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Editorial Notes by Mike Glycer

Wild Kingdom: Even though the screen door is broken, we often open the sliding glass door to the patio to let in fresh air. We're willing to deal with the occasional flying bug. This spring is the first time we've had a problem with wild animals inviting themselves inside.

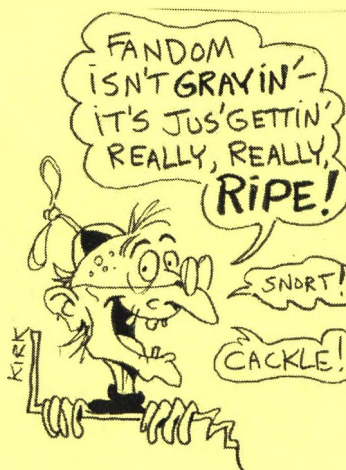
A sparrow came in and got stuck behind a drape. We ushered it out. A black cat that strolls through our garden once a day poked his head inside, then thought better of it. Diana woke up from a nap on the couch and startled a squirrel that had been regarding her from the middle of the living room floor.

The prize winner, however, was the bunny. It sniffed and hopped its way through the door until it caught Diana's eye. An unknown neighbor has a large, brown domestic bunny rabbit that frequently escapes captivity and devotes its freedom to wandering the perimeter of our house. Any number of times strangers have knocked at our door and kindly told us our bunny was loose. Which we doubtless would have wanted to know if he was ours. The bunny is revolutionizing neighborhood social life. It's an LA cliché that people here never know their neighbors, yet a man who had never ventured across the street to meet us before didn't hesitate to rush over and volunteer to help catch our bunny.

The bunny's adventure in our living room came right after Easter, and as Diana chased him out the back she said to the neighbors watching this over our fence, "Yes, he left three baskets of eggs and chocolate."

Sierra Grace: Sierra turned four in February, and our birthday girl received a toy store worth of presents from her relatives.

It astonishes me how kids' toys are pack-



aged these days. Sierra got a set of five very-long-haired dolls. They came inside a molded, see-through plastic shell, each bound to the cardboard liner by an aluminum wire around her neck and ankles. Her long hair was stitched to the backing.

Untying each successive doll, I started to have Mitty-esque visions that I was some FBI agent trying to free the five before Hannibal Lecter came back and something awful happened.

It makes Sierra's tea parties a welcome relaxation.

Loscon 2005: Last November at Elst's annual Loscon wine and cheese party, he informed everyone he is now the delighted grandpa of Rachel Sienna. "It'll be about two years 'til she can say it," he thought aloud. Elst showed off her baby pictures. This talk of babies also reminded him of a story from his pediatric practice, about a parent who was tattooed and pierced from head to toe, but couldn't bear to see her

child get a shot.

The next day I spent part of a quiet shift in the Fanzine Lounge reading an issue of Chaz's *A Bear Went Over the Mountain*. In his Noreascon Four report he wrote about the photo taken of past Worldcon chairs, and why I wasn't in it: "Mike Glycer went to bed early, which is why you don't see him in the picture...." It's nice to be missed, but honestly, I was actually getting off the plane in California at about the time they were taking the picture. I'd gone home on Monday so Diana would have one less night caring for Sierra alone.

In the same issue, he brought up the question "What is a trip report?" He was fine-tuning the definition used by SCIFI, the LA nonprofit fannish corporation, which pays a \$500 bounty to TAFF/DUFF/etc. when a trip report is published. Chaz didn't think that LiveJournal or blog entries qualified, saying that it had to be paper and land in SCIFI's post office box.

For any other purpose, I would think a trip report is defined by subject matter, not medium of distribution. Why doesn't SCIFI? SCIFI set the policy in 1984 to encourage more fan fund winners to write and publish reports, and at the time distribution through computer networks wasn't a factor. The demand for paper publication came in response to the example of Ken Fletcher/Linda Lounsbury's DUFF trip slide show which they presented at cons in the early 1980s. We wanted to encourage the wider and longer-lasting availability of trip reports in a paper format.

Now? I'm no longer in SCIFI, so I can only wonder if the group can be equally satisfied with a printout of a web page.

Chaz Gradually Restoring Internet Photo Galleries

Chaz Boston-Baden's empire of fannish digital photo galleries is making a comeback, eight months after the host's disk-controller failure blacked out such widely-used archives as Hazel's Picture Gallery and SCIFI's Fan Gallery.

Photographer Chaz Boston-Baden might have been under the influence of margarita Jello in 2004 when he complained, "Fans are dying faster than I can shoot them." Of course, really meant that he hated to miss a single chance to immortalize fellow fans in his online image collection.

Even this kind of immortality is risky without backups. That system was still in the planning stage when disaster struck last summer, turning all of the site's 29,140 photos into little red X's.

Chaz had the ruined disk drive run through a professional-grade recovery process, partly paid by fan donations to his website's maintenance fund. So far, Chaz has restored 9,303 photos to his galleries and he expects to get about 50% of his photos back.

Chaz explained in his LiveJournal, "I have a big stack of about a dozen data DVDs with gigabytes upon gigabytes of many thousand unlabeled, unnamed, untitled and undated JPEG files. Matching them back up to where they came from is a daunting task.... Unfortunately a large number of files appear to be corrupted; the good news is, it's something that usually can be removed in a few minutes with a binary file editor....Those minutes add up, though!"

[[Originally appeared at Trufen.net.]]

Knight of the Paper Spaceship

Leroy Kettle's fame in Britain originally came from naming "Ratfandom," from the biting humor of his fanzine, *True Rat*, and from his repeated victories in *Checkpoint's* annual poll, where he won Best Fanwriter in consecutive years (1975, 1976, 1977). Now the Queen of England has topped that heap of glory by making him an Officer of the British Empire, civil division, in her 2006 New Year's Honours.

Kettle is the only knight I have ever traded fanzines with. I'm a bit young to have traded for Sir Arthur C. Clarke's *Novae Terrae*, the zine he co-edited with William Temple back in the 1930s. But there's hope for more, because sf folks are being knighted at an ever-increasing pace.

Fans and writers connected with (or at least given the Hugo by) the sf community who have received royal honors over the years include: Arthur C. Clarke, Terry Pratchett (both in 1998, for "services to literature"); J.K. Rowling, Doris Lessing

(both in 2000); Brian Aldiss (2005, for "services to literature"); and Leroy Kettle, (2006, senior policy adviser on disability rights, Department for Work and Pensions).

Other honorees with an sf/fantasy connection can be Google-searched on the *Ansible* website. And who knows, next year will we be talking about – Sir Dave?

Aussies Ride Out Storm

On March 18 Cyclone Larry hit Australian coast, crossing the east coast of Queensland. It did great damage but in contrast to Hurricane Katrina, had little impact on fans. For example, the storm came ashore 400 km north of Eric Lindsay's and Jean Weber's home in Airlie Beach.

Eric writes, "Apart from a few gusts of gale force winds, and a power outage in one area, we were unaffected (well, apart from checking the storm track obsessively). Even the boats in Pioneer Bay were unaffected. Only one dragged anchor, and VMR [Volunteer Marine Rescue] saved it before it went aground."

Few fans reside near the affected area of rural North Queensland. Eric explained, "Fandom in Australia is a feature of cities, not country areas. Author Leanne Frahm is 150 km south of us at Mackay, which was not affected. Sharee Carton has a Dimbulah address. Although inland of Cairns, and not normally affected, Dimbulah did lose power for some time and had wind damage. Sharee is believed to have been working offshore at the time. I would imagine the boat she was on would not have stayed in the affected area, if it started there. No further details."

"The banana crop was hit hard, with perhaps 80% of the Australian crop destroyed (we can't import bananas due to disease problems with imports). A lot of sugar cane, avocados and mangos destroyed,

but avocados, and mangos can be imported and we normally get avocados from New Zealand. Backpacker tourism will be hit very hard. Many backpackers do fruit picking and farm work in the affected area to extend their cash. No crop, no jobs, no tourism. The actual tourism areas are mostly OK. Less damage to the Great Barrier Reef than anyone expected.

"The cyclone effects hit far inland also, right through the Atherton Tablelands and almost as far as the Gulf. The affected area is about half the size of Tasmania, so the cleanup is taking a lot of time. I expect the insurance payouts alone will be around A\$500 million, with total costs exceeding a billion."

Man Bites Dog

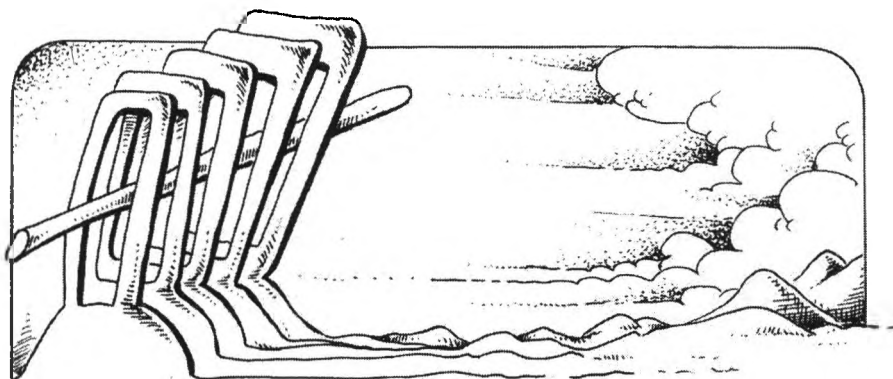
Fannish times have changed. Years ago, fans opening a bookstore was barely news. Now in the era of Amazon.com and megamall booksellers, whenever *anybody* opens a mom-and-pop bookstore their optimism is worth a headline. Especially when mom-and-pop are longtime Southern California fans Dwain and JoAnn Kaiser, whose Magic Door IV bookstore opened last June in the Arts Colony district of downtown Pomona, California.

Their bookstore has been well-received. November's *Campus Times*, a University of LaVerne student publication, featured the store in a highly complimentary article. (LaVerne is a small town bordering on Pomona.)

The article begins: "As you peer through the doorway, a long corridor of books appears before you and the crisp smell of the light brown wooden shelves along the walls invites you to stroll down the dark brown floor, choose a book and settle into a rocking chair. Nestled in the Arts Colony of



News of Fandom



MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE PROPOSAL NO 476

TITLE: "HEAD OF THE FOOTHILLS"

SCALE: DIDN'T I JUST SAY IT WAS "MONUMENTAL"?

ARTIST: © brad w. foster - 2004

downtown Pomona sits the little bookstore Magic Door IV. Even though it is about two meters wide, it attracts an array of book lovers with over 10,000 books neatly stacked on the shelves."

The most expensive book in the inventory is an autographed version of Ray Bradbury's first novel, retailing for \$3,000. Primarily, the store offers used books in good condition for half-cover-price. It's located at 155 W. 2nd Street, Pomona.

Freas Art Erased At Landmark Restaurant

The West Hollywood Palm Restaurant is famous for walls filled with celebrity caricatures. Plans to move the restaurant a short distance and save the art were reported in the April 13 Los Angeles Times:

"We are going to spend a lot of money," said co-owner Wally Ganzi, who estimates that the restaurant, which is relocating to have more space, has 2,300 caricatures. "It will be like a giant jigsaw puzzle. A tremendous amount will go into preserving the original artwork."

There's just one problem, if you're a fan – Kelly Freas' portion was already destroyed. Palm ownership painted over the walls of the back dining room, covering a Freas mini-mural showing *Mad Magazine's* Alfred E. Newman surrounded by a flock of dinosaurs in stunning color. Also lost was a huge crowd scene by Sergio Aragones, and wonderful cartoons by other artists.

Last and First Thumbs

Film critic Roger Ebert's days in fandom are still remembered by readers of his 1950s fanzine *Strymie*. More surprising is that Ebert remembers them, too. *Asimov's* recently published Ebert's fannish memoir that

warmly describes his time in fandom.

Ebert must have taken the inspiration for his title from those run-on story titles so often found in New Wave anthologies. It's called, "Thought Experiments: How Propeller-heads, BNFs, Sercon Geeks, Newbies, Recovering GAFIATors, and Kids in Basements Invented the World Wide Web, all Except the Delivery System." The last paragraph gives the flavor of his essay:

"But for the years of their existence, what a brave new world fanzines created! There was a rough democracy at work; no one knew how old you were unless you told them, and locs made it clear that you either had it or you didn't. First, of course, was the hurdle of getting your stuff accepted. When Lupoff or Coulson or Deckinger printed something by me, that was recognition of a kind that my world otherwise completely lacked. To look through these old pages of *Xero* even today, and find Harlan Ellison right about 'Psycho' when the world was wrong, and Blish taking on Amis, is to realize that in the mimeographed pages of a fanzine created in the Lupoff living room there existed a rare and wonderful discourse, and it was a privilege to be part of it."

Ebert also mentions the road trip he took to MidwestCon with Bob Tucker. Ken Keller says, "Bob has his own version of that trip with Ebert to MidwestCon. Perhaps he might be finally willing to commit it to print, to finally Tell All now that Ebert has gone public."

One can only hope.

FAAn Award Winners

The 2006 Fanzine Activity Achievement (FAAn) Awards were presented at Corflu 23 in Toronto.

Best New Fan: Chris Garcia

**Harry Warner, Jr. Memorial
(Best Letterhack):** Robert Lichtman
Best Fan Artist: Steve Stiles
Best Fan Writer: Claire Brialey
Best Fanzine: *Chunga!*

Awards administrator Murray Moore mistakenly announced *Banana Wings* as the winner at the Corflu banquet, then the next day discovered his own counting error, contacted the nominees involved, and issued a public correction.

The convention acclaimed Mike Glicksohn to be the Fan Writers of America's newest Past President. (As Ted White has explained, "The FWA has no current president, and never has had one. All of FWA's presidents are past presidents at the time of their selection.") Pat Virzi will host next year's Corflu in Austin, Texas, sometime before Easter.

Prairie Home Fanzine Collection

Two years ago, Mike Horvat set fandom abuzz when he advertised his massive fanzine collection for sale online, asking \$5,000 for the lot. No one met the minimum bid before Horvat was persuaded to withdraw them from sale by Rob Latham, a University of Iowa English professor who is also an editor of the journal *Science Fiction Studies*, a move that allowed the university to acquire the collection.

The quarter million items in the Horvat fanzine collection now live in a University of Iowa library. The collection even boasts its own webpage. Anyone interested can use the internet to follow the librarians' progress in unpacking and cataloging – admittedly limited so far:

"Only a small part of [the collection] has been organized -- or, indeed, at this point in time, even removed from packing boxes. Horvat had, however, moved the folders listed below into vertical file cases. On the collection's arrival in Iowa, we moved those folders to standard size boxes and transcribed the folder labels to compile this list with about 4,000 entries, the majority representing 'genzines' but including some apazines, prozines, and other print materials. Place of publication and descriptions of folder contents will be described as time permits."

The web page lists fanzine titles found in 73 boxes, a prodigious list, but one that it cautions "is not more than 12-15% of the entire collection."

The webpage may be found through:
<http://www.lib.uiowa.edu/spec-coll/>

The Joy of SF (and Fantasy!)

Joy V. Smith hopes you'll be interested in her short story, "Taking Tawny Home," online at Story Station: Story Station - Children's Stories & Young Adult Stories.

Also, when the Preditors and Editors Poll was finalized in January 2006, her short story, "Seedlings" (from *Magistria: Realm of the Sorcerer*) tied for #8 in the SF/Fantasy short story category. Her interview with Lyn McConchie (July 2005 issue of *Expressions*) similarly tied for #8 in the non-fiction article category.

