which will appear in



Todd Dashoff, MilPhil chair, recharges his batteries at 2002 Midwestcon. Photo by Keith Stokes.

Imagination Fully Dilated, Volume 4, edited by Patrick Swenson. According to David, "This is a book of 'literated pictures' or, to put it another way, an illustrated anthology of stories inspired by the paintings of Alan M. Clark. It will be out in both paper and e-book editions, most likely in 2003."

He may also have a story in the second *Phobos* anthology, as a result of his winning the Phobos Fiction Writing Contest. "Ukaliq and the Great Hunt" was one of 12 winners for 2002. David won \$500 and the story will be considered for publication. The first *Phobos* anthology received a very favorable review in *Locus*. More information about the contest can be found at:

<http://www.phobosweb.com/contest/>

Keep up-to-date by reading his "David's SF Writing" web page, which runs background information, reviews, and excerpts for some of his stories. Go to <http://www.bentopress.com>, click on the David's SF Writing link, then click on the story title.

Check It Out!

University of Calgary Library officials announced in August 2002 that they received a gift of 30,000-40,000 science fiction books and magazines from the family of William Robert (Bob) Gibson, a local collector who died in 2001 at the age of 92. His son, Andrew, a U of C alumnus, arranged for the donation.

Librarians know from the collector's indexes that the boxes they're unpacking include material spanning from Jules Verne to cyberpunk in the 21st. Some of the items are worth hundreds of dollars, and some of the magazine sets are worth thousands.

"This really is a priceless gift - an embarrassment of riches," says Blane Hogue, the library's Director of Development. "Our next challenge is to find the necessary funding to clean, preserve, catalogue and house the Gibson Collection." Librarians estimate it will take roughly \$20 per item to complete those tasks; the library hopes to raise about \$500,000 - from public and private sources - to maintain the collection.

Ultimately, the Gibson Collection will be made available to students, scholars and members of the public through the Special Collections Reading Room at the U of C's MacKimmie Library. Depending on funding, it could be ready for use in about a year. None of the materials will circulate, however, since the library believes they are far too fragile.

Chuck It Out!

Ironically, in the province next door, the University of Winnipeg library was about to break up another of Canada's largest collections of science fiction books. The trove of 30,000 books and periodicals was willed to the university in the late 1990's by local collector Robert Stimpson. The American book dealer L.W. Curry purchased it in October for \$140,000.

The university had been storing the collection in a basement storage room at the Greyhound bus terminal because it didn't have space in its climate-controlled book room. A librarian explained that it would have cost \$400,000 to catalog and house the collection, which it could not afford, and storage in the non-climate-controlled facility left the collection in deteriorating condition.

Music of the Spheres

"Overture to 'X World'" by Steven Rothstein opened a concert given May 4 at UCLA's Shoenberg Hall. This was the premiere of his "overture to an unwritten science fiction opera," dedicated to his father, long-time LASFSian Allan Rothstein.

The concert was part of the doctoral requirement for the conductor, who hired a professional orchestra and invested over \$20,000 into the event. The same orchestra performed the premiere of Steve Rothstein's setting of the 27th Psalm at UCLA last June.

Welcome To Earth!

Proud grandfather Dave Kyle sent word to the Internet that his daughter, Kerry Kyle Pearce, gave birth to her first child early on the morning of August 1, 2002 in Westchester County, NY. The baby, **Kyle Inman Pearce**, weighed 8 lbs 8 oz. "All is happiness," Dave concluded, with uncharacteristic brevity.

Baby Elizabeth Constance Cramer

Hartwell arrived October 21, 2002 weighing 6 lbs 8 oz at birth. David Hartwell e-mailed to announce that mother, Katherine Cramer, and baby are fine.

Paper Training

Ohio fans Mary and Doug Piero Carey were surprised to open their local paper this summer and discover an article revealing that a deceased member of the N3F was the source of a paranormal legend.

On August 12, 2002 the Akron (Ohio) *Beacon Journal* ran a story headlined "Clock runs out on long-told story of time traveler, European man ends up in Akron while getting to bottom of strange mystery." Spaniard Chris Aubeck was seeking the original account of a story well-known to believers in the paranormal -- that Rudolph Fentz had vanished in 1876 and reappeared in June, 1950 in Times Square. Fentz was killed by traffic, but his dress, appearance, and evidence from his pockets dated him to 1876.

Aubeck traced the publishing history of the story to France, Italy, Norway, Sweden, California, and finally to Akron, where the late Ralph M. Holland had been living in 1953 when he published a paranormal pamphlet titled "A Voice from the Gallery."

The paper says Holland served as president of National Fantasy Fan Federation, pubbed a zine called *The Science-Fiction Review*, published a book "featuring a fantasy character called 'Ghu,'" and as Rolf Telano, was the author of the book, *A Spacewoman Speaks*. He also studied claims of the paranormal. He seems to have kept his fannish life separated from these studies.

The August 19 *Beacon Journal* ran a follow-up, "Time-travel tale gets new ending." Rev. George Murphy of Tallmadge, OH read the earlier story. An sf fan of 40 years, he correctly identified the time-travel story as "I'm Scared," by Jack Finney, a 1951 short story anthologized in Heinlein's *Tomorrow, The Stars*.

There must be many fans who knew George Holland well. The paper asks anyone with more insight into Holland or in possession of the 'Voice' publication to e-mail Aubeck at caubeck@yahoo.com

Medical Updates

Well-known film critic (author of *Keep Watching The Skies!*) and long-time LASFS member **Bill Warren** had successful heart-valve replacement surgery on July 31, 2002. Doctors replaced his aortic and mitral valves, and also did a bypass using a vein from his leg.

James White Award

The 2002 James White Award, established

to honor one of Ireland's best-loved science fiction writers, was presented November 3 to Julian West for his short story "Vita Brevis, Ars Longa." West receives a cash prize and a trophy and his winning story will be published in *Interzone*.

West's story was chosen from a field of over 100 entries from all over the world. The final judging was conducted by a panel drawn from the science fiction field in the USA and Europe: Michael Carroll, David Pringle, Orson Scott Card, Christopher Fowler and Graham Joyce.

Originally from Southampton in the UK, West now lives in Dublin, Ireland with his wife and three children, where he works as a computer programmer. He says "Vita Brevis Ars Longa" was inspired by a visit to the Irish Museum of Modern Art in the Royal Hospital Kilmainham and in particular by a series of works by Janine Antoni. "I saw a series of busts in chocolate and soap and the artist had cast her nipples in gold. This led me ask 'how far can you go with this?'"

Commenting on the winning story, judging panel member Orson Scott Card said, "While the premise is outlandish, all the surrounding characters, attitudes, and - above all - reviews, are dead on. This omnidirectional satire leaves no victims standing in the international arts scene. Yet the satire is al-

ways deft, the writing smooth and clear, so that even if you don't "buy" the premise, you're still swept along to the inevitable -- but satisfying -- end."

Seiun Award Nominees

Here are the Seiun Award nominees in the translated works categories, courtesy of Hirohide Hirai of the Japan in 2007 Worldcon bid. Works are eligible in the year of translation into Japanese. The winners will be announced at T-con2003, the 42nd Japanese National Science Fiction Convention in July.

Translated Novels: *Illegal Alien*, Robert J. Sawyer; *Cryptonomicon*, Neal Stephenson; *Gloriana*, Michael Moorcock; *Davy*, Edgar Pangborn; *Freeware*, Rudy Rucker; *The Telling*, Ursula K. Le Guin; *Passage*, Connie Willis; *A Deepness in the Sky*, Vernor Vinge; *The Reefs of the Earth*, R.A. Lafferty; *Thraxas*, Martin Scott.

Translated Short Stories: "A Spy in Europa," Alastair Reynolds; "A Map of the Mines of Barnath," Sean Williams; "Pilot," Stephen Baxter; "Funny Fingers," R.A. Lafferty; "Luminous," Greg Egan; "Different Kinds of Darkness," David Langford; "Seventy-Two Letters," Ted Chiang; "What Continues...and What Fails," David Brin; "Partial Eclipse," Graham Joyce.

2002 Prix Aurora Results

Best Long-Form Work in English: *In the Company of Others*, Julie E. Czerneda (DAW, June/2001)

Best Long-Form Work in French: *Les Transfigurés du Centaure*, Jean-Louis Trudel (Médiaspaul, 2001)

Best Short-Form Work in English: "Left Foot on a Blind Man", Julie E. Czerneda (*Silicon Dreams*, DAW)

Best Short-Form Work in French: "Souvenirs de lumière," Daniel Sernine (*Solaris* 138)

Best Work in English (Other): "Underwater Nightmare", Isaac Szpindel (Rescue Heroes Cycle II -- Episode 17a, air-date Aug/2001) [TV screenplay]

Best Work in French (Other): *Solaris*, Joël Champetier, réd. (Les Compagnons à temps perdu)

Artistic Achievement: James Beveridge (*On Spec* Spring/01, *On Spec* Summer/01)

Fan Achievement (Fanzine): *Voyageur*, Karen Bennett & Sharon Lowachee, eds. (USS Hudson Bay /IDIC) (www.idic.ca) [clubzine]

Fan Achievement (Organizational): Peter Johnson (USS Hudson Bay / IDIC)

Fan Achievement (Other): Alex von Thorn, fan writing/écriture fanique



Why 4E's Collection Didn't Go To the LA Public Library by Craig Miller

Forry donated his collection to the City of Los Angeles under certain conditions. The City formed a committee to analyze the costs involved and to figure out what to do with it and where to put it. The city was definitely interested.

The committee included people from the L.A. Public Library, from a couple of the city's museums, museum consultants, a couple close friends of Forry's, and me. We spent over a year working on this. There were quite a few meetings, several inspections of possible buildings, and a lot of research.

Forry had made a number of demands regarding how the collection should be displayed. If you know Forry, you can guess at a lot of them. Lots of images of Forry (including a huge one on the outside of the building). Forry's pre-recorded voice conducting tours of the collection. Etc. He also wanted half the museum to include his collection of pulps, each one displayed cover out. (Sounds sort of cool except when you think about the sheer quantity of them. It would take a huge amount of space and, while many pulp covers are gorgeous, even if they all were, it would soon become overwhelming.)

Perhaps surprisingly, those demands didn't end the project.

The biggest problem boiled down to money. First, the collection is completely uncataloged. The LAPL folks went through it and estimated that it would take three catalog librarians working full-time over two years just to make a listing of what was there (this includes the books, pulps, posters, art, props, etc.).

Second, lots of the collection was in poor condition. Forry had never done anything to preserve his stuff, other than to keep it indoors. The sheer quantity required everything to be stored in sort of a hodgepodge fashion, lots of it in boxes. And not proper storage boxes in many cases. Lots of supermarket boxes and things hurriedly thrown together.

Third, there was an issue of original vs. copy. Particularly in the area of "original" art and movie props. Forry owned a lot of reproductions. Someone who knew what he was doing would have to go through it and figure out which were the real Frank R. Paul pulp cover paintings and which were reprints. (By this I don't mean prints; he'd have someone paint a replica). The same with movie props and masks (although I think most of those were made by fans and given to Forry as gifts).

Fourth, there were the on-going costs. Leasing or buying a building. Re-fitting it to display the collection. Storage space (typically the major part of any museum's physical plant). Conservation/restoration workspace. Offices. A theater for lectures and showing films (good for building a membership and for ticket sale income). Salaries. Etc.

The bottom line seemed to be that we couldn't figure out how to maintain the bottom line. All the fund raising we could reasonably estimate and all of the memberships and ticket sales that were reasonable to project just wouldn't take care of the costs. The interest in the museum, it was felt, would be relatively limited.

Remember, this was the early '80s. Science fiction films didn't make up 8 or 9 of the top 10 grossing films of all time. There weren't a dozen or more SF shows on television every season. As hot as Star Wars was, it didn't seem like 5 out of 10 visitors to Los Angeles (or even 1 out of 10) would be making a bee-line for a science fiction museum.

After about two years of work, the City thanked the committee for our efforts and turned down Forry's offer of his collection. Forry would have liked for there to have been a museum but he wasn't too unhappy. About six months earlier, a group in Germany had offered to purchase a big chunk of the collection for cash. Once the City declined the offer, he was free to sell them some of the pieces they wanted. And did.

There was still the vast majority of the collection left, but I understand many of the choicer items (some books, mostly original movie material, I believe) were sold at that time.

Forry Has Left the Building — Not the Planet

Fans cheered and gave Forrest J Ackerman a standing ovation as he came forward during the 2002 Loscon masquerade halftime to accept an award for lifetime service to the science fiction field. This past Thanksgiving weekend was the first time many of them had seen the 86-year-old icon since he suffered an array of life-threatening medical problems. Forry was assisted to the podium, took the award plaque in one hand and waved greetings with the other.

Forry's medical crisis began in April when the chair he was sitting in collapsed and he struck his head. A blood clot formed in his brain as a result of the blow. He was admitted to Kaiser Permanente Hospital in Los Angeles where surgeons operated and removed the clot. However, he had a very difficult recuperation, including a bout of pneumonia. As Forry told the Loscon audience, "I almost died twice this year!"

Despite the difficulties of a long stay in Kaiser and weeks of physical therapy at another facility, Forry grew well enough to move home. However, the effects of illness and age

had made it too hard to manage all the stairs in the Ackermansion, the 18-room Los Feliz Hills residence stuffed with his collection of sf and movie memorabilia. Forry also needed to



Man Of The Times: This *LA Times* photo shows how Forry mesmerized local reporters into writing endless articles mourning the sale of his collection. *Robert Gauthier's* snapshot appeared in the paper on January 6.

deal with the costs of his care. So he moved into a three-bedroom rental house with a few treasured possessions, such as the replica of the female robot from his favorite film, "Metropolis," a Cylon, his trophies, awards, and his piano (with child-sized teeth marks where he bit it in frustration over having to practice.) The Ackermansion was sold and the rest of his collection was dispersed in a series of sales that received wide media coverage.

Bjo Trimble describes Forry's new place as a little 1911 Craftsman-style bungalow only three blocks from House of Pies, one of his very favorite restaurants. She wrote online that he has had the bedroom walls painted bright red, with metallic gold trim on all the doors and windows. Charlie Jackson II visited and saw lodged beneath the living room's big bay window was a shiny, new coffin. Charlie says he declined to ask for a look inside.

While answering reporters' questions about the sale of his collection, Forry took the opportunity to hang another black eye on legal adversary Ray Ferry. The *Los Angeles Times* said Ackerman blamed the sale of his collection on mounting attorneys fees. Though Ackerman won his suit, Ferry has paid none of the \$500,000 judgment awarded two years ago for

breach of contract and trademark infringement. Instead, Ferry transferred his assets to associates and filed bankruptcy. However, U. S. Bankruptcy Court has already ruled many of these transfers are fraudulent. Still pending is the transfer of the *Famous Monsters* trademark to Ferry's attorneys. Ackerman told the *Times* he has incurred "several hundred thousand dollars" of litigation expenses.

Live'n' High Off the Hoggly

Dick Lupoff appeared at the West Coast Paperback Show and Sale on March 30 at the Mission Hills Inn in LA's San Fernando Valley. He predicted beforehand that the Show would be only one of many highlights on the trip: "While the official show takes place all day Sunday, paperback collectors and enthusiasts start to assemble several days in advance and participate in a series of book-scouting expeditions, open houses, and visits to Doctor Hoggly-Woggly's Tyler Texas Home Style Bar-B-Cue."

Short Waves

Will Shetterly has launched a weblog at <http://shetterly.blogspot.com/> and issued an invitation to the world, "Stop by anytime!"

Laura Brodian Freas recently told readers of *Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol*, "Just for the record, anyone making/buying vintage WWII planes can have a real honest-to-goodness WWII bomber nose artist make the design for their planes' nose art. He just won't get up on a ladder and paint it himself... Ask for Kelly Freas." Kelly did P-38's, too.

Orson Scott Card celebrated Ender Wiggin's 25th birthday July 5-6, 2002 at Endercon in Orem UT with a few hundred friends. Card wrote "The Polish Boy" for Endercon, which he read aloud as the opening act to Janis Ian's concert. [[Source: David-Glenn Anderson]]

Nate and Louie Bucklin (nee Spooner) married on May 30, 2002. [[Source: *Einblatt*, July 2002]]

Robbie Bourget announced in April 2002 that she was made a Probation Services Officer Case Manager According to amanuensis Christian McGuire, "Besides more money and the new challenge (keep Robbie from being bored), it puts her above annoying people who failed to make the grade for the same job she's just been hired for. She asked that I spread this far & wide and for very good reasons I chose to send it to YOU and about a thousand other people."

Linda Bushyager's sf novel *Pacifica*, cowritten with John Betancourt, is now available for download as an E-book for PC, Palm, Franklin E-book, etc. from Fictionwise.com. See:

Mr. Shake Hands Man Chairs Successful Loscon

Fandom's working actor, Tadao Tomomatsu, formerly seen on the USA Network during "Banzai Friday Movie," graduated into a new role this Thanksgiving Weekend: Loscon 2002 Chairman.

Tadao appeared recurringly on "Banzai" as the seemingly innocuous Japanese tourist "Mr. Shake Hands Man", who would go to movie premiers and get famous people to shake his hand for as long as possible. The game was to guess how long celebrities would put up with him.

Tadao wore a tuxedo rather than a sports coat to preside over Loscon masquerade half-time events. If it was a temptation to go into "shake hands" mode with the various award presenters, such as your editor, Tadao heroically restrained himself.

Or else he was conserving his energy for later when he joined Christian McGuire and Shawn Crosby onstage in a Chippendales-inspired boogie-fest to help kill time until the judges returned.

<http://www.fictionwise.com/servlet/mw?t=book&bi=1746&id=17329>

Prometheus Unbound

Harry Potter's winning the Best Novel Hugo in 2001 sent a shockwave through fandom that set off a controversial discussion of the purpose of the Hugos. One of the most insightful turns of phrase among the thousands of words of criticism was "the Hugos do not reflect a single ideology." The word ideology, as used by that writer, indicated literary value systems elevate some works above others. The *Potter* discussion shows there are several constituencies of Hugo voters with different ideas of what values the award honors. On the other hand, if the writer had meant *political* ideologies everyone already knows that Hugos have been given to books reflecting political viewpoints as far apart as Heinlein's *Starship Troopers* and LeGuin's *The Dispossessed*.

What if a science fiction fan group with a political ideology created a literary award? Wouldn't people expect the nominees to consistently reflect the group's distinctive literary and political principles? Not if they're familiar with the Libertarian Futurist Society's Hall of Fame. An issue of the Society's newsletter listed five Hall of Fame Nominees. One of the five seems quite incompatible with the views of libertarian sf fans. It's like the "which-one-doesn't-match-the-others" section of an IQ test.

The four that fit are: *A Clockwork Orange*



Above: Tadao Tomomatsu in character. **Below:** Shaking hands with Anjelica Huston.



by Anthony Burgess, about the government's revolting medical solution to violent social predators. *It Can't Happen Here* is Sinclair Lewis's warning that we are not immune to losing our liberty at our own hands. "The Prisoner" television series dramatizes how Number Six thwarts an international conspiracy's attempts to make him say why he didn't wait and retire at 55 like any other good civil servant. "Requiem" by Robert Heinlein is the bittersweet celebration of how sf's most heroic entrepreneur, Delos Harriman ("The Man Who Sold The Moon"), defies government regulation and finally reaches the moon himself.

Then there's a fifth nominee. *The Lord of the Rings* by J.R.R. Tolkien

Would anyone have expected libertarians to hold a special place in their hearts for a series of novels glorifying the restoration of monarchy? That is the political goal of these hundreds of pages, to make Aragorn the king and revive an ancient system of feudal relationships. (Could we be any prouder to see Pippin and Merry come home to the Shire in the livery of Gondor?)

Of course, the inconsistency turns out to make LFS more appealing to fans, not less. It shows they appreciate an individual's right to ignore ideological and genre lines that interfere with giving awards to whatever he or she really likes. This Prometheus is also unbound!



Glamorous Sierra: October 2002, a photo taken by a professional at the mall.

habit. And that's only having tasted those plastic-wrapped Kraft singles. Wait 'til you get to the good stuff, baby... I've noticed how the pursuit of cheese has inspired Sierra's most ingenious communication breakthroughs.

We've been working to teach Sierra a sign language vocabulary since the beginning, inspired by the DVD a child development researcher has issued showing infants can pick up a sign vocabulary surprisingly early. Babies are obviously less frustrated when they have a way to tell their parents what they need (and not have to cry until the parent guesses right). Sign is a tool that helps them learn to get along with people around them.

Soon after Sierra's first birthday she began to make consistent sense of sign language. She first began to use signs for "milk," "book," "more," "finished," "please" and "help." One day when Diana came home from work, Sierra rushed to greet her saying "Cheese!" and frantically making the "Help!" sign -- Sierra's first full sentence. This past Memorial Day Weekend Diana's friend Alene visited from Oklahoma. She knows sign, and Sierra quickly recognized that she did. Over the weekend, Sierra repeatedly got Alene's attention by rubbing her hands together. However, Alene didn't understand what she wanted. To wash her hands? Sierra said (aloud) the word "Kitchen." Oh, did she

FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS SIERRA GRACE

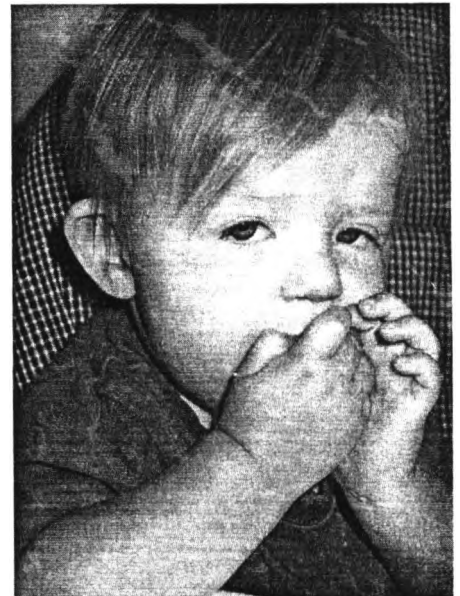
Is she walking? Is she talking? Is she sleeping through the night? The list of Frequently Asked Questions about Sierra Grace needs updating: the answers to these have been "yes" for quite awhile.



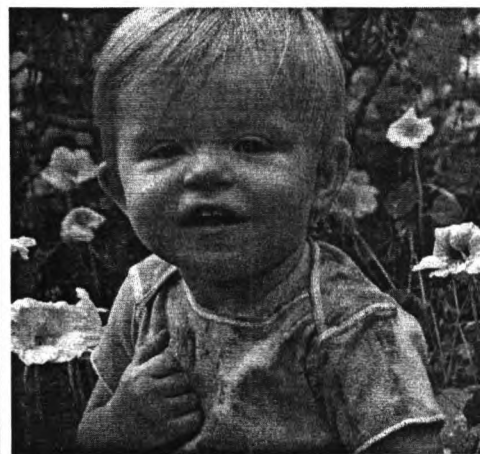
Diana holds Sierra (in her poodle skirt), both dressed up for Mike's Fifties-theme birthday party.

My beautiful daughter Sierra was last issue's cover girl, leading a flight of dragons over the lush green hills of Alan White's imaginary coastline. She grows more interesting and lovely every day. When I wrote about her a year ago, my girl was three months old, still trying to turn herself over. In January, eleven months old, she was grabbing for handholds like a rock-climber, pulling herself up on the coffee table, my pants, the bars of her crib, the sliding glass door to the patio, filing cabinet handles. Sierra used to fall like a tree -- very alarming -- until Diana taught her to land on her tush, padded by nature and Pampers. Sierra's mastery of the graceful fall meant we finally could stop hovering about her like stage ninjas. By February, from a standing start she could hurtle three or four steps into Diana's waiting arms. Now in May, she's trundling around the house at full-speed.

Sierra enjoys her independence. When it comes to food, her passion is for anything she can pick off her high chair tray and feed to herself, like peas (her favorite), bits of bread or tortillas, chunks of banana, pieces of chicken and shreds of cheese. In fact, Sierra thinks cheese is so wonderful she won't touch any other food if it's in sight. We're trying to limit her to a one-slice-per-day



Got cheese? Yes? Then Sierra wants to talk to you!



want to wash her hands in the kitchen? Well, "D'oh!" to all of us. The next time Sierra saw a piece of cheese she made the handrubbing gesture – which is pretty close to the actual cheese sign, something we should have realized!

We also hadn't known Sierra could say "kitchen." I guess she knows a batch of words and will say one whenever she thinks it might lead to some cheese. When no cheese is involved, her pattern is to say a new word now and then but not repeat it for weeks, as if she was satisfied with the prototype and feels no need to put it immediately into production. Words she now uses routinely include "outside," "mama," "daddy," "again," "all done" to get out of her high chair.

Since Sierra learned to walk, her speech development has gone in an interesting new direction. She sometimes paces up and down the living room delivering an effusive proclamation with energetic hand gestures – not one syllable of which I understand.

Sierra enjoys hearing stories and watching kids videos. I love it when she delves into a pile of books, hands me the one she wants read, then climbs into my lap to listen and turn the pages.

I've also enjoyed how being Sierra's parents has energized our family relationships and connected us to other people in unexpectedly intimate ways. She's much more than a new common interest (although it helps that we now know lots of "Raffi" lyrics.) People see us with Sierra and seem to say to themselves, "Now Diana and Mike can understand what we're talking about." I've discovered that few things in life are as fascinating as to be around her, make eye contact and smile, amuse her, teach her, see her make discoveries of her own, and to enjoy her sweet disposition.

Thanks and kisses to Diana, who took just about all of these photos of Sierra.

Key: (1) Sierra nibbles an artificial daisy, Jan. 2003; (2) Building blocks, May 2003; (3) In mommy's flowerbed, March 2003; (4) Winter prowling, Feb. 2003; (5) Sierra in the pumpkin patch, Oct. 2002 (6) Daddy and Sierra, June 2002; (7) L'il hard hat, May 2003; (8) Adam, Diana, Mike and Sierra pose with the judge who finalized the adoption March 27; (9) Bailiff, baby, Daddy and teddy.



Lasting Impressions: News from the World of Fanzines

More Maps of America

Gene Wolfe once joked, with a dash of bit-terness, that the difference between a book publisher and a faned is that if a fanzine sells out the faneditor will print more. Jerry Kaufman is the latest fan to prove Gene right, bringing out another edition of Peter Roberts' TAFF trip report, *New Routes in America*.

Jerry explains, "It's Peter's story of his trip as Trans Atlantic Fan Fund delegate to the 1977 Worldcon, the Suncon in Miami, Florida. He has many witty and sharply observant things to say about the American fans and American cultural icons he visits before and after the con, and his memories of Suncon itself are delightful."

The publication is 36 pages of text and artwork, plus cover, publishing details and table of contents, all for \$10 postpaid to: Jerry Kaufman, 3522 NE 123rd Street, Seattle, WA 98125.

Jerry and Suzle are also at work on the successor to their fanzine *Mainstream*, called *Littlebrook*. It's available in print and at efanzine.com. Jerry invites curious minds to inquire about being on the mailing list by writing to the above address, or via email to littlebrooklocs@aol.com

Another Golden Horizon for FAPA

By Murray Moore

The milestone 250th issue of Harry Warner Jr.'s *Horizons* appeared in the August 2002 Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) mailing.

Harry confounded his critics by using a new typewriter ribbon. For in the same mailing Bob Silverberg wrote, "It seems nicely ironic that the FAPA member who throughout the fifty-three years of my membership has consistently led the Egoboo Poll in the category of Most Difficult to Read Magazine would now tell us that 'My eyes water too badly to continue reading after about ten pages of an easy-to-read fanzine, fewer pages if it's on colored paper.'"

Harry himself explains *Horizons* 250 has no mailing comments because the previous mailing arrived late. Also "Extremely hot weather has sent the temperature in my house to 90 degrees or higher on most days this summer, making me reluctant to risk heat stroke by the exertion required to type."

The bulk of *Horizons* 250 is mini essays by Harry about Germany's *Andromeda SF Magazin* 148 and the clubzines of the NFFF and First Fan-

dom, and comments about a book by Forry Ackerman and a book about A. E. van Vogt.

For information about joining the FAPA contact secretary-treasurer Robert Lichtman at PO Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442 United States or robertlichtman@yahoo.com.

Murder Must Advertise

"Another Bloody Fanzine..." began Bill Bowers' e-mail and the warning was needed. It wasn't simply Bill's usual polite throat-clearing before launching a giant PDF file into my mailbox, because this time it wasn't going to be an *Outworlds* or a *Xenolith*. Instead, he would be broadcasting his mystery apazine titled *Neither Rain, Noir Murder #1*.

The inaugural issue is eight pages, much of it consumed by a 9,000-word article, "How To Do Research for the Police Procedural," from Jim Doherty, a working Chicago cop and published writer. Sounds quite serious, for Bill adds this reassurance: "I imagine that, over time this will end up being as much a 'mystery fanzine' as *Xenolith* a 'sf fanzine,' but if you'd like to try this one, the price is reasonable: let me know!" Ask for the details by e-mailing Bill Bowers at fanac@one.net

Rotsler Masques Now Available Announcement by Marty Cantor

When Bill Rotsler died, he had not published his fanzine *Masque* for some time. But he was obviously thinking about doing so at some future date as he laid out – and even printed – many of the pages for future issues.

When Bill Warren got hold of this material, he decided that the publishing of additional *Masques* was a public good – but some work had to be done to make them ready to "market." He sorted the pages so that the diary material was in date order and he printed the sheets which Rotsler had prepared but not yet printed. He also took Rotsler material and created the covers for these

fifteen zines.

The result was 15 zines of All Rotsler material, zines containing illos, diary entries, quotes from himself and others – and other original material. Bill Warren then attempted to reconstruct Bill Rotsler's old *Masque* mailing list, with help from Robert Lichtman. The result of this was that 30 people, most of whom were on Rotsler's old mailing list were found whose current addresses could be ascertained. Once a month each one of these people were sent a copy of the zine which Warren got ready that month. The last of these zines were handed out at Westercon to those recipients who were there (with the others having been previously mailed).

At which point all of the remaining zines were turned over to me to distribute – aside from those which were sold at the con. I had one condition: one complete set *must* be given to Greg Pickersgill's Permacollection as I felt that there should be one complete set on that side of the pond – and the Permacollection is one of fandom's premium fanzine collections. This was agreed to and I took over the zines.

And now they are available to anybody on a first come, first served basis. The price is \$5.00 for each zine and the *entire* proceeds will be turned over to the William Rotsler Award administered by SCIFI. This Award is a cash award and it is given to a fanartist each year at Loscon – Brad W. Foster was last year's winner. Do not send postage – SCIFI will pick up that tab.

I am sending this to several fannish e-lists and will operate the sale this way. I am going to list availability by sets of zines and those who want a set should indicate the set number: the lower the set number, the more zines there are in it. So, set number one will be the most complete available set; and, as the number of the set gets higher, there will be a smaller selection of zines in the set. This is because an unequal number of zines were produced.

Warning: There are no complete sets of all 15 zines – the last complete set went to the Permacollection. There is no set of 14 zines – the most complete sets have 13 zines.

Remember, first come, first served, so the earlier you post me if you want one of the more complete sets, the better your chance of receiving it. After I receive a posting for which I have a set I will reserve it for you and send you a posting letting you know this. If somebody posts me the message, "The Most Complete Available Set" I will set aside the most complete set for him



Howard DeVore and Ray Beam at Midwestcon 2002. Photo by Keith Stokes.

and let him know the price. At which point you should send me a cheque for the proper amount – made out to Martin L. Cantor, *not* to SCIFI, as I am handling the finances to make it easier to keep these separate books. After I receive your cheque I will send you your zines.

Here is the list of the zines (with the titles being taken from the words or cartoons on the covers). For the record, #8 (Tall Stories) and #15 (The Only Fanzine in the World Edited by William Rotsler) are not available, having been completely distributed. When I list the zine sets please note that the zine numbers shown in the list of zines in each set is the number in front of the zine name in this first list.

(1) The Fanzine That Returned from the Dead; (2) Formerly KTEIC; (3) The Fanzine Looking for a Grand Purpose (So Please Help); (4) Every Fan's Dreamzine; (5) The Fanzine You've Waited For; (6) The Fanzine of the People; (7) Published on Nothing Even Approximating a Schedule; (8) Tall Stories – (none available as all were distributed); (9) "So What Do You Think of Hell Now?" (cartoon caption); (10) The Once-Gaudy Fanzine; (11) "One of Those Who Will Not Commit Themselves" (cartoon caption); (12) The Fanzine You've Been Waiting For; (13) The Fanzine That is, in So Many Ways, the Best Way to Know William Rotsler; (14) The Fanzine Without a Title Page; (15) The Only Fanzine in the World Edited by William Rotsler – (none available as all were distributed)

SETS 1, & 2: 13 zines in each set (missing only zines #8 & #15 from the above list) - \$65 each set; SETS 3 & 4: 12 zines in each set (missing only zines #8, #10, & #15

from the above list) - \$60 each set; SET 5: 8 zines in this set (zines in the set are - #1, #2, #4, #7, #9, #11, #12, & #14 from the above list) - \$40 for this set; SET 6: 4 zines in this set (zines in the set are - #1, #2, #4, & #12 from the above list) - \$20 for this set; SETS 7 & 8: 2 zines in these sets (zines in each set are only #1 & #2 from the above list) - \$10 each set; I also have 6 individual copies of the first zine, "The Fanzine That Returned from the Dead" which can be purchased separately if one merely wants a smaller sample of the work of Bill Rotsler. - \$5 for this zine.

Please contact me soon – as you can see the supply of these wonderful zines is limited. My recommendation for those wanting the most complete available set is to ask for just that – "The most complete available set." I will then put that aside for you and let you know the price, sending it after I receive your money. Marty Cantor, 11825 Gilmore St. #105, North Hollywood, CA 91606, USA, E-mail: hooahpubs@earthlink.net

Without Rhyme or Reason

Joe Kennedy, fan writer, artist and editor of the 1940s has a new book being published by the Johns Hopkins UP, a collection of poetry entitled "The Lords of Misrule" under the name X. J. Kennedy.

Michael Walsh wrote online, "Met him a year or so ago at the New England Booksellers Trade Show. Nice guy. He's something of a big name in poetry circles." To say the least.

From one of the poems in the collection:

Alive, we open eyelids
On our pitiful share of time,
We bubbles rising and bursting

In a boiling pot"
-- "September Twelfth 2001"

Changes of Address

Woody Bernardi, 622 St Andrews Rd., Henderson, NV 89015-7513

Dr. Bob Blackwood, E-mail: bob.blackwood@attbi.com

Diane Blackwood, E-mail: diane.blackwood@attbi.com

Wm. Breiding, P. O. Box 1901, Tucson, AZ 85702

Linda and Ron Bushyager, 4025 Mitra Ct., Las Vegas, NV 89103

Fred Cleaver, 2146 - C 35th Ave., PMB#801, Greeley, CO 80634

Connor Freff Cochran, E-mail: con-norfc@earthlink.net; Snail mail: P. O. Box 668, Lafayette, CA 94549

Elsbeth Kovar, E-mail: ekovar@worldnet.att.net

Richard Labonte, 7-A Drummond St. West, Perth, ONT K7H 2J3 Canada

Ed Meskys, E-mail: edmeskys@localnet.com

Marie Rengstorff, E-mail: reng-storm001@hawaii.rr.com

Will Shetterly and Emma Bull, P. O. Box 1597, Bisbee, AZ 85603 (Keep track of them at: <http://www.player.org/pub/flash/emmawill.html>)

Keith Stokes, 13159 W. 108th Terrace, Lenexa, KS 66210; Telephone (913) 663-2979

Sally A. Syrjala, E-mail: ssyrjala@aol.com



KURT ERICHSEN WINS 2002 ROTSLEER AWARD

Kurt Erichsen won the 2002 Rotsler Memorial Fanzine Artist Award, presented at Loscon 29. Sponsored by the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests (SCIFI), the Rotsler Award honors the lifetime work of outstanding fanartists and the memory of esteemed fanartist William Rotsler.

Kurt, an Ohio fanartist, has been chosen in recognition of his current fanac as well as his many years of contributing art to fanzines (a history reaching back even farther than his wonderful pen-and-ink cover for a 1982 Worldcon Progress Report.) He has been generous with his cartoons, and his work is insightful, humorous, and versatile. Kurt is a worthy successor to Rotsler's legacy.

The annual award consists of \$300 cash and an award plaque. Mike Glyer, Richard Lynch, and Geri Sullivan served as this year's award judges.

Past winners are Steve Stiles (1998), Grant Canfield (1999), ATom (2000) and Brad Foster (2001).



Larry Niven researches artificial gravity for his new novel, "Dryer World"

Donn Brazier

The Name Above The Title



Donn P. Brazier
(October 4, 1917 – May 27, 2002)
by Don Ayres

Donn Brazier, of Milwaukee and St. Louis fandom, has died of a stroke. His son, Terry, reports that he never regained consciousness during a 5-day stay at Missouri Baptist Hospital and that the entire family was present when he passed away peacefully about 9 p.m. on Memorial Day. After a private funeral service, he was buried at Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery. He is survived by Betty, his wife of 60 years; five children; a brother; sister; and seven grandchildren.

His professional career included a curatorship at the Milwaukee Public Museum until 1959, when he accepted the post of education supervisor at the Museum of Science and Natural History in Clayton, Missouri, a St. Louis suburb. He became the acting director in 1961 and served as director from 1962 until his retirement in 1982. In Milwaukee, he hosted the early television program "Let's Explore" (1950 - 1958) and later started "Operation: Explore" on the St. Louis public television station.

Brazier often said that he went through three stages of fanac and fen today might best remember his third stage: *Title* #1 bore a date of April 1972. At a time when most fanzines appeared irregularly, *Title* appeared monthly for 73 consecutive issues until its abrupt cessation with the April 1977 issue.

Readers who were attracted to Donn's style and wide-ranging curiosity tended to really be hooked. After a few pages of editorial natterings and a few 'articles' a page or two in length, *Title*'s differences rose to the fore in the lettercol – but instead of the customary parade of letters by one author after another, Donn splattered the letters confetti-like throughout the zine according to topics or by editorial departments, a few sentences here, another there. It was the equivalent of a con by Postal Service, an atmosphere that generated a

huge volume of comment to feed Donn's hungry scissors. Leah Zeldes Smith credits him as one of the earliest faneds to move from the mimeograph to the photocopier as a reproduction medium. What would this faned have done with a modern scanner and word processor?

Donn brought in writers who were avoided by other faneds, including Frederick (Seduction of the Innocent) Wertham and Richard Shaver. Books like *We Almost Lost Detroit* and *Murder in the Synagogue* received visibility and lengthy discussion. Excerpts from Brazier's World War II diaries (he supervised a crew of AAF mechanics in the PTO) appeared. There were always questionnaires to fuel the editor's penchant for statistics and lists. It is fitting that the three books that he was savoring at his bedside were *The Book of Lists* and story collections by favorite writers Ray Bradbury and Fredric Brown.

Donn was a deserving Fan GOH at Autoclave I, held 28 – 31 May 1976. It was also one of the few times that he was induced to attend a con, and most fen who met him did so by stopping at the museum as they passed through St. Louis. He also edited nine issues of the more traditional *Farrago*, from 1975 to 1978. I believe that there were earlier zines from his first two stages of fanac, but I don't have any information about them.

Terry Brazier asked me to "inform others whom dad would have liked to tip his cap to," and I hope that I have lived up to the honor of that mission: you know who you are, since most of you graced the pages of his fanzines.

**Donn Brazier (RIP), Title (RIP)
and Titlers: A Love Affair
by Sheryl Birkhead**

Donn Brazier died May 27, 2002. He was a gentleman, a gentle man, and a fan who let me into his world of fanzines. He *Titled*.

If you've never seen an issue of *Title*, it is a bit difficult to explain the phenomenon. In

order to stay on his mailing list you had to contribute and he cut everyone's bits merrily, slapping unusual bedfellows next to each other willy-nilly.

The obituary reprinted by *The Insider* (clubzine of the St. Louis SF Society) gives his birthday as October 4, 1917. In a letter from Donn (on *First Fandom* stationery) he said that he began his fanac in 1935 and joined *First Fandom* in 1970.

Although each issue maintained that he wrote an editorial, I was hard pressed to locate one consistently. Instead, each issue (on a pretty consistent monthly basis!) was a frenetic mix of everyone talking about everything. Somehow Donn sorted out the comments and organized (??) them so that there was a cohesiveness.

Title was more of a phenomenon than a "mere" fanzine and the extent of participation reflected that. Somewhere along the line he mentioned that *Title* was available for participation within three issues, but that was pretty much a myth. It seems that almost everyone participated every ish. Otherwise you did not get the nextish. Even your intrepid *File 770* editor had a fanzine review column ("Boone Farkings") running in *Title*.

I have thought about it before and cannot figure out what created this interaction. Therefore, I cannot come up with a recipe to recreate the energy and gee-whiz-gosh-wow-ness of it. The list of *Titlers* is impressive in some of the names that are there, but also in some of the names that are there but never heard of again.

My own personal, admittedly skewed view of the fanartists who appeared in *Title* is a mixed one. Few are names that I recall going on to fandom at large and yet names like Jackie Franke (Causgrove) are there and talents not cajoled into artwork in many other zines.

Donn didn't seem to care overly about the look of *Title*. The rest of us didn't seem to notice as long as the text was legible. He did come up with interesting mixes of ditto and

mimeo, where even the bleed-through were intriguing.

Donn loved doing *Title* and it showed. He loved talking about his family, science (he was the Director of the St. Louis Museum of Science and Natural History) and science fiction. I got a chance to meet him twice – once as he traveled through D.C. we met at the airport – along with Mike Shoemaker – and again at his home while I was passing through. He was easy to talk to and never short of conversation topics. I suspect he would have loved to have written some speeches for the fictional guest of honor at this year's Worldcon, Ferdinand Feghoot. His sense of humor just seemed to run that way, sideways.

This may be an obscure reference to many, but Donn's friendship with and the visibility of Ed Cagle in *Title* was sort of an example of the regularly awesomeness of Donn's personality on paper. I apologize to those who never knew Cagle (in actuality, I never met him) but his letters were intimidating and he never shied away from being direct. The two men seemed to be opposites, but their chemistry worked.

Title issue #1 (April 7, 1972) was 10 mimeographed pages with a print run of 98. The second annish (#24) listed 78 contributors to the ish – a whopping 78% response rate, because Donn tried to keep the *Titler* list at a slightly fluid 100.

By January 1974 Donn succumbed to capitalism and made one sample copy available for 25 cents. Part of the zine's attraction was the egoboo that Donn doled out to the readership. Readers provided all the artwork (ahem, some of it less than museum quality) and he felt – *strongly* – that content out-



weighed look. Each issue was dedicated to readers and it was a thrill to see your name there with a reason why.

I found Donn's list of 12 of the original 13 and assume (since I only got invited in at issue #4) there was some reasoning behind this number that I never quite fathomed) – Bruce D. Arthurs, Claire Beck, Ned Brooks, Ann Chamberlain, Ed Connor, Buck Coulson, Jackie Franke, Mike Glyer, Norman Hochberg, Ben Indick, Roy Tackett and Harry Warner Jr.

Donn also created *Farrago* and several other titles (which were actually sub-*Titles*!),

Natterings and its mutated sibling *Nutterings*, along with *Reverb Howl* ("...is not a fanzine. It is a solution unsatisfactory!")

With the demise of *Title*, Donn's fanac slowed considerably. I suspect that family obligations were coming to the forefront. We always managed the postcard/letter at Christmas – until this past year – and he never indicated that things were other than just right.

There is a large fannish family. Only the death of William Rotsler has shaken me as much as did hearing of Donn's death. Three years ago I asked him if he would create the definitive *Title* history and gave him two choices – either he could write one on his own or I would provide him with a list of questions. I think he believed that my list would be the lesser (and easier) of two evils. However, my list turned out to be six pages long and I felt I had covered every possible aspect of *Title*. Donn tried to procrastinate by saying there was no need to provide the information since no one was interested. I already had that one cut off at the

knees since I had two faneds ready to take a look and one or the other of them would publish the material. I never thought Donn would go to such lengths to avoid getting me that information.

He was one of a kind – and that kind was a superb human being. Even though we had not written much lately, I always knew I could – and now I can't. That indefinable something that he put into his creations made every ish a party and called out the best in the reading family. I'm so very glad I knew you Donn. Don de Barbecue and Dr. Splrfsk, I'll miss you.

Clipping Service

In *Instant Message 711* (and what issue could have a luckier number than that?) Clerk Pam Fremon reported the menu of NESFA's November 24 Other Meeting: "Deb [Geisler] and Mike [Benveniste] fed us to the gills with an enormous tray of lasagna (containing 5 lbs. of meat and 2 lbs. of mushrooms). It was a free-range lasagna that had been humanely slaughtered and carried no trace of fur, feathers, nor scales.

"Deb acknowledged that this year she hadn't also made an emergency back-up lasagna, figuring that this one would be enough. As she said, people had brought enough sweets for 27 courses of desserts. At the end of the meal there was only one helping of

lasagna, and Dave Grubbs (after some coaxing) valiantly threw himself onto it."

In 2002, Milwaukee airport security saved the world from... Laura Brodian Freas and her husband, Kelly? She described the harrowing experience for readers of *Chronicle of the Dawn Patrol*:

"I inadvertently caused an incident at the Milwaukee airport: Had a long layover waiting for our connection. Kelly [was in a] wheelchair as we anticipated a long distance to the next departure gate. Attendant met us as we disembarked the plane, and wheeled him toward the gate, as I carried a very heavy tote bag. Kelly had to use the restroom, so the attendant parked him at the entrance to the men's room, and waited for him to walk back out. I suddenly had to use the women's

room, and gave the attendant the bag to hold for me.

"That resulted in an 'unattended bag' situation, the Sheriff was called, a bomb-sniffing dog brought in, a report being made, etc., etc. End of story. I was pretty shaken up for the next hour."

Philadelphia SF Club President Hugh Casey almost made his show business debut in September. "I was supposed to be checking out an alternate location for meetings, but was unable to make it due to being held up in traffic. In fact I ended up driving into the middle of filing for Kevin Smith's upcoming movie *Jersey Girl* – apparently disrupting a shot and getting some crew members very angry at me. I did not see either the director or the stars." [[Source: *Phrudo* 10/02]]



Obituaries

Bruce Pelz

August 11, 1936 — May 9, 2002

by Mike Glyer

Surely you met him: did any reader of *File 770* not know Bruce Pelz? What did he look like the first time you met him? The young, faannish Bruce on his way to enter the 1963 Worldcon Masquerade as Fritz Leiber's Fafhrd, his hair dyed blond, a matching beard on his chin, carrying a huge broadsword, who paused to sell Lenny Bailes a subscription to *Starspinkle*? Or the 1970 vintage Bruce, who came to the LASFS' anniversary banquet dressed in black from head to toe like a bellicose prince of darkness, and plumped the Building Fund by auctioning donated desserts? Or the grey-bearded, book-huckstering Bruce of the late 1990s, still spinning-up new LA bids for the NASFiC, Westercon and Worldcon?

Before finding fandom, writes Milt Stevens, "Bruce was an Eagle Scout. Really. I guess once he started collecting merit badges, he had to have all of them." When Bruce transferred that passion to fandom, he continued to excel. He built the largest fanzine collection in the world. In 1980, as Worldcon Fan Guest of Honor, he published the *Fantasy Showcase Tarot Deck*, each card done by a fan or pro artist of the time. He organized many conventions and successfully bid for LA to host the 2002 Westercon, to be called Conagerie ("It's a jungle out there").

He died suddenly in 2002, of a pulmonary embolism, two months before the con and two hours before the weekly LASFS meeting, which broke up, stunned into silence.

Writing about him now, I think of a scene from the movie *Gladiator*:

Maximus: You knew Marcus Aurelius?

Proximo: I didn't say I knew him. I said he touched me on the shoulder once.

I knew Bruce better than Proximo knew the Emperor, but I realize that our friendship was based more on shared experiences than on shared confidences. As Bill Warren says, "[Bruce] only had a very, very few close

friends over the years, including Ted Johnstone, Drew Sanders, Elayne [Bruce's wife], Larry Niven and, for a while, people such as me and Craig Miller."

Drew shared a Santa Monica apartment with Bruce in the early 1970s, and once compared the two of them to Archie Goodwin and Nero Wolfe. Larry Niven celebrated his friendship with Bruce by using him as the inspiration for characters Gregory Pelton in "Flatlander" and Bruce Hyde in *Fallen Angels*. Also, Larry's "What Can You Say About Chocolate Covered Manhole Covers" fictionalized the 1968 party where Bruce and his first wife, Dian (now Crayne), celebrated the finality of their divorce. There really was a cake with a little bride and groom on top facing in opposite directions.

Bruce first lived in Los Angeles with fellow LASFSians Jack Harness, John



Trimble, and Ernie Wheatley, renting a house on the hillside above the L.A. Civic Center, until John married Bjo Wells in 1960. Around that time, Jack and Bruce finally managed to join every existing apa, becoming known as omniapans. Their achievement was too terrible to be allowed. Members of one apa conspired to produce two versions of the official organ saying the apa was dead. Everyone but the omniapans received the version announcing a successor apa, APA-X, and inviting them to join. That effectively dropped Jack and Bruce, and also Ted Johnstone (who was then in many, but not all, apas).

Bruce had discovered fandom at the University of Florida. Around 1957 he and some fellow members of the Florida Speleological Society, finding they shared an interest in science fiction, started a club called SCIFI, which met weekly. In 1959 he

came to L.A. for library science at the University of Southern California and earned his living as a librarian at UCLA.

Forry Ackerman was early on so active in LASFS it could have been called Forry's Club. Later it could have been Bjo's Club. John Trimble writes, "Bjo, Al Lewis, Ernie Wheatley, and I, along with others, had been the moving force in the LASFS for several years. Bruce, Ted Johnstone, and some other fans saw themselves as our competition. We let them be the loyal opposition until we were convinced they'd do a good job with the club, and then let them take it away from us. Obviously, looking at where the club is today, it was a sound move."

So eventually it became Bruce's club, despite the fact that in the early 1960s Bruce could not have been elected dogcatcher if LASFS had one. He even opposed creating the Building Fund, which Paul Turner, then Treasurer, got approved in 1964. It had \$7,000 by 1969. That was a lot of money at the time, but not nearly enough. Then Bruce became Treasurer. As the self-described Committee to Gouge Money Out of the LASFS, he was so effective the Fund bought a clubhouse three years later, making LASFS the first sf club ever to get one.