Medical Updates

Alex Slate writes that he was hospitalized in San Antonio on January 17 for a neck operation.

"For the past four years I have suffered from at least one herniated disc in my neck and a pinched nerve causing numbness down my left arm. Physical therapy would help for a while but then the symptoms would come back. This past summer things started to get a bit worse. An MRI indicated a second disc was herniating as well so it was time to give in and have the operation. Being diabetic and with high blood pressure, I had to get a cardio clearance before either my regular doctor or my neck surgeon would agree to the operation. This came through all right.

"I was in surgery for about one-and-a-half hours. They removed two discs in the cervical section of the neck and replaced them with banked bone. A titanium splint was placed from the discs above and below the replaced discs to stabilize the new bone. I wonder if I'll be in airports now?

"I was released from Methodist Hospital on January 18. I will be home for at least two weeks and recuperating for at least four more after that. Prognosis for a complete recovery is good according to my surgeon."

When I followed up Alex's message, he said he was comfortable and his daily medication managed the pain.

Births

New mother **Mia Tokatlian** explained to the Stilyagi list, "Chris and I decided that we would stop recruiting new SF fans, and start making them from scratch. We are proud to announce the birth of: **Connor Michael Pullen**."

The baby was born December 24, 2005 10:48 a.m. He weighed 7 lbs. 11 oz. and was 21" long.

She added, "Now we are presented with all sorts of parenting issues, such as whether 'Where's my Cow?' is appropriate reading for a one-month old, and which Star Wars movie to start him out with (1 or 4)."

Darth Boettcher?

Grandpa **Glenn Boettcher** told readers of *The Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol*:

"We have been graced with a new fan. My son Glen and his girlfriend Kim introduced a 5 lb. 7oz. boy to the world on February 1. My son, keeping his and my initials of GAB going for another generation, has named him Gage Anakin Boettcher. With a middle name like that he has to be a fan or the dark lord, *whoops*, meant lord of the Sith. He came out fighting, he peed on three nurses."

The Glicksohn Files

Glicksohn Has Surgery

Mike Glicksohn said he would have headlined his medical update "*Energumen* dead, Glicksohn not."

Glicksohn writes: "I've been stunned the last couple of days to receive some messages suggesting my coming retirement might signal the resurrection of *Energumen*. Flattering though such suggestions are, it is not going to happen. My publishing days are gone.

"I am not, though. Yet. On February 21st I had my right ureter removed because a cancerous tumour had been found there. At the same time my right kidney was taken out. I came home on the 28th with a sizeable portion of my body covered in shades of yellow and purple and some twenty staples holding parts of my abdomen together (thus causing Joe Haldeman to observe that I was turning into a hecto zine.)

"I won't know if I'm cancer-free for a while but my doctor feels there's a good chance the surgery was curative. Time will tell. I thought some old pharts out there might want to know this."

Glicksohn to be Honored at 2007 ConFusion

In the meantime, Michigan Fandom has made Glicksohn promise to keep up his unbroken string of visits to ConFusion. The chair of the 2007 edition, Roxanne Meida King, announced in March:

"After consultation with several other individuals involved with AASFA and ConFusion, I would like to announce that at MoonBase ConFusion, we will award Mike Glicksohn with a Special Award For Perfect Attendance.

"It came to our attention that he is possibly the only person from outside the immediate Detroit Metro area to have attended every single ConFusion, starting with the first relaxacon, and continuing to date. I called him last night to tell him of this; he expressed his appreciation, but noted, 'I was planning on attending next year anyway.' We intend to hold a special presentation at the con, featuring stories and tales from Mike's long association with our event. If you know any good stories, please let me know. Join me in congratulating Mike on his astounding achievement."



Fandom's Tangled Web

Scanners Live in Toronto

Thanks to Taral (and Bill Burns, of course) the first eight issues of Mike Glicksohn and Susan Wood's classic fanzine *Energumen* are available in PDF form at eFanzines.com. Bill Burns has posted Taral's original high fidelity scans and a duplicate set of reduced files that are not such bandwidth hogs.

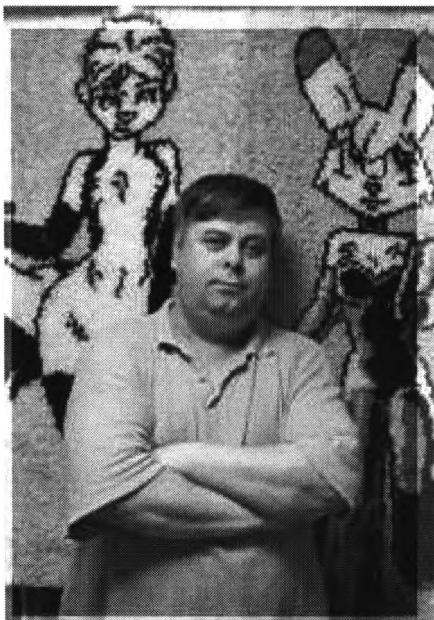
Seeing this announcement evoked fond memories of all the letters of comment I'd written to *Energumen*, proving something or other about false memories. I egoscanned in vain -- the first seven issues were published before I ever got into fandom and I was only a WAHF in #8.

Taral sent an e-mail to friends explaining why he started the project:

"A little while ago an idea formed in my head and sat around taking up valuable space. It seemed the only way to get rid of it was to act on the idea that old zines need to be scanned and made available even more than today's. After consulting a few people, I've begun digitally archiving the entire run of Mike Glicksohn's *Energumen*.

"Why *Energumen*? Why not. It was one of the best zines of its day, won a Hugo, its co-editor Susan Wood also won a Hugo, it's Canadian, and I've got all the issues. Last year I acquired a new, high speed, good quality scanner that makes the work easy. Just to prove it, I scanned *Energumen* 1.

"There were 16 issues in all. Later issues were more than twice the length, but it seems to me that even if I scan a few pages every couple of days, I can complete the



Taral. Photo: Chaz Boston Baden

entire 16 issues in under six months. If I'm zealous, it can be done much sooner, but I'm assuming I'll goof-off quite a bit and let myself be distracted by petty annoyances such as the need to make a living....

"I intend to make actual archival copies available as well, on CD-Rom. I'm thinking that the cost of disk, jewel case, some sort of "cover" insert and postage should run to five bucks or less. Mike also liked the suggestion that anyone who bought one of the *Energumen*

men runs would be invited to contribute to Taff in his name.

"It will take some while to scan the whole run, however. Don't dash to your checkbook and make out \$5 right away. When the entire 16 issues are ready to burn to disk, and my plans finalized, I'll trumpet the news and wait for the applause and three or four checks likely to flood in...."

Taral seems to have started with full-color scans of the lush goldenrod or cream Gestetner pages, only to have ended up with an issue that was 45 MB long. He decided to rescan the issue in black-and-white:

"I'm used to the work, so it only took part of an afternoon, compared to almost a whole day to do it in greyscale and clean up the details in Photoshop, then reassemble the issue in Adobe. So it's probably for the best, though the 45 MB issue is beautiful indeed. It may make an interesting extra feature on the eventual disk."

Like all great fan archivists, Taral has other Big Projects in mind to work on once he finishes his first marathon:

"Looking further ahead, what next? Victoria Wayne has already assented to a complete *Simulacrum*. Doubtless I've pick a half dozen issues of my own many zines for archiving. And then? Not *Boowat*. (Obscure joke). Not necessarily Canadian either.... I've obtained permission from Dave Langford to scan and archive *Twll Ddu* at a future date. Now all I have to do is locate copies of issues 1 to 4, and number 6."

Is "Amazon Shorts" a Model for the Future?

by Francis Hamit

(c) Francis Hamit 2006

Boy, I sure hope so.

In the interests of full disclosure, let me begin by saying that I own stock in Amazon.com, have a side business with them as a dealer in rare and unusual books on Amazon Marketplace and that now they are my publisher.

Last month [December] they put up my novella "Sunday in the Park with George" which seems to be selling fairly well and now they are going to present my first Civil War novel, *The Shenandoah Spy* as a monthly serial for the rest of the year.

At 49 cents each portion. Of which the author gets 40 percent. Of course there is a lot of other good reading there, at the same price from over five dozen authors, some of

whom are far more famous than me. So it's a buyers market for the readers. Lots to choose from and more coming all the time.

In electronic publishing of text, the big issues have been Branding and Price Point. Well, brands don't come much bigger in the book world than Amazon, which has over 50 million customers around the world. And 49 cents is a price point below that of a can of soda from a vending machine or most candy bars. Cheap food for the mind!!!! Yes!!!! Seriously, how can you resist?

More to the point, Amazon allows for direct response and connection between authors and their readers, and for ratings and reviews. And while each sale produces a small payment, the potential for large total payments far exceeds the rates offered by any print magazine.

So my advice to my fellow authors is not to get hung up on the lack of an upfront

payment. This is a far better deal in the long run. And to the readers, hey guys, you can print this stuff out to read at your leisure. You don't have to bend over a hot computer to do it. I recommend buying some three-hole paper for your printer and some three ring binders.

The Shenandoah Spy is about the early career of Belle Boyd, a 17-year-old girl from Martinsburg, Virginia who became one of the most famous spies in history. This first volume follows her early career through the Battle of Front Royal and Stonewall Jackson's Valley Campaign from July 1861 to July 1862, when the Union Army finally arrested her and put her in the Old Capitol Prison. The story doesn't stop there, of course. More books are in progress.

So, check out Amazon Shorts and tell us here if you think this works as a method for distributing authors' work.

Fear of Reason

Why Gregory Benford and Martin Hoffert Minded the Way Michael Crichton Used their Work

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[[Greg Benford told File 770:146 readers that he is currently concentrating on writing nonfiction, and he has followed up by asking if I would like to publish an example which appeared recently in NY Review of SF, considering that the two publications have different readerships. I was delighted to say yes!]]

Introduction

by Gregory Benford

Hard sf stands in a continuum with the technothriller, a commercial genre with its own charms. I and Greg Bear and others have written technothrillers, and often critics presume that we're drawn by the money. Not so for me, nor, I suspect, for the others.

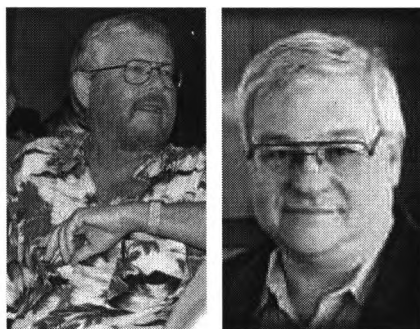
Rather, the pulse of a technothriller is tempting--the escape from more than short-hand characterization, from the lure of the expository lump, from the full questioning range of sf, where everything is in principle up for grabs. In Technothriller Land, one can take for granted the present, with its easy references and soft ironies. Only one new technology comes forward into the limelight, not a whole complicated, murky future.

Technothrillers pay a price, though. They ritually invoke the fascination of the New--resurrected dinosaurs! Plague from space!--only to destroy that New, often by fiat (dinosaurs kept on an island! plague mutates away!). Our world returns to its comfy confines. Close the book, go to sleep.

This is oddly like conventional murder mysteries, finishing with the crime solved, justice restored--a profoundly conservative sigh at book's end.

Sf doesn't do that. Hard sf, especially.

So writing technothrillers can be almost a relief for sf writers. They stretch muscles we don't use much, and make writing easier. But our true instincts reappear at the ending. Typically, hard sf types don't close the door to change. In my *Artifact*, for example, the pres-



No Fear: Scientists Gregory Benford and Martin Hoffert.

ence of virulent singularities, unseen actors since Mycenae, is not swept under the rug. The last penultimate line is:

Their lives were now touched by freshening unknowns, provisional and personal and evolving.

And Greg Bear's *Dead Lines*, with its buried tribute to Bill Rotsler, ends with the radical new technology still around. Cell phones that speak through quantum correlations, reaching even the dead--how would that change our world? We get only a glimpse of how unsettling a Rotsler-like character finds it. No soothing closure, so at basis it is not a technothriller.

Maybe we hard sf writers can't quite kill our children.

But Michael Crichton can, because he isn't really their father anyway. He borrows and adapts but he doesn't quite imagine.

So when he cited a paper in *Science* I'd help write, had his characters discuss it, and even referred to it in a Commonwealth Club speech--well, that was enough. Marty Hoff-

fert, the lead author on the paper, asked me what we should do. I agreed to write an op/ed piece if Marty would do the real work--reading Crichton's novel (I'm not a fan, no).

Armed with chapter and verse, I wrote what follows with a climate scientist, Marty Hoffert. The *San Diego Union* carried it, syndicated it out to over a hundred papers, and we all got droves of email. A collision between the hard sf world and the technodazzle of the bigtime. It turns out there are some things even sf writers won't do.

++ Gregory Benford

Fear of reason

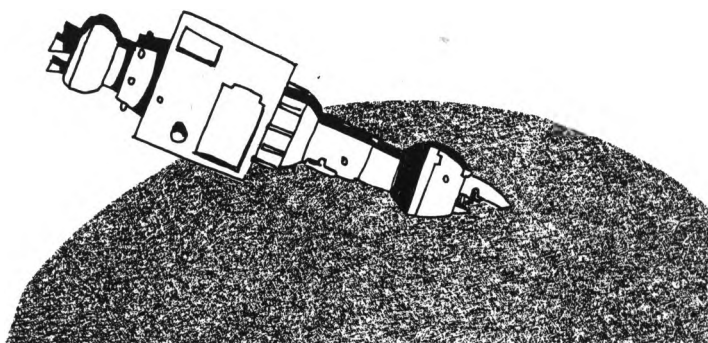
by Gregory Benford
and Martin Hoffert

January 21, 2005

Michael Crichton has taken us to fantastic places like Jurassic Park and into realistic ones, as in his TV series *ER*. But now he ventures into rugged scientific terrain, and loses his footing.

Crichton's new novel, *State of Fear*, takes on global warming and climate change. He lards it with arguments against the reality of climate change and includes many references to the scientific literature, including one of ours. In a recent speech to the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco he even cited our paper from the peer-reviewed journal *Science*. Such attention can be heartwarming to scientists, but not this time -- because Crichton gets the science wrong.

Despite *State of Fear*'s long bibliography, Crichton seems to have actually read only secondary sources, and does not understand them. He writes that our paper "concluded that there is no known technology that will enable us to halt the rise of carbon dioxide in the 21st century." But we didn't say that. Instead, we outlined plenty of technologies that must be further developed to stop a probable several-degree



rise in global temperatures. We called for a Manhattan Project-style effort to explore technologies we already have.

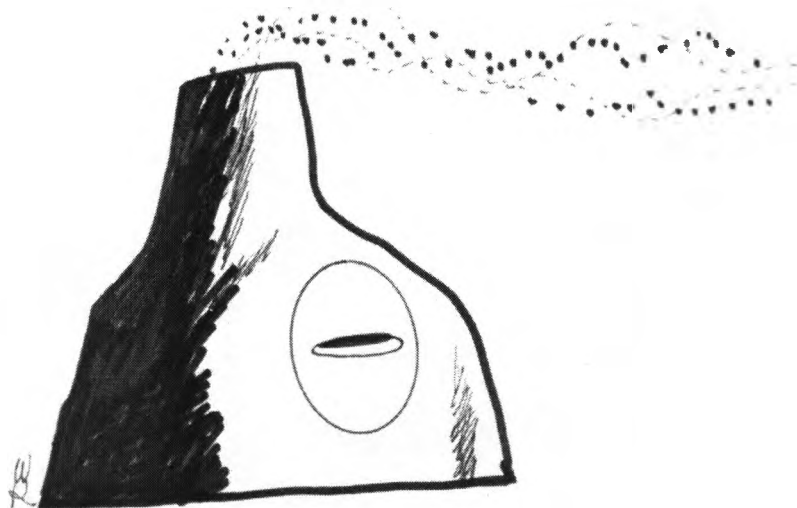
Perhaps because he wanted a dramatic, contrarian theme, Crichton did not let facts get in the way. For example, he argues in *State of Fear* that our oceans are not warming. This is important because, as Arthur Clarke reminded us, it makes little sense to call our planet "Earth" when 70 percent of its surface is ocean. Not only are the oceans warming at the surface, there is well-documented and pronounced subsurface warming and heat storage — as predicted 20 years ago and consistent with atmosphere and ocean climate models.