In 1962-1964, Ron Ellik edited the newzine *Starspinkle*, which Bruce published and unofficially co-edited. In 1963 he stood for TAFF, finishing third to Marion Zimmer Bradley and Wally Weber, the winner. Among Bruce's nominators were Marion and the Trimbles. Ellik had been the TAFF delegate in 1961. *Starspinkle* ceased when he moved to Washington, D.C. Bruce promptly launched a newzine of his own, *Ratatosk*, in November 1964, named for the squirrel in Norse mythology who runs up and down Yggdrasil, the tree of life, carrying rumors between the dragon at the bottom and the eagle at the top. Ron was known as the Squirrel. (Bruce was known as the Elephant.) Bruce published *Ratatosk* for three years, and then, when Ron died in 1968, Ron's TAFF report *The Squirrel's Tale*, which Ron had finished in 1965.

In 1964 Bruce persuaded LASFSians to start a weekly apa, APA-L. New York fans did it first with APA-F, but APA-L is still going, and should reach its 2,000th distribution in the summer of 2003. Almost everyone seems to have been in APA-L. I was (and even helped Marty Cantor run it for a little while). Robin Johnson and Kees van Toorn contributed from overseas and became Worldcon chairs. Bruce's Lzine was *Nyet Vremya* — Russian for "no time." He naturally found a Russian typewriter to put his title onto mimeograph stencils in Cyrillic letters.

Bruce's ambitious fanzine collection — part of the reason he'd joined every apa —

grew dramatically when he acquired the holdings of the Fanzine Foundation from Al Lewis in 1965. By the end there was over a ton, including some or all of the collections of Lewis, Martin Alger, Howard DeVore, Phyllis Economou, Larry Shaw, and R.D. Swisher. Bruce styled himself a "completist collector" who wanted every issue of every fanzine. To keep track of how he was doing during the 1970s, he spent many lunch hours at UCLA keypunching the data about his collection onto hololith cards, and proudly displayed the list, printed on an endless stream of 11 x 16 computer paper. It all finally went to UC Riverside, where Greg Benford says the existing fanzine collection has been treated well.

Bruce's penchant for binding some of his better fanzines in hardcover was the subject of a satirical article in the (apparently quite tardy) final issue of Dick Lupoff's *Xero*. Dick described Pelz' "stubby peasant fingers" opening the envelope and the frustration of having his complete bound collection marred by a loose issue. Since I happened to read the article in Bruce's bound volume of *Xero*, I was puzzled. Bruce said Lupoff had credited him with too much efficiency -- the run of *Xero* had been sitting for years in a stack to be bound Real Soon Now when the issue arrived.

Bruce also applied his publishing skills to filking -- a term based on a typo by his friend, Lee Jacobs. Bruce wrote music for three songs from John Myers Myers' *Silverlock*, "Little John's Song," "Widsith's Song" (with Ted Johnstone), and "Friar John's Song." Bruce and Ted trekked halfway across the country to Myers' home, sang him the songs (with Gordy Dickson's setting of "Orpheus' Song," also known as "I Remember Gaudy Days"), and got permission to publish Myers' words. Bruce included these songs in the first of his four *Filksong Manuals*, which printed both words and music (wherever legally possible), another first. At Westercon XX (1967) he sang Master of the Universe in Virginia and Stephen Schultheis' "Captain Future Meets Gilbert & Sullivan."

A star in all the fannish arts, Bruce had a great track record as a costumer, too. His Westercon award-winners included: 1963, Heavy Trooper, from *Dragon Masters*; 1965, Gorice of Carce, from E.R. Eddison (with Dian Pelz as the Lady Sriva); 1966, the Fat Fury, from the comic-book adventures of Herbie (with Dian as Ticklepuss); 1967, Barquentine, from *Titus Groan*; 1978, Nick van Rijn, from Poul Anderson's Poleotechnic League. Among his Worldcon winners: 1963, Fafhrd (with Ted Johnstone as the Gray Mouser, and Dian as Ningauble); 1966, Chun the Unavoidable, from *The Dying Earth*; 1968, Heavy Trooper; 1969,

Countess Gertrude of Groan; 1970, Gorice of Carce. He entered the 1974 Worldcon masquerade as a one-legged character, achieving the effect by keeping one leg belted double against itself.

Lee Gold writes, "Of these costumes, the one I particularly remember was Countess Gertrude. Bruce wore a green and gold caftan, a green cap, and a string of snails. He spent the presentation murmuring to a dove which perched on his finger (and was actually stuffed). No one recognized him including old friend Charlie Brown, who actually helped 'Gertrude' up the ramp. The panel of judges was sufficiently impressed by the whole affair to award him MOST EVERYTHING, including Most Beautiful, Best Presentation, and Best Group (after all, there was Gertrude and the Dove). When the name of the winner was announced, the entire audience burst into applause."

The show never ended for Bruce, even in his street clothes. Sandy Cohen recalled, "One of my earliest memories is seeing him with dyed hair for a costume and hearing him almost gleefully discuss how his co-workers would react." And Walt Willis wrote that after the 1962 Worldcon "fancy dress parade" contestants were "mutely challenging people to guess who they were... The most remarkable transformation was that of Bruce Pelz, who had performed the notable feat of wearing fancy dress throughout the convention until he looked quite normal in it, and then had changed his clothes, shaved off his beard, had his hair



What goes around: Bruce wore a carousel-animal guise to promote an LA worldcon bid at the 1986 BayCon. From a picture tribute by Alan White.

cut and left off his glasses."

Bruce's activity in filk and costuming fell dormant as he invested more of his talents into convention politics and LASFS fundraising (in 1977 the club replaced its first clubhouse with a roomier property).

With Chuck Crayne he co-chaired Westercon XXII (1969) and L.A.Con I (1972 Worldcon). He chaired Westercon XXIX (1976). He convinced LASFSians to start holding a local convention, Loscon, and he chaired Loscon X (1983). At Noreascon I (1971 Worldcon) eighty fans proved willing to pay him and Charlie Brown a buck to be registered as Secret Masters of Fandom; Charlie kept #1 for himself and gave Bruce #2; for years Bruce's car license plate was *SMOF 2*. He was a Fellow of NESFA.

In 1970, he and Chuck Crayne held the first annual Anthony Boucher Memorial Mystery Convention. "It was Bruce's idea," explains Len Moffatt, "to make the convention a memorial to Anthony Boucher, who had died the year before," a leading editor, and no slouch as a writer, of s-f and mysteries. Bouchercon, still going, officially the World Mystery Convention, made Bruce its Fan Guest of Honor in 1991.

Bruce innovated financial practices in science fiction convention-running. L.A.Con I reimbursed Bruce and another fan's expenses of bidding, including their airfare to Germany to present the bid at Heicon (1970). L.A.con II (1984) also reimbursed expenses. This policy drew fire but was quietly adopted by other cons. Bruce co-founded the Southern California Institute for Fannish Interests, a nonprofit corporation, which produced L.A.con II and III, the 1999 NASFiC, and Westercons. Bruce persuaded SCIFI to give a \$500 bounty to TAFF or DUFF any time a delegate published a trip report. This was to some extent a success. In 1992 he led SCIFI to publish a hardbound edition of *A Wealth of Fable*, the history of fandom in the 1950s by Harry Warner, Jr., edited by Richard Lynch, which earned a Hugo as Best Non-Fiction Book.

Though always busy in these activities, Bruce also pursued his favorite recreations, especially card-playing. At one time he was so enamored of duplicate contract bridge that he wanted to hold a bridge tournament during an LA worldcon. Over the years, as LASFS went in for Hell's Bridge (with some justice referred to simply as Hell), poker, bowling, miniature golf, Diplomacy, and Mah Jongg, Bruce took part in all. Mah Jongg is straight Chinese style, so much so that when Gary Louie arrived he could mix right in. At poker, games like Anaconda are mild; there's Ha-Ha Herman and Hot Pas-trami, and if you play Big Squeeze with the wild-card rules for Baseball you get Girdle

Sale at Yankee Stadium. One may detect the influence of Jack Harness, but he was not alone. Joe Minne and I each succeeded at inventing games which were not only banned from play, but we had to pay a dollar to be allowed to explain the rules. Bruce published the collected rules of *LASFS Poker* in the 1970s. Later he kept a computerized journal of the Hell-Five Society, with life standings at Hell under nicknames so clever we forgot what they meant; he was Hathi ("elephant" in Hindi, after Kipling). See my article "Lifetime Positive" in Steven Silver's *Argentus* 2.

These games were a feature of the frequent parties hosted by Bruce and Elayne. The couple belonged to Petards, which had a different "Hoist" each month, and to the Prestigious International Gourmand Society. They held a yearly Ellik-Jacobs wine & cheese party, and a Virgileo ice cream party (originally named for his & Dian's astrological signs). Inspired, or not, by Terri & Tom Pinckard's salons, for many years Bruce and Elayne issued party invitations on the letterhead of the "Drinking Readers' Entropic Gaming Society (DREGS) of L.A. Fandom." Theirs was the society the rest of us aspired to. Since the 1960s wherever Bruce lived was the Tower, including the house in Granada Hills where hundreds of fan gatherings were held over the years. Bruce loved pet names: his blue Ford van was called the Ox, after Paul Bunyan's big blue ox Babe, a name that carried over although his next van was red; the Ox figured in several famous road trips.

Bruce spent the last decade of his life immersed in projects to preserve fanhistory. He was on the Timebinders electronic list, and co-founded Fanhistoricon. He coordinated Worldcon exhibits, recently a history of Worldcon bidding, largely from his own collection. His elephant memory served well. He could also trumpet if someone failed to make a story march. He did not spare himself. After his passing, Joyce Scrivner posted online that he had sent her, as advice, "I find that the ways of dealing with a group that isn't doing things I think they should — including me in their activities, for instance — are: (1) subdue them (a takeover); (2) subvert them (establish a rivalry that outdoes the group); (3) sideline them (steer others around them in a different and better direction); (4) subsume myself to fit in (almost impossible, for me); or (5) retreat (a last resort)." This was a stern autobiography.

After Bruce retired as librarian at the UCLA Engineering school, he started selling books, at the LASFS and at cons. He said it paid his way; in fact, as usual, he was doing a service. He remembered what people bought, and was ready with something else that would be to their taste. It made him easy to find, which was good for business, for bidding, and for friendship.



Bruce in 1979. Photo, Jim Bearcloud

Bruce and Elayne enjoyed traveling, touring all over the world, usually by plane and car. After retirement, Bruce tried out a couple of ocean cruises, at first going on his own then persuading Elayne to join in. He wrote up the highlights of these trips in his annual *FAPA*zine, *Tripe Report*. An issue about their visit to Antarctica featured a color cover of Elayne in polar weather gear. Their most ambitious cruise came in 2001, an epic 65-day voyage up the coast of Africa and around the Mediterranean to visit exotic places most of us have heard of only in Hope and Crosby "Road" pictures. Bruce took advantage of the Internet cafes in port to e-mail a long list of friends about good eating and good shopping, though contrary to what you might expect, Bruce admitted, "We're not the most adventurous of eaters." Pondering whether there was anything worth eating locally at the stop in Turkey, Bruce wrote, "I suppose there's always Turkish Delight -- the real stuff, not the Bonomo's junk. ... We took a break in the Grand Bazaar and had drinks -- Diet Coke, of course -- and a plate of Baklava. That the stuff we get in the states dares to use the same name is really a crime!"

He and Elayne became such good customers of Princess Cruises that their picture was in the Spring 2002 issue of *Captain's Circle*. It did not occur to them why the company might have sent them an entire carton of copies. Early arrivals at a Westercon committee meeting made the discovery.

Bruce had an edgy, fruitful imagination and a rare ability to accomplish what he envisioned. It's been hard to come to terms with the fact that someone who lived so fully was taken away so suddenly. Those of us who leaned on him, and who cared about him, feel the parts of life we accessed best in his company have been cut away. John Donne's well-

known verse says that anyone's death diminishes us, and with Bruce we know we have lost part of ourselves.

Thanks to Lee Gold, Richard Lynch, Craig Miller, Len Moffatt, Milt Stevens, and John Trimble, who contributed substantially to this article.

Bruce Pelz **by Takumi Shibano**

When Mr. Hiroaki Inoue, the chairperson of our bidding committee for the 2007 Worldcon in Japan, called me and told me that he had just heard that Mr. Bruce Pelz passed away I couldn't find the words to express how much I was shocked.

I am deeply grieved to hear the passing of Bruce and we share the same feeling among the committee members. His name was well-known as the model of Mr. Elephant or Bruce Hyde in Mr. Larry Niven's stories even to Japanese SF readers who have never met him. (Translators explain officiously about them in their postscripts.)

I first met him in the summer of 1968 when my wife and I visited the USA for the first time and stayed with the Trimbles. John and Bjo took us along to the Thursday Meeting of LASFS on our second day in the US, and saw Bruce on a stage as an auctioneer. In those days they were raising a fund to buy a house for LASFS. It seemed to me as if Bruce was leading the whole group -- Mr. Elephant was big and looked dignified even 34 years ago. And when we talked to him in person, later, I was rather surprised to find out that he was a very polite and graceful person.

Bruce visited Japan in April 1985 in a tour group of six American SF people including Mr. and Mrs. Larry Niven to visit The Science Expo held in Tsukuba. I think some of my friends made friends with him at that occasion.

In the fall of 1999, when our fandom started a plan to bid for the worldcon seriously, I was asked to become one of advisers for the bidding committee, and the first thing I did was to write to Bruce asking for his advice. At the Westercon in 2000, he introduced Mr. Ben Yalow to me saying that Mr. Yalow was the most informed person of the business. Their advice was really more than useful and Bruce kindly recommended us his wife, Elayne, to be our American agent. It is not too much to say that we couldn't start our bid without him as smoothly as it did.

Elayne and Bruce gave Mr. Inoue a lot of valuable information after Chicon 2000, too. At the last day of the Millennium Philcon, Bruce also gave me good advice and suggestions. His advice always helped our preparation very much.

Bruce was really a wonderful and great person. I think that we can never thank him enough. He will live forever in our hearts.

Harry Warner, Jr.

Harry Warner Jr. passed way on February 17, 2003 at home – the 423 Summit address indelibly etched on fannish memories by his thousands of letters of comment. The cause of Harry's death at the age of 80 was not reported, however, letters written last winter reported how illness kept him away from fanac for weeks at a time, and Harry speculated in a letter this January that his health might force him to move to assisted living.

Harry Warner was a superb fanwriter and a prolific correspondent. I agreed with Tim Marion when he wrote: "Since Harry is one of my very favorite fanwriters, the temptation is to put his writing into 10-point type and my own into 8-point...." Harry undertook to comment on every zine he got, sometimes writing that he felt guilty for falling behind or missing an issue. He answered neos' efforts as readily as anyone's, and many a clubzine devoid of any other appreciation for the editor's work boasted a solitary loc from Harry.

He was earnestly interested by anything from baseball to opera. He was fandom's leading historian, author of *All Our Yesterdays* and *A Wealth of Fable*. He was highly reclusive. Worldcons were spotlighted in his chronicles, yet he didn't go to them even when they were close to home. (He made an exception for Noreascon I, the 1971 Worldcon, where he was fan guest of honor). His legend as the irascible Hermit of Hagerstown was largely based on his own description of these tendencies, laced with self-deprecating humor.

The other hallmarks of Harry's prose were



Fanhistorical trio: Rich Lynch, standing, George Flynn and Nicki Lynch, seated, at the 2002 Midwestcon. Photo by Keith Stokes.

the journalistic precision of his descriptions and his playful "idea-tripping" (Tom Digby's term for the fannish practice of applying twisted Campbellian logic to extrapolate an idea in an amusingly unexpected direction.)

The desire for precision served Harry well as a reporter on the Hagerstown *Herald-Mail* for 40 years, retiring in 1983. After Harry's death, former colleague Arnold Platou wrote an article marveling at the sudden discovery Harry had concealed from nearly everyone on the staff "that for most of his life his fascination with science fiction and science fiction fans had led him to write volumes of magazine articles and books on the subject, and that he was known to thousands of sci-fi aficionados throughout the world."

Harry won the Best Fanwriter Hugo in 1969 and 1972, and afterwards he wrote a very funny article for *Granfalloon* called "How I Fought For My Hugo." *A Wealth of Fable* garnered him another Hugo in 1993 for Best Non-Fiction Book.

On March 25, Rich and Nicki Lynch attended the "Orphans Court" hearing to allow police access to Harry's house to search for his will. Rich later learned that Harry's will had named a lawyer and a bank as his personal representatives, and left his house and all its contents to the Lutheran church that Harry attended. Letters by Harry accompanying the will indicated that the Eaton Collection of the University of California-Riverside should get his fanzines, and \$10,000 was to be set aside for their packing and shipping. The official reading of the will was scheduled to take place on April 29.

Although the will provides for the fanzines to go to UC Riverside, Harry's letter in the February 2003 issue of *DASFax* said, "I thought I had found a home for my fanzines, the University of California, but it has just acquired the Bruce Pelz fanzine collection and mine would duplicate to a major extent the Pelz holdings." So the ultimate fate of his collection remains to be seen.

Harry inspired many cartoons by that other omnipresent fanzine contributor, Bill Rotsler. Most were intended to appear beside a Warner loc in the lettercolumn. Bill also drew one for *File 770* whose joke depended on there being no Warner letter in the issue. Fortunately, it's already been published because, however timely, I would not enjoy using it now.

George Alec Effinger 1947-2002

George Alec Effinger passed away April 27, 2002. He was 55 years old and had lived much of his life in the French Quarter of New Orleans, an experience that enlivened his finest writing. Effinger attended Clarion in 1970 and his stories began appearing in print the following year, among them the satirical "All The Last Wars At Once." His first novel, *What Entropy Means To Me* (1972), became a Nebula Award nominee.

George's humor and accessibility at conventions made him a fan favorite, and in the dawning days of the Internet he was omnipresent on the GENie Roundtables and Compuserve forums. He occasionally wrote for *File 770* and other fanzines.

His science fiction masterpieces were the Marid Audran novels set in a 21st century Middle East. *When Gravity Fails* (1987) was followed by *A Fire in the Sun* (1989) and *The Exile Kiss* (1991). The 1988 Hugo nomination of *When Gravity Fails* inspired

the dream of George receiving the rocket at NolaCon II in his hometown but it was not meant to be. Ironically, the next year (1989) his novelette "Schrödinger's Kitten" swept both the Hugo and Nebula Awards. George's other accolades included a GoH-ship at the 1995 Dragon*Con/NASFiC in Atlanta.

George was frequently beset by severe health problems. The hospitalizations left burdensome medical bills. In fact, his plight was one reason the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America Emergency Medical Fund was started, aided by a \$2,000 contribution from L.A.con II.

About the last time I saw George was at Loscon 2000 on Sunday afternoon. He and Barbara Hambly had missed on Loscon in favor of a Beatles convention elsewhere in town, then visited the Loscon green room on the way home to tell friends that they had married. Barbara was in what I'd call a "sock hop" outfit. George was in a white jacket with padded shoulders doing his best to look like Elvis Presley. It was a glorious moment: I wish it would have lasted a long, long time.

Effinger Memories by Norm Hollyn

I'd heard about George's death -- an obit in the *New York Times*. At the time I tried to remember some of the details of my interactions with him and was able to hazily recall a few (Mike, you'll understand, now that you have a child, why it's impossible to remember anything anymore).

He was one of the pros who I felt was a contemporary. Not actually: five years is a big separation when you're not out of school and just barely out of your teens, but I felt that way. I first met him [in 1970] at a series of *Locus* collations at Charlie Brown's house. Collations were, for me, an invigorating though sometimes intimidating experience and when Piglet [George's nickname] showed up, starting to write and looking for connections (both personal and professional) in New York, I found him very easy to talk to. We spent many a Sunday afternoon passing mimeographed pages to each other, swigging Coke, and talking.

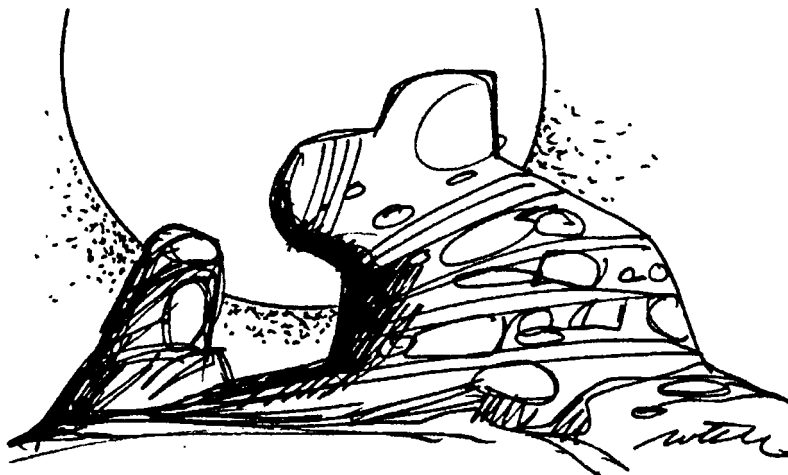
When Lou Stathis and I decided to take our mutual love of science fiction and start *Xrymph* magazine (under the nominal sponsorship of the nearly catatonic Stony Brook Science Fiction Forum -- they had a library but not much else, and no one there [save Jim Frenkel] seemed to have much of a taste in music) we began to look for people who we thought could write and ask them to create fiction for the magazine. Though I could never convince Piglet to write something for us he was extremely encouraging, generous of his editorial time, and a big booster. One of my sadnesses now, is that of the six people who I remember from that period as being supportive of this passionate but low-rent mimeographed fan fiction magazine only one-third of us are gone now. Lou, as you know, died several years ago. Piglet was the other. (Larry Carlton, Vincent DiFate, Spider Robinson and myself are -- knock wood -- still alive and kicking).

I still remember George showing up at SUNYCON, the tiny little con that I organized at my college in -- what was it -- 1974? 1973? Perhaps because I was myself painfully shy, I always had seen Piglet in the same way. I saw him as a compatriot in the fight to find what are now known as "coping skills." After the day's program had finished and we retired to the "endless party" area, I was astounded when George commandeered the "film room" (actually a lounge in my dorm with a 16mm projector setup in it) and insisted on running "Bambi Meet Godzilla" endlessly -- sometimes forward and sometimes in reverse. I was too busy drunkenly trying to make the pinball machine stop yelling TILT to care. Besides, I understood that people were loving it. George had certainly, by then, overcome his hesitancy to step forward. It had been a year or two since his justly deserved acclaim at *What Entropy Means To Me*.

So, while my Worldcon memories may be faulty, I still have a few others of Piglet. He helped me at Charlie's *Locus* collations, he helped us (with enthusiastic support) with *Xrymph*, and he helped at SUNYCON. His passing leaves the world in some obvious and some less obvious ways, diminished.

John Foyster

John Foyster, one of the great sercon fanzine publishers and a superb fanwriter, passed away April 5, 2003 at the age of 61. He joined the Melbourne SF Club in 1959 and soon began publishing fanzines, his early



titles including *Gryphon* and *The Wild Colonial Boy*. Foyster joined with John Bangsund and Lee Harding to launch world-renowned *Australian Science Fiction Review* in 1966. Foyster was a must-read critic. His special issue on Cordwainer Smith (*ASFR* 11) continued to be reprinted for many years. At the end of the Sixties Foyster resumed publishing zines of his own, such as the unforgettably-titled *exploding madonna/Journal of Omphalistic Epistemology*. Later he produced two newzines, *Norstrilian News* and *Chunder!* (Has anyone ever matched John's flair for naming fanzines?)

Foyster had a hand in every part of modern Australian fandom. He was organizer of Australia's first convention in 1966. He helped start ANZAPA (Australian and New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association) in 1970. He founded the Nova Mob, Melbourne's SF discussion group. Bruce Gillespie credits Foyster as the major force behind the Down Under Fan Fund, created in 1972, and for instigating the worldcon bid committee that led to Aussiecon I in 1975.

Foyster continued to be an active club, con and fanzine fan all the way to his final year. His last zine, *eFNAC*, enjoyed a run of 30 issues in PDF.

John's partner, Yvonne Rousseau, cared for him in many ways. To honor Foyster's 60th birthday in April 2001, she obtained tributes to John and other articles from fanwriters throughout the world for a "surprise festschrift." She remained ever at his side once he was diagnosed as suffering a stroke (September 2001), later correctly diagnosed as having contracted a brain tumor (in January 2002).

Foyster's article in *eFNAC* 16 about the onslaught of his brain seizure ("Terrorist Chulplex Raped My Brain!"), with his view of what was going on in contrast with outside reports of what was happening, impressed many fans. Janice Gelb called it "one of the most fascinating pieces I've ever read."

The family requests the money that would have been spent on flowers to be donated to

the Andrew Ollie Memorial Trust, Northern Medical Research Foundation, Level 4, Vindin, Royal North Shore Hospital, St Leonards, New South Wales 2065 Australia. *[[Sources: Bruce Gillespie, Janice Gelb]]*

Jon Gustafson

Jon Gustafson, writer, illustrator, editor, publisher, and appraiser of science fiction and fantasy art and book collections, died April 13, 2002 at

Lewiston, ID where he was hospitalized for treatment of a stroke and complications of diabetes. He was 56.

Jon graduated from Washington State University with a BA in Fine Arts. He taught art for a year, and worked as an illustrator at WSU. Jon married geologist and science fiction writer Vicki Mitchell in 1982 and they lived in Moscow, ID.

Jon helped create MosCon in 1978 and made it the first SF convention to routinely feature both an author and an artist Guest of Honor, the first to have a scientist Guest of Honor, and the first to pay writers and artists for their contributions to the program book.

John wrote for my genzine, *Scientificfiction*, in the late 1970s. His innovative column, "Uterior Designs," took a critical look at the field of sf art, covering the whole spectrum of pro and fan work. He was an engaging writer who did an excellent job of explaining his views -- and in the process, helping his readers understand their own preferences.

He started JMG Appraisals in 1983, the first professional science fiction/fantasy art and book appraisal service in North America. He aided collectors all over the US and western Canada who needed their holdings properly appraised for insurance purposes.

Jon was a founding member of the Association of Science Fiction/Fantasy Artists (ASFA) and served on its Board of Directors. He created a clip art CD to showcase many ASFA artists and make their art accessible to the general public.

Jon also authored *Chroma: The Art of Alex Schomberg*, and many nonfiction articles. In 1997 he wrote a paper for the National Conference on Cultural Property Protection, hosted by the Smithsonian Institution, on the use of volunteers for security at science fiction conventions.

A wake was held May 4, 2002 in Moscow. Mike Finkbiner wrote online, "We probably had 60 people come to the reception, and most of them stayed to exchange

Ward Kimball, Disney Animator Reminiscence by Michael Donahue

[[Animator Ward Kimball died in July at the age of 88. He worked nearly 40 years at Disney Studios, closely associated with such characters as Mickey Mouse, Jiminy Cricket and the Mad Hatter. Two of the animated shorts that Kimball created for Disney -- "Toot, Whistle, Plunk and Boom" (1953) and "It's Tough to be a Bird" (1969) -- won Academy Awards. LASFS member Mike Donahue met him twice and shared the memories with friends online. Reprinted by permission.]]

Believe it or not, I actually knew Ward Kimball. When I was at USC in 1981, we made a documentary "Last Call, Union Station." Ward shot 16mm b&w film of the grand opening of Union Station in 1940 that we used in the piece. When the original film was to be returned, I, a mere gopher, was elected to drive to his house and return it. He invited me in, treated me to a soda and showed me his private studio. I had no idea who he was, but figured it out quickly! What a wonderful man he was.

Years later, Alex Pournelle arranged a trip to the Getty museum over the 405 about a year or so after it opened. I was standing in the very crowded funicular riding up to the museum from the parking lot. I looked down, and there was an old man, sitting placidly on the seat in front of me and wearing a conductor's cap. I racked my feeble brain and blurted out, "Ward Kimball!" He looked up, smiled, and replied, "yes?" I reintroduced myself and he introduced me to his family, and we exchanged pleasantries and he claimed to remember me. After a few minutes we reached the top and bid each other a pleasant day. Alex looked at me and asked, "Who was that?" and I replied, "Ward Kimball."

Alex looked puzzled and asked who that was. "He was one of the nine grand old men of Disney animation. He worked on Snow White, and everything you could imagine. He introduced Walt Disney to model trains and they were best friends."

"How do you know him?"

"Oh, I've been to his house. He's a very

nice man -- I should have realized he would be here."

Alex looked puzzled again. "Where else would you find Ward Kimball but on a train?"

Heh heh heh. You can imagine Alex being confounded. I wanted to say, "We worked on a film together." But I couldn't in any honesty say that -- even to tweak Alex.

When Chuck Shimada and I were in Orlando at the Magic Kingdom in Dec 2001, we stopped at the Main Street train station on the way out, about 5p.m. We found it too late to take another (second) ride around the park, but we were reading plaques and I was tell Chuck about Ward. A passing Engineer stopped to listen to me, and when he heard I knew Ward Kimball, (even a little bit) he spent 20 minutes or more telling Chuck and I about the trains at all the Disneylands, and stories about Ward. Even Chuck Shimada was impressed, it made the trip for him. Chuck loves trains too.

Ward was cool. Without a doubt, he's on the Coast Starliner -- and looking out to sea, he might see the cruise ship that Bruce is on.

stories about Jon. There were people from Portland, Olympia, Tri-Cities, Spokane, Orlando and probably other places as well. I talked with one lady who knew him from Amway, 20 years ago. She didn't have any knowledge of his SF activities, and was really surprised to see all of the memorabilia laid out on the tables."

[[Sources include: ASFA Occasionally Online Update #7, Bjo Trimble]]

Annette Lotz

Annette Lotz passed away on March 24, 2002 in Victoria, B.C., of medical complications from cancer. She was 40 years old and had been fighting the disease for over five years. She remained a serving member of the Canadian Air Force until she was hospitalized in September 2001. Her parents were with her at the end.

Cary Anne Conder paid tribute online: "[Most] of us who attended Worldcons regularly were unaware of the unflagging assistance Annette Lotz gave by way of volunteering. More often than not she assisted in compiling and publishing the daily one-sheets which kept the fans and professionals up-to-date on changes to scheduling and other tidbits of information."

Lotz also played a key role in a great Worldcon story. Bob Eggleton was at home in Rhode Island during the 1994 Worldcon when he won the Best Pro Artist Hugo, having earlier asked his travel agent why he

should go to Winnipeg to watch Michael Whelan win again. Lotz, a friend of the artist, called after the ceremony and told him the news. He talked about flying up on the spur of the moment and when Lotz called him in the morning to see what he'd decided, Eggleton's answering machine announced, "I've gone to Canada. I'll be back Tuesday." Eggleton's impulsive trip to collect his Hugo delighted fans. He was publicly presented with his award at the start of the Masquerade by Barry Longyear and George Barr. Reenacting what he'd done the night before, Barr opened the envelope of nominees and read the name on the card, "What a surprise! -- Bob Eggleton!"

Grace Lundry

Grace C. Lundry (1937 - 2003) died on February 18, 2003 after battling cancer for seven years. She organized the Worldcon flight to Australia in 1975. She is survived by her husband of 40 years, Donald Lundry, three children, and three grandchildren.

Quoted in the Lunacon daily newzine, Lunarians President Ira Donewitz said, "We remember Grace as a lovely, smiling lady, who laughed easily and was wonderful to be around. She leaves a legacy of a husband, who was constantly smiling, especially when and because he was in her company, children who grew up to be wonderful parents themselves, and many friends will think of her often. And fondly."

Michael Walsh, who managed the huckster room for the 1977 Worldcon, adds this salute: "Even though Grace is not listed on the long list as co-chair of Suncon, those of us who worked on that convention ever so long ago, would probably agree she was a defacto co-chair. Her husband certainly thought as much. And she was a wonderful person."

Joan Abbe Benford, 1938-2002

by Gregory Benford

The wife of author Gregory Benford died March 25, 2002 of cancer. She attended many sf conventions and was a noted art educator. Survived by her husband and children Alyson and Mark, she was frequently portrayed by her husband in such novels as *In the Ocean of Night*, *Artifact* and *Eater*.

Joan was the great-granddaughter of Wm. Cleveland Abbe, who founded the US Weather Bureau. She graduated Tufts University and Boston Museum School (Masters) and we met in 1964 when she taught art at the Bishop's School in La Jolla. We married in 1967 and she encouraged me to write in graduate school (my first story was in *F&SF* April 1965). She was VP of Abbenford Assoc. from 1980 on, which controls my writing, consulting and speaking engagements. The thinly disguised couple of Gregory and Jan Markham in *Timescape* is us, at Cambridge University, where I was a



Fellow in 1976. She was the model for the heroine of *Artifact*, in part because of her interest in classical art and archeology; our son Mark is now a Romanist archeologist and NYU and the Metropolitan in NYC. Our daughter Alyson is a professional artist living in the Virgin Islands.

Eyana Bat David by Bjo Trimble

Leslie Wintraub died quietly in her sleep July 25, 2002 after a very long and valiant fight with breast cancer. She was known in the SCA as Eyana bat David, a long-time member who has not been able to be active in recent years. She was an ever-cheerful, helpful and hospitable person who enjoyed good company and good food. In SF fandom, Leslie was a consistent volunteer, and masquerade participant, in local conventions.

When she first knew about the cancer, she asked Lora Boehm to cut off all her hair for Locks of Love (www.locksoflove.com) For some time after that, she wore a Mimbari headband on her bald head, and kidded people like John Trimble that she'd joined their ranks.

A remission caused many of us to hope the cancer was gone. It was a false hope, and for the past year, Leslie has been fighting a losing battle. She leaves behind many grieving friends.

Gus Willmorth by Andrew Porter

Los Angeles fan Gus Willmorth, a member of First Fandom who was active for several decades starting in the 1930's, died April 29, 1999 of renal failure in Woodland Hills, CA. He was 78. He had just undergone cataract surgery to restore his eyesight. He is survived by his son, David. Willmorth published fanzines, attended early worldcons, and was a member of LASFS during its formative years. He lived at "Tendrill Towers," the

boardinghouse at 628 South Bixel Street famed in LA fan history, whose residents at various times included E.E. Evans, Lou Goldstone, Arthur Louis Joquel, Alva Rogers, and Art Saha. A soldier posted to England in World War II, he met numerous fans there and even got to attend a convention or two held under difficult wartime conditions. Willmorth launched *Fantasy Advertiser* in 1946 as a 16-page mimeo'd adzine. By 1948 it was 40 pages, offset, paying for material, and a year later when he turned the publication over to Roy Squires its circulation was 1,500. Under a variety of publishers through the years including Squires, Ron Smith, Jon White and Leland Sapiro, *Fantasy Advertiser* morphed into *SF Advertiser*, then *Inside*, and finally *Riverside Quarterly*.

In Passing

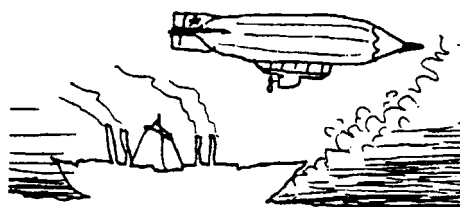
Don Franson, a member of First Fandom and SFWA, and a director of the N3F for several years, died June 5, 2002 of heart failure. Franson was one of the rare active fanzine fans in the local LA area, and one of the original subscribers to *File 770*.

While driving on May 13, Franson was involved in an auto accident that seemed minor but required a brief hospitalization for trauma; the injuries may have contributed to his decline.

His nephew, Bob Franson, adds, "I hope many fans have good memories of Don. He was a good guy, and few over the years worked harder for science fiction and fandom."

Writer, editor, and critic **Damon Knight** died April 14, 2002 at Sacred Heart Hospital in Eugene, OR. He had been ill for some time with a number of ailments. Knight won a Hugo as Best Book Reviewer in 1956. *In Search of Wonder* gathered his early sf criticism in one volume. He earned enduring fame as the editor of twenty-one Orbit original anthologies (1966-1980). Knight's book *The Futurians* memorialized his experiences with the New York fan group by that name (which also included Wollheim, Pohl and others.) He was credited as a founder of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, the Mitford Science Fiction Writers' Conference and the Science Fiction Writers of America.

After an extended illness, **Ray Lafferty**



passed away on March 18, 2002 in Broken Arrow, OK. He received a Lifetime Achievement Award at the 1990 World Fantasy Convention, and he also won the Hugo in 1973 for his short story, "Eurema's Dam." He wrote approximately 20 novels between 1968 and 1993, and published approximately 20 short story collections.

Nancy Rapp passed away on May 4, 2002. She is survived by her husband, Art, who is living in a nursing home suffering from Alzheimer's. [[Source: Howard DeVore, Joyce Scrivner]]

Gregg T. Trend reported online that "Long-time fan, veteran, patriot, professor emeritus," **Dalvan M. Coger** passed away October 2, 2002 from a post-surgical infection. Coger anticipated the exploratory operation in his comments for *Fantasy Rotator* 812. Trend added, "His references to friends not living to their 80th (his was coming up May 2003) were both ominous and strangely light-hearted. I last saw Dal in person in March 2000, accompanied by my son Nik on our drive east to Washington D.C."

Rich Lynch's online reminiscence about his friend began with Dal's activity in science fiction fandom in the midwest about 1942: "He was only active for a couple of years before he went into the military for World War II, but in that time he became friends with Al and Abby Lou Ashley and other people in the

Galactic Roamers fan club in central Michigan, and as a result, spent many happy days at the most famous fan abode of all time, the legendary Slan Shack of Battle Creek, Michigan. Of that place, Dal later wrote that 'fan visitors from far and wide came by to enjoy the Ashley's hospitality.' Because he became stationed thousands of miles away, in California, Dal wrote that 'I was immensely unhappy that I couldn't [often] share in this.'"

Lloyd Biggle, Jr., Ph. D. died September 12, 2002 at the age of 79, ending a twenty-year battle with leukemia and cancer. He began writing professionally in 1955. He went full-time after the publication of his well-known novel *All The Colors of Darkness* 1963. Biggle's "The Tunesmith" was praised by songwriter Jimmy Webb and writer Orson Scott Card for literally changing the course of their lives, and the story was recently chosen for inclusion in *Masterpiece: The Century's Best Science Fiction*.

Biggle was the founding Secretary Treasurer of Science Fiction Writers of America in the 1960s. In the 1970's, he founded the Science Fiction Oral History Association, which built archives containing hundreds of cassette tapes of science fiction notables

making speeches and discussing aspects of their craft.

Dr. Robert Forward died of brain cancer on September 21, 2002. The 70-year-old "hard" science novelist will be especially missed by LASFSians and other Los Angeles fans who enjoyed his frequent appearances at the club and local conventions. Bob's wonderfully advanced scientific mind was matched by his equally rare gift for explaining his ideas in a way fans could grasp.

Forward's first book, *Dragon's Egg*, expanded upon Frank Drake's idea of tiny fast-living creatures living on the surface of a neutron star. Forward called it, "A textbook on neutron star physics disguised as a novel."

However, fans who heard him in person didn't need the science disguised to enjoy his teaching as much as they loved his writing. Bob once spoke to the LASFS about the feasibility of antimatter propulsion, laughing over the fact that once the physicists at Switzerland's CERN laboratory proved antimatter existed, they deemed anything more merely engineering and of no further interest to them.

Forward earned his Ph.D. in Physics from the University of Maryland in 1965. For his doctoral thesis he built and operated the first bar antenna for the detection of gravitational radiation. The antenna is now in the Smithsonian Museum.

Forward worked for 31 years at the Hughes Aircraft Company Corporate Research Laboratories in Malibu, CA in positions of increasing responsibility until he took early retirement in 1987 to spend more time on writing novels and his aerospace consulting company business - Forward Unlimited.

From the time of his retirement

from Hughes in 1987 onward, Forward was a consultant for the Air Force and NASA on advanced space propulsion concepts, with an emphasis on propulsion methods (lightsail, antimatter, electrodynamic tether, etc.), that use physical principles other than chemical or nuclear rockets. *[[Source: includes content from Forward's self-prepared obituary distributed online.]]*

Walter R. Cole: *[[Provided by Andrew Porter]]* New York fan Walter R. Cole, 69, was found dead in his Brooklyn apartment by his landlord on December 7, 2002. Cole had been active in New York fandom for more than 50 years, first as the head of the Centaurian League in 1948, later as an officer of the NYC club The Lunarians for several decades. A sercon fan, he was the author of the extremely useful 1964 volume *A Checklist of Science Fiction Anthologies*, reprinted by Arno Press in 1974. He was Fan GoH at the 1994 Lunacon. No information is available



about the disposition of his major SF collection.

Jim Mulé, founder of a series of New Orleans Star Trek conventions known as VulCon, died in May, 2002 according to local fan sources. He reportedly passed away from cancer. He is survived by his wife Jan. *[[Source: Guy H. Lillian III, John Guidry]]*

Jeff Stein, member of the Jedi Knights and Orange County SF Club died the first week of December from cancer. According to Carol Alves, "He had been ill for about two years but the doctors couldn't find out what was wrong. Jim and I last saw Jeff at our Jedi Knights Anniversary Picnic in July. He was looking good but one could tell he was in pain every now and then. We only learned he had been diagnosed [as] terminal just after LosCon."

Bob Smith passed away February 24, 2002 after a bout with cancer. *[[Source: Robert Lichtman]]*

The death of **Hank Beck** was announced on April 11, 2002. The exact date and cause were not given, however, he had suffered a stroke last June. Hank was a widower: his wife, Martha Beck, passed away in March 2002. *[[Source: Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol]]*

Long-time LASFS member **Dik Daniels**, a photographer who greeted fans at every Loscon with a little envelope of snapshots he'd taken of them at the past convention, passed away early in April 2003. He had a history of diabetes, and had been in declining health since suffering a heart attack in December.

Ben Jason, chairman of the 1966 Worldcon, Tricon, in Cleveland, died May 13.

More Clippings

Fred Patten's closing line in a recent issue of *Rábanos Radioactivos!*: "I can't help thinking of Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn instead of ferrets." Granted that it was the last sentence in a review of Richard Bach's *Ranher Ferrets on the Range*, but even so....

Michael Citrak posted online that the DVD of *The Day The Earth Stood Still* includes "lots of nice extras including a 1951 segment of the MovieTone news reel. One of the news items is from the 9th World Science Fiction Convention where an award is presented to 20th Century Fox for the movie. The news clip has someone in the Klaatu costume along with a man who is identified as Mr. Moore, chair-

man of the convention. It sure doesn't look like Michael Rennie in the costume, but I assume it's Harry Moore who's next to him. This is very cool because it's one of my all time favorite movies and it has a piece of Worldcon history on film."

John Hertz in *Vanamonde 487* took the opportunity presented by the 2002 Worldcon to revive a classic Apa-L in-joke, "Neither James Langdell nor Connor Freff Conchran was at ConJose. No doubt too busy with Tom Whitmore to take him off and put either of them on."

I'm sure there's a story in this. The February 2003 *Einblatt!* passed on the following request for help: "**Denny Lien** is researching history of the MinnSTF tradition of assassinating its

outgoing presidents at the close of each Mini-con, starting with himself in the mid-seventies..."

Cindy Warmuth reports in the February 2003 *SFSFS Shuttle* that the club has decided to sell off its library. The lease on their storage space expires in five months and they can't afford to renew it.

David Klaus asks, "Has anyone given any thought to the significance of the use of video footage of the Pathfinder ro in the opening credit sequence of *Enterprise*?" It occurred to me when the series premiered in 2001, but I've never seen it mentioned anywhere: *Enterprise* is the first science-fiction television series to use footage actually recorded on the surface of another planet..."

"FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING" NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORT BY BILL WELDEN

[[Bill Welden moved to in the Bay Area years ago but LA fans hope it's just a temporary loan after all his good work at the LASFS. Bill is also a leader in the Mythopoeic Society, and has an avid interest in J.R.R. Tolkien's invented languages. He is one of the handful of fans authorized by Christopher Tolkien to work with the author's linguistic source materials. Bill started corresponding with Peter Jackson from the first moment he got wind of the new Lord of the Rings project, hoping the movie would be alive with all the richness of Middle Earth's languages. David Salo got the principal linguistic position in Jackson's production, but Bill provided other contributions and was thanked in the credits. Bill visited New Zealand while Fellowship of the Ring was being shot. His article about the experience originally appeared on the official web site. It is reprinted here with his permission.]]

We stand in the hallway of the art department at Stone Street Studios in Wellington, New Zealand. The walls are covered, floor to ceiling, with artwork depicting J.R.R. Tolkien's Middle-earth: conceptual drawings; paintings; mechanical drawings; photographs (of locations, sets, actors); computer generated images. For me they capture Tolkien's integration of the big picture, the historical view (Minas Tirith in the vast distance), with the smaller, personal, and in some sense truer perspective of the individuals caught up in the sweep of events (here is Pippin, riding on Treebeard's shoulder).



I'm Sam, Fly Me! Air crew peer out the door of an Air New Zealand Boeing 747 decorated with characters from the *The Two Towers*, at London's Heathrow airport.



Nock, Nock! Legolas (Orlando Bloom) makes his point.

This must be how Bilbo felt, seeing the treasure of Smaug for the first time: There are no words left to express his staggerment, since Men changed the language that they learned of elves in the days when all the world was wonderful.

Three years ago a friend dropped a webpage print-out on my desk at work. Peter Jackson might (or might not) be producing and directing a film version of *The Lord of the Rings*. I wrote a letter, offering to help with Tolkien's languages, and got a friendly, encouraging response. We continued to exchange letters, and then one day I was on the phone with the producer, negotiating terms of employment.

Now (although my work is done by e-mail, telephone, and fax machine and does not require me to be in New Zealand) I have made the pilgrimage, together with my son

Chris, so that I can really get to know the people I am working with.

Alan Lee's office is at the end of the hall. He will fly home to England tomorrow before returning to finish up his work, but we spend a bit of time together. Over a photograph of a beautiful hill, with Alpine mountains visible in the distance, he has laid a piece of tracing paper, and drawn Edoras. You will surely have seen photographs of this full-size set under construction. Looking carefully at the

mountains in the background I imagine I can see the Starkhorn, the Irensaga, and between them the Dwimorberg. Only change the Mediterranean scrub for grassy savannah, and this is Rohan.

Chris is very impressed with Alan's work, and in fact there is something to the quick pencil sketches, an organic spontaneity perhaps, which doesn't come across in his paintings. Alan seems at ease in the dynamic world of film imagery. Looking at the paintings now, I can see that his process is very much three dimensional. There was a time when Chris was practicing illustration, but he was and still is very self-critical. Alan reassures him that no sketch is a waste of time, even if it doesn't come out the way you would

like. At the last minute he casts around for something to give to Chris, and picks up a drawing pencil. Perhaps Chris will take up illustration again.

The sets, built from these designs, are detailed beyond necessity (in sharp contrast to the huge, empty blue rooms where *Star Wars* is being filmed). I stand in the Chamber of Mazarbul and pick up a fragment of parchment from among the rubble. It is covered with careful, tiny runes, too small to ever be seen by the camera. Richard Taylor, effects director for Weta Workshop, and responsible for many of the props in the film, explains that this sort of detail is necessary to project an underlying reality. It will inform the performances of the actors. He goes on to describe the challenges of visually presenting the multitude of Tolkien's cultures. Richard is an intense man, with a clear vision, so vast and detailed that it runs on ahead of the stream of words he must use to communicate.

I appreciate the scale of the sets, and they inform my own vision of Tolkien. In my imagination, the Chamber was grey, dusty, and small, perhaps thirty feet square. The set I stand in is five times that on a side, and perhaps thirty feet tall. One bright sunbeam falls from a high shaft in the wall onto the table in the center of the room, its scattered light illuminating the pride and workmanship of the Dwarves: reds and yellows; pillars covered with carvings and runes; chests and books lining the walls. There is also the detritus of battle: rusting armor and bones. I will see the Chamber differently the next time I read the book.

The actors are as different from one another as the seven races of Middle-earth. Eli-

jah Wood (who plays Frodo) is warm, sincere and enthusiastic. He unsheathes Sting and shows it to me. It is a product of Weta Workshop: a perfectly functional sword, or rather a knife, scaled up (though it has not been sharpened). At the base of the blade is a beautiful filigree design incorporating Elvish lettering. In fact, the words are Sindarin. In the middle I read "dagnir in" meaning "...killer of the...", but then Elijah must dash off to resume filming. He is delighted that his sword has a history.

Everything that appears in this film has been made specifically for the film, including buttons and hooks on the costumes, stirrups and saddles for the horses, and plates and spoons wherever they come into the story from the Shire to Minas Tirith. Each speaks the sub-culture from which it is taken, according to Richard's vision. There is talk of taking these props on a museum tour. I hope it is done: they must be seen close up for their craftsmanship to be appreciated.

We are walking from one set to another, and John Rhys-Davies (who plays Gimli) thunders by. He is a large man, and clearly on an errand of some urgency. We catch up



Kiss Me, Cate: A Fellowship of the Ring publicity photo of Galadriel (Cate Blanchett) bidding Frodo (Elijah Wood) a bittersweet goodbye.

and pace him, and I am introduced together with my role on the film. "Elvish???" he bellows, "A language for sissies!!! You should learn Dwarvish! Now there's a language for you!!!" And he quickens his pace, and is gone.

Viggo Mortensen (who plays Aragorn) is quiet and thoughtful. He understands the way in which the bits of Elvish language deepen the reality of the story, and wants to have more. Andrew Jack and Róisín Carty, dialect coaches and creative language consultants for the film, say that he reads Elvish so that it sounds like real language.

It is exceptional to have two dialect coaches on one film, but the linguistic challenges of Tolkien's creation are exceptional as well. Andrew and Róisín are responsible not just for Elvish, but for the broader issues of pronunciation and dialect. They are on their way to doing a flawless job. You may have heard Róisín in a recording from the official web site, reciting an Elvish spell verse written by David Salo. I listened to it carefully, and although she was doing it off the top of her head, every vowel was exactly right. The verse itself was brilliant too, in Sindarin (with no newly invented words), yet rhyming and scanning to match Tolkien's own model.

Sindarin and Quenya are, however, only two of the languages used in the film, and probably the easiest to get right. Archaic English, Old English, and Norse words are common, and Andrew and Róisín are clear on which is which, and on the rules for each. It takes tremendous vigilance on their part, nonetheless, when there are over fifty speaking parts and dialog may be recorded on as many as three sets simultaneously. As an example, there is a natural tendency for English speakers to darken the second "a" in "Gandalf" and swallow the "I" (so that is sounds more like "Gandoff"). They are determined that it will not happen.

Almost all of the dialog for the film will

be looped. This means that each of the actors will sit in a sound studio after filming is complete, and re-read their dialog repeatedly until it matches the filmed lip movements. This offers a second chance to fix up aspects of pronunciation, but the process cannot change the filmed lip movements, so it is still important to get it right the first time.

Each character speaks a carefully selected dialect of English. The strategy is well thought out, subtle, and rigorously applied. I had some part in its development, and am delighted with the result. All of the actors read their lines effortlessly, in dialect.