He's wrong, too, when he claims that a simple fact — that cities are warmer than countryside, leading to a "heat island effect" — has been ignored in climate temperature data taken near cities. He misleads his readers when he has his characters say that temperatures measured by Earth satellites are inconsistent with global warming derived from thermometers on land. To "document" his claims, Crichton shows many plots downloaded from the NASA/GISS Web site — but he misrepresents the data.

Further, he invokes the pseudo-sciences of eugenics and Lysenkoism (in the former Soviet Union) as examples of mainstream scientists being led astray. But these were politically driven ideologies. They have more in common with the voodoo science of the climate contrarians than the dominant view of atmospheric scientists and geophysicists. In keeping with many relevant professional societies, like the American Geophysical Union, we are convinced that the fossil fuel greenhouse is already here, and has the potential to vastly transform terrestrial climate for millennia to come.

To believe Crichton and company, you have to believe that there's a vast conspiracy — involving the editors of *Science*, *Nature*, *Scientific American* and some dozen other peer-reviewed journals — to exclude and reject climate skeptics papers. The skeptics mainly publish books and on Web sites, avoiding journals.

The reality of climate change triggered by continued fossil fuel burning — and increasingly coal — threatens entrenched energy interests. Some of these lobby against it with the ferocity of the National



Rifle Association. Desperate for scientific cover, some opponents have seized on Crichton's fiction. Incredibly, in a Jan. 4 speech, Sen. James Inhofe, R-Idaho, invoked *State of Fear* as an argument against the bipartisan McCain-Lieberman energy bill — which for all its failings acknowledges the reality of global warming. "Dr. Crichton," said Inhofe, "a medical doctor and scientist, very cleverly weaves a compelling presentation of the scientific facts of climate change — with ample footnotes and documentation throughout — into a gripping plot." But Crichton freely admitted that Saturday afternoon movie cliffhangers inspired his plot.

The New York Times Book Review summary of *State of Fear* — "Reverse ecoterrorists create natural disasters to convince the public that global warming is real" — underscores that Crichton is redirecting fear of global warming to anger at the messengers.

This is a tragedy. Our *Science* paper argues that responding in a technically innovative way to the climate/energy challenge can generate countless jobs and economic growth in the United States.

Much is at stake if we embrace *State of Fear*'s take on global warming. Antarctic ice cores show that our civilization has enjoyed a long, comfortable climate for the last 10,000 years. To disturb this with a sudden rise in temperature could soon endanger us. Worse, there are some clues that we could tilt the global equilibrium and not be able to get back to the balmy era we've enjoyed throughout human history. That would be a catastrophe dwarfing the recent tsunami's destruction.

The climate/energy issue failed to surface in the last election not because it's unimportant but because we fail to sense the ur-

gency. In large part this is because of deniers like Crichton, resulting in a U.S. policy that is "*aprs moi le déluge*."

Still we don't sandbag against the floods of tomorrow. Fairly comfortable now, we live in a science fictional narrative whose ending we're shaping with our inaction.

♦ Benford is a professor of physics at UC Irvine and the author of *Deep Time* and the science-fiction Nebula award-winning *Timescape*. Hoffert is professor of physics at New York University and lead

author of studies on stabilizing climate change from the fossil fuel greenhouse that have appeared in *Nature* and *Science*.

Blazin' David Levine

David Levine waited for good news. And waited. But the news he longed to hear never came. After David waited ten months for confirmation that he'd sold his first novel, *Remembrance Day*, the editor who'd wanted to buy it told him he'd been unable to convince the publisher. The book was turned down. Now it's under consideration somewhere else. David admits, "I didn't get a lot of writing done while I was waiting for word on the novel -- it's hard to type while you're chewing on your fingernails."

He was also a bit disappointed that his story "I Hold My Father's Paws" finished second for the Aeon Award. At least that cloud had a silver lining -- all five finalists will be published in the Irish magazine *Albedo One*.

Now it seems as if the spring thaw has loosed a flood of happy tidings. David's story "Tk'tk'tk," which appeared in Asimov's in March of 2005, made the *Locus* magazine Recommended Reading List for 2005. Soon afterward, L.A.con IV announced the same story had been nominated for a Hugo.

Then, David learned *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* bought his story "Titanium Mike Saves the Day." It's composed of a linked series of vignettes that traces Titanium Mike, the mythical hero of the spaceways, back through time to his origins.

Keep an eye out for David at the Hugo ceremonies — he says he'll have his top hat ready in case he hears the ultimate good news.

2006 HUGO AND CAMPBELL AWARD NOMINEES

The 2006 Hugo Award and John W. Campbell Memorial Award nominees have been released by L.A.con IV Hugo Administrator John Lorentz.

The winners will be announced at this year's World Science Fiction Convention, L.A.con IV in Anaheim, California from Wednesday, 22 August, through Sunday, 27 August.

Best Novel

(430 ballots cast)

Learning the World, Ken MacLeod (Orbit; Tor)

A Feast for Crows, George R.R. Martin (Voyager; Bantam Spectra)

Old Man's War, John Scalzi (Tor)

Accelerando, Charles Stross (Ace; Orbit)

Spin, Robert Charles Wilson (Tor)

Best Novella

(243 ballots cast)

"Burn," James Patrick Kelly (Tachyon)

"Magic for Beginners," Kelly Link (*Magic for Beginners*, Small Beer Press; *F&SF* September 2005)

"The Little Goddess," Ian McDonald (*Asimov's* June 2005)

"Identity Theft," Robert J. Sawyer (*Down These Dark Spaceways*, SFBC)

"Inside Job," Connie Willis (*Asimov's* January 2005)

Best Novelette

(207 ballots cast)

"The Calorie Man," Paolo Bacigalupi (*F&SF* October/November 2005)

"Two Hearts," Peter S. Beagle (*F&SF* October/November 2005)

"TelePresence," Michael A. Burstein (*Analog* July/August 2005)

"I, Robot," Cory Doctorow (*The Infinite Matrix* February 15, 2005)

"The King of Where-I-Go," Howard Waldrop (SCI FICTION December 7, 2005)

Best Short Story

(278 ballots cast)

"Seventy-Five Years," Michael A. Burstein (*Analog* January/February 2005)

"The Clockwork Atom Bomb," Dominic Green (*Interzone* May/June 2005)

"Singing My Sister Down," Margo Lanagan (Black Juice, Allen & Unwin; Eos)

"Tk'tk'tk," David D. Levine (*Asimov's* March 2005)

"Down Memory Lane," Mike Resnick (*Asimov's* April/May 2005)



Best Related Book

(197 ballots cast)

Transformations: The Story of the Science Fiction Magazines from 1950 to 1970, Mike Ashley (Liverpool)

The SEX Column and Other Misprints, David Langford (Cosmos)

Science Fiction Quotations edited, Gary Westfahl (Yale)

Storyteller: Writing Lessons and More from 27 Years of the Clarion Writers' Workshop, Kate Wilhelm (Small Beer Press)

Soundings: Reviews 1992-1996, Gary K. Wolfe (Beacon)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form

(364 ballots cast)

Batman Begins, Story by David S. Goyer.

Screenplay by Christopher Nolan and David S. Goyer. Based on the character created by Bob Kane. Directed by Christopher Nolan. (Warner Bros.)

The Chronicles of Narnia: The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe, Screenplay by Ann Peacock and Andrew Adamson and Christopher Markus & Stephen McFeely. Based on the novel by C.S. Lewis. Directed by Andrew Adamson. (Walt Disney Pictures/Walden Media)

Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire, Screenplay by Steven Kloves. Based on the novel by J.K. Rowling. Directed by Mike Newell. (Warner Bros.)

Serenity, Written & Directed by Joss Whedon. (Universal Pictures/Mutant Enemy, Inc.)

Wallace & Gromit in the Curse of the Were-Rabbit, Screenplay by Steve Box & Nick Park and Bob Baker and Mark Burton. Directed by Nick Park & Steve Box. (Dreamworks Animation/Aardman Animation).

Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form

(261 ballots cast)

Battlestar Galactica "Pegasus" Written by Anne Cofell Saunders. Directed by Michael Rymer. (NBC Universal/British Sky Broadcasting)

Doctor Who "Dalek" Written by Robert Shearman. Directed by Joe Ahearne. (BBC Wales/BBC1)

Doctor Who "The Empty Child" & "The Doctor Dances" Written by Steven Moffat. Directed by James Hawes. (BBC Wales/BBC1)

Doctor Who "Father's Day" Written by Paul Cornell. Directed by Joe Ahearne. (BBC Wales/BBC1)

Jack-Jack Attack, Written & Directed by Brad Bird. (Walt Disney Pictures/Pixar Animation)

Lucas Back in Anger, Written by Phil Raines and Ian Sorensen. Directed by Phil Raines. (Reductio Ad Absurdum Productions)

Prix Victor Hugo Awards Ceremony (Opening Speech and Framing Sequences). Written and performed by Paul McAuley and Kim Newman. Directed by Mike & Debby Moir. (Interaction Events)

(There are seven nominees due to a tie for fifth place)

Best Professional Editor

(293 ballots cast)

Ellen Datlow (SCI FICTION and anthologies)

David G. Hartwell (Tor Books; *Year's Best SF*)

Stanley Schmidt (*Analog*)

Gordon Van Gelder (*F&SF*)

Sheila Williams (*Asimov's*)

Best Professional Artist

(230 ballots cast)

Jim Burns

Bob Eggleton

Donato Giancola

Stephan Martiniere

John Picacio

Michael Whelan

(There are six nominees due to a tie for fifth place)

Best Semiprozine

(219 ballots cast)

Ansible edited by Dave Langford

Emerald City edited by Cheryl Morgan

Interzone edited by Andy Cox

Locus edited by Charles N. Brown, Kirsten

Gong-Wong, & Liza Groen Trombi

The New York Review of Science Fiction

edited by Kathryn Cramer by David G.

Hartwell & Kevin J. Maroney

Best Fanzine

(176 ballots cast)

Banana Wings edited by Claire Brialeay & Mark Plummer

Challenger edited by Guy H. Lillian III

Chunga edited by Andy Hooper, Randy

Byers & Carl Juarez

File 770 edited by Mike Glycer

Plokta edited by Alison Scott, Steve Davies & Mike Scott

Best Fan Writer

(202 ballots cast)

Claire Brialeay

John Hertz

Dave Langford

Cheryl Morgan

Steven H Silver

Best Fan Artist

(154 ballots cast)

Brad Foster

Teddy Harvia

Sue Mason

Steve Stiles

Frank Wu

John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer of 2004 or 2005

[Not a Hugo. Sponsored by Dell Magazines] (186 ballots cast)

K.J. Bishop (2nd year of eligibility)

Sarah Monette (2nd year of eligibility)

Chris Roberson (2nd year of eligibility)

Brandon Sanderson (1st year of eligibility)

John Scalzi (1st year of eligibility)

Steph Swainston (2nd year of eligibility)

(There are six nominees due to a tie for fifth place)

Worldcon, World Science Fiction Convention, Hugos, and Hugo Awards are service marks of the World Science Fiction Society, an unincorporated literary association

Ballot Statistics: John Lorentz announced there were 533 valid nominating ballots received from members of the 2006 World Science Fiction Convention, L.A.con IV, and the 2005 World Science Fiction

Convention, Interaction (434 electronically; 99 by mail and fax).

Campaign Winners and Losers: Some campaigns were more successful than others at placing favorite people and works on the final ballot. For example, Ron and Val Ontell had sent a flurry of e-mail encouraging everyone to nominate Ellen Asher of the Science Fiction Book Club as Best Editor, to no avail.

On the other hand, credit for the clutch of Best Dramatic (Short Form) nominations for Doctor Who episodes is being claimed another campaigner, and not from the obvious source. When someone on Smofs posted comments attributing Doctor Who's success to Glasgow Worldcon members, who were eligible to nominate for the 2006 Hugos, L.A.con IV chair Christian McGuire answered that more of the credit probably belonged to the efforts of Los Angeles-area Doctor Who fans:

"There are at least 20 new fans of Dr. Who that have seen bootlegs of the new show in L.A. who do nominate for the Hugos. Many of these folks didn't like the previous regenerations of the Doctor at all, but now are really happy with the quality of every element of new Dr. Who.... I've been able to see each episode within 24 hours of it's first airing on the BBC through the kindness of other fans. These fans have been heavily promoting the show to anyone who'll sit down long enough to watch an episode. Those newly converted have been really enjoying the show.... Los Angeles is also home to the largest local Dr. Who club in North America, and the largest Annual Dr. Who convention, where fannish cross-over (at least among con runners) is very high...."

It's Alive! We now know that the solution to getting good live theater nominated for the Hugos is – to perform it during the Hugo ceremony? At least that worked for "Prix Victor Hugo Awards Ceremony," which was performed at last year's World Science Fiction Convention in Glasgow. Indeed, it's one of the very few Best Dramatic Presentation nominees ever from a medium other than TV and movies.

Evelyn Leeper sampled it in her 2005 Worldcon report, saying "It was a whole riff on how Victor Hugo had founded 'Fiction-Scientifique', which is why the awards are named for him. And according to them, '[Hugo] persuaded Marcel Proust to alter the title of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdue" to "Mind-Quest of the Tempunauts", and to issue his mammoth work in ten separate volumes, inventing the decalogy form which dominates the field to this day....' Hugo also wrote a story about a gypsy girl, her pet goat, and a flying alien— 'The Jetpack of

Notre Dame'...."

Conspiracy theorists please take note: the script was written by Paul McAuley and Kim Newman, both of whom have, coincidentally, written for Telos Publishing's Doctor Who novella range. [Thanks to Shaun Lyons' Gallifrey website for that tidbit!]

Experimental Hugo Category Fails to Attract Interest: Maybe your favorite nominee isn't on the ballot? Then pity the L.A.con IV committee that had to wash out an entire category. They attempted to launch a Best Interactive Video Game category. It failed to attract enough participation or viable nominees to succeed and will not appear on the final ballot.

When the category was first announced, the committee justified the idea based on the widespread enjoyment of sf video games, and the sophistication of game-playing technology. "Just as they have increased in popularity, games have also changed and become richer over the years.... [The new category] recognizes the amazing quality and quantity of genre-related video games: a majority of the most popular and creative interactive video games use science fiction and fantasy themes, images, characters, and story lines."

In fact, online discussion seemed to identify few potential nominees, and some difference of opinion whether new iterations of games under franchise titles represented work primarily from 2005.

Campbell Transition: Finally, the committee press release explains this technicality about the Campbell Award nominees: "This is the second year of the transition to the new Campbell eligibility rules, where now all professional publications count towards eligibility rather than just those with a print run of over 10,000 copies. During this time, nominees who were eligible either under either the old or the new rules could be placed on the ballot even if they had small press publications prior to 2004. Next year, only writers eligible under the new rules will be allowed on the ballot. (The initial press release listing the 2005 Campbell nominees mistakenly said that K.J. Bishop and Chris Roberson were in their second year of eligibility, when in fact it was their first year.)"