Later, we sit and watch the filming, in the top room of the tower of Cirith Ungol. The scene is trimmed to its essentials. The dialog is not always Tolkien's, but I have to return to the book to be sure, the spirit is so close. I get to hear one of my favorite lines: "You can't go walking in the Black Land in naught but your skin, Mr. Frodo." The essence of Sam. Peter gives the dialog a subtext. Sam is thinking, "I'm going to destroy that thing that's causing you so much pain -- by myself if that's what's needed."

They spend all day on this bit, so critical to the emotional arc of the story. In the end, Sean Astin as Sam delivers the line with weariness, grief, determination, courage, and love. I leave with tears in my eyes.

When I saw Peter's earlier film, *Heavenly Creatures*, I knew he was the perfect director for Tolkien. That film was a symphony of emotion. The Lord of the Rings was the same for me, the first time I read it. Tolkien infuses his work with joy, tempered with the sadness of the passing of time; with courage in the face of fear; with anger and determination.

I am introduced to Philippa Boyens, one of the screenwriters. She is working on the script for *The Return of the King*, naturally under pressure of time, but we spend almost a half an hour talking about the challenges of adapting Tolkien to film. She has a scholar's knowledge of Tolkien, quoting without hesitation from his letters or essays as it illustrates her point.

Her eyes light up as she talks about scenes they've finished or others that she still hopes to include. Listening to her, I experience once again Aragorn's march to Erech with the Army of the Dead in his wake: lights went out in house and hamlet as they came, and doors were shut, and folk that were afield cried in terror and ran like hunted deer. At times she has a wistful air, and I suspect that more than one of her favorite scenes are just not going to fit into the allotted time.



My Big Fat Elvish Wedding: In The Two Towers, Elrond tried to convince his daughter Arwen (actress Liv Tyler) that her romance with the mortal Aragorn (on poster in background) will only bring heartache.

We talk about changes to the story. She clears up a number of points (chaff from the rumor mill of intense scrutiny surrounding this production). Arwen will not travel to Rohan, nor to Gondor until it is time for her wedding. In particular, Philippa seems delighted with the relationship between Aragorn and Eowyn as Tolkien wrote it, calling it "just as poignant" as the high tragic love of Aragorn and Arwen.

There was also a report, earlier in the year, which referred to Saruman's "palantir staff." This didn't seem quite right. A palantir is best kept secret and locked away; not the kind of thing you parade around. She reassures me on this point as well. There is an ornament on the staff that looks a bit like a palantir, but it's not.

She goes on to talk about the need to avoid "scientification" of Tolkien's magic, and of the palantir in particular. It must be used respectfully as well as sparingly; otherwise it becomes little more than the Middle-earth equivalent of a mobile phone, and its magic is lost. This is a subtle but crucial point (which seems to go over the head of many modern fantasy writers), and I am glad that she is here to champion it.

Nevertheless, changes will be made. The specifics are still under consideration, but



Jack Chalker at the 2002 Midwestcon. Photo by Keith Stokes.

they are a consequence of the translation from novel to film. Five hundred thousand words of prose cannot be squeezed into six hours without some trimming. In addition, Philippa wants to have a degree of emotional resolution to each of the three films; more than would be provided by simply slicing the novel into three approximately equal parts.

As long as the strict internal consistency, so characteristic of Tolkien's work, is main-

tained, I am intrigued rather than bothered by these changes. They are the essence of myth: a powerful story filtered through many minds until the irrelevancies are stripped away. Tolkien more than once declared his intention of creating a new mythology. Perhaps he has succeeded.

I could go on: the trip through Moria alone will be worth the price of admission, and the computer generated effects will be pushing the state of the art even three and a half years from now when the final film is released; but there is little point in describing more. A description is a poor substitute for first-hand experience; and what I've seen, though wondrous, is still rough and unfinished: in itself a poor substitute for sitting in the theater experiencing the film for the first time.

Before this trip I was looking forward to seeing the film. Now I am looking forward to the enthusiasm with which it will be received.

To say that Bilbo's breath was taken away is no description at all. But true nonetheless.



Fandom's Tangled Web

Lupoffs Discover WWWedded Bliss

Dick and Pat Lupoff's son, Ken, married Crystal Reiss on May 25. As a side-effect of this grand occasion Dick didn't go near his computer for nearly a week:

"No writing got done, no email got read or written, no websites got surfed. I discovered that there are other things to do with my time: books to read, music to hear, games to play, friends to visit, meals to savor, dogs to walk, the beauty of nature and the company of my wife to enjoy...."

"I was actually tempted to leave the computer turned off, give the thing away or maybe sell it for scrap. I could rev up my trusty old Underwood Standard, lay in a ream of typing paper and some carbon sheets, and make like 1955. But you really can't go home again, alas. The computer is too good a tool for writing, the internet for research, and email for communication. So I scrubbed that plan."

Instead, he asked everyone in his e-mail address book to stop sending him all the jokes and political spam they usually copy to him. Dick explains:

"I figure if I can get my e-correspondents to honor this request I can save approxi-

mately an hour a day which I will then devote to productive and/or amusing activities like writing books, reading books, taking naps or working out at the gym. You see, you'll be helping me to live longer, more happily, and more constructively."

Did it work? If so, we should all have friends like this!

Chat Group for Con and Costume Photographers

Terry Whittier has started an on-line discussion group and e-mail list for sharing information about convention masquerade photography. Also invited to join in are the costumers themselves.

To subscribe, send e-mail to Costume_Photography-subscribe@yahoo.com or go to the web address:

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Costume_Photography

The Yahoo area also has files of how-to information and folders for sample photos or "who is this?" pictures.

Terry Whittier has been a fan photographer since 1972 and has taken photos of costumes at Westercons, NASFiCs, Worldcons and many other sf conventions.

"Ponytailers" Adventure Comic Strip To Become TV Series

The internet comic strip "Ponytailers" is Wolfmill Entertainment's latest acquisition, aiming to become its first foray into the world of live-action television. "Ponytailers" has been running on the A Girl's World website since March of this year, receiving over six million hits per month. A Girl's World (AGW) is the most popular internet site for girls that isn't owned by a toy company, according to Alexa, an information company that tracks millions of websites.

"Ponytailers" is a series of contemporary adventure stories told from a girl's point of view and presented in comic strip form. It tells the story of Caitlin, Kachina, and M.G., three 12-year-old girls from disparate backgrounds who live in the ranch country of High Sierra Falls, just outside of Yellowstone National Park. Riding their horses through the beautiful Sierra mountains, the stories of "Ponytailers" are about the exciting adventures these three girls share as they bond and their friendships grow."

Creators of "Pocket Dragon Adventures," Wolfmill Entertainment is also working on "Astounding Space Thrills," based on another internet comic strip, and "Elfquest."

2003 Hugo Award Nominations

Best Novel

Bones of the Earth by Michael Swanwick (Eos)
Hominids by Robert J. Sawyer (Analog 1-4/02; Tor)
Kiln People by David Brin (Tor)
The Scar by China Mieville (Macmillan; Del Rey)
The Years of Rice and Salt by Kim Stanley Robinson (Bantam)

Best Novella

"A Year in the Linear City" by Paul Di Filippo (PS Publishing)
 "Breathmoss" by Ian R. MacLeod (Asimov's 5/02)
 "Bronte's Egg" by Richard Chwedyk (F&SF 8/02)
 "Coraline" by Neil Gaiman (HarperCollins)
 "In Spirit" by Pat Forde (Analog 9/02)
 "The Political Officer" by Charles Coleman Finlay (F&SF 4/02)

Best Novelette

"Halo" by Charles Stross (Asimov's 6/02)
 "Madonna of the Maquiladora" by Gregory Frost (Asimov's 5/02)
 "Presence" by Maureen F. McHugh (F&SF 3/02)
 "Slow Life" by Michael Swanwick (Analog 12/02)
 "The Wild Girls" by Ursula K. Le Guin (Asimov's 3/02)

Best Short Story

"Creation", Jeffrey Ford (F&SF May 2002)
 "Falling Onto Mars", Geoffrey A. Landis (Analog Jul/Aug 2002)
 "'Hello,' Said the Stick", Michael Swanwick (Analog Mar 2002)
 "Lambing Season", Molly Gloss (Asimov's Jul 2002)
 "The Little Cat Laughed to See Such Sport", Michael Swanwick (Asimov's Oct/Nov 2002)

Best Related Book

The Battle of the Sexes in Science Fiction, Justine Larbalestier (Wesleyan University Press)
Better to Have Loved: The Life of Judith Merrill, Judith Merrill and Emily Pohl-Weary (Between the Lines)
Dragonhenge, Bob Eggleton and John Grant (Paper Tiger)
Ray Bradbury: An Illustrated Life, Jerry Weist (Morrow)
Spectrum 9: The Best in Contemporary Fantastic Art, Cathy Fenner and Arnie Fenner, eds. (Underwood Books)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form

Star Trek: Enterprise, "A Night in Sickbay" (Paramount Television)
 Directed by David Straiton; Teleplay by Rick Berman & Brannon Braga
Star Trek: Enterprise, "Carbon Creek" (Paramount Television) Directed by James Contner; Story by Rick Berman & Brannon Braga and Dan O'Shannon; Teleplay by Chris Black
Buffy the Vampire Slayer, "Conversations With Dead People" (20th Century Fox Television/Mutant Enemy Inc.) Directed by Nick Marck; Teleplay by Jane Espenson & Drew Goddard
Firefly, "Serenity" (20th Century Fox Television/Mutant Enemy Inc.) Directed by Joss Whedon; Teleplay by Joss Whedon
Angel, "Waiting in the Wings" (20th Century Fox Television/Mutant Enemy Inc.) Directed by Joss Whedon; Teleplay by Joss Whedon

Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form

Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets (Warner Bros.)
 Directed by Chris Columbus; Screenplay by Steve Kloves; based on the novel by J. K. Rowling

The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers (New Line Cinema)
 Directed by Peter Jackson; Screenplay by Fran Walsh, Philippa Boyens, Stephen Sinclair & Peter Jackson; based on the novel by J. R. R. Tolkien
Minority Report (20th Century Fox & DreamWorks SKG)
 Directed by Steven Spielberg; Screenplay by Scott Frank and Jon Cohen; based on the story by Philip K. Dick
Spider-Man (Columbia Pictures)
 Directed by Sam Raimi; Screenplay by David Koepp; based on the comic book character created by Steve Ditko and Stan Lee
Spirited Away (Studio Ghibli & Walt Disney Pictures)
 Directed by Hayao Miyazaki; Screenplay by Hayao Miyazaki (English version by Cindy Davis Hewitt and Donald H. Hewitt)

Best Professional Editor

Ellen Datlow
 Gardner Dozois
 David G. Hartwell
 Stanley Schmidt
 Gordon Van Gelder

Best Professional Artist

Jim Burns
 David A. Cherry
 Bob Eggleton
 Frank Kelly Freas
 Donato Giancola

Best Semiprozine

Ansible edited by Dave Langford
Interzone edited by David Pringle
Locus edited by Charles N. Brown, Jennifer A. Hall, and Kirsten Gong-Wong
The New York Review of Science Fiction edited by Kathryn Cramer, David G. Hartwell & Kevin Maroney
Speculations edited by Kent Brewster

Best Fanzine

Challenger edited by Guy H. Lillian III
Emerald City edited by Cheryl Morgan
File 770 edited by Mike Glyer
Mimosa edited by Rich and Nicki Lynch
Plokta edited by Alison Scott, Steve Davies & Mike Scott

Best Fan Writer

Bob Devney
 John L. Flynn
 Mike Glyer
 Dave Langford
 Steven H Silver

Best Fan Artist

Brad W. Foster
 Teddy Harvia
 Sue Mason
 Steve Stiles
 Frank Wu

John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer
 Charles Coleman Finlay (second year of eligibility)

David D. Levine (first year of eligibility)
 Karin Lowachee (first year of eligibility)
 Wen Spencer (second year of eligibility)
 Ken Wharton (second year of eligibility)

Torcon 3 Sets A Record

The total number of Hugo nomination ballots received by Torcon 3, 738 valid ballots, is the highest ever. Hugo historian George Flynn wrote online that the old record was 660 ballots in 1983.

Despite the record-breaking participation, it required no more than 22 nominations to get a short story on this year's final ballot. As usual, movies received the lion's share of voters' attention.

George Flynn reports that for the second consecutive year a new record was set for the number of votes for a single nominee: 428 votes for the highest-ranking Dramatic Presentation, Long. The unnamed nominee will become known after the Hugos are given at Torcon, when the statistics will be released and Flynn wryly adds, "Far be it from me to guess which nominee this might be." It appeared on 81% of the 529 ballots cast in the category. Last year, *The Fellowship of the Ring* polled 343 nominations, enough to edge the previous record-holder, *Star Wars*, which received 338 nominations 1978.

A Grudge Too Far

Richmond Wilson's online prozine *Nexus* proudly republished John Flynn's short story "A Gift of Verse" in the Fall 2002 issue. The story received enough nominating votes to make the 2003 Hugo Award final ballot. Wilson trumpeted the news on the *Nexus* website. What valuable publicity for an aspiring webzine! So valuable, in fact, the announcement has remained on the site weeks after Flynn's story was removed from the Hugo ballot.

It seems the story was originally published in 2000 and is ineligible. Not that Wilson claimed to be unaware this was the copyright date, he argued instead that the collection of Flynn's stories -- *Visions in Light and Shadow* -- where "A Gift of Verse" was originally published did not become available to the public until 2002. Wilson made his argument in an angrily-worded press release e-mailed to sf newzines that complained Hugo administrator Michael Nelson disregarded the facts and never gave Flynn "the opportunity to defend himself or respond to questions about

the eligibility of his story." Wilson challenged, "If we allow this tyranny to go unchecked, then who among us is next?" Now his plea has brought enough facts to light to make Flynn's partisans wish they'd never complained in the first place.

Michael Nelson wrote online that Flynn told him the collection of his stories was printed in 2000 but he didn't have the money to pay for it until 2002. Now, if that meant the printer wouldn't let the book out of his office until 2002, it wasn't available and for purposes of the Hugo it had not been "published" until 2002. But if Flynn's *Visions in Light and Shadow* collection wasn't available, how had it managed to receive 7 nominations for the 2001 Best Related Book Hugo, as reported by Millennium Philcon? (See <http://www.milphil.org/pubs/newsletter14b.pdf>) When Cheryl Morgan posed the question to Richmond Wilson he replied, "I asked John about that, and he said that his 7 votes were from family and close friends who had seen the galley proofs. Hardly ethical, I admit, but that still does not dismiss what his publisher said about the release date."

Well, possibly not. This wouldn't be the first time people nominated a work based on galleys, or perhaps without having seen it at all. And Hugo administrators do not treat the distribution of galleys or even a limited number of review copies as "publication" for their purposes. On the other hand, publisher BrickHouse Books lists the September 2000 publication date on its website. The same date appears on Amazon.com, based on information the publisher entered on Amazon's request form when it submitted the book for sale. Towson University, where John Flynn teaches English, used the same date in a publication notice about the book in the January

2001 issue of the faculty newsletter. And, bottom line, on Flynn's own website his bibliography lists 2000 as the publication date.

So one can only wonder what Flynn was thinking as he tried to convince Michael Nelson to leave the story on the final ballot. Shouldn't he have been the first one to point out the prior publication, when he originally learned about the nomination?

Flynn's efforts to persuade Nelson, according to Wilson's press release, were seconded by the editor of BrickHouse Books, Inc., Clarinda Harriss, a colleague on the Towson faculty. The BrickHouse Books website indicates it's a small press whose books typically have a run of 500-1000 copies. Perhaps Flynn believed so few had seen his story prior to its online publication in 2002 that he was entitled to some kind of exception. If so, he could have pursued one within the rules: the Worldcon business meeting has voted a limited-distribution eligibility extension to several works over the years.

Flynn seems to have contained any potential damage to his reputation by calling on Wilson to "ratchet down the rhetoric" and sending conciliatory e-mails to be posted on SMOFS, one of them stating:

"I fully accept the final ruling of the Torcon committee; Michael Nelson and the others associated with this year's Worldcon have been very kind and helpful and gracious and understanding; I feel that they have all acted very respectfully and very responsibly, and I bear them no ill feeling whatsoever. I am also grateful to have been nominated in the fan writer category as well."



2003 Hugo Nominee Voting Statistics

Category	Forms	Nominations	Nominees	Range
Novel	621	1,888	219	97-69
Novella	374	906	65	85-41
Novellette	377	1,006	148	60-28
Short Story	400	1,058	262	31-22
Related Book	262	548	83	51-28
Dramatic Presentation, Long	529	1,574	59	428-130
Dramatic Presentation, Short	284	710	176	72-22
Professional Editor	399	1,057	89	131-104
Professional Artist	344	918	141	107-49
Semiprozine	314	717	47	136-51
Fanzine	289	631	93	58-44
Fan Writer	315	751	144	51-38
Fan Artist	243	520	76	83-27
Campbell Award	259	688	93	60-36

Conventional Reportage

Big Beef in Chicago

Dina Krause passed the word that the Chicago in 2009 bid will launch at Torcon III. Vienna beef hot dogs will be the centerpiece of their bidding theme. For example, presupports will be \$20, with two upgrades -- Top Dog at \$50, and Corn Dog at \$75.

Deb Kosiba is at work on the bid web site and graphics, and Dina explains that because the hot dog theme has only so many possibilities the bid may also develop an sf theme and logo to use in publicity.

The Chicago bidders say they are considering four hotel choices for the proposed Worldcon, so it appears that the Hyatt, home to the last three Chicago Worldcons, will not be the automatic choice. The bid will not have made a decision by Torcon and will listen to fans' comments on the possibilities.

Glasgow Officially Wins 2005 Worldcon Bid

Polling over 90% of the votes, the Glasgow bid was officially selected by the members of ConJose as the site of the 2005 Worldcon. To be called Interaction, the convention's five Guests of Honor are writers Christopher Priest, Robert Sheckley and Jane Yolen, fan and proprietor of the Memory Hole fanzine collection Greg Pickersgill, and Scandinavian fan Lars-Olov Strandberg.

Interaction will be held at the Scottish Exhibition and Conference Centre in Glasgow over the weekend of August 4-8, 2005. Membership for the weekend costs £75 or \$115 until Easter 2003. As of November 29 Interaction had 806 attending members, 517 supporting members, and 811 unconverted bid Presupports and Friends. Addresses: UK: 379 Myrtle Road, Sheffield, South Yorkshire, S2 3HQ; USA: PO Box 58009, Louisville, Kentucky 40268-0009.

E-mail: info@interaction.worldcon.org.uk
Website: www.interaction.worldcon.org.uk

The convention has also announced that it is hosting a UK Worldcon history website at: <http://www.worldcon.org.uk/>

It contains information on each of the six UK Worldcons, starting with 1957 - Loncon I (London); 1965 - London II (London); 1979 - Seacon '79 (Brighton); 1987 - Conspiracy '87 (Brighton); 1995 - Intersection (Glasgow); 2005 - Interaction (Glasgow).

The website includes awards information, artists work from convention publications, and photographs and other reminiscences from each event. Additional material is welcome: contact webmaster@interaction.worldcon.org.uk.

Three Dots and Three Lines

Joyce Scrivner has agreed to become curator of the Worldcon History exhibit, formerly maintained by the late Bruce Pelz.

Elayne Pelz reports the final membership numbers for the 2002 Westercon in Los Angeles are: 954 warm bodies, 1064 total members.

Woody Bernardi is heading up a group of Las Vegas fans to try to put on a regional con in Vegas next year, reports Linda Bushyer. The last regional was Silvercon, several years ago. The new con will be Vegascon. Fans who are interested in helping out with the con can find out more by joining a Yahooogroup. Their link is:

VegasSF-subscribe@yahooogroups

The local Vegas SF group, Snaffu also has a website at <http://www.snaffu.org>

Linda ends, "Ron and I are enjoying living in Las Vegas so far."

ConJose Pays Pass-Along Funds

In an extraordinary show of post-convention efficiency, the ConJose committee distributed \$30,000 of its surplus to representatives of the next three Worldcons on December 7 at SMOFcon 20 in San Diego. Co-Chairs Tom Whitmore and Kevin Standlee presented \$10,000 donations to Peter Jarvis, Chair of Torcon 3, Deb Geisler, Chair of Noreascon 4, and Vince Docherty, Chair of Interaction.

Pass Along Funds is a voluntary surplus-sharing arrangement among Worldcon committees. Those committees that participate are entitled to a share of their three predecessors' surpluses, while they promise to divide at least half of any surplus they realize between their three successors, provided that those committees make a similar commitment.

ConJose also presented a \$1,000 donation to the WSFS Mark Protection Committee, the organization responsible for registering and protecting "Worldcon," "Hugo Award" and other WSFS-owned service marks. WSFS MPC Treasurer Scott Dennis accepted the donation.

"We were very happy to be able to make these donations now," said ConJose Co-Chairman Kevin Standlee. He praised convention Controller and Vice Chair Cindy Scott, saying, "Cindy has worked hard to get most of our bills paid and to keep the budget updated so that we had a reasonably good idea of where we stood financially at this

point. We wanted to get these pass-along donations paid as soon as possible, so that our successors, especially Torcon 3, would have more time to effectively plan to use the money for the good of Worldcon."

Originally considered "on the ropes" financially due to low pre-registration, ConJose enjoyed a reversal of fortunes due to unexpectedly high numbers of memberships purchased at the door. With all major bills except traditional membership reimbursements paid, ConJose was able to estimate a projected surplus of around \$60,000. North American Worldcons traditionally reimburse the memberships of qualified program participants, staff, committee, and volunteers who worked sufficient hours. ConJose has budgeted \$125,000 for these traditional membership reimbursements, and plans to begin making reimbursement payments sometime in early 2003. Should the final surplus after paying reimbursements exceed \$60,000, ConJose will make additional donations to its successors.

Pass Along Funds was devised during discussions at SMOFcon 5 in 1988 in Phoenix regarding ways of damping out the negative impact of the year-to-year variability in Worldcon revenues. Noreascon 3, the 1989 Worldcon, agreed to "jump-start" the program. Since then, every Worldcon except 1991 has participated, receiving donations from its predecessors and making donations from its surpluses when applicable.

ConJose received Pass Along Funds donations from its predecessors totaling \$21,826. Aussiecon Three donated \$5,826 (US dollars net of conversion from Australian dollars). Chicon 2000 donated \$6,000. The Millennium Philcon donated \$10,000. *[[Source: ConJose press release]]*

N4 To Give Retro Hugos

Noreascon Four, the 2004 Worldcon, has announced that it will give Retro Hugo Awards for works from 1953. The Retrospective Hugo Awards may be awarded by a Worldcon held 50, 75, or 100 years after a Worldcon at which no Hugo Awards were presented. Retro Hugos will be awarded at Noreascon Four because none were awarded at the 1954 Worldcon, SFCon, in San Francisco, CA.

Noreascon Four will provide extensive information about the literature, art, dramatic presentations, and fannish activities of 1953 during the nomination and voting processes.

If you would like to help or make suggestions, please write to retrohugos@noreascon.org with your comments. Information regarding published works, fanzines, individuals, films, and so on will be posted to the convention's web site at <http://www.noreascon.org> starting in February 2003.

John Hertz's Westercon Notebook

Westercon 55, July 4-7, 2002

International Airport Radisson Hotel, Los Angeles, California

The first Westercon without Bruce Pelz. Writer Guest of Honor, Harry Turtledove; Artist, Ross Chamberlain; Editor, Beth Meacham; Fan, Robert Lichtman; too many again but good. Attendance 954.

If we're going to proliferate guests of honor, thought Pelz while con chair, or by our zoological theme "Ringmaster," let one be an editor. In this he was wise. Editing is the unnoticed art. Also the Fan GoH and the Artist too (can't we call them Illustrators? or Graphic Artists?) had long been active in fanzines. Even I might argue this is not indispensable, but it glistens. Our wide activity is valuable far above rubies, but fanzines are the blood, and the blood is the life.

Two months before the con he suddenly died. He had the most fanzines in the world; maybe he won. He'd done so much for or to so many that we were dazed by his loss. His wife Elayne, who had been Head of Administration, stepped up unofficially; she did not want to be, or be called, the chair, but she saw to whatever was left. Clearly the first order of business was that the show must go on. To her credit, and Bruce's, and the con committee's, it did.

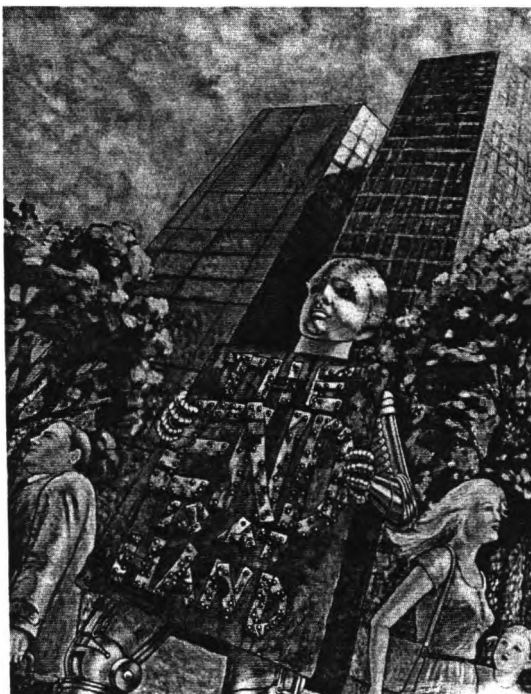
He said last year in Portland that a reasonable Westercon attendance in a populous place like Southern California would be 2,000. So we were half size. The people who arrived were active fans, and though this is a

The life of solitude among a familiar crowd

Dickens

regional con -- and in November the local convention Loscon was larger -- they came from all over. Their knowing the ropes made them more immune to tangles, and they came not to gawk.

I had been promoting a sense of classicism as the left hand to our love of the future -- you who are left-handed can take that as you like. This year Head of Programming Mike Glycer agreed and set discussions of eight works, named in a Progress Report so folks could read up. What are classics in s-f? Can there be any? Is s-f of fifty or a hundred years ago obsolete, if for instance the future has already turned out some other way? I



They ask for things to be proved, when they have resolved not to believe them.

Montesquieu

proposed that a classic was an artwork which survived its own day, which was found to have merit even after times had changed. We could then think whether a particular work was a classic, and if so by virtue of what. Westercon LV's were all books, although as the Eisensteins' display at the 2000 Worldcon showed, we might have included graphics. Would you like the list now? Bester, *The Stars My Destination* (1956); Cameron, *The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet*

Aliens with whom one learned to consort without quarrelling

Dorothy Dunnett

(1954); Clarke, *The City and the Stars* (1956); Heinlein, *Farmer in the Sky* (1950); Hesse, *The Glass Bead Game*, sometimes called *Magister Ludi* (1943); Schmitz, *The Witches of Karres* (1966); Shelley, *Frankenstein* (1831); Verne, *Twenty Thousand*

Leagues Under the Sea (1870). Two by women, two not in English, two from the same year, two from before 1900, two written for children, two done in films -- I wish we'd done that on purpose.

The first ring of my circus was Thursday, "Book Covers as Eye Candy" with Claire Eddy and Meacham. Meacham said covers have to reach people twenty feet away. Eddy said they have to reach wholesale buyers who see promotion pieces, and who under the press of numbers may be looking to reject. Meacham said a good writer may be a bad judge of cover art. I asked about interaction with graphic artists, for which with writers Campbell at *Astounding* had been famous. Eddy and Meacham both called that impractical.

Still exclaiming at the effects of your own causes.

Elizabeth I

Tappan King in the audience quoted "The perfect cover is a window into another world," which sounds great but might have barred Paul Lehr or Richard Powers.

I missed another look at my roommate Art Widner's slide show of the 1941 Widneride to Denvention in order to help my other roommate Fred Patten with *Destination*. There was a time, Patten said, when he'd nearly memorized it. We marveled at the scope of its adventure; limited to our solar system it felt vaster than some interstellar tales. From the audience: Presteign the robber baron and Gully Foyle himself were

Opening my heart I listened to what you said.

Han Yü

stock characters with surprising depth, Robin Wednesbury was an original. Indeed there was a string of surprises. Compare Bester's inspiration *The Count of Monte Cristo* and both look better. Sue Dawe led the first Art Show docent tour. She observed how Margaret Organ-Kean got luminous water colors, letting transparent paint carry light reflected from the paper beneath. Janny Wurts was

now doing more reflected, less local color. Bjo & John Trimble, among the tourists, recalled Equicons in this very hotel, although this weekend we sometimes failed to out-think new management of a rose put under another name.

That night LASFS held its meeting -- every Thursday come heat or high water -- at the con in memory of Pelz. Patten's earliest

Men may be convinced, but they cannot be pleased against their will.

Johnson

memory was of Pecos Pelz in an amateur film from Westercon XIII in Boise. Larry Niven recalled Pelz arriving at the 1975 NASFiC from Australia with Niven's Hugo for "The Hole Man"; Harlan Ellison as GoH had told a dinner he was getting out of s-f; in an elevator when two new chums asked Niven "That looks cool, what is it?" he said "A Hugo" and they replied "Oh, we know what that is, is it one of Harlan's?" Niven despite this knock-down was able to answer "Yes, he's getting out of s-f and he's giving them away," which made life interesting. Ben Yalow recalled going to dinner with Pelz knowing one would be unhappy because Pelz drank Coke and Yalow drank Pepsi. Ken Porter protested all the talk of Pelz as a sweet guy. It was curious how "He was the most accepting person" -- as if this were our high-

It had a high claim to forbearance

Jane Austen

est praise -- meant "He accepted *me*." We paid the price for scorning rhetoric as a liberal art when at a great occasion -- they are not all joyous -- though we talked on we could hardly speak. But Pelz was a giant, the emotions were real, and I stayed to the end.

On Friday morning I heard a little of "Creating Mythical Monsters," Connor Freff Cochran, Dawe, Robin Hobb, Harry Turtledove, Janine Young. Turtledove said monsters that look like us are scariest. Dawe and Young warned not to show too much: see how scantily we're told of the Balrog in the book *Lord of the Rings*. Then the last half of "S-F and Public Perception," Moshe Feder, Barbara Hambly, Cheryl Morgan, Niven. Feder said movies are good at impressions, bad at detail. Niven said starting new gadgets is what the rich are for, which the Soviets never understood. Karen Anderson's docent tour; Chamberlain's "Folly," a temple whose elegant columns were impossible, a many-pronged poiuyt, she called worthy of Pal-

ladio. Some art, she said, was sentimental, not compelling. Pointing to a Morris Scott Dollens, she said "Fimbriation is post-Plantagenet, and I don't consider any post-

I was not at any great pains to curb the exuberances of my natural levity.

Ronald Knox

Plantagenet heraldry serious."

In Operations there was, for some reason, a huge board for Interplanetary, the s-f game Widner invented. Bob Null said "Just as I unpacked it, Widner walked in." On the Trimble's docent tour Bjo, praising fabric handling in an asymmetric mask by Karey Leichel, noted "Hiding the shape of the eyes is a good disguise; a half-mask draws atten-

But this was to show an umbrella to a cat.

Saikaku

tion to the mask half." Continuing a topic from the previous night's Phoenix for '04 Westercon party, she said "I'm quite susceptible to seeing how a piece developed, through sketches." She remarked on Selina Phanara's strong use of color, and Mark Roland's saturated colors opposite each other on the Color Wheel.

Patten, Michael Engelberg (another secret astronomer), and I led discussion of *Farmer in the Sky*. I asked Engelberg if he wanted to mention his particular interest in Heinlein. He said "No." We spoke of identification. Mark Linneman in the audience said if one can't see some of oneself in a lead character, the story is harder to read. Patten wondered if the death of Peggy, the sickly daughter, was a manipulative story device. Engelberg said, on the contrary he didn't dwell on it. Patten

That little mind could not temper itself to enter another's soul.

Kipling

asked how she got by the exhaustive psych tests. I said maybe the tests were bad, or too far substituted for human judgment, or couldn't predict what pioneering would really need. John DeChancie in the audience said *Farmer* was as well constructed as the best of Steinbeck. Engelberg said the people were our own neighbors. Patten said, even when they aren't likable. That night at Regency Dancing, Lauraine Tutihasi warned me the Fanzine Lounge might close early. It was in a cabaña by the swimming pool. Milt Stevens

ran it. I went to the Baen Books party. Hank Reinhardt said he liked musicals, but there weren't any. I should not have joined him in singing from *Fiorello*.

Saturday morning on my way to *The Witches of Karres* I met Joyce & Arnie Katz, Lichtman, and June & Len Moffatt. The next day when Phoenix won, unopposed, I joined them as a Westercon Fan GoH, or GoH-designate, or something. Bruce Pelz paid his way, said Arnie. He was a Worldcon FGOH, I said, at forty-five (Noreascon II, 1980). Arnie said *fan* means *interactive*. For *Karres* I

Anyone who publicizes his sins -- even in the context of repentance -- is considered insolent.

Talmud

joined Engelberg, Laura Frankos, and Kevin Murphy. It drew the highest attendance of the classics panels. Likable. Judy Lazar in the audience said the girls were weird and competent. Engelberg called that rare for 1949 (when the first version was in *Astounding*). Jordin Kare in the audience said its universe was lived-in. I asked Frankos "What do your daughters think? They're all in it." She said "Yes, they are!" Murphy praised simplicity. From the audience: the Captain redeems everyone he touches. On my docent tour I had reached Kelly Freas' "Thinking Beyond the Edge," a nude silhouetted man seated on a disk in space, its edge milled, on its reverse Earth's continents, when Kate Morgenstern in a bathrobe arrived with a procession of acolytes, carrying soap and a rubber ducky

Bind your servants to you with courtesy.

Pietro Aretino

on a pedestal. Morgenstern asked if I was near God, and when I answered "Bathed" -- you never know when you might need *Starship Troopers* -- she blessed me. This variety of religious experience would recur at the Worldcon (see *Chronicle* 231).

At "Current Fanzine Review," Lenny Bailes, Marty Cantor who had done the Program Book, and Lichtman, in the audience I found Ken Forman folding *origami*. Arnie Katz asked "Do you see electronics as a medium or a delivery system?" Bailes said "You yourself were a pioneer with the graphics in *Jackpot*. But the Web is only now discovering what it can do." Katz said "Yes, people feud faster." Niven giving a docent tour said "I'm glad she tried it. I'm glad any artist tries anything." Cochran's tour was spectacular. People kept asking him questions. In the

Dealers' Room, Marty Massoglia said we'd have done better to send dealers a classics list rather than rely on the Progress Report; fans came before and after discussion seeking

Leadership is the power to persuade others to do what they ought to do without having to be persuaded.

Harry Truman

and sometimes couldn't find. Tor had won Best Publisher in the *Locus* Awards. Over drinks Tom Doherty promised a copy of the new Forge edition of U.S. Grant's memoirs, just the Civil War part so as to be one volume. "I like to get out of New York," Doherty said; "if I stayed I'd be fixed in stone."

Kathy Sanders directed the Masquerade, Rick Foss was Master of Ceremonies, I judged with Scott Norton and Bjo Trimble, Casey Bernay backstage as Workmanship Judge. Sanders as in the 1999 NASFiC stationed me at the back of the hall; I wish we'd establish that one judge goes there. M. Edgecomb, whose '94 Westercon Best in Show "Morrigan" I will never forget, won Best in Show this year as "Klingon Mother of Creation." Morgenstern was Best Master as "Madam Dee Vee Dia," her costume made of -- I needn't explain. Theresa MacWillie's "Wood Spirit" was Most Beautiful Journeyman. Calvin Cotton's "Drow" from *Forgot-*

Held up to laughter or glory, whichever men had to give.

Lord Dunsany

ten Realms took Best Journeyman and Best Workmanship in Show, a white wig stark against his own deep black, the posture and bearing of a deadly magic creature, which many more try than do.

There were no Novice entries. That was also the half missing from the con attendance. A few weeks earlier, looking for fliers suitable for people who didn't already know all about it, I couldn't find any, nor who was in charge of them. With fire and sword I descended on Cantor, commandeering his computer and an Alan White drawing. I ran around town putting up fliers. With phone books and directories I mailed three hundred packets to bookshops and colleges and libraries. Did it help? Too late? Who can be sure? But we can't omit such things.

Saturday night after the Masquerade in the Fanzine Lounge, generous food and good company. Stevens had set out dozens of historical or hysterical fanzines, many with Bruce Pelz. The Phoenix for '04 party gave a cordial reception. San Jose and Calgary were

bidding for '05; San Diego opened a bid for '06. Hospitality chief Christian McGuire -- dare I say animalistically? -- made the Hospitality Suite at the top of the hotel a pleasing resort, brilliant at night. Filking chief Lee Gold found a way to re-key the filk room, saving hours of moving equipment. In addition to concerts and open singing she had themes, a Pelz memorial naturally with his songs, Songs of America, Songs of Revolu-

What we have in common with the gods -- benevolence and truth.

Longinus

tion, Songs of Larry Niven, Pizza & Ose (as in "morose"). Imagine Niven and Leslie Fish singing "Wanted Fan" from *Fallen Angels*. Gold said "All you have to do is grow up in fandom, see what was done, and see whether it applies."

Before the con when Glycer put me on *The Glass Bead Game* I thought to help find panelists. Against "The Popularity of Alternative History" and "The Bar's My Destination" there were conflicts. Greg Benford, who I hoped might've read it in German, was distracted with other affairs. Ellison? Len Wein encouraged me. I phoned. "Don't even start with me," Ellison said. "I've been asked to do every kind of panel, and I've done every kind of panel, and I don't want to do any more just now." What about *The Glass Bead Game*, I asked. He stopped. "You're right," he said. "No one has ever asked me to sit on a panel about *The Glass Bead Game*." Until the end of the century it was the only Nobel Prize s-f novel, and it might be Hesse's greatest. Alas, Ellison still couldn't do it. I phoned Wein to report. "You know," I said, "I got the distinct notion he felt he wasn't worthy." Ulrika O'Brien and I had to do

Sweet-mouthed, but not as one who can speak nought but sweetness.

E. R. Eddison

without him. Widner and Geri Howard came by. E.B. Frohvet thinks *Game* isn't s-f, but although I was half joking when I said the book *Lord of the Rings* was, treating manufacture of a device and its consequences, about *Game* I mean it. Poetic even in translation, superb at character study, it handles what-if wonderfully in its future world, and for *lagniappe* brings a fine unreliable narrator and hints hard questions. From the audience: is there such a thing as decadent art? I said, maybe but watch out for that narrator. Widner hit me for an article (see *YHOS* 59).

Of course I went to hear Mel Gilden and

Mark Olson on *The City and the Stars*. Here was scope. Gilden said, it's so interesting while people are only floating along. Kare in the audience said, the ultimate sense-of-wonder book. Olson said, a novel of discovery. From the audience: revelation. Olson said, Clarke suggests the numinous in a way no one else does. Where is the superman-nature of the people in Diaspar? I compared Niven's *Protector*, but Diaspar was made by and for people who wouldn't be supermen. We fell to discussing literary quality.

Next in the room was *Frankenstein*, for which I stayed to moderate Murphy and Young. Murphy said Godwin, Polidori, and Shelley held their own mini-con in the Alps. Young said *Frankenstein* was a classic because you could look at it from many views. Is it a book about how aristocrats treat a

Not only uncharitable, but false.

Christopher Hibbert

lower class? Why didn't *Frankenstein* make a woman monster who was sterile? I suggested the book was a satire and the story an irresponsibility contest. Paula Salo in the audience recalled the subtitle *Modern Prometheus*. Murphy said the frame-narrative helped to orient, especially for the many mundane readers. Widner in the audience called the book a master myth of the 19th and 20th Centuries. In remakes, in television commercials, it keeps recurring. It suffers from being, as Nabokov said of *Don Quixote* and is certainly true of his own *Lolita*, one of those books everyone talks about but no one has read. I went off-site to dinner with Jane & Scott Dennis. When we came back we could find no Dead Dog party.



The 8 of Penacles was Kurt Erichsen's contribution to Bruce Pelz' *Fan Tarot Deck*.

CON-VERSION 19

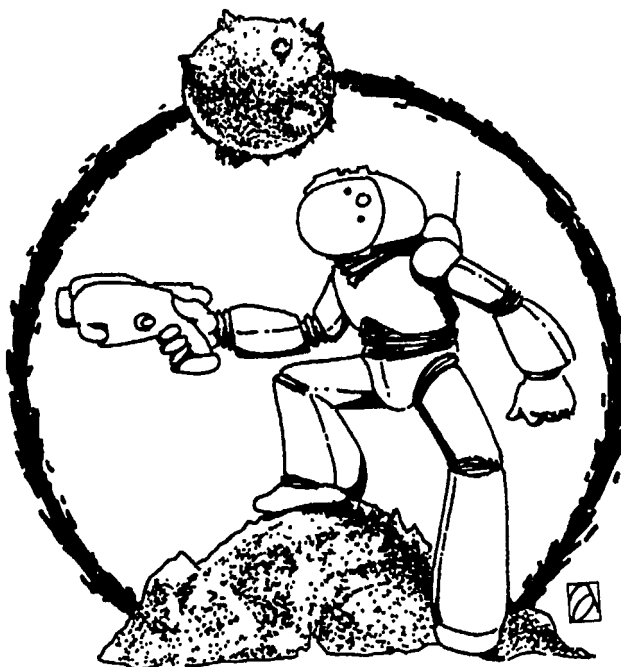
by Dale Speirs

The 2002 edition of Calgary's regional SF convention Con-Version went the weekend of August 9 to 11. It was held in conjunction with Convention 22 (the national Canadian convention, which features the Aurora Awards) and Con Spec 2002 (the Alberta literary SF convention). Con Spec had the rotten luck to have been originally scheduled in Edmonton for a September weekend last year which turned out to be the one immediately following the WTC/Pentagon attacks. The chaos in the airline and hotel industry that followed in the months after made it impossible to re-schedule until now. There were three sets of Guests of Honor, which made it complicated sometimes for Toastmaster Robert Sawyer to introduce them at the dais. Clear diction, close attention to the prepared text, and slow, precise speaking was an absolute necessity.

Con-Version/Canvention/Con Spec was held at the Metropolitan Centre in downtown Calgary, a former theatre which had been converted into a complex of auditoriums and boardrooms for corporate meetings. Some events were also held at the Westin Hotel directly across the street, and it appears that next year the entire convention will be held at Westin where it had originally been many years ago.

Opening Ceremonies: As is standard, many guests and convention members went out Friday morning on a tour to the Royal Tyrrell Museum of Palaeontology in Drumheller, a two-hour drive east of Calgary across the prairies and into the badlands. This is the world's largest fossil museum. The Drumhellerites have also built numerous replicas of various dinosaurs around the downtown core, including a giant 5-story T. rex that one can climb up inside and look out a viewpoint from the gaping jaws of the monster. In his opening speech, Con Spec Guest of Honor Michael Bishop mentioned that on the lower lip of that T. rex was a small puddle that people had been tossing coins in. He got a good laugh when he said it was the first time that he had seen people tossing coins into dinosaur drool.

Another Con Spec Guest of Honor, Allen Steele, mentioned that to get to Calgary from his home town in Massachusetts, he first had to fly a turbo-prop to Toronto, then change for a regular passenger jet to Calgary. As the



turbo-prop was about to land at Toronto, it suddenly veered hard and went around for a second attempt. The second landing succeeded, and as he deplaned, Steele asked the pilot (you can talk to them on the small planes) what happened. The pilot said that as the plane was making its first try, a flock of Canada geese also came in for a landing on the same runway. The pilot then muttered to himself, "Only in Canada, eh?"

The Bob Gibson Collection: The most sensational news in Canadian fandom was the announcement a week before the convention began that the collection of old-time fan Bob Gibson had been donated to the University of Calgary. I happened to be talking to Robert Sawyer at a bid party Saturday night and he mentioned that the news had made the CBC national network.

Gibson died January 8, 2001, at the age of 92. He was long a familiar sight in Calgary bookstores and at convention dealer bourses, buying up books in box lots. Dealers were always pleased to see him come in. His collection had tens of thousands of books and pulps, and immediately made the University library a world-class SF resource. Gibson had numerous rare books and pulps from the 1800s and Edwardian eras, and had carefully indexed everything on cards.

One of the things that Gibson did that was unique was to go through old non-SF magazines such as *Maclean's*, *Life*, *Argosy*,

Playboy and others, as far back as a century ago, and carefully razor out any SF stories. He then bound them by title of magazine into a home-made anthology, and did a hand-illustrated cover and table of contents. For anyone to repeat this feat today would require endless hours of research and a bottomless purse. I think this was probably the single greatest accomplishment of Gibson. Now anyone wishing to study the history of SF in general magazines has a quick reference at hand, instead of lengthy paging through indexes and microfilm.

The University Library staff gave a presentation about the Gibson donation on the Friday night of the convention to a packed room. Obviously they could only show a few highlights (they are still unpacking) and were there not only to publicize the collection but to pick up information from audience members

who had known Gibson. Dave Hall, owner of Off The Wall bookstore, sold much material to Gibson and from the audience was able to enlighten the librarians on Gibson's methodology of collecting.

The University is seeking funds to help house and curate the collection. Donations can be made in care of Blane Hogue, 750 MacKimmie Library Tower, University of Calgary, Calgary, Alberta T2N 1N4. Cheques should be payable to "University of Calgary" and must be marked in the memo area "For the Gibson Collection".

SF In Education: Four teachers discussed whether or not SF should be taught in grade schools. Donna McMahon opposed the idea because SF originally began as a literature outside mainstream life, a place to verbalize dissent and speculate on things the Bible-thumpers would rather be left unspeculated. When SF is taught in schools, it becomes part of the system. In academic circles, the litcrit crowd add layers of symbolism and obscurity never originally intended, and fossilize it in the eyes of students.

Paula Johanson said teaching SF doesn't have to be stultified. Her students are often so excited about a story they wait for her after classes to discuss it.

Barb Galler-Smith felt that any SF reading was better than no reading at all. She felt it surprises blase children. She buys those supermarket tabloids which feature

aliens meeting with the American President and then asks her students what is wrong with the story; this gets them thinking about truth in journalism.

Christie de Souza said she was more concerned about parental reaction to SF required reading. Her experience has been that as long as the kids were reading, the parents were happy.

Fandom Panel: This was basically a monologue by Linda Ross-Mansfield on convention running, mostly Worldcon stories. She made one point I hadn't considered before. Like many people, I prefer smaller conventions rather than the big ones with twenty tracks of programming and dozens of special interest groups. She mentioned that small conventions generally have a shorter life span than bigger ones, due to a smaller margin of error in finances. As an example, the literary conventions tend to be erratic, about every few years rather than a steady annual convention, because they don't have a large base of support.

Space Travel In Fact And Fiction: Dr. Geoffrey Landis, who works on the Mars rover team and has two SF books on the side, discussed his practical experience of spacecraft construction. Another panelist, Blair Petterson, had mentioned that real spacecraft are never as reliable and smooth to operate as fictional ones. Landis told the story of NASA's low-oxygen sensors, which keep giving false alarms because the sensors rust so easily. As a result, the NASA staff ignore them. When one goes off, the response is not a mad rush to emergency stations but rather someone shouting down the hallway "Shut that damn thing off!"

Landis also mentioned that in the real world, contrary to Libertarian assertions, rockets to orbit will remain the domain of government agencies. It is too complex, expensive, and long-term for orbital space travel to become economic. However, he felt that rockets going straight up to 100 km and back to Earth would be possible for private industry as high-priced thrill rides. The killer cost in space travel is not altitude but orbital insertion.

Invading The Red Planet: This was a slide show by Dr. Landis on his day job in Mars exploration. A full auditorium as is usual for Con-Version science panels. He discussed the photographic evidence for water erosion on Mars, and mentioned that any free liquid water would be hypersaline.

He is currently working on the new Mars rovers, which are intended to be long range travelers with a lot of autonomy. The next generation after that will be airborne, whether a solar-powered flying wing, a balloon, or a re-startable rocket that can hop about the planet from one site to another. There are no serious plans for human travel

to Mars. Although the technology is not considered a barrier, the political and social will to do it does not presently exist. He mentioned that the JPL staff are very worried about the success of the next rovers. The failures of past Mars explorers can be survived, but one more disaster may kill Mars exploration for decades.

Anime Fan Fiction: Fanzine fans often wonder what they can do to encourage outsiders to join in. I decided to test this in reverse by attending this panel. I have no involvement in anime beyond buying the Ranma 1/2 books as they come out, so it would be like a non-zinester attending a fanzine panel. The anime panel was an eye-opener to me. The panelists talked of writing 'fic', not stories, and posting it on Websites, not publishing it in zines. Fanzines in the traditional sense were not mentioned even in passing.

One agreement among the panelists was that Website fic produced faster feedback to the author. Some authors who expected feedback were actually trolling for positive feedback only.

Fic writers develop reputations the same as pro writers, and many readers follow the fic authors they are comfortable with. Eden Lackner mentioned one of her favorite fic authors suddenly switching to slash fiction (homoerotic fiction involving television characters of the same gender, such as Kirk/Spock, Picard/Data, or (remember them?) Starsky and Hutch). Lackner didn't realize this until she was well into the story, which was a bit of a shock.

Cat Armour: Jeff de Boer is an artist who became famous for building suits of Armour for mice, cats, and other critters. He takes amusement in the thought that centuries from now, archaeologists may dig up a helmet for a Persian cat and be totally confused about our society's functioning. A Japanese film studio came over and filmed one of his cat suits. He was shown fitting the Armour on a rather uncooperative feline. He also did another shoot of a mouse wearing his Armour. He rented a mouse from a pet shop for 27-cents a day, thinking it would be a quick job. The mouse got sick, and in order to avoid a cruelty-to-animals charge, he took it to a veterinarian. The vet billed him for \$84. The good news was that since he was doing the job for an ad agency, he was able to charge it off as expenses.

Neolithic Man: I mentioned that science panels have always been popular in Calgary conventions. The proof was that this panel, held bright and early Sunday morning, filled a large room of con-goers, some of whom I know were still partying in the small hours when I left for bed. Dave Duncan started off with a general summary of current thought about human evolution. It appears that about

75,000 years ago, humans hit a bottleneck of some kind which reduced the worldwide population down to about 10,000, based on a study of genetic diversity.

Robert Sawyer has been adding Neanderthals into his stories, so he discussed what he had learned about them. He suggested that tool making must have been instinctive in humans during the Stone Age. There was a big leap about 40,000 years ago with grave goods and cave art. Sawyer takes that as the origin of consciousness.