GETTING READY FOR THE 2006 WORLDCON L.A.CON IV HEADLINE NEWS



The late **Howard DeVore**, photo by Keith Stokes at '03 Midwestcon.

Passing of Fan Guest of Honor: In the Obituary section John Hertz has more to say about the passing of Howard DeVore, L.A.con IV Fan Guest of Honor. Con chair Christian B. McGuire wrote immediately afterward: "This is a loss most especially felt by his 3 daughters, grandchildren, and numerous friends in fandom. Vice Chairman Craig Miller has spoken to the family and offered condolences on behalf of the convention for Howard's death. He stressed that our efforts will be redoubled to bring Howard's presence to L.A.con IV to the fans who would have been introduced to him for the first time, as well as to those who knew him well."

There will be a memorial event for Howard at L.A.con IV, and an display about him in the Exhibit Hall.

Other steps have already been taken to preserve Howard's memory for the benefit of new fans. Bill Burns posted Howard's last publication, his zine for SAPS, at eFan-zines.com. Robert Lichtman created the PDF file and wrote an introductory essay for it.

Most importantly, Howard's daughters Cheryl Davidge, Karol Sissom and Suzanne Reynolds wrote to tell his friends:

"All of our lives our Dad has told us that he did not want to have a funeral, that he wanted us to hold a wake for him at the Midwestcon. So it shall be - June 2006 - - - and he wanted all of his friends to 'drink a shot of Jim Beam for me.' We hope you all will. We would so appreciate it if anyone who can, would send us any personal remembrances, funny tales, stories, online postings etc that you have about our Dad. They would be a treasure we can all keep,

and also bring to Midwestcon and to LA to share with you."

These can be sent to the daughters at: bigheartedhoward@comcast.net

Also, Howard's daughters and several other family members have accepted L.A.con IV's invitation to attend the Worldcon as guests of the convention. Look for the DeVore Family ribbons.

Frankie Thomas, Jr. (1921-2006): L.A.con IV suffered another loss when Special Guest Frankie Thomas, Jr. passed away May 11 at the age of 85. Word came by way of Jan Merlin, who played Space Cadet Roger Manning on *Tom Corbett Space Cadet*: "I regret to inform you that Frankie Thomas, Jr., died this evening at the Sherman Oaks Hospital of respiratory failure while recovering from a stroke. We've lost Tom Corbett."

Worldcon To Offer "Taster Memberships": The con committee has invented \$20 "Taster Memberships" to lure potential new fans who are curious about the Worldcon experience but are reluctant to shell out even for a one-day membership (which, after all, costs \$50-\$75, depending upon the day of the convention.)

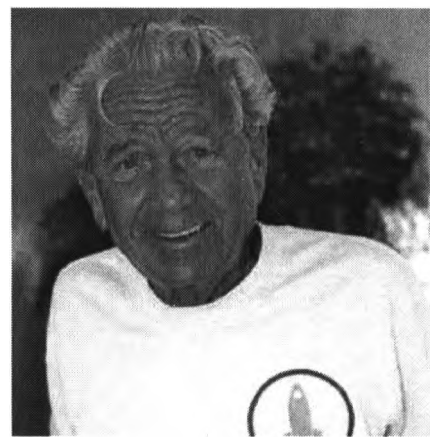
Tasters admit a person for three hours. (Think of it as a three-hour tour. Wake up, filkers!) The way it works is that a person pays for a One-Day Membership, receiving the convention's program schedule and event guide. If they decide the Worldcon really isn't for them, they go back to Registration within three hours and are refunded all but \$20 (the cost of the Taster).

A person who likes what they find and wants to hang around the rest of the day can go right ahead, having already paid for a One-Day.

Internet Stars Added To Program: The Craig of Craigslist, Craig Newmark, has agreed to be on the 2006 Worldcon program.

Also, Kevin Drum, whose blog Political Animal appears on the *Washington Monthly* magazine site, mentioned in an entry that L.A.con IV would be held not too far away from where he lives. He quickly attracted dozens of comments encouraging him to go. And he promptly accepted an invitation to be part of the convention's program.

Decorate the Set! The worldcon has enlisted classes of students from the Art Institute of California - Orange County to brainstorm the layout for the Space Port Lounge, science fictional art pieces to use as decoration in the Lounge and around the



Special Guest **Frankie Thomas, Jr.** passed away May 11, 2006.

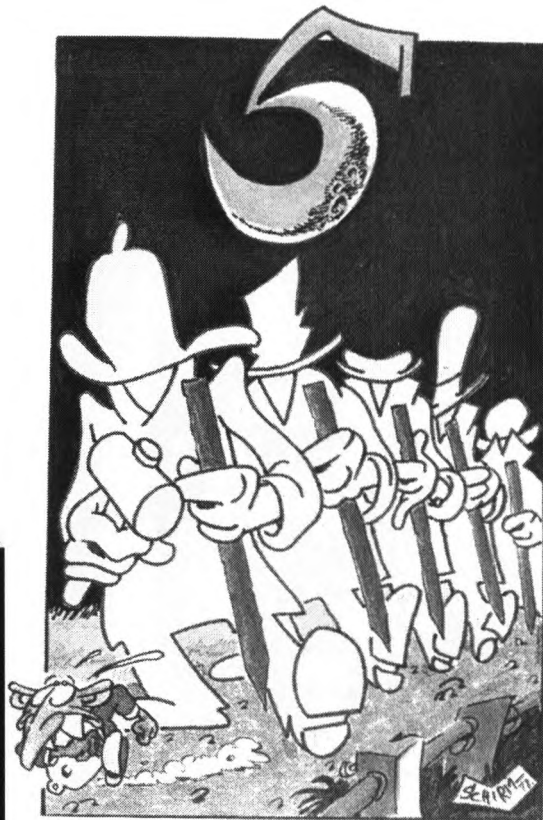
Anaheim Convention Center, and SF-themed animated shorts to run in various venues. Craig Miller would even like to involve the school's culinary department.

Craig described a meeting at the school, explaining "Among other things, the odd shape and the sheer size of the room -- 10,000 sq. ft. -- make it kind of hard to visualize. Even the instructors didn't really get a clear picture until I said 'see this classroom we're in, the space we're talking about is roughly 20 times larger.'"

Students in the Background and Layout classes of the Animation Department generally create their work on digital software like Photoshop or others. Many of the pieces they do are science fictional in theme, including futuristic cities, spacescapes, planets, etc. Craig has them thinking about art that can be placed to give great views out the Space Port Lounge windows. Others can be hung around the Exhibit Hall as decor (as is already planned for some Dinotopia murals).

There may even be Space Ship Nose Art (coming from the CG modelers) -- ah, if only our own bomber nose artist, the late Kelly Freas, was going to be around to see those!

Attention, Nation of Ribbon Clerks: The committee issued a press release about the serious and silly ribbons that have become a tradition of Worldcons. Any group wanting its own ribbons to blend in nicely with the committee-printed ribbons should use a horizontal design. It's the same orientation used at L.A.con III.



**Schirm
Wins
Rotsler
Award**

by John Hertz



By John Hertz: We gave the 2005 Rotsler Award to Marc Schirmeister. This award, for long-term wonder-working by a fan-artist, is made annually at Loscon, the Los Angeles local science-fiction convention over the weekend of U.S. Thanksgiving Day, fourth Thursday in November. I'm one of three judges; the others are Maureen Kincaid Speller (among other things the '98 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund delegate, traveling from Britain to North America) and Glycer. The award is named for long-term wonder-worker Bill Rotsler. On these pages, a few wonders worked by Schirmeister.

Rotsler was himself a wonder. He knew everybody and did everything. He went house-hunting with Marilyn Monroe. He sculpted with welded steel rods. He was a published pro s-f writer, a friend of our costume community (where he formulated "Rotsler's Rules", never formally adopted but good to heed), a *raconteur*; he was best known among us as a fanartist, at which he won five Hugo Awards including the 1946 Retro-Hugo. He drew fluently and well, whimsical, witty, serious now and then; he left at his death in 1997 so much yet unprinted that it still appears today, with awe and love, widely in fanzines including my own *Vanamonde*. In 1998, S.C.I.F.I. resolved to honor him and applaud others with the Rotsler Award, represented by a plaque and carrying a US\$300 honorarium. In other adventures S.C.I.F.I. (Southern California Institute for Fannish Interests, Inc., a non-

profit corporation, pronounced *skiffy*), formed for L.A.con II ('84 Worldcon), has produced Worldcons, Westercons, a NAS-FiC (N. Am. S-F Con, held when the Worldcon is overseas), and an edition of the Harry Warner fanhistory *A Wealth of Fable*. Loscon is not produced by S.C.I.F.I. but by the LASFS (L.A. S-F Society), oldest s-f club on Earth.

Here are the Rotsler winners to date. Look for their work wherever fine fanzines are found — wherever particular people congregate. When judges and Loscon are both in good form there's a display honoring

the Rotsler winner in the Loscon Art Show. I've made the displays at Loscon XXX ('03) and since. Glycer thinks we should publish a retrospective, maybe we can.

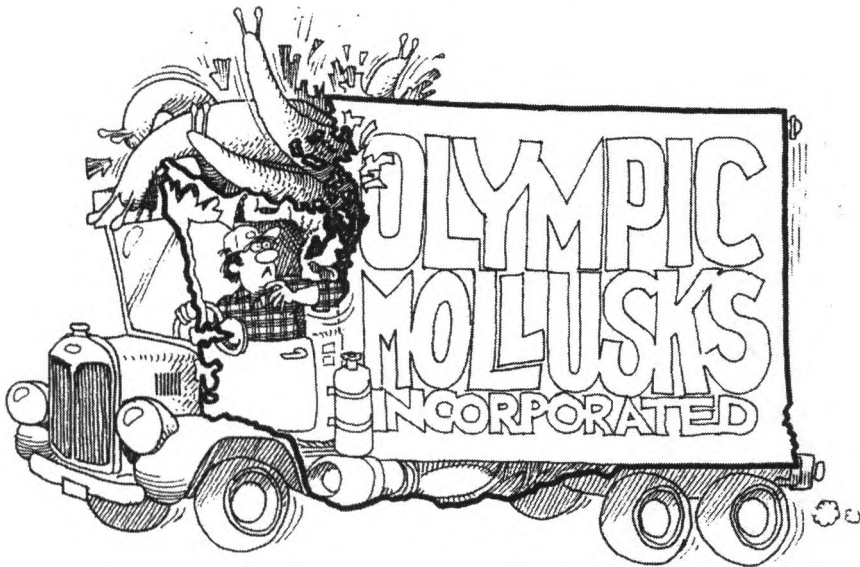
Year	Winner/Judges
1998	Steve Stiles Mike Glycer Richard Lynch Geri Sullivan
1999	Grant Canfield
2000	ATom*
2001	Brad Foster
2002	Kurt Erichsen
2003	Ray Nelson (Hertz replaced Lynch)
2004	Harry Bell (Kincaid Speller replaced Sullivan)
2005	Marc Schirmeister

* posthumous; after this year S.C.I.F.I. decided not to give posthumous Awards.

2005 winner Marc Schirmeister has been at it for decades. The men with stakes under a dark sky are his "Five of Wands" for Bruce Pelz's *Fantasy Showcase Tarot Deck* — another wonder: Pelz got leading fan and pro artists to make one card each, and Noreascon II ('80 Worldcon) where he was Fan Guest of Honor published the result, breath-takingly various. The creatures peering into a porthole appeared in *Vanamonde* (reprinted in my '02 fanthology *West of the Moon*). The wolfish saxophonists appeared in *Fang, Claw & Steel*. The crashed saucer was a cover for *Quasiquote*. "What beach?" was a cover for *Twink*. The ship and traveling planet appeared in the Noreascon IV Program Book ('04 Worldcon). The creature with a camera was a cover for *Chunga*. What an imagination.



TAFF Deadline Tweaked, Celebrated



ESCAPE OF THE GIANT SLUGS
a WASHINGTON disaster

TAFF administrators Suzle and James Bacon have set the deadline for voting in the 2006 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund race a few hours earlier, now 9 p.m. BST (British Summer Time) on Saturday, May 27. For North Americans that means 1 p.m. PDT (Pacific Daylight Time, as they say in Suzle's hometown).

The change was agreed to by all the candidates: Bug (Bridget Bradshaw), (1/2r) Arthur Cruttenden and Sparks (Mike Rennie).

The European administrator, James Bacon, is separately announcing a mini-con to be held the day of the TAFF deadline.

A mini-con will be held in London on the date of the TAFF deadline day, to raise the profile of the race, maximize voting, and to celebrate and announce the winner in fitting surroundings.

The news release for the party reads:

"Flick and James present... < plokta.con > pi: The Dangercon.

"Date: Saturday 27 May 2006. Time: 12 noon to 12 midnight.

"Place: The Horseshoe Inn, 26 Melior Street, London SE1 3QP.

"Price: £ 3 entry fee (£ 2.50 for students).

"This will be a one-day mini-con in aid of the League of Fan Funds, combining the best of the ideas, atmosphere and spirit of previous plokta.con and Dangercon events.

"The event is timed to coincide with the close of voting in the 2006 race for the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (TAFF), giving attendees in the UK a last opportunity to vote as well as hearing the winner announced on the night. There will be a selection of science fictional discussions on various subjects, as well

as more light-hearted items, and a sprinkling of fun throughout. Guest speakers will be announced later. We have booked both indoor and outdoor space at the venue for our exclusive use for the day; there is also a public bar to which we will have normal access. TAFF was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans, familiar to those on both sides of the ocean, across the Atlantic. It exists solely through the support of science fiction fandom. The current race will send a European delegate to the 2006 World Science Fiction Convention, L.A.con IV; the candidates are Bug (Bridget Bradshaw), (1/2r) Arthur Cruttenden and Sparks (Mike Rennie). Some of the funds raised from the 27 May event will go directly to TAFF, as well as all the fees from votes cast in this race.

"Dangercon has been run by too many different committees to credit, at irregular intervals for longer than we

care to remember, often in Croydon mostly by Robert Newman. There have been three previous conventions, run by the Plokta Cabal who are sure you haven't forgotten that their fanzine *Plokta* has won a Hugo Award as well as some Novas. The League of Fan Funds (LFF) is the unofficial umbrella organisation for fan funds operating in the UK (including TAFF); its current members are Alison Scott, Claire Brialey and Flick. The LFF, the Plokta Cabal and the organisers of previous Dangercons disclaim all responsibility for James Bacon, who is the current European administrator of TAFF which therefore can't help it.

"The Horseshoe Inn is a short walk from London Bridge station (which is served by the Northern and Jubilee Underground lines as well as national and local rail services). It has a good selection of beers, including draught Leffe (£ 2 per glass) and Bombardier (£ 2.50 per pint). The pub also serves a good selection of food, cooked on site and averaging about £ 6 for a main course, with five vegetarian options on the regular menu. Food will be available from noon until 10 p.m.

"Fans may already be familiar with the pub: the League of the Non-Aligned (LOTNA) and the English Music Session meet there regularly; it was once the venue for monthly meetings of ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha, although it has been nicely refurbished since then."

More information about organizations mentioned may be found at:

TAFF: www.taff.org.uk

League of Fan Funds: www.astralpole.org

Plokta: www.plokta.com

[[This article was originally posted on Trufen.net]]

The TAFF Candidate's Tale

Why me, Why TAFF, why not?