Archaeologist Rebecca Bradley believes that Neanderthals may have contributed a very small percentage of genes to the makeup of modern humans. She spent most of her time demolishing the myth of the Great Goddess that neo-pagans promulgate. This is the idea that from hundreds of thousands of years ago to about 5,000 years ago, the dominant religious belief among humans was a benign Earth Mother-style goddess, who was then displaced by the Judeo-Christian culture. The Great Goddess was supposed to have encouraged a matriarchal and peaceful way of life, and the Judeo-Christians supplanted it with war and poverty. There is no proof of such a thing in the archaeological record but plenty of proof that the idea originated in the 1800s from romantic wishful thinking.

Other Conventions: There were a number of groups bidding for various conventions who held bid parties at Con-Version, such as Seattle in 2005 for NASFiC, Los Angeles in 2006 for the Worldcon, and Calgary in 2005 for Westercon.

Torcon 3 also bid successfully on Sunday afternoon for next year's Convention, to be held as part of the Toronto Worldcon. The significance of this is that Convention hosts the Aurora Awards, the Canadian equivalent of the Hugos. The Convention business meeting also refused to ratify some constitutional amendments passed at last year's Convention. It did, however, ratify an amendment disallowing clubzines from the Best Fanzine Aurora. This problem has been building in recent years as clubs bloc vote for their publications, making it impossible for a true fanzine to win, and giving the Aurora to a Star Trek clubzine once again this year. The original intent of the Aurora Fanzine award was to encourage individuals, not allow bloc voting for club activities. Clubzines can still be nominated for Fan Activity- Organizational, which is more in keeping with the spirit of the awards. The new amendment takes effect for the 2003 Auroras at Toronto.

The 2003 Con-Version will be August 15 to 17. Guests of Honor are Terry Brooks, Esther Friesner, Charles de Lint, and Robert J. Sawyer.

STOKES ABROAD

Keith Stokes Visits the British Eastercon and Nebula Weekend

Nebula Weekend

April 25-28, 2002

Report by Keith Stokes

I enjoyed the Nebula Awards Weekend a great deal. Much more than I expected. My only real disappointment is not having enough time to spend with the interesting people.

Overall, almost every part of the weekend was in the far right of the bell curve.

I left work at noon on Thursday in a borrowed new raised roof conversion van and began by driving to the airport and meeting Betty Ballantine and Tom Doherty. That was a treat. I really felt like I was driving the "adults." Many of the out of town attendees were met at the airport and chauffeured to the hotel by KC area fans.

After delivering them to the hotel, I checked in and hauled in my stuff including my desktop computer (the laptop is very close to dead) and many books to be signed. Then I checked in with Waldenbooks and started taking photos of the weekend. I put almost 100 online this weekend at <http://www.kcsciencefiction.org/02nebs01.htm>

At supper time I checked the lobby looking for company and ended up crossing the aerial walkway to Union Station for a fun meal at Pierpont's with Peter Heck, Jane Jewel, Scott Edelman and Gardner Dozois. They were a hoot! Scott told us about his trip to China, last fall and showed us a picture of him on a park bench with a giant panda.

Back at the hotel, folks met for the trip to the Blue Room for Jazz. The Blue Room is a small non-smoking bar attached to the American Jazz Museum at 18th & Vine. We ended up with 30 people. They seemed to enjoy the club and the music. I had nice chats with Jeffrey Carver, Rebecca Moesta, and Kevin Anderson. After bringing the second load of folks back to the hotel, I went to Town Topic for a late night burger, then returned to sit and chat with friends in the lobby bar area.

Friday morning I was up early to move the van. The raised roof van wouldn't fit in the parking garage and I didn't like the hotel's alternative lot which was far away, so I was parking on street and had to deal with parking restrictions and times. It was a bit of a hassle, but at least it saved \$30 parking.

I was delighted to learn that the Friday

Kansas City Star featured the Nebula Awards. The Preview (weekend entertainment) section's cover showed a sea of little green men and was captioned, "Take us to your readers." There was a full interior page dedicated to the Nebs.

Robin Bailey had arranged for a large crew from the Kansas City Science Fiction and Fantasy Society and the set-up for registration went fast. There were 8 tables filled with free books and magazines. An all time record. Folks selected over \$300 in free-bees, several times the cost of the banquet. It was fun watching folks with dazed smiles leave with boxes so filled they were hard to carry. Many shipped their books home.

Friday evening's mass autographing in the Crown Center atrium was my biggest responsibility for the weekend. Over 30 authors participated. It wasn't flawless, but I think it went as well as something like that can. Waldenbooks had a continuous line of people waiting to purchase books for the first 90 minutes. Most authors received attention, and they all seemed to enjoy being with each other. Selina Rosen was near the front and kept calling out to people passing by to "Buy My Books!"

After putting a few pages of photos online, I went to the hospitality suite for the rest of the evening. A huge penthouse on the 18th floor, it was surrounded by windows with great views. I enjoyed the conversations, chocolate and back rubs. After taking the last stint at the bar, I helped closed down around 3 a.m. Then Robin & Diana Bailey, Jim Hollaman and I sat in the dark and watched a thunderstorm cross the city.

Saturday morning was the trip to see the special Egypt exhibit (with 144 items from the British Museum) at the Nelson-Atkins Museum. Several car loads caravanned over

and I drove Anne Lesley Groell, Jaime Levine, Catherine Lundoff and her partner, Jana. The exhibit is huge, taking over several additional galleries and the center court. I recommend it.

Anne & Jaime decided to find their own way back to the hotel, but Jana and Catherine had a little free time, so on the way back I drove by some interesting places and we went to Arthur Bryant's for lunch. They seemed impressed by the huge quantities of well smoked meat and French fries cooked in lard.

Saturday afternoon was the Nebula Business meeting. Mostly good news and it ended on an upbeat note. The most positive business meeting of the last 5 I attended.

Both Friday and Saturday had roundtable discussions on a variety of subjects, including "Publishing in Russia" with literary agent, Alex Korzhenevsky, "Self-Promotion" with Steve Miller, "The Role of the Independent/Small Press in SF/F Publishing" with five independent or small press representatives, and "The State of Short Fiction" with most of several short fiction editors participating. These panels were a new feature at a Nebula Weekend. Another first was a 16 page program book which was funded through local advertising.

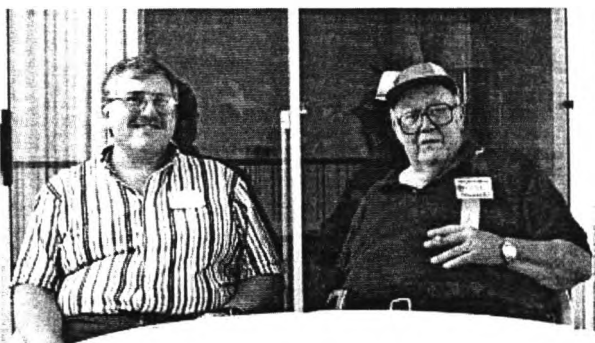
Saturday night was the reception and banquet. I got to sit with Robin and Diana Bailey SFWA Officers Howard Hendrix, ElizaBeth Gilligan and Lois Tilton, Eleanor Wood (SFWA Literary Agent), Esther Friesner and her husband WJ. All the big wigs and me:-) And it was a good location for photography.

The women were beautiful (I like seeing folks dress up). Esther did a great job as the Brave Little Toastmistress. Robin gave her a brief partial strip tease and lap dance when he went up to accept for the dramatic Nebula winner.

The SFWA logo ice sculpture added a nice touch of class. So did this year's awards. They are a little different each year and turned out particularly well this time.

Prior to the awards, Gardner Dozois gave a touching tribute to SFWA founder Damon Knight (who passed away two weeks before), and Tom Doherty presented a special President's Award to Betty Ballantine.

The Nebula Awards were each presented by tag-team pairs of editors.



Keith Stokes and Howard Devore at the 2002 Midwestcon.

Only one winner was present, Catherine Asaro, but she was so happy with her win and looked like a princess!

Then on to Hospitality until the wee hours.

Sunday morning I put the Awards' photos online then packed the van. I drove Betty Ballantine, her son and Tom Doherty to the airport, then returned to the hotel to pick up Joe Haldeman, Gay Haldeman and Rusty Hevelin for sightseeing.

We visited the Steamboat Arabia museum in the City Market, then had lunch at Winslows Smokehouse and shopped in the oriental market. Then on to Harrah's casino where Joe, Gay and I all lost money at Blackjack. I wagered the least so I lost the least.

Just before we left, we put \$10 each into a pool to play one time in a \$1 machine. They had done this several times at other casinos and Rusty put the pressure on me, saying they had always made some money with the pool. We ended up with \$42, so we cleared 50 cents each and my reputation wasn't hurt.

Back at the hotel, we talked in the lobby bar for a while, then had supper at the adjacent Kabuki restaurant with Laurel Winter. Really a fun meal.

The whole day was great. Joe and Gay are always fun and although I had been around Rusty several times before, this was our first time to talk at length and get to know each other.

They all kept thanking *me* for taking the time to show them around!! :-)

I got home about 10:30p.m. Tired but happy. I had a *very* good weekend. In my biased opinion, this was the most enjoyable Nebula Awards Weekend of the 5 I have attended.

Eastercon

March 29-April 1, 2002

Report by Keith Stokes

The 2002 Eastercon returned to St. Helier in the Channel Islands. I have wanted to visit this area since receiving a post card sent by Jan van 't Ent from the 1993 Eastercon on Jersey.

My trip began with five days in London packed with four shows, several tours, visits to the Tower of London, Greenwich, British Museum, bookstores, churches and everything else that could possibly be squeezed in.

The British Science Fiction Association monthly meeting at the Rising Sun Pub was one of the highlights. Only about 10 people attended, since many folks were already gone to Jersey, but it still was great fun, with good food, drinks and conversation. Seattle author Bridget McKenna attended and it was well that I met her there as I never saw her in St.



Helier. Others in attendance included BSFA Treasurer Paul Hood and authors Cherith Baldry and Molly Brown.

Eastercon is the British National SF Convention. Helicon 2 was held March 29 - April 1 at the Hotel de France, a repeat of the of the 1993 location. Many organizers and participants arrived the weekend before, but I didn't fly down until Thursday afternoon before the convention.

Registration was scheduled to be open that afternoon and I hurried to get to hotel before registration was scheduled to close at 6 p.m. But signs indicated that registration would open at 6 p.m. instead of close then. The lobby had perhaps 20 or 30 fans, so it seemed like a reasonable wait. It turned out that only people who's last names began with letters from the first part of the alphabet would get to register on Thursday night.

After waiting for an hour or so and learning that there would be no chance for a person named "Stokes" to register that night, I headed out to see a bit of St. Helier and have dinner.

Returning to the hotel, I headed to the bar where one of the first persons I saw was Jan van 't Ent. We caught up on each other's lives and I met some of his friends from Europe.

Friday during the day, I took a ferry to France and had a wonderful time in Saint-Malo. Returning to the Hotel de France in the early evening, I learned that registration was closed for the night. Con Operations gave me my badge, but none of the other material could be picked up until Saturday.

The convention was going strong and I split my time between the convention (cash) bar and fan programming. I attended the Brian Stableford interview and the TAFF auction. The highlight of the auction was the caricatures being drawn during the auction by Sue Mason.

There were no parties and I called it a night around 11 p.m.

Saturday morning was spent sightseeing on Jersey, with the afternoon back at the convention. The dealers room was pretty attractive, but my suitcases were already going to be overfull and I resisted temptation. The art show was quite small, few artists had arranged to bring their work over from the rest of the UK.

My favorite panels were Harry Turtle-dove's Guest of Honor Interview, and Evaluating Sources with Laura Frankos and a couple of UK authors. I particularly enjoyed the book auction, in which they were selling

small groups of books about every 45 seconds. I picked up three UK editions of James Gunn's work, which made my suitcase almost impossible to close.

Programming ended fairly early to allow folks to change for the banquet. Most people were dressed very nicely for a fine meal which included chicken liver and *foie gras* parfait, champagne sorbet, braised rump of lamb with navarin vegetables, parmesan mash, chocolate desserts, coffee and truffles. The banquet was noisy enough that it was hard to follow the conversations on the far side of my table, but I got to know a UK fan attending only his second convention, John O'Donnell and his delightful wife, June.

The program included a toast to the Queen Mum, who had passed away earlier in the weekend.

Following the banquet, it was time to return to the convention bar. There were rumors that there would be a party in the wee hours of the night, but with my flight off Jersey scheduled for 7 a.m. (6 a.m. after they changed to "summer time" that night!) I needed to quit around midnight.

My three flights on Easter all were smooth. The best part was crossing over southern Greenland. It was spectacular, but I don't think I would care to see it any closer than I did from the airplane.



Priscilla and Mark Olson at 2002 Midwestcon. Photo by Keith Stokes.

Maxed-Out Maxims

Instant Message #714 reported Mark Olson's modest suggestion that NESFA adopt as its official motto "We Might Need That" or "Don't Throw That Away." Mark's sentiment was soon refined by the Rules Committee into formal Latin - *Forsan illo egebimus* - and after further silliness voted in by the membership in February.

The question that springs to my mind is: wouldn't it have been in the spirit of the motto to keep Mark's English version, too? After all, they might need that - to translate the Latin one!

[[Introduction: Those who have lived through a great swath of history can take it for granted that "everyone" knows the things they've seen. When a fan asked a Ditto committee about the old days of ... 1980... Taral realized this was a golden chance to capture some fanhistorical knowledge in an article so it could be passed on to many more than the fan who posed the original question. Special acknowledgement to Garth Spencer who published this article first. Taral and I believe it also will be enjoyed by readers seeing it for the first time in File 770.]]

Tom Turrutin -- Here's a question, maybe you or your Ditto crowd might be able to help me. I'm wondering what some of the "benchmark" events in zines have been, from 1980 to today. Like... did photocopying suddenly become cheaper and easier to do at some point? What was the impact of computers, home printers and word processing? Postal rates? Social trends? I'm looking for this kind of info to help with my timeline project.

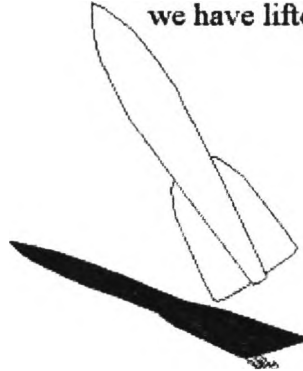
It might be well to start by saying that the word *fanzine* itself is an invention of SF fandom. Before Russ Chauvenet coined it in 1946, the word was *fanmag*, hinting at the original nature of the beast. Russ, by the way, is still very much among the living.

The first zines were attempts to publish a professional magazine in all but name. Hence, it was the preserve of hobbyists with the income to pursue an expensive pastime, or printers with their own press in the basement, or could use the boss's shop in his spare time. In those days the publisher/editor would pay as much as he could for articles by "name" writers, and even commission artwork. Sometimes they paid as well as the actual prozines. More usually the payment was nominal, or just in copies. In a real way, this was the proto-zine era.

By the mid or late 1930s, a lot of younger pulp magazine readers who also, perhaps, knew of the amateur zines (generally published by older men), and wanted to do it too. Of course, they didn't have the money for letterpress. My guess is they turned to a technology they learned at school. No less than Harry Warner Jr. disagrees with me on this point, but I've seen, I have examples of high school magazines published by students. Clearly they used the school mimeograph to do it, and some of them must have borrowed the technology to publish SF zines too. A few turned to ditto if nothing else was available from school. Fewer still had to settle for hektography, but it was never at any time a common means of pubbing your ish.

The Fanzine Tool Kit by Taral Wayne

Convention to Con José-
we have liftoff!



Mimeo zines, of course, have many limitations. No attractive bookfaces -- only whatever a typewriter gave you. This was almost always 12 point Courier. I've seen some interesting variations, but they were exceptions to the rule. Forry Ackerman was known for his individualistic typewriter font. Another limitation was illustration. Some faneditors got around it by pasting in photos, or by having no illos. But most traced art onto the wax mimeo stencil using a battery of special implements.

There were simple styluses for free-hand drawing, other loop-shaped ones for ruling straight lines, and some with spoked wheels for ruling dotted lines. (I have a nice collection of them.) Another graphic aide was the shading plate. Using a stippled plastic sheet under the stencil, a spoon-shaped stylus rubbed the pattern into the wax. Most important was the lettering guide. Using a tiny, pointed stylus head, you could scratch a large variety of different typefaces onto the stencil for article headers, or put a title on the cover art.

The natural effect of this technology was to favor simple, outline art. Large black areas could only be done by substituting grey dotted areas with a shading plate. Not everyone had such an array of mimeo stencil tools, though, or frankly lacked the talent to use them, so simple outline art was far more common.

The first real fanzines in my opinion, are creatures of the 1930s. Their prototypes existed a decade earlier, but as I said, they were

really attempts at making imitation promags. Almost parallel with the movement of fan pubbing to a younger body of less reverent fans, came a shift from leaned articles and professional fiction to more informal material. The editors had no real hope of selling their zine to enough subscribers to make money, so there was no real need to publish saleable material. The real fanzine was self-indulgent from the get-go. Of course, no one really thought this out -- book reviews, articles on the genre, and bad fiction by the editors and their friends continued to be published along with the new "fannish" stuff. World War II pretty much brought the old sercon fandom to an end, and older fans returning from the war generally had better things to do than pub their ish. Younger fans mostly opted for the fannish school, being more savvy from the start, and knowing fun when they saw it. The fannish model of the zine was a mature art-form by the late 1940s.

No coincidence that most of the BNF's and legendary zines valued by fannish collectors date from that time or later.

Things didn't change much over the next two decades. Occasionally someone had money and offset his zine, and there were still zines that some middle-age man typeset in his basement, and every other possibility. But the vast majority of zines were mimeographed -- less often dittoed, although apazines perhaps more often.

The first real change came in the 1960s. An expensive and limited form of electrostenciling existed as far back as the 1930s, I believe. Easily available, good quality electrostenciling seemed to have arrived much later though. I can't be sure when, but if fanzines are a reflection of the technology, than I'd have to say the transition was in the mid or late 1960s, when more zines had more complex art. Lines were no longer spidery tracings, but could indulge in brush-like swoops and variations of thickness. Solid areas were suddenly possible. While there were notable titles through most of the 1950s that boasted thoughtful lay-out and attractive illustration, they were still limited to the possibilities of stylus, shading plate, and lettering guide. With the electrostencil, simple outline work by Bjo Trimble and Bill Rotsler were joined by more visually enriched art by Tim Kirk, Alicia Austin, Derek Carter, Joe Pearson, Randy Bathurst, James Shull and many others. More faneds than ever before began to experiment with layout and graphics.

About the same time this was happening, the old manual typewriter finally evolved into higher life-forms. At first it was just the electric. Dating as far back as to the 1950s, this cut a stencil that looked no different from the manual. It was so much easier than the old spring-loaded rat-trap, that the job of

pubbling one's ish was greatly simplified. It would be interesting to speculate that the average length of fanzines increased at this time, but it would be no more than a guess. IBM Selectric's made the first *visible* difference in the 1970s. With interchangeable "golf balls" you could use numerous type faces and fonts on the same page, without removing it from the machine, the inevitability of registration errors, or risk of damaging the stencil. Zines like *Energumen*, *Simulacrum*, and *Outworlds* typify the Selectric's use.

About the same time, cheap paper plates and subsidized university print shops brought the price of offset down to where more people could afford it. In the late 1960s, entirely offset zines were appearing, and offset covers were a commonplace. By the early 1970s, there were many offset zines -- *Trumpet*, *Outworlds*, *Wild Fennel*, *Prehensile*, *Riverside Review*, and many more. Most reentered the realm of subscription sales, professional or semi-pro content, and academic purposes, but not all. Offset covers on even fannish zines were standard, offset folios common. But still, most zines continued to mimeo the inside pages.

Although photocopiers weren't hard to find, up to the middle 1970s the technology was still rather crude. Many copiers used rolls of one-sided paper that was coated and oddly pinkish or grey. It wasn't cheap either. Ten cents in those days bought an 8 ounce bottle of Coke, or a regular bag of chips. I didn't really see large numbers of xeroxed zines until the late 1970s. By that time, the cost was relative to the index of inflation more reasonable, and the need for special stocks of paper had vanished. Even so, finding a xerox machine that could copy any area of black larger than the end of a pencil was still hard. Anything larger faded in the middle. Early xeroxes almost always picked up paste-up lines, however carefully columns or illos were stuck to the page. Because of this, most early xeroxed zines looked like hell. Fans who cared how their products looked didn't tend to use this technology for several more years. The ones who did, generally demonstrated no scruples about the blotches and errant lines accompanying columns of type. And since no self-respecting artist wanted their work ruined, xerox zines actually reverted to simple outline fillos again. Or used clip-art, ding-bats, and other devices acceptable only to a deranged mind. Never mind what it looked like, you could shoot xeroxed print down to a two column layout, and that saved the editor money.

It was most likely in the mid 1980s that copiers had improved to the point that there was no reason not to use them. Many offices and work-places had one that could be used after-hours, free if you were lucky. If not so

lucky, you could find a copy shop that did good work at an affordable price. Some quite attractive zines were appearing that were entirely photocopied.

The golf-ball reigned supreme for just a few years, and in the late 1980s began to be challenged by the electronic typewriter. This was an interim technology -- an otherwise ordinary electric typewriter with a small memory. It enabled the user to type a line, or several lines, then correct them for typos before the machine committed them to paper (or stencil). Before these really caught on, though, the inevitable logic of the digital revolution made them obsolete. A few people began experimenting with word processors.

Most were using computers like Commodore 64's, Co-Co's, Atari's and XT's to create a print out that was xeroxed to actually publish the zine. One variation that I experimented with myself was to use my 128's printer to cut a wax stencil. As the 1990s dawned, more and more people acquired more and more computing power and could edit entire zines in virtual reality before printing out a word.

Logically, this should have resulted in very elaborately designed zines. But oddly, it didn't. The necessary interest in and skills at graphic design weren't there. Not that there weren't and aren't some very attractive looking word-processed/xerox or electrostenciled zines. But they tend not to exploit the full possibilities of the technology, and frankly the art of the fanzine has never again reached the levels it enjoyed in past peaks. (One from the late 1950s to early 1960s, another from maybe 1970 to 1980.) At least not in terms of being all that they could be.

Perhaps one reason for this was a philosophical one, rather than technological. Through the late 1970s, British zines enjoyed a particular vogue. All the best fanwriters seemed to be British, and many of the best zines from the U.K. Many of those most highly regarded looked like crumpled newspapers folded over twice and stapled badly. It became a sort of maxim that spending time and effort on appearance was counter-productive, and that the written content was all that mattered.

The Britzines probably fueled a counter-movement in early 1980s zines, spearheaded by Ted White and his friends. Although Ted had been one of the most able graphic artists of the late 1950s, in the 1980s he introduced the "snappy little fan mag." It was neat and attractive, but the written content clearly dominated Ted's thoughts. Lavish graphics and an emphasis on art cost more to xerox, and the more pages the more it cost to mail. The prestige that large elaborate zines of the past still enjoyed at that time, was actually counter-productive in the new view, because it slowed down communication and interac-

tion. Likely as not, the trend was reinforced by postal rates that had been escalating almost exponentially for several years.

When I was doing my first zines, I could mail a ten or fifteen page zine for just six cents. By end of that decade it took maybe half a buck. In the early 1980s, when I was coming to the end of my career as a faned, it cost a buck, and a full size genzine cost up to \$2. I'm pretty sure postal costs rose well above the rate of general inflation. When Ted White started doing his snappy little fanmags it was probably the most sensible adaptive response to expenses that were getting higher and higher, and increasingly beyond the means of more and more fans.

Short, frequent zines were not entirely an innovation, of course. They had existed in several guises since nearly the beginning. And they exist still. That particular manifestation was a fad that didn't outlive the decade though. Small zines today aren't necessarily frequent, not do they exhort feedback or interaction to the same degree. They're apt to be up-dates of the editor's life, or his reading list, rather than topic humor and gossip. Longer genzines are still the mainstay of fanzine fandom. However, in the last 20 years they really haven't changed much in appearance, style, or content. If the possibilities of the computer revolution are nigh endless, I'd have to say that fanzine fandom has used it mainly as a convenience, and let possibilities go largely unrealized.

Tomorrow promises to bring us the on-line fanzine. What I think of this, I'm not sure. Those e-zines I've seen are appealing enough to look at, but I don't like scrolling around and clicking on a series of windows to get to what I want to read. As well, not everyone has the latest hi-rez technology to read them, something not enough web-site creators seem to be aware of when picking ten point fonts for their text.

But more than that, there seems a philosophical sea-change I'm slow to accept. A fanzine is a set-piece. Once it's stapled together, that's what it is, for all time. Further issues may continue this or that graphic device, but nevertheless it's entirely different from every issue before, and all issues after. E-zines don't seem like unique *objet d'art*. The frames and windows stay the same from "issue" to "issue" and the content flows through it like water from a tap. It can be argued that there are no issues, only a continually changing stream of content. Marshall McLuhan would be proud, no doubt. I can't help feeling, though, that it's just not "publishing" -- it's media, like TV.

And one wonders what the future of the written word will be when it's television.

The Fanivore

Allan D. Burrows

I finally finished F770:141.

[[I feel the same way about F770:142!]]

Having known Taral since sometime around OSFiC's demise, (and liked him for slightly less), I was glad to hear that his talent has finally gained him commercial success. Yet he's never been recognized by fandom, which is too bad, really. He's contributed so much good art to so many fanzines. Perhaps in 2003 he'll finally get his rocket; and in his home town, so that he'll surely be there to accept it.

Bravo also to Lloyd Penney on getting the nod from Fears For Ears. It's not such a surprise, though, when you consider that he also volunteers with Voiceprint, a non-profit company that reads newscasts for the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. (Friendly, bubbly and has a great voice!) I don't suppose it hurt, though, that he knows most, if not all, of the writers whose works he'll be reading.

I was *most* interested to read Francis Hamit's analysis of the 9-11 incident. It's good to hear an expert opinion now and then. Three of his comments stood out in my mind.

I was surprised to learn that the radical left is all about pacifism... but then, it's your radical left, not mine that he was discussing, so I'll have to take his word for it.

Mr. Hamit is not alone in his assessment of the libertarian right, however. I heard on the radio not long ago from someone whose interests move him to work against globalization and he said much the same thing; that these same people who so firmly preach the inevitability of international trade laws superseding national civil rule came crying home to Big Daddy Government when the twin towers got knocked down. (Not, you understand, that I have anything against trade *per se*, but even Adam Smith didn't have unalloyed faith in the free market if you read his works.) (Oh, and those were not his exact words but I feel that they capture his intent.) Multinational corporations, powerful as they are, do not keep standing armies!

And that's just as well; imagine Bill Gates *literally* conquering the world!

I regret, however, that I must quibble with Mr. Hamit's assertion that, because of 9-11, "...the world will be a different, less careless place from now on." In fact, I would



suggest, the world will be pretty much the same place that it was before. It's America that will be different; more anxious and more defensive.

Other than these, I must admire the gentleman's knowledge and insight. My Tilley is off to him!

E. B. Frohvet

Under ordinary circumstances, the spectacular full color cover by Alan White would be worthy of special praise. However, it pales in comparison to the Real Thing, the wondrous Sierra Grace (which I guess the artist would freely admit.) It seems an odd coincidence that many of the recent additions to fandom have been female – the same is true of Steven Silver's new family member, July Wall and Brin McLaughlin have discovered new nieces in the past year, too.

Personally, I might have found some interest in the Corflu programming that Ted White brushes off with an indifferent sentence or two. Of course, it is for Ted to report on the aspects of the con which interested him... One observes that in a separate report

on the same event, Martin Morse Wooster states, "A panel on whether fannish and sercon fanzine fans could get along was spoiled by there being no sercon fen in the room (except for me)." Huh. You think maybe there might be a reason for that, Sir?

My knowledge of the 2002 Worldcon and its committee is small, but it seems to me gutless to attack someone behind his back – especially anonymously. A gentleman sends his seconds to call...

I wonder if Marie Rengstorff considered the option of sitting on her porch with a shotgun and blasting at any dogs setting paw on her property? (If the lady does not know where to buy shells loaded with rock salt instead of lead or steel shot, any well equipped master gunsmith could specially load it for her.) This might well wind her up in court, but almost certainly not in jail. Conversely, she could have filed suit against the local police charging they were failing to fulfill their duty to protect the public. Or both.

Alan White's piece on page 24 reminds me of the late Baltimore restaurant, Haussner's (mentioned by Darrell Schweitzer in his Worldcon report in, as I recall, *Fosfax*.) The bar still had on the door "Gentlemen Only" and the bar was decorated with dozens of nude paintings. On the last occasion on which I went there before it closed, the lady who was my companion saw the sign, the hackles went up, and nothing would do but that we have a drink in the bar. Somewhat to her disappointment, no one objected to that, and the bartender was a woman!

Joseph T. Major

File 3:30 A.M.: Just think of all the time you no longer waste on sleeping, when after being awakened for the morning feeding you can do a little fanac.

Children don't seem to have slowed down Knarley and Letha Welch. In fact, I saw them at LoneStarCon with a child younger than Sierra was when the issue came out. So you can do it. (Wish I had got a picture of the little one with Jack Williamson, spanning the

age range of the con.)

As I mentioned, I have relatives named "Arwen", "Strider", and other odd names: "Brook Star", "Sydney Brooklyn," "Lexxi." Not to mention a ten-year-old boy and a five-year-old girl who are both "Madison Major." And then there was the cousin who, quite legitimately, calls his computer consulting firm "Edgar Cayce Consultants."

Kramer Trial Delayed: If he's guilty he should be punished. If he isn't, he shouldn't be. However, there are a lot of people out there for whom (especially in this sort of case) indictment is equivalent to conviction. Never mind the ones who seem to think that All Fandom is co-conspirators in the matter.

Con-Version 18: A note in this morning's *Wall Street Journal* explained the current slump in private satellite launches. In spite of the dreams of quarreling space dreamers, it was not Wicked NASA that killed the business. It was fiber-optic cable. Fiber-optic provided the bandwidth and volume that satellites were supposed to offer, for less. So private satellite launching languished.

Con-Version 18: The Truth Is Out There: It was more obscurantism than luck that made "Lee Harvey Oswald's lucky shot." Kennedy Assassination researchers assumed that Kennedy and Connally were sitting straight and looking forward and of course the bullet tracks were impossible. However, putting them in the poses they were in when they were hit shows a quite different result. This seems to be rather the opposite of pattern recognition. We might get into "memetics," or how certain false ideas are apparently unkillable.

Con-Version 18: Conventions Past, Present, And Future: We have seen the future and it is Creation. Given the relative standings of media and literary SF, such a passive reaction ("an SF convention was something you paid admission to and sat back to watch bit-part actors do a question-and-answer session") seems to be certainly the more commonplace.

Con-Version 18: Guest of Honor Speeches: The most science fictional moment was when half the audience reached for their pockets or purses for their cell phones. The most fannish moment was when said audience turned them off. In a mundane audience, at least one, and more likely three to five, of those people would immediately have taken the phone and made a call, talking AS LOUDLY AS POSSIBLE to show how important he (she) was.

Bouchercon 32: This seems to be evolving towards a professional convention -- not in the sense of professionally run, but in the sense of one where professionals meet to sell books, take professional seminars ("Different Quirks for Your Detective, or: What Do You Do When There Are Already Five Series with Lesbian Albino African-American Psychic Nun Detectives?"), and so on.

The Fanivore: You're a Twisted Man, Mr. Potter: The complaints about *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* winning the Best Novel have the same force as those regarding the No Award Ad. As you know, of the thirty-one signers of that ad, only five had nominated a fanzine at all. Had they all nominated one, it would have been on the ballot. Objections to *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* winning the Best Novel Hugo by those who didn't vote, didn't nominate lack a certain utility. (Personally, I felt a little uneasy about voting for it but in comparison to the competition.)

[[Your arithmetic is right when you say that the 31 signers of the No Award ad could have just as easily collaborated to get their nominees on the Hugo ballot. But if the pluralism observed in FAAn Award voting is any guide there may not have been a consensus among them as to the best fanzines of the year. Maybe they wouldn't have been able to agree what zine should be bloc voted onto the ballot?]]

I have run across a comment attributed to Ms. Rowling that she didn't care about getting the Hugo. Can anyone source this?

Buffy the Trufan Saviour: Yes, I expect they will complain if *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's* [sic] *Stone* wins the BDP Hugo. There was a program item on Buffy every day at the Worldcon.

Overseas Adoptions: A cousin of mine has adopted two Chinese girls; a cousin of Lisa's has adopted one. Since Lisa's cousin lives in Hopkinsville and mine lives in Oregon, I see a lot more of little Amie Joy than I do of Zoë Fu Li and Ivy Fu Huihong. Amie seems well acculturated, though she does wear a lot of Mulan gear...

Excuse Me!: I got this suspicious letter from something calling itself "Internal Revenue Service" and did they really raise a fuss!

Craig Miller

Regarding Henry Welch's LoC and his question about the Rockets Blast and the Comics

Collector. At one point in time these were two separate publications, one called "The Rockets Blast" and the other called "The Comic Collector." I don't know how long they were published separately but by the late '60s or early '70s they'd merged into one called The Rockets Blast & Comic Collector, more frequently referred to as simply *The RBCC*. G.B. Love was the initial editor of *RBCC* who later turned it over to James Van Hise.

Lloyd Penney

Hi, Dad! Our greetings and congratulations to you, Diana, and Sierra. Did you ever imagine all this for yourself ten years ago? I think that's one reason why we enjoy SF as much as we do...the future is full of surprises we can but try to predict.

A marvelous cover for thish... Alan White's work is a wonderful introduction to your little girl. My experience in lacking in this area, but IMHO, the idea of an open adoption will be greatly beneficial for everyone. Your family has become larger by at least Sierra and her birth mother, and the more parents there are to raise a child, the better. Then, of course, with local fandom, she'll suddenly have more aunts and uncles than she'll know what to do with.

As distressing as the cause of the Ed Kramer trial may be, the menacing flames constantly licking in various Usenet areas is equally distressing. No one can possibly defend the actions of a pedophile... I do not prejudge Mr. Kramer here, but obviously, others have already acted as judge and jury, and are more than willing to act as executioner. Some have objected online to these thinly-veiled threats, but the flames rise again and again after a while.

Yes, friendly, bubbly me, Mr. Congeniality. (I'm sure my boss, and more than a few friends, will cock an eyebrow at that description...) The Fears for Ears CD isn't out yet, but all the authors of the stories have received their contributor's copies, which caused Roberta van Belkom to say to me at a gathering, "So, you're the cop in 'The Rug'!" It took me some minutes to figure out what she was talking about, but yes, I played the role of the policeman in Edo's short story "The Rug." When the CD is released for general sale, I'll put the word out. And good news about the Illegal Alien screenplay... according to Michael Lennick, Dr. Penney was written back into the final version, and it's being shopped around, looking for someone to buy it and start shooting. Michael knows I'd like to perform the role of Dr. Penney, so I'm hoping that the movie is shot locally so, as I've said before, I can take Tuckerization to the next level.

I've discovered the extremely detailed Locus Index to SF Awards, and just how many awards we hand out to ourselves. One award that isn't on that list are the FAAn Awards. I've yet to see a complete list of winners. I know that Andrew Hooper and Victor Gonzales can probably compile a list of modern-day winners, but those who won them in the 60s and 70s...who are they, and can we put that list together, too? Mike Glicksohn still has his FAAn Award trophy on his mantelpiece, right beside his Hugo.

Don Bassie's Made In Canada webpage may be new to US fandom, but it's been around for some years now. I produce a convention listing page for the site (Lloyd's Canon List), and I'm working on a new list, which should appear RSN.

So many deaths...as Dick Geis said so long ago, no one wants to write an obitizine, but if you're going to report on the happenings of fandom, you've got to report on those who have passed on, and there's a lot.

We've seen *Lord of the Rings: Fellowship of the Ring*, too. Who hasn't? I think Peter Jackson did a marvelous job of translating the book to the screen, and made the necessary cuts and changes to make the story work on screen. Besides, in this still-homophobic age, what would modern audiences think of a green-clad Tom Bombadil cavorting through the sward? In the first read, the hobbits' stay with Bombadil and his wife was entertaining, but in a movie, it's just as well he was cut.

Yvonne and her two sisters were in Hawaii five years ago, and Yvonne spoke with some native Hawaiians, who spoke of their disgust with American mainlanders who come to their islands, take away their handicrafts and scatter garbage everywhere. There is a small but active Hawai'ian separatist movement as a result. What we call Civilization is encroaching everywhere, and hardly anywhere is there a patch of land unspoiled.

While we can smile at Bob Tucker's tongue-in-cheek appeal to repeal the law of gravity, I'd like to know how many people have actually contacted their congressman in these anti-foreigner, ultra-patriotic, mildly idiotic days post-9/11. I would imagine the phrase "alien law" would get a number of Americans upset, no matter the reference.

Dale Speirs' detailed Con-Version report mentions that one neofan needed to be told what a Worldcon was, and what literary cons and volunteerism were all about. Unfortunately, there's lots of those neofen about, but it's not their fault. We all had to learn, in spite of the fact few wanted to teach us. There's fewer of each these days. However, this neofan may have been lured into unfamiliar territory with the convention hosting Dirk Benedict (Starbuck from *Battlestar Galactica*) as the media GoH.

Harry Warner has debts to fanzine fan-

dom? If anything, I'd say the fandom owes a huge debt to him. I wish you had come to the Philadelphia Worldcon, Harry... George Scithers ran a panel on trains and subways, and we had a great time talking about our respective transit systems. There were four of us in the front row (Yvonne, myself, Peter Dougherty, Steve Carey) wearing conductors caps with various transit insignia. Lots of us are subway fans; a few in Toronto are involved with preservation societies that run steam locomotives for the public's enjoyment.

Joy V. Smith should continue to check out Graeme Cameron's Canfancylopedia on his website. It grows continuously. I have some holidays coming up, and one thing I'd like to do is go through my fanzine collection, which, of course, has a lot of Canadian stuff in it, and write up additions to it, and e-mail them to him. A little fanhistorical preservation.

Henry Welch

Congratulations on the adoption. I hadn't realized that you were looking, but that is the sieve that my mind is sometimes. The magic formula for infants that my wife and I discerned from out tea leaves is that when they reach about 10 pounds in weight they will sleep for about a six hour stretch. These hours are, of course, at their schedule and we at best managed about 9pm-3am.

I enjoyed seeing the MilPhil fan art material again. I wish there had been more notice so that a more thorough collection of material could have been arranged. Given modern repro this could even have become somewhat of a travelling exhibit with a special section for the nominees each year. My biggest gripe with the art show was the poor and harsh lighting. I ended up pulling my hat down to shade out distracting light in the exhibit hall.

Craig E. Engler

Congratulations on the adoption! Sierra is a beautiful child, and I wish the whole family all the best.

Was perusing *File 770:141* and, of course, took a keen interest in Tom Veal's column recommending candidates for the upcoming Best SF Web Site Hugo. I was pleased to see him give a nod to Science Fiction Weekly, but both amused and bemused by two of the comments he made in doing so, which I'll tackle one at a time.

The first is that in Science Fiction Weekly, "Books are not completely ignored." This is a comment we've run into a lot at SFWeekly, which I find perplexing because we actually give quite a bit of weight to books in our publication. Of course, we try to

cover every aspect of the genre, from books and films to toys and Web sites, so books are only one of the many things we look at, but they do get singled out for extra attention. We always cover at least two books in the Off the Shelf section of every issue, which amounts to 104 book reviews a year. That's twice the amount of coverage (or more) than we give to most other categories, such as games, anime, music, classics, cool stuff or Web sites. In fact the only other section that runs more reviews is On Screen, but that includes film, TV, video and DVD releases, which is kind of a 4-in-1 topic and tends to be a bit overfull because of that.

Plus John Clute, who we think is the foremost SF critic and scholar out there, covers a book (and sometimes two) in his monthly column. Figure that adds 16 more reviews a year and we're up to 120. Then, of course, we also cover books within our Classics section and our Cool Stuff section (where we primarily look at non-fiction SF), so you can probably add another 30 reviews a year to that tally, bringing us up to 150 book reviews a year, or almost one every other day! And that does not include our coverage of books in our interviews section (looking through our interviews I see we recently spoke with Ray Bradbury, Gene Wolfe, Charles de Lint and Richard Matheson...not bad!) or our News of the Week section. And all of our columnists--even the TV and science guys--are published SF novelists to boot!

So, far from not completely ignoring books, we actually pay them quite a bit of attention, for the same reason that you probably do too...we like them! And we like recommending good books to our readers. In fact, I'm not sure that any other general SF publication (i.e. one that covers all media, not just one type) out there, print or Internet, pays quite as much attention to books as we do.

The second comment Tom makes is that SFWeekly "contains news, articles and reviews focusing on what its parent regards as science fiction." I assume by "parent" he means the Sci Fi Channel (note the lack of hyphen...that was officially dropped a while ago). Interestingly, our "parent" really does not pay too much attention to how we define science fiction, as it is primarily concerned with how it itself defines science fiction, which is, in fact, a bit more broadly than we at SCIFI.COM and Science Fiction Weekly do. Truth be told, we are in most ways left up to our own devices as to how we define SF, since we cover a much broader spectrum of the genre than the Channel does. The ultimate arbiters of what Science Fiction Weekly regards as science fiction are the same arbiters it had back in 1995 when it was independently founded: the editor and, occasionally, myself if another opinion is needed.

In any case, I'm appreciative SFWeekly and Sci Fiction got nods from Tom as being worthy sites. I'll be as interested as the next fan (well, maybe a bit more so) to see how the Best SF Web Site Hugo shakes out and would love to see the medium up for consideration as a regular part of the Hugos, since it is such an active place for fandom. But first comes the battle over whether or not to split Best Dramatic Presentation into two categories, and if that goes through the ensuing battle of whether to trim a category or not, and then...

P.S. You gave the URL of Science Fiction Weekly as www.scifi.com/sfw/, which will indeed work, but it is also still reachable at www.scifiweekly.com, which I find easier to remember.

Jack Calvert

Thanks for sending *File 770:141*. I enjoyed it a lot, starting with the color cover. (The last general circulation fanzine that I saw was a couple or three decades age, so the high quality color artwork was a surprise.) (And congratulations on your new daughter.)

I liked the art section: a nice display of the variety of fan art.

And I found the item on the OED's gathering of science fiction terms interesting. My wife has been sending them citations for mundane words for a year or so. She found many early and long gap citations in my collection of *Unknown*, (including a back issue which the OED had been looking for) and also some from 1950s *Astoundings*. People who have collections of old fanzines have an opportunity here -- I think the OED would accept citations from fanzines, although they don't from the WWW.

I also appreciate the extensive con reports -- I'm hoping to get to more cons in the near future, and the reports give me an idea of what the various cons are like.

Marty Helgesen

Congratulations and best wishes for your daughter.

What I tell you three rhymes is /t/r/u/e a genre. You reported John Hertz's response to a statement that Darrell Schweitzer was the only person to rhyme "Cthulhu" in a limerick. Permit me to add:



Warp Nine and be quick, Mr. Sulu.
We must get away from Cthulhu.
We've made our escape,
And now we can jape,
But first I must visit the crew loo.

Cheryl Morgan

I'm extremely flattered that Tom Veal thinks my web site is a Hugo contender. However, in the interests of journalistic accuracy I should make a couple of comments about his piece.

Firstly, *Emerald City* is so named because I was living in Melbourne when I started it.

Melbourne gets rather more rain than most of Australia, and is thus the greenest city in the Land of Aus.

Also I'm rather gob-smacked at being described as Ultra-Left. Most of my friends in the UK and Australia (not to mention Berkeley where I work) regard me as a dangerous right-wing radical. I guess the political spectrum in Chicago must be a little different.

Gene Stewart

Should the Hugo be used to reward, or tribute, writers whose work brings in new readers for Imaginative escapism? Or ought it go to the best among the nominees as gauged by more literary standards?

Potter won by popularity, sure, because it was actually read. It's doubtful any other nominated book was read by as many of the voters.

They likely voted for *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* to show how worldly they felt themselves to be. Sad truth is, Hugo voters are people, or as close as fen can get.

Sorry to hear of Ron Salomon's collection being damaged by flood. I suggest he direct the recalcitrant insurance claims adjuster to eBay, where such works as he cites go routinely for amazingly high prices.

My brother was in Manhattan on 9/11 delivering and installing cabinets. He didn't see the impacts but witnessed, and filtered out of, the aftermath chaos, and was ill from the dust for awhile after.

As a member of the decrepit zine *Fantasy Rotator*, I'm struck by the entropy that has struck much of fandom after 9/11, and by the rebound many fen are making now that some time and space have passed.

So Jedi Knight is now an acknowledged religion in the UK, hm? Can't wait to see Prince Charles all decked out in *Dune* robes and so on.

What did Himself have to say at Philcon? Scithers is another member of *Fantasy Rotator*. In fact, he dragooned me, thus destroying my promising career as a *real* writer by imprinting me with the dreaded label "fanzine hack."

Best world con coverage ever, by the way.

Taral Wayne's covers are cute,



Sierra in Wonderland: AKA, Mommy's garden.

seductive, nearly risqué, and altogether FOX ready. When will we see his work animated alongside Futurama and Simpsons?

Marie Rengstorff

And congratulations on Sierra. My husband and I did something similar. We had two girls in long term foster care. One was the child of a child of 13. When the 13 year old mother was young, it was sort of like having three girls. When that mother grew up, she moved into the role of mother and we remained relatives, sort of like grandparents/aunt and uncle. Roy and I just naturally liked people and were not one bit bothered by the slight variation on standard family structure. After all, at the time, family structure was changing to single parent, mother-only families. We thought that extra family was better than that. You will find your own way and have fun with it also.

We Also Heard From

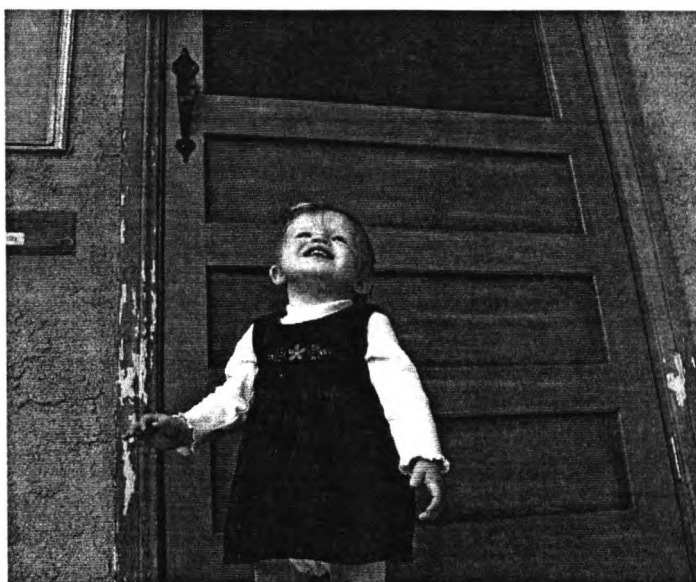
Bill Welden: Thank you very much for your comments on the Wired article. I have passed them on to the others. We don't really get much positive feedback on our work. Oh well, I knew the job was dangerous when I took it.

Allan Burrows: Sierra? *SIERRA?* You called your kid Sierra??? (Gee, that scans to the chorus from "They Call The Wind Maria"!)

Thank you for your coverage of the "Fellowship Of The Ring" movie. I'd hoped for a real expert's opinion and here you deliver two! (three including your own) I liked the movie myself, owing to the difference between how books and movies tell stories, I didn't expect it to be too faithful to the trilogy. I'm glad that you also thought it stayed pretty close. I wonder if your good wife's feeling that she was being smacked upside her head with momentousness came from all the thunderous, Williams-esque music. My compliments on the quote at the end of your 8th paragraph; you managed a quote within a quote within a quote and didn't lose or mix-up a single quotation mark. I admit that I had to examine the beginning of the sentence closely to count them all. Well done!

Joy V. Smith: Among all the news, there was the sad collection of obituaries, with an excellent tribute to Jack Haldeman. (I've seen him and his wife at Oasis conventions; she'll be there this year without him.)

I enjoyed the piece on seeing The Lord of the Rings movie and the interview with the reporter, with photos, including the postage



Sierra's "Door Into Summer."

stamps. (Thanks for pointing out -- re the ring replica -- that the letters are in Elvish, but the language is Mordor.) Interesting look at the fuss about the publication or lack thereof of the Tolkien language texts...

Thank you for the pages of illustrations from the Millennium Philcon Fan Art Display. And all the news and illos that filled this issue. I am awestruck by the fact that you did this all while staying up nights with the new baby.

Martin Morse Wooster: I'm sorry I didn't see you at Worldcon, but I did meet your charming daughter Sierra. She displayed her fine rolling skills in the lobby of the Fairmont Hotel. I serenaded her with Rolling, rolling, rolling, Keep that baby rolling!" Sierra then displayed her skills at Baby Fu with another baby who happened to be in the hotel at the time.

Janine Stinson: What a wondrously charming Alan White cover! You should frame a copy of it and hang it in Sierra's room. She is adorable -- I hope she's sleeping through the night now. Have you tried the ticking clock trick?

You may have already heard that Donald Franson died June 5 of heart failure. I'll be running tributes to and some articles about him and the N3F in the club's September 2002 zine.

This one was a great ish, crammed to the gills with "all the fannish news

that fits." Thanks for continuing to produce such a high-quality publication.

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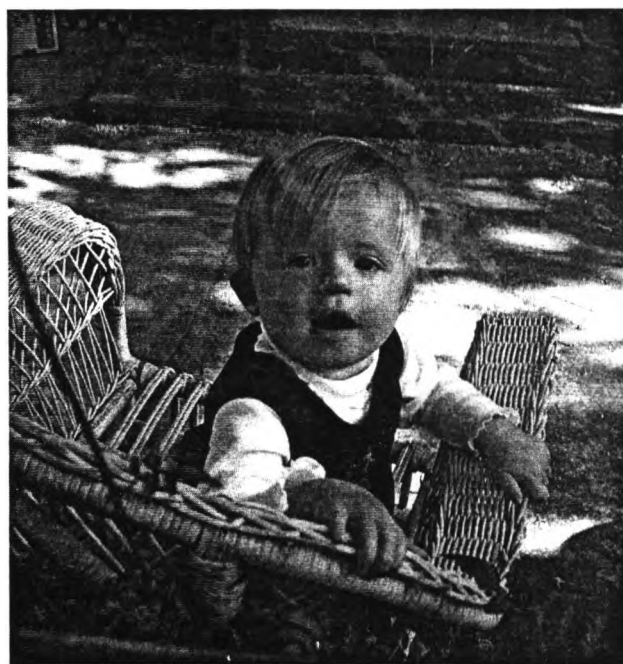
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Sierra, You Have The Conn: Warp factor three!



***"To the Future
and Beyond!"***