Being a pre-trip report by arthur (1/2r) crutenden

Editor's Introduction: This self-promotional article comes from TAFF candidate arthur crutenden, already well-known in Britain and eager to be better-known in North America -- preferably by May 27, everyone's last day to cast a TAFF ballot.

Tell us about yourself, 1/2r:

1/2r's Self-Introduction

"Eagle' comic v.1 no.1 came out on 14 April, 1951, (my 11th birthday) and introduced me to SF properly. Read every issue as it came out and started looking for more. Found Astounding, Galaxy, F&SF & New Worlds and began collecting back issues as well. Knew about the first London Worldcon but didn't go, V. stupid, I now realise, by now I'd be one of the GRAND old men of fandom, instead of just old. Did go to Loncon2 and have not missed a European Worldcon since. Have also got to every Eastercon since '66 and all the Novacons. Do a lot less letterhacking and LoC's now but still write occasional articles, some even get subbed to fnzs. Have been known to write filks and commit puns. May also be remembered for my main activity these days - giving parties at cons, usually involving punch. Was presented with the Doc Weir Award, I claim it was because I provide bigger & better hangovers than anyone else!"

Why Me? Why TAFF? Why Not?

Eastercon 2005 and I'm watching Tobes being harried, nagged, pursued and persuaded into producing -with assistance - The Tobes TAFF Ting, and then I buy a copy. This - at least - is how I remember it, making due allowance for the occasional alcoholically induced lacunae.

Now that got me thinking. Over the years I've occasionally voted, donated a percentage of the money received from auctioning some of my books, and both provided items for TAFF auctions and even bought food and other stuff at same. I've been talking about going to a US Worldcon for many years now and this time even joined L.A.con IV. So why not run? The worst that can happen is that I'd lose. Or is that the worst? I might win and have to write a trip-report. Picture of harried Tobes imprints itself upon my retina - euch! However, nothing ventured, nothing gained. So I set about finding out how to run.

It's really quite easy. Start by telling fans that you are thinking about running and if the laughter isn't too loud and derisory, and, MOST IMPORTANT, it isn't a year when a US or Canadian fan is due to come over to Europe, or vice versa, then start looking for nominators, three from your side of the pond and two from over there, (I trapped most of mine at parties. It's

surprising what people will agree to after a couple of glasses of fruit punch). Get written agreement and their addresses, including email - you'll need 'em! Talk to the Administrator - the last winner from your side, who will have lots of good advice.

Platform. 100 or so words on why you are the best candidate. Difficult this year even after Fran Dowd had to withdraw, as both Bug and Sparks are well known and do a lot for fandom. Eventually drafted a reasonably satisfactory screed and sent it off to James for approval. Then posted the bond - £10 - and swore on a holy book (The Enchanted Duplicator) that barring accident, etc, I undertook, if I won, to travel to LA-ConIV and to endeavour to produce a Trip Report at some time in the future.

Next came the formal announcement of my candidature. Decided to do this at the party I was planning to have at the Glasgow Worldcon. Fine - until I go down in mid-July with eye trouble, which lasts until mid-September, so no reading possible for a month, no alcohol for three weeks -antibiotics - and no driving for two months - double-vision. This meant, amongst other things, that e-mails didn't get read, that instead of working at the Great British Beer Festival for six days I only worked for one AND couldn't drink, and was unable to drive to Glasgow as had been planned. Incidentally - if I seemed to ignore you at the Worldcon it was because I literally could not SEE you, so please accept these rather belated apologies.

So I went up by train, not easy with restricted vision, six and a half gallons of beer, cider and perry



plus other alcohol for the TAFF candidature party – the doctor had said that I could start drinking again on the Friday evening. I think that the party went well – anyway the booze and food certainly did, but I didn't have as good a con as I'd hoped. Walking into the dealers' hall and realising that not only could I not see the books I wanted but that I couldn't see the dealers either, and as for the Art Show – forget it!!

One amusing incident: decided to go to the Hugo Awards so went to Electrical Eggs to get a badge for the area reserved for those with restricted mobility, vision or hearing and explained my problem. "Right," said the lass behind the table, "please fill out this form!" Which I duly did. Going down on my knees and taking off my glasses, as I had found by painful experience that this made it possible for me to read by closing one eye and peering at the page from a range of 2 – 3 inches. Whilst this was going on Cuddles appeared and not unnaturally enquired as to what was all this? I think someone may have had a quiet talking to afterwards. During the Awards there was nothing wrong with my hearing – at least not until Charlie Stross got his Hugo and Feorag exploded immediately behind me.

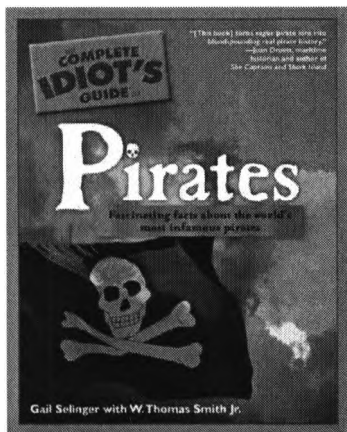
My ears rang. Thought we were back at the '45 and the clans were coming!

Fortunately everything is now back to normal – or as normal as I usually get. So Wendy and I are planning our trip to L.A.con IV, via various places of interest to us in the U S A, with a week in L A, and hopefully a week either side of the con for visits to the Buffalo Trace bourbon distillery in Kentucky, Yellowstone National Park, a train journey up the west coast, something of New York, and in Wendy's case, a day riding Western style.

Things have quietened down a bit since then and now your candidate is preparing for the Eastercon where all the candidates hope to run a party and tasting session in aid of TAFF Funds, where we intend to extract as much money as we can off the assembled multitudes by various means, all in the best possible taste, of course.

Please bear in mind that when, at the Worldcon party, I formally announced my candidature, I stated that I was running on a straight bribery and corruption ticket, so watch out for a party near you and.... BEWARE of the fruit.

EYEPATCH FANDOM



Selinger & Smith's *Complete Idiot's Guide to Pirates*.

There's a new generation who never heard of the Spanish Main or Rafael Sabatini. The only pirate they know by name appears on a bottle of rum. Now swooping in to rescue from them from ignorance are Gail Selinger and W. Thomas Smith Jr., authors of the *Complete Idiot's Guide to Pirates*.

Long-time LASFS member Selinger is a college lecturer and teacher of pirate lore. She's also active in the

Port Royal Privateer Re-Enactment Workshops and has written several pirate-themed romance novels. Smith teaches journalism at the University of South Carolina.

The 416-page book, issued in April by Alpha, gives readers a comprehensive and entertaining history that covers all the old favorites like Blackbeard, Captain Anne Bonny, Captain Kidd, and Jean LaFitte, and the present-day high-tech scavengers of the South China seas.

Spring 2006 also yielded the latest story from the pen of fandom's favorite pirate romance novelist, Darlene Marshall -- who bears a strikingly resemblance to Eve Ackerman.

In *Captain Sinister's Lady*, the title character

wishes he could leave the sea and become a farmer, but he can't pass by the chance to take over a damaged ship wallowing in the Florida Straits. Amanda Stephenson is a widow traveling from Yorkshire to Charleston in the 1820's to set up her soap-making business -- until her ship is boarded by Captain Sinister's crew. Amanda's plans for her future do not include large, hairy, uncouth pirates, but the captain is prepared to try his most piratical tricks if it will convince the luscious widow to become his Lady. Ahh, romance!

Ackerman/Marshall's novels are acclaimed by romance fans and even by her two children who, according to Eve's website, "are both embarrassed and proud that their mom writes romance."

Her novels can be ordered through the website:

<http://www.darlenemarshall.com/>

There is also a pointer to her blog. In April she wrote how she helped a local public radio station's membership campaign by offering a signed set of Darlene Marshall novels for a "dollar-a-day" pledge, \$365. The donor bought the set as a present for her mom's 90th birthday. "Darlene Marshall" remarked, "I just hope the lady is up to that much piratical excitement."



Darlene Marshall writes about Florida's romantic pirates.

Science Fiction Pro/Fan Birthday List

Courtesy Andrew Porter

May Pro/Fan Birthdays

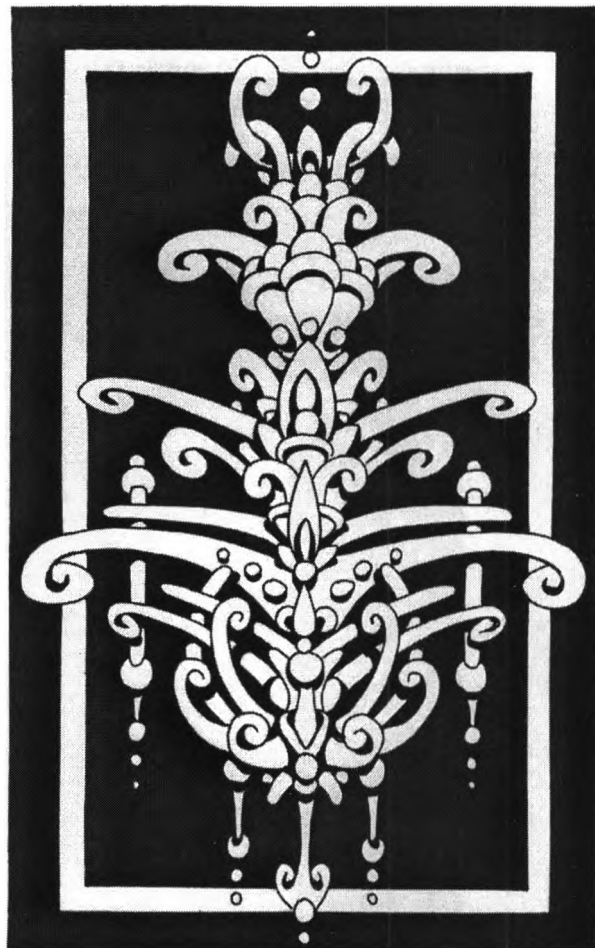
E. Mayne Hull, 5/1/05; Joel Rosenberg, 5/1/54; E.E. "Doc" Smith, 5/2/1890; Bob Null, 5/2/38; John Collier, 5/3/01; Daryl Mallett, 5/3/69; Ernie Wheatley, 5/4; Pat Frank, 5/5/07; Lee Kilgough, 5/5/42; Dave Locke, 5/5/44; Ingrid Neilson, 5/5/58; Dave Polard, 5/6/24; Walt Liebscher, 5/7/18; Gene Wolfe, 5/7/31; Mike McQuown, 5/7/40; Frank Olynyk, 5/7/42; Romain Gary, 5/8/14; Roy Tackett, 5/8/25; Jane Roberts, 5/8/29; Neyir Cenk Gökçe, 5/8/71; Richard McKenna, 5/9/13; Kris Neville, 5/9/25; Richard Cowper, 5/9/26; Olaf Stapledon, 5/10/1886; Alex Bratmon, 5/10/36; Michael Walsh, 5/11/59; Alice N. Lewis, 5/11/79; Philip Wylie, 5/12/02; Robert "Buck" Coulson, 5/12/28; Roger Zelazny, 5/13/37; A.J. Austin, 5/13/51; George Scithers, 5/14/29; Ron Bennett, 5/14/33; Lois Newman, 5/14/34; George Lucas, 5/14/44; L. Frank Baum, 5/15/1856; Maria Ozanne, 5/15; Fred Saberhagen, 5/18/30; R. Lorraine Tutihasi, 5/18/48; Claude Degler, 5/19/20; Gardner F. Fox, 5/20/11; Mike Glicksohn, 5/20/46; Adam-Troy Castro, 5/20/60; Manly Wade Wellman, 5/21/03; Arthur Conan Doyle, 5/22/1859; Wallace West, Ed Earl Repp, 5/22/00; Fred Hollander, 5/22/46; Marc Glasser, 5/22/52; Bill Wagner, 5/22/55; Mark R. Sharpe, 5/22/57; James Blish, 5/23/21; Phil Castora, 5/23/34; Isadore Haiblum, 5/23/35; Bobbi Armbruster, 5/24/49; Deedee Lavender, 5/25/15; Charles Hornig, 5/25/16; Phyllis Gotlieb, 5/25/26; Robert W. Chambers, 5/26/1865; Mordecai Roshwald, 5/26/21; Howard De Vore, 5/26/25; Mike Horvat, 5/26/63; John Barth, 5/27/30; Harlan Ellison, 5/27/34; Jackie Causgrove, 5/27/40; Sheila D' Ammassa, 5/28/48; Kees Van Toorn, Betsy Mitchell, 5/28/54; Richard Knaak, 5/28/61; T.H. White, 5/29/06; Neil

R. Jones, 5/29/09; Bob Peterson, 5/30/21; Hal Clement (Harry Stubbs), 5/30/22; C. Ross Chamberlain, 5/30/37; Nancy Lebovitz, 5/30/53; George R. Stewart, 5/31/1895; Brian Burley, 5/31/42; Tom Collins, 5/31/46; Ian Slater, 5/31/52.

Unless stated otherwise, all birthdays are in the 20th century.

June Pro/Fan Birthdays

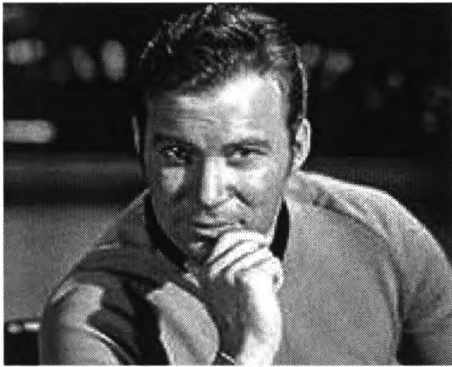
Adrienne Fein, 6/1/47; Mike Meara, 6/1/48; Allen Spencer Willey, 6/1/54; Lester del Rey, 6/2/15; Robert A. Madle, 6/2/20; Leigh Edmonds, 6/2/48; Warren Lapine, 6/2/64; Marion Zimmer Bradley, 6/3/30; John Norman, 6/3/31; Steve Schultheis, 6/4/30; Wendy Pini, 6/4/51; Noreen Shaw, 6/6/30; Ron Salomon, 6/6/48; Kit Reed, 6/7/42; Jon White, 6/7/46; John W. Campbell, Jr., 6/8/10; Robert F. Young, 6/8/15; Kate Wilhelm, 6/8/29; Roger Sims, 6/8/30; Elizabeth Lynn, 6/8/46; Leo R. Summers, Keith Laumer, 6/9/25; Lin Carter, 6/9/30; Ronald Rifkin, Donald Duck, 6/9/34; Joe Haldeman, 6/9/43; Drew Sanders, 6/9/49; Jim Glass, 6/9/51; Keith Berdak, 6/9/55; Ed Naha, 6/10/50; Sylvia Stevens, 6/11/52; Galen Tripp, 6/11/59; Henry Slesar, 6/12/27; Alan Hershey, 6/13/17; Doreen Webbert, 6/13/34; Rebecca Henderson, 6/13/44; Stephen Tall (Compton Crook), 6/14/08; J.F. Bone, 6/15/16; Chandra Sargent, 6/15/53; Murray Leinster (Will F. Jenkins), 6/16/1896; Ted Dikty, 6/16/20; Ted Johnstone, 6/16/39; David Stever, 6/16; Wally Wood, 6/17/27; Sandy Cohen, 6/17/48; Phyllis Weinberg, 6/17/53; Dick Spelman, 6/18/31; Melissa Dough-



erty, 6/18/67; Robert Moore Williams, 6/19/07; Julius Schwartz, 6/19/15; Bruce Dane, 6/20/50; William Tuning, 6/21/35; Sally Syrjala, 6/21/48; Mike Morman, 6/21/50; H. Rider Haggard, 6/22/1856; Octavia E. Butler, 6/22/47; John-Henri Holmberg, Lillian Stewart Carl, 6/22/49; Fred Hoyle, 6/24/15; Charles N. Brown, 6/24/37; Earl Evers, 6/24/42; Susan Ellison, 6/24; John Maddox Roberts, 6/25/47; Hal Shapiro, 6/26/30; Charles Lee Jackson II, 6/26/50; James P. Hogan, 6/27/41; Tim Gatewood, 6/27/59; Joe Schaumburger, 6/28/30; Peggy Rae Pavlat, 6/28/44; Jon M. Gustafson, 6/28/45; Richard Harter, 6/29/35; David Mattingly, 6/29/56; Michael Whelan, 6/29/50; Sam Moskowitz, 6/30/20; Anie Linard, 6/30/29.

Unless stated otherwise, all birthdays are in the 20th century.

Bastards of Kirk



Lloyd Penney's acting talent is in demand. The perennial FAAn Awards contender for Best Letterhack has already performed for a CD of SF radio dramas titled *Sectarian Wave*. Now he's about to appear in a film – at least his voice will.

Maninder Chana at Red Fort Films, who worked with Lloyd on the *Sectarian Wave* project, invited him to join their newest project, a fan film called *Bastards of Kirk*, looking into how a certain starship captain might have left offspring throughout the galaxy.

In the 23rd century, 60 minutes searches out the whereabouts of one James T. Kirk,

who has disappeared following a row of paternity lawsuits. As the news magazine investigates, they uncover a conspiracy by the Federation that could have universal consequences and create all-out war among the planets. And Kirk is at the centre of it all.

Lloyd was invited to an audition and asked to put on his best Scottish accent. And he got the part. "Taping should start in just a couple of weeks, and while I will not be seen in the film, I will be heard. (Possibly my profile, with perhaps a moustache and a red shirt.)"

L.A.con IV to Celebrate Star Trek's 40th Anniversary

[[The committee's press release:]]

Forty years ago, on September 8th, 1966, *Star Trek* debuted on television screens across America, forever changing the landscape of television and science fiction. But days earlier, the show's creator, Gene Roddenberry, flew to Cleveland, Ohio and the 24th World Science Fiction Convention to preview his new series for the science fiction fans gathered there.

He came, along with Sam Peeples, a writer for the series, and screened two episodes: the original pilot, "The Cage," and "What Little Girls Are Made Of." They spoke, extolling the wonders of their series. They also brought three women's costumes and models to display them.

With that association, how could L.A.con IV, the 64th World Science Fiction Convention not commemorate and celebrate the 40th anniversary of *Star Trek*?

This year the convention will have hundreds of speakers and program items over its five day run at the Anaheim Convention Center, with topics covering the literature and business of science fiction books, movies & television, science, space and more. Top authors, artists, filmmakers, scientists from around the world will all take part in the convention's program. And a portion of that program, as well as the convention's extensive exhibits, will be dedicated to *Star Trek*, the people who created it, and the fans who love it.

The program is still in the works and the convention is still contacting people involved with *Star Trek* in all of its incarnations, but already scheduled are:

- Appearances by stars from the original



Star Trek series Walter Koenig and BarBara Luna as well as *Star Trek: The Next Generation*'s Marina Sirtis, *Star Trek: Voyager*'s Richard Herd, *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*'s Andy Robinson, and Suzie Plakson, who appeared on *Next Generation*, *Voyager*, and *Enterprise*. More stars expected but not yet confirmed.

- Writers from the original series including DC Fontana, David Gerrold, and Robert Sabaroff, talking about crafting a legend.
- A display of costumes actually used on the series.

• Writers and producers from *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*, *Star Trek: Voyager*, and *Enterprise*.

- Graphics, miniatures, and props.
- A slide presentation on *Star Trek: Phase 2*, the first planned revival of *Star Trek*, from 1977, which was dropped at the very last minute in order to bring *Star Trek*

to the motion picture screen instead.

- A slide show by John & Bjo Trimble on the history of *Star Trek* Fandom.

• Panels with fans of *Star Trek*, talking about the first fan-run conventions, keeping *Star Trek* alive between its cancellation in 1968 and the debut of *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*.

- A show by *Star Trek* designer Mike Okuda, showing behind-the-scenes graphics from various versions of *Star Trek*.

• A presentation by *Star Trek: TNG*, *Voyager*, and *Enterprise* Special Effects Supervisor Ronald B. Moore.

• Behind The Camera From Behind A Camera. A slide show of crew-taken photos of behind-the-scenes moments on *Star Trek Enterprise*.

- A lesson in speaking Klingon from the director of the Klingon Language Institute.

• The creators behind *Star Trek: New Voyages* and *Hidden Frontier*, the two internet series continuing the adventures of the *Starship Enterprise*.

- A screening of *Free Enterprise*, followed by a talk by Mark A. Altman and Robert Meyer Burnett, the film's writers, producer, and director.

• A screening of *GalaxyQuest*, followed by a talk by Robert Gordon, the film's writer.

• The convention's traditional first-night welcome reception, this year themed to the Babel Conference Ambassadorial Reception, with David Gerrold as Master of Ceremonies.

Howard DeVore

1925-2005

By John Hertz

Howard DeVore went to every Midwestcon, the summer relaxacon with first-rate fans and nothing else. There was only one way that string could be broken, as it was last December. He was guest of honor there in 1990.

He co-chaired Tricon, the 24th Worldcon, in 1966. He was Fan Guest of Honor at Lunacon thirty years before me (New York, 1971). In 1973 he stood for TAFF. Nominated by Buck Coulson, losing to the Mof-fatts who with two big hearts outdid him in the only possible way.

In 1978 with Don Franson he published *A History of the Hugo, Nebula and International Fantasy Awards*; NESFA Press carries the third revision of 1998.

He was the universal collector and dealer; for World War II he padlocked his collection in a spare room and took the key with him while he went to fly belly-gunner on a B-17 in the Mighty Eighth Air Force. When he was home, years went by with his doors unlocked.

One of his business cards said "Expert," one said "Burke, Hare & DeVore," at least two said "First Fandom," most being less printable he printed himself.

He never was given the Big Heart Award, probably because everyone already knew; in 2005 he was placed in the First Fandom Hall of Fame. By then he had been named Fan Guest of Honor for a Worldcon, L.A.con IV (2006); you can see him and Roger Sims trading tales in Progress Report 3; he had said, "You just have to outlive all the important people, and then they make you Fan Guest of Honor," which I wish had been more false and more true.

He is survived by three daughters and four grandchildren. He asked his friends, "Drink a shot of Jim Beam for me." Good-bye, Big-Hearted Howard, good-bye.

++ John Hertz

Rita (Marguerite) Coriell

1914-2005

Appreciation by Ken Keller

At a Kansas City area fan New Year's Eve party (2005), longtime Burroughs fan John Vaughan gave me the sad news that Rita (Marguerite) Coriell, a member of First Fandom, the N3F, and the Hyborian League, and one of the original founding members (1971) of the Kansas City Science Fiction & Fantasy Society (KaCSFFS) died peacefully on June 13, 2005, at her Kansas City home. She was 90. (John just recently heard about her passing.) She was a colorectal cancer



survivor of almost twenty-five years and the survivor of one of the very early (and difficult) hip replacement procedures that never completely restored her full mobility. But nothing ever got Rita down.

To the end, Rita's mind was sharp as a tack. I last spoke to her in the early spring of '05. She was the very same Rita I knew well back in the 1970s--just older. She didn't get out of the house much due to her advanced age, living a quiet life alone in her family's longtime Brookside area home. She told me she liked it that way--but she always loved to hear from old friends and family. She and her late ex-husband Vern, the founder of and patriarch of Edgar Rice Burroughs fandom and the Burroughs Bibliophiles, were married in the early 1960s but divorced in 1979. (Vern Coriell died in January 1987, after a long illness.) Rita never had any children.

As a pre-teen in the 1920s, she began reading *Weird Tales*, eventually winding up with a complete collection of that very famous pulp. At some time later in her life, she had all those issues specially hardbound in multiple volumes. Those volumes sat on multiple bookshelves in her den along with her premiere Arkham House books collection. On the enclosed front porch was her beautiful collection of original Maxfield Parrish framed art prints. They were always the first things that greeted you whenever you came over for a visit during the 1960s and 1970s.

I had the pleasure back then of carefully perusing those magnificent old pulps and Arkhams. Rita loved to share her treasured collection with friends. I was even able to read, cover-to-cover, a duplicate copy of the very first issue of *Weird Tales*, something I still cherish to this day. I did this over years and a number of visits to the incredible "House of Greystoke," as her and Vern's home was known back then. (And what a collector's wonderland their home was--rare genre books, pulps, and original pulp magazine artwork everywhere!) Rita was the Secretary of the 1600-person Burroughs Bibliophiles during that era. And if the truth be told, she was the main force (behind the scenes) that kept this prominent national fan

group on track and operating, handling all its day-today operations.

In 1996, at age 81, during the KaCSFFS 25th Anniversary year, Rita made a reappearance, coming to several club meetings. She also attended our big 25th Anniversary celebration dinner and program. As part of the programming that followed the banquet, I made sure to show a number of slides in which she was prominent. She and Vern were always fixtures at our early meetings and conventions, and both were big supporters of KaCSFFS and ultimately KC's bid for the '76 Worldcon. (The Burroughs Dum-Dum at that Worldcon was particularly good.) She and fellow First Fandom member Jim Tibbetts were two of our special guests for the KaCSFFS 25th celebration. I was an honor to have them both with us.

Rita was always a sweetie and a great person to be around. Years could go by and as soon as you spoke to her it was like no time at all had elapsed. Time meant nothing. She loved fans even though, as a bunch, they could be a bit odd at times. She always could tell great stories about fans and pros, sometimes not at all flattering, but always true. Yet her affection for them shown through in the telling.

KaCSFFS certainly wouldn't be here today if First Fandom members (like Rita) hadn't created fandom so many decades ago. Their numbers continue to dwindle, but First Fandom's lasting impact on all of us remains. I'm so happy that Rita was one of us. I wish more of you could've met and known her. So long, Rita. And thanks.

++Ken Keller

Carl Dunah Remembered
by Marie Rengstorff

Carl Dunah, long-time SF fan and original volunteer at Seti, died on June 15, 2004. Carl Dunah's hero was Carl Sagan. Unlike most of us who are tongue-tied around our hero, Dunah would stride up to Sagan and tell him all the latest at Seti, giving extensive details about the recent near-misses, radio waves which seemed, at first recording, to be possible intelligent communi-

cations from space. Dunah would throw in why these recordings turned out to be failures. Then, if Sagan did not lead Dunah to a table of goodies quick, Dunah would explain the latest discoveries in archeology, genetic engineering, neuro-science, space medicine and physics.

Carl Dunah was the rare athletic space junkie. His profession was, in his own words, "landscape architect" or environmental cosmetology." After the age of 75, he gave away most of his Japanese gardening expertise and muscle power than he charged for. Starting around that same age, he was honored yearly in South Lake Tahoe and San Francisco newspapers for downhill skiing more days than anyone else in the Tahoe Valley. Heavenly Valley Ski Resort invited him to ski before and after the official season so he could maintain his record as the most extensive "cryogenic crystallization researcher" in the field. (Yes, that was all meant as puns. If you knew Carl, you would not need to ask.)

When he finally retired from gardening (or Earth environmental cosmos-tology), around age 84, he became a tour guide with a local hot air balloon company. You could find him on clear summer days doing "high altitude reconnaissance" over Lake Tahoe, its celestial swimming pools, and moon-watching hot-tubs (which he only pointed out to interested adult tours.)

Carl died of cancer at his daughter's home in California, after a last visit to Maui, and following hospital treatments that failed to achieve progress. He is survived by his daughter De Ette Dunah (soon to become Mrs. Tikotski) in Saugus, CA and his son Chandler Dunah in Newbury Park, CA. Those of us who shared bulb-splitting and science news with a great guy will miss him dearly. His ashes will be spread across his favorite California forests, the Pacific Ocean near Maui, and probably beyond.

++ Marie Rengstorff

Octavia Butler, 1947-2006

Octavia Butler died February 24, at the age of 58, after falling and striking her head on a walkway outside her home in Lake Forest Park, WA. She had been found there by a neighbor's child, according to Steve Barnes' blog. Taken to a hospital, she was operated on by doctors but could not be saved.

Butler was one of the best-known African-American science fiction writers within the sf community, an exceptional circle including Delany, Hopkinson, Due and Barnes, and she earned high recognition from the world at large.

Her 1984 short story "Speech Sounds" won the Hugo, her 2000 novel *Parable of the Talents* won the Nebula, while her 1985

novelette "Bloodchild" swept both awards. She was the first science fiction writer ever to receive one of the MacArthur Foundation's "genius grants," a \$295,000 prize given in 1995.

Butler moved to Lake Forest Park in 1999, having lived all her life til then in the city where she was born, Pasadena, CA -- which remembers her still. The Pasadena Public Library's annual "One City - One Book" program selected *Kindred* for 2006. It's a time-travel novel about a modern black woman who is transported back to the violent days of slavery before the Civil War. The 1979 book is often used in schools, and has more than a quarter million copies in print.

For a shy person who confessed that growing up she had a terror of any school assignment that had to be delivered in front of the class, a Google search proves Butler was a very obliging interview subject. She was sought after for her views on the sf genre, on race and on gender issues.

She also participated in some LASFS events, such as the 1990 Science Fiction Showcase. The club has interacted with many excellent writers over the years, and only Butler could have been this humble about a MacArthur Foundation award: "People may call these 'genius grants,' " Butler said in a 2004 interview with the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, "but nobody made me take an IQ test before I got mine. I knew I'm no genius." (In 2005, Jonathan Lethem became the second sf writer to receive one of the grants.)

Octavia Butler was a Clarion discovery, selling two short stories while attending the workshop. However, she didn't sell anything else for another five years.

The advice to young writers in her iconoclastic essay "Furor Scribendi" for Writers of the Future IX (1993) mirrors the honesty and relentlessness that kept her craft alive when times were difficult, and her warning still rings true:

"First forget inspiration. Habit is more dependable. Habit will sustain you whether you're inspired or not...Forget talent. If you have it, fine. Use it. If you don't have it, it doesn't matter. As habit is more dependable than inspiration, continued learning is more dependable than talent.. Finally, don't worry about imagination. You have all the imagination you need...Persist."

[[Original posted to trufen.net]]

David Feintuch, 1944-2006

SF author David Feintuch died March 16 at the age of 61, following a long history of cardiac troubles. He passed away less than a dozen years after *Midshipman's Hope* began the eight-novel Seafort Saga.

Feintuch did not set his sights on becoming an sf writer until mid-life. It was his third career, after the Harvard-trained lawyer practiced in Michigan for a decade, then retired from the law to become an antiques dealer.

He was already 50 when *Midshipman's Hope* appeared. The novel made an immediate impact and led to his receiving the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for Best New Writer at L.A.con III. Feintuch responded with self-deprecating humor, recalls Michael Burstein: "He held it in his hands, looked at it as if he still couldn't believe he was receiving this award, and said, 'I'm glad it's not for the Best Young Writer.'"

His father discouraged any youthful interest in science fiction, Feintuch told readers in an SF Book Club edition of his work: "One evening along about 1959 my father, in a fit of pique, hurled one of my *Galaxy* magazines across the room and demanded, 'Why are you always reading this crap about rockets going to the moon, and people on other planets? It's never going to happen! Why don't you read something realistic!'"

Whether all the career changes represented a delayed escape from paternal expectations, or just the irresistible blossoming of Feintuch's many gifts, fans' celebration of his arrival as a writer continued after he won the Campbell. He also authored two fantasy novels, and *The Still* was selected as "the best fantasy of the year" by *Science Fiction Chronicle*.

Fans can look ahead to the eighth Seafort novel, which has yet to be published.

[[Originally appeared on Trufen.net]]

In Passing

Brian Burley (1942-2006), well-known SMOF and Co-Founder of the Beaker People Libation Front, died in his sleep on April 24 or 25. [[Source: Mark Blackman]]

Costumer **Cheryl Johnson** passed away August 28, 2005 from cancer.

The remains of **Al Turner** are going to be launched into space on the same rocket carrying those of Gordon Cooper, astronaut of Mercury 7 and *The Right Stuff* fame. Turner was a Missouri-area fan and artist who passed away May 1, 2005.

John Hertz's CascadiaCon Report

2005 North American Science Fiction Convention (NASFiC)

Seattle, Washington, September 1-5, 2005

The eighth NASFiC (North America S-F Con) was named "CascadiaCon" for the Pacific Northwest. Writer Guests of Honor, Fred Saberhagen and Harry Harrison (though illness kept both away); Illustrator, Liz Danforth; Editor, Toni Weisskopf; Scientist, Marc Abrahams; Fan, Kevin Standlee; Filksingers, Uffington Horse; *Animé*, Hiroaki Inoue. Interaction, the '05 Worldcon at Glasgow, being overseas, we had a NASFiC, as we invented in the 1970s. With Nippon 2007 set for Yokohama, CascadiaCon voted on the '07 NASFiC site; St. Louis won.

Our Radisson Hotel had (under the name of Hyatt) been home to the '61 Worldcon. About 300 people attended then; we were six times bigger, and needed too the Hilton and its Conference Center. There was a shuttle bus. Con programming scheduled panels on four s-f classics: Karel Capek's play *R.U.R.* (1921), which coined "robot"; Robert A. Heinlein's *Starman Jones* (1953); C.L. Moore's novelette "No Woman Born" (1944); and H.G. Wells' *Invisible Man* (1897); fliers saying so went to bookshops, libraries, colleges. Perhaps *The Invisible Man* is best known. *R.U.R.* most influential, "No Woman Born" most admired for its writing, *Starman Jones* best loved. Later L.A.con IV, the '06 Worldcon, set discussions of s-f classics, and included "No Woman Born"; one mark of a classic is that it keeps on inspiring.

Thursday. The Nippon 2007 committee brought Japanese artwork for the Art Show. While they got busy with hooks and clips, I mounted the Selina Phanara sun calendar project. She has been making fanciful suns, in colored paper mostly; some will be a calendar, with votes wanted for which sun looks like which month. In '04 I had brought originals to ConKopelli (Westercon LVII, Phoenix), and in '05 charts of the whole set to Due North (Westercon LVIII, Calgary) and CascadiaCon.

At six I gave the Kelly Freas Memorial Slide Show. He drew insignia for Skylab, and *Mad* magazine's Alfred E. Newman, and some of our best illustrations ever. In June his widow Laura and I made a one-hour retrospective, given by me at Due North, then at Interaction by Joe Siclari who had helped much with the fine historical



Hiroaki Inoue, animé GoH at Cascadiacon, with Michael Siladi.

exhibit in the Noreascon IV Art Show ('04 Worldcon, Boston). Frank Wu winner of the '04 Fanartist Hugo, and author-broker-collector Jane Frank, then by me again at CascadiaCon. Kelly was a master of many media. It's a good question whether we love him more for his work or his heart, he was big at both. In all fairness, I said, I was conducting the Memorial backwards. Kelly's own word was *illustrator*. But I had chosen these images because they were good pictures. I did sometimes say what they had illustrated, and some in the crowd knew without any help from me. He sometimes was given excruciating problems to solve; among his points of fame, people sent him

Young in resilience and a certain hardihood of mind.

Dorothy Dunnett

things no one else could see how to illustrate; but he did solve them: and not because of his labors, but regardless of them, worked wonders.

Inoue, a veteran producer of Japanese animation, is also a winner of the Shibano Award in Japan for outstanding fan activity. Now he chairs the first-ever Japanese Worldcon. CascadiaCon began Opening

Ceremonies with *taiko* drumming by the Kaze Daiko youth ensemble of Seattle. A member of the ensemble wrote,

Kaze Daiko plays,
The drums echo our spirit
If thunder can float.

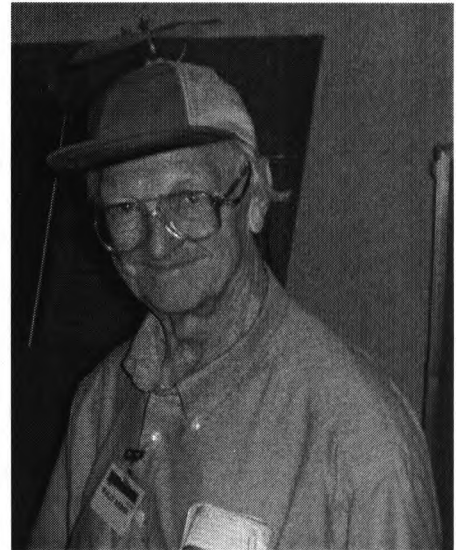
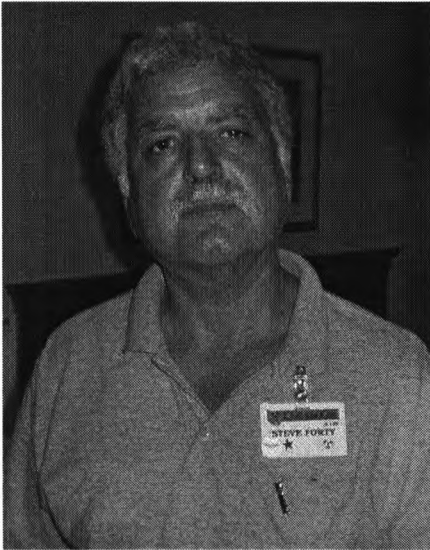
Bobbie DuFault, exercising her prerogative as CascadiaCon chair, gave each of her GoH antennae with glittery knobs. At the St. Louis bidding party I ate pineapple, drank *Hefeweizen*, and watched Hope Leibowitz and Ctein play Fluxx, with strange rules that changed.

As I often do, I had arranged docent tours of the Art Show, *docent* (borrowed from the museum world) being a tour leader good at pointing out things worth looking at. I try for a mixture, pros and fans, men and women. Docents take one another's tours. For CascadiaCon, pencil wizard Mark Ferrari, me, woodworker Johnna Klukas, pro writer Larry Niven, '98

TAFF (Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund) delegate Ulrika O'Brien, watercolorist Margaret Organ-Kean. From a nearby florist I got a helium balloon that would rise above the aisles of artwork to show where the tour was, Teresa Nielsen Hayden's bright idea for Torcon III ('03 Worldcon). The balloon was a five-pointed star. The shop was Sea-Tac Flowers & Espresso.

Friday. Organ-Kean's tour noted Amy Bradley's beadwork in fractal patterns. Klukas, who was along, noted how without aristocracy we forwent costly material and high labor but were helped by technology. Then the Fannish Inquisition, where we kindly put committees of seated cons (i.e. their bid won but their con is yet to be held), and bidders (i.e. their election is yet to be held), on the hot seat. Moderator Vincent Docherty was still alive after co-chairing Interaction. Kent Bloom, chair of the Denver for '08 Worldcon bid, faced Dave McCarty of Chicago. Each of these bids is attractive. If McCarty's bid wins we shall have Chicon VII. He said "I can't imagine why you wouldn't want to be there every year." Then Bloom and I went off to *R.U.R.* in the other hotel.

Jerry Pournelle joined us; I moderated. *R.U.R.* is "Rossum's Universal Robots"; Capek ("tchah-peck") had subtitled his play



From Near and Far: (Left) Steve Forty of Vancouver; (Middle) Mike Kennedy, editor of the Huntsville, AL clubzine *NASFA Shuttle*; (Left) Wally Weber, 1961 Seattle Worldcon chair. Photos by Chaz Boston Baden.

a *fantastic melodrama*. Alexander Woollcott, who discovered the Marx Brothers, had called a New York production “murderous social satire ... hair-raising.” Bloom said *R.U.R.* lay under perhaps a third of s-f. Pournelle said the problem of any republic is that the least citizen must feel and be a part of the republic. In *R.U.R.* robots did the work, Huxley’s *Brave New World* chemically stupefied workers before birth, two warnings of false paradise. Later, in the Heinlein Society suite, Pournelle said Ray Bradbury was the man to be on television with; people would try to direct all the talk to him, but he wouldn’t let them get away with it.

No state can be more destitute than that of him who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.

Johnson

In the Fanzine Lounge, I found Coquilam fan Steve Forty’s mimeograph equipment, a medium once indispensable; all worked, and some was going to the S-F Museum. Suzle, back from Britain as ‘05 TAFF delegate, found Flo Newrock of New Jersey; they hadn’t met in person for years. Wu told how, during the Kelly memorial at Interaction, a man in the audience recognized a pistol in a Western cover Kelly had done; the pistol, which was in the story, had been an anachronism, which Kelly was left to fret over. In the lobby, I found a casino, Bank of Serenity scrip, Standlee in a dinner jacket, and Klingons at *cha’mah’waH* with all the card-suits weapons.

Hot dogs at the Chicago party. A San José for ‘07 write-in bid emerged to challenge St. Louis. It promised to support Nippon 2007. To move things along I joined as Pre-Supporter 4. I then immediately recruited Diana Paxson, since four is an inauspicious number in Japan. The Montréal for ‘09 Worldcon bid served spruce beer. Kansas City for ‘09 had a Cookie Goddess. At the Radcon party (Pasco, Washington), their dreaded Toxic Waste had reached the sludge state, in which I seemed to detect kiwi fruit.

Daylight Saturday. James Glass moderated *The Invisible Man*, with Robert James, me, Pournelle, and Alan Rosenthal host of the Fanzine Lounge. Rosenthal said a classic was independent of its time and place. I said, look at the characterization of Griffin, Kemp, and marvelous Marvel. James said *Invisible Man* was allegory, we treat one another as invisible. For that, Pournelle liked better Ralph Ellison’s *Invisible Man*. Rosenthal said Kemp foreshadowed *A Modern Utopia*. Pournelle said Griffin didn’t act like a scientist. Rosenthal said Kemp making the discovery would have been worse; he wasn’t out for himself; he would have tried to help. I said, thus was Galadriel tested in *The Lord of the Rings*. James wished Wells had given the epilogue to a witness. Glass said it had the viewpoint of the highest drama.

Klukas on her docent tour noted that three-dimensional art has viewing angles. In 2-D, you can refine your point in monochrome. Monochrome can be a study of edges. The Illustrators of the Future contest brought winners and finalists, done as interior illustrations for magazines and thus all monochrome. The LiftPort Group, promot-

ing a space elevator, brought two dozen drawings. Klukas remarked how work made functionally can be admired by others as good to look at. And so to *Starman Jones*, in the other hotel.

Here I moderated Mary Morman of the Denver for ‘08 bid, Niven, Pournelle, Geo Rule, and Weisskopf. Niven said s-f was about patterns. Of characters in *Jones*, Pournelle called Sam — not Max Jones — the formal protagonist, the one who made things happen. Weisskopf said Sam was redeemed by finding Max to teach. Dr.

That lightness of spirit without which life would be unbearable.

Poulenc

Hendrix who did everything himself, and Sam the fudger, were the heroes we’d expect in this technologically corrupt society. Pournelle noted how everyone fudged, starting at the truck-stop. From the audience Bill Patterson of the Heinlein Society asked what made *Jones* a favorite. Niven said it went outside the Solar System. Weisskopf said the writing exercised restraint. Pournelle called *Between Planets* a better book, but worse undercut by our now knowing it false-to-fact.

Niven on his docent tour said “Once I thought I’d seen enough dragons to last me the rest of my life. But every now and then I see a good one, so I stopped saying that.” Paul Cordsmeyer, who was donating his collection to the S-F Museum, kindly displayed some in the Art Show, book and magazine cover art, Program Books, letters, T-shirts hand-painted with galaxies —

Niven happened to own one by that artist. At Ferrari's display Niven said "Trying to Fit In" stuck in his mind. With this weary teenage elf in jeans and baseball cap, skateboard, and yard-wide butterfly wings, Rockwellesque and exercising restraint, Ferrari burst upon us a few years ago, winning Best of Show at Westercon LVII (Spokane, '99).

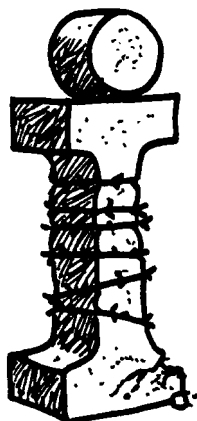
Two Klukas pieces, which she calls a diptych, impressed my docent tour, "Origination" and "Destination". She associates them by parallel composition, and parallel materials: cherry, walnut, maple and maple burl. In each the central disk is patinated copper, the stars wire. We pondered what made "Origination" look ancient, "Destination" a future, and thought the integration of shapes in "Origination" more tense, while elements in "Destination" opened from one another to stand independent. Ed Cox had begun to work in steel, displaying skull shapes like flat masks. My favorite Danforths, among paintings and pots, were two monochromes, "Windsong's Master", and "Bert the Troll" with a gnarled face and a jug o' punch.

In the Masquerade, this year's judges were Marie Cooley, me, and Inoue (with Takayuki Karahashi interpreting); Workmanship Judge backstage (optional for each entry). Joy Day. Best in Show, and Best Workmanship, was Sue-Lyn & Kristopher

Truths would you teach, or save a
sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few
understand.

Pope

Taylor's "Wizard & Roo" (Master class), from *The Witch and the 'Roo of Wicky Woo* by Jan Loudin (1996); the kangaroo — with butterfly wings — could fly, neatly exchanging a boy for a doll, against a gorgeous backdrop; an earlier version had been at Westercon LVI (Seattle, '03). Most Dramatic, Journeyman, was Laura & Mark Ri-



WE ALL HAVE
PROBLEMS

eschick's "Dark Shadows Fairy Tale", Laura winged, Mark a mirror. Most Humorous, Journeyman, was Kalyn Nilsson's "Princess Luthien", afflicted by slugs, eeuw. Mike Duquette won Workmanship Judge's Choice (Journeyman) for "S.T.O.A.T." in alien armor. Elizabeth Fellows' "Dance of the Sugar-Plaid Fairy" (also revised from Westercon LVI) won Honorable Mention (Novice) and Best Workmanship in Class. Half-time entertainment while we judges deliberated was a magic show, *The Cabaret of Dr. Caligari*. As we returned, it had come to a really breathtaking joke (and chosen-card revelation) based on a big color reproduction of Da Vinci's *Last Supper*.

At Interaction the convention center had, for its shape, been re-named, and adopted as the starship *WSFS Armadillo*, "WSFS" supposedly "White Star Federated Spacelines" being the convenient initials of the World S-F Society, beneath whose happy wingspread Worldcons and NASFiCs stand. Standlee was Captain, Docherty was Admiral. The self-proclaimed Cabal that produces *Plokta* having won the Hugo for Best Fanzine, and having each been armed with a rocket by means of Hugo trophies, all invaded Closing

Ceremonies as space pirates. At CascadiaCon, under the guise of raising money for relief from Hurricane Katrina, Standlee was court-martialed. Around midnight at the L.A.con IV party my roommate Tom Veal arrived with news. "We acquitted Kevin, and convicted Seth." Two hours later I found Seth Breidbart in the lobby. "Of course it's true," he said. "Were any charges brought against you?" I asked. "Of course not."

Ten a.m. Sunday, to moderate "No Woman Born" with James, Pournelle, Milt Stevens one of our finest fanwriters. James ranked C.L. Moore among our finest pro writers. Pournelle had known her in person. Stevens brought the December '44 *Astounding* where the story appeared. In the story, Pournelle said, Deirdre had no one to talk with, the private nightmare of every writer. We discussed her line "Luckily I never was beautiful", belied by the James Stephens poem quoted in the text. Such an exploration as "Born" of beauty and attraction probably could not have been written in any other medium, or by a man, at the time or perhaps today.

O'Brien's docent tour looked at hydroplanes like orcas, with bird wings, by Lizzie Newell of Anchorage. Sarah Clemens displayed a *giclée* print of "Stigmata", a woman in white floating cruciform amid church ruins, hibiscus for blood; Ctein at ConKopelli had called my attention to the original. There was a large Kelly Freas display, including "Transition", one of his few nods toward the abstract — yet its spine is the realism of the mask and stars, how light shines through the eyes so we know it's a mask, how the metal gleams. In the verticals red and blue, the horizontal flash, we see an event.

Local fans Marci Malinowczyk and Twilight, and Tom Whitmore who is so local everywhere some of us still know him as Itinerance, played Book Fairy. You got two copies of a book on condition you'd give away one to somebody you didn't know. In



Trios at NASFiC: (Left) Panelists Hiroaki Inoue, Peggy Rae Sapienza and Vince Docherty; (Right) Heinlein banqueters Dr. Jerry Pournelle, C. J. Cherry and Jane Fancher. Photos by Chaz Boston Baden.

the restroom a man in a business suit asked about my propeller beanie. I said there was a science fiction convention in the hotel. He said "Really! Can you recommend a good book?" so I did my duty. Publicity is what you make it.

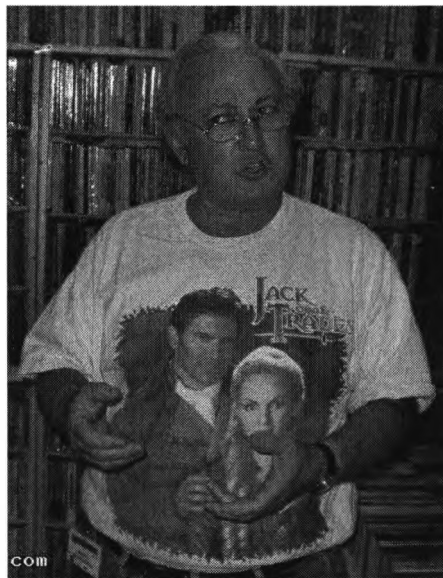
Large, abnormally united by
allusion and shibboleth, and not
particularly encouraging.

Sir Ronald Storrs

English Regency ballroom dancing has become a tradition at cons, taught by me if I'm there; my article in *Mimosa* 26 is, I hear, on the Web at

<www.jophan.org/mimosa/m26/hertz.htm>. Cross-cultural contact is homework for s-f, and this whimsical era, when the First Gentleman of Europe was Crown Prince, then Regent, appeals to the fannish mind. Besides, it's an excuse to read Jane Austen, with Georgette Heyer and Patrick O'Brian for *apéritif*. The prevalence of women among romance-writers is a fact of which we heterosexual men should be deeply ashamed. Naturally the dance was in the other hotel. Dressed like the trademark of Johnnie Walker whisky I had a walking stick. For us the formalism of these dances may be, like selenium, a nutrient valuable in minute quantity.

From 1805 white tie to 2005 black tie for the Awards Banquet. With Inoue being our GoH, the English-translation part of the Japanese *Seiun* Awards was announced, not as usual at the Worldcon, but here. Also we had the Heinlein Award. Amy Baxter, the Heinleins' adopted granddaughter, wore a gown of Mrs. Heinlein's. On the last weekend in the year when a man may wear a



Marty Massoglia huckstering at NASFiC. Photo by Chaz.

white dinner jacket, I did, as Mr. Heinlein had. Joe Major, I sat with your publisher. Theodore Sturgeon's "And Now the News" won the Best Translated Short Story *Seiun* (as *Nyusu no Jikan Desu*, tr. Nozomi Omori). The Heinlein Society gave its Award to Niven and Pournelle. Greg Bear

A noble mind disdains not to
repent.

Homer

quoted Niven, "If we can put a man on the Moon, why can't we put a man on the Moon?" At the Baen Books party, Weisskopf presided over chocolate and a

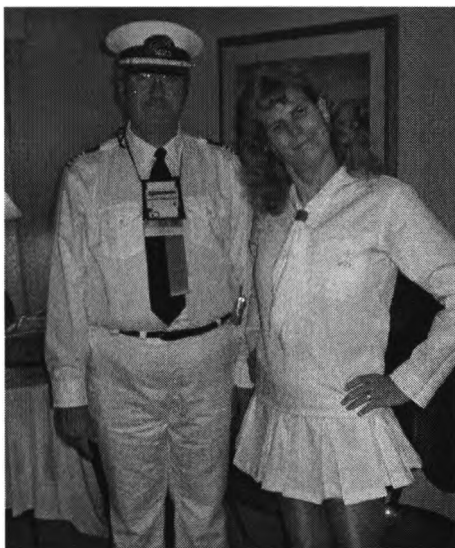
one-shot: these fanzines for the occasion, which used to need a mimeograph hauled in, can now be done by lapsed computer.

Filking, where women pick banjos in T-shirts decorated with the Periodic Table. One sang "Why don't you do right, like some millionaires do? Put your stuff on the market, and make a million too." Geneticist Anne Prather, in a black cloak glistening with spider stars, sang "Step it out lightly, my fine daughter." I helped her back to her room with her harp. As the elevator door opened and we got off, there in the elevator lobby, at 4:30 a.m., was Phoenix fan Jean Goddin, quietly reading. I love s-f cons.

BSFS Renames Young Writers Contest After Jack Chalker

The Science Fiction young writers' contest sponsored by the Baltimore Science Fiction Society for Maryland high-school-aged students has been renamed "The Jack L. Chalker Young Writers Contest sponsored by the Baltimore Science Fiction Society" effective April 8, 2006.

Dale Arnold, chairman of the board of the club's corporation, explained how "BSFS believes that given Jack's early entry into SF fandom, history of teaching, body of written work and close association with BSFS this renaming of the young writers contest creates an ideal memorial as part of his legacy."



WSFS Armadillo Merchandise

Inspired by the vision that Glasgow's SECC looked less like a convention center than it did a starship about to leave for space, Interaction wove a fantasy that, in the words of Cheryl Morgan, "...the Worldcon in Glasgow was to have seen the launch of the White Star Federated Spacelines cruise liner, the *Armadillo*, commanded by Captain Standlee. However, on the day of the launch a vast pirate fleet as noticed approaching Earth and the *Armadillo* itself was hijacked by the infamous Plokta Cabal (armed with small silver rockets that they had smuggled on board the *Armadillo* the night be-

fore)...."

Captain Standlee has revealed it's never too late to join the crew of the WSFS *Armadillo*, provided you're not one of the true believers who think the 2005 Worldcon actually left the ground. Says the Captain, "You can buy your own shirts, mugs, tote bags, etc. from the planned voyage of the *Armadillo*." They're available online at the CafePress website:

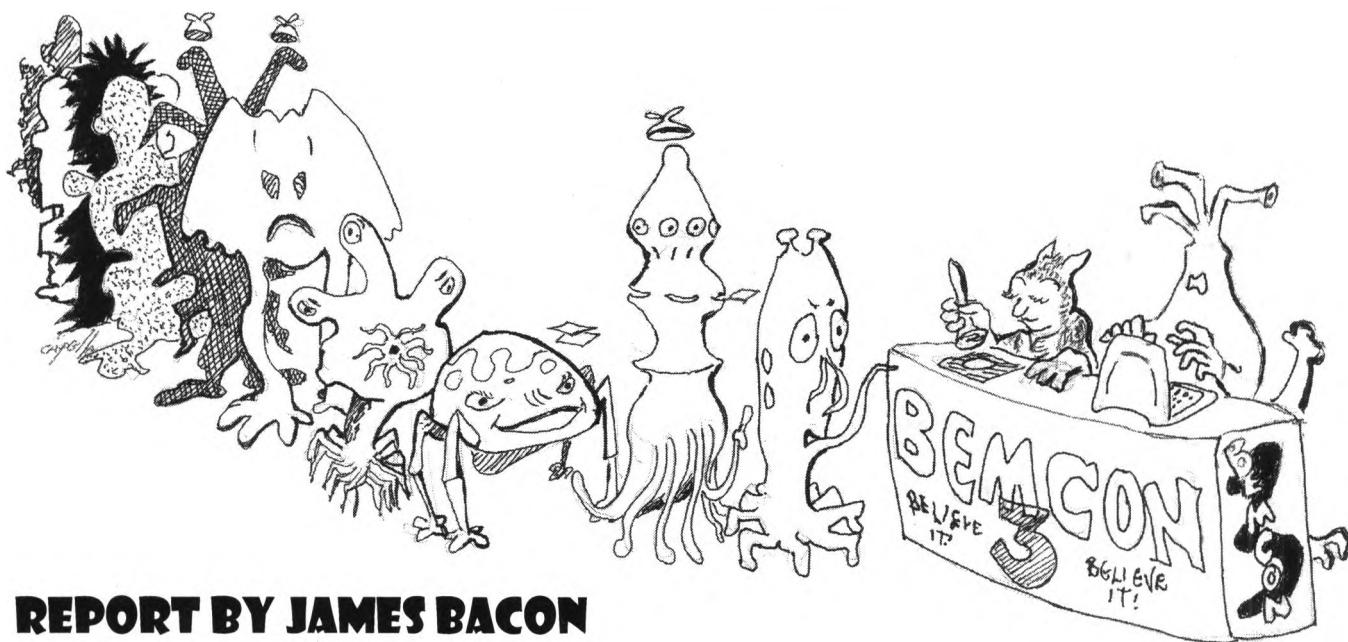
<http://www.cafepress.com/wsfsarmadillo>

And Kevin assures us that in the true spirit of nonprofit worldcons, "the merchandise in the shop is being sold at CafePress' cost. There's no margin built into the prices. We've made them available as a service to members."

CONCUSSION – EASTERCON 2006

57TH BRITISH NATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

APRIL 14-17, 2006 - CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND



REPORT BY JAMES BACON

GOHs: M. John Harrison,
Brian Froud, Elizabeth Hand,
Justina Robson, Ian Sorensen.
Special Guests: Dan Abnett,
Marc Gascoigne, Mat Irvine,
Dee Parker, Johanna Sinisalo

All convention reports are a personal affair. Here, as in any review, the objectivity should be questioned and borne in mind: please remember that this report only reflects what I did and saw.

Despite agreeing to help or assist with a variety of undertakings at Eastercon, the depressing reality just six weeks before the convention is I had not made travel arrangements or hotel reservations. I realised that both might be expensive enough to keep me from one of the weekends in the year that is now so important to me. It was my own fault.

Fortunately, Simoné, my girlfriend, knew how important this was for me. She found very nice accommodations in Glasgow at half-price, through an offer available to employees in her company.

Next was travel. On railways I get a 75% discount off full fares, being a railway employee. But train fares in Britain are a complex beast, between offers online and a multitude of fares to avail of. They are also whimsical on the basis that individual train

companies make options available and unavailable as they see fit. Sometimes it is cheaper to get an advance ticket online than to use my discount. Easter is a high-volume travel time. The amount of tickets available online were few, and I had missed the offers. Simoné needed a normal ticket and I could not afford that type of fare. One of my line managers advised me that Simoné might be entitled to a privilege discount card and she was: we were able to buy discounted tickets. The developments drove forward our decision to go to Eastercon and my despair was vanquished.

Thursday before the con, we travelled to Glasgow on the Sleeper train. We boarded the train at London Euston, carting a multitude of luggage, little of which was normal. (I also sent luggage in my friend Bazooka's car, and there were Fan Fund items in 1/2r's car, and there was stuff stored in Jamie Scott's. I am responsible for a lot of junk.)

The sleeper, apart from being very romantic was great, our berth a tiny space with a bunk bed. We had a relaxing drink in the first class lounge and then both slept well. There were engineering works on, and after an hour of moving with much back tracking, we were two miles from Euston station, it was nice to watch though as this huge train meandered through suburban stations, to the surprise of late night drinkers.

We slept so well that it was a mission for

the train crew to wake us, and we were the last people off the train on Friday morning. The service allows quite a bit of time for people to disembark, and we had well over-run that.

It was an interesting feeling to be going back to the scene of the Worldcon, so fresh in my mind. It was nice actually, really nice.

I had a number of undertakings, and first I went to the Cyberdrome workshop. Cyberdrome has been running for the last 10 Eastercons. It's essentially an amateur robotics and remote controlled workshop. Con members build something on site to fight or compete in the Cyberdrome event. This year's theme was Pirates. I arrived to find that our newest volunteer, Alex Holden, had set up the most amazing workshop we have ever had. He had brought every tool, bit and part one could imagine, and it resembled a very well-equipped machine shop.

I took the opportunity to sort through the equipment that we had left in storage from the previous year's Worldcon and Eastercon. I had cunningly husbanded anything and everything I thought would be useful for this year's Eastercon (all credit to Jamie Scott who then had to transport and store all this shit, as one might say.) I spent a good while sorting through, and pruning down this equipment, in the knowledge that transporting it onward from Glasgow would be a tough number. I also manage to reduce and



(L) Fran Dowd, Flick and Chris Tregenzaand. Photo by Douglas Spencer. (R) Chaos room. Photo by Alex Holden.

condense quite a bit of stuff, while getting out a good bit of stuff that would be immediately useful.

We shared our function room with Chaos costuming, who help people create something for the masquerade. This might have been perceived as a negative by some, but as someone who has run this element of the con before, I felt that the sharing of resources and cooperation that always goes on would be eased by proximity. Shortly we were allowed to expand and utilise the mezzanine area outside our room. We had a huge materials area, and it also became an ad-hoc parent and child Lego zone.

The function space in The Crown Plaza Glasgow hotel is brilliant. There are three main programme rooms all on the ground floor. They could be enlarged, when required, with fairly decent dividing walls – taking twenty minutes when done by hotel staff, less than five when done by convention members. Next to the programme rooms was the dealers room, a fan table area and a conservatory. All rooms opened onto the lounge area with a real ale bar, a normal bar and a food bar. (For those of you who attended Interaction, this was its the fan lounge, fan programme and fan rooms area).

Upstairs there was the workshop room, a room for more intimate programming and Filk, a games room, the newsletter office, the video programme, our open mezzanine area which was now a kids area, operations and the art show. The only failing is it could do with another few small and medium rooms.

After sorting out my shjunk, I collected a suitcase of artwork and made my way to the art show. I have rarely been involved with convention art shows, but Anne Stokes had asked me to transport and hang some artwork. I delegated the transportation aspect, but undertook to hang it and liaise with the art show guys mostly cause of the lack of

any previous involvement. I arrived, hung the artwork, admired some of the other work on display, and it was really as easy as that. The art show team had the displays up, with lights strategically placed. John Harold, Robbie Bourget and Dave Tomkins were extremely helpful given that this was my first time.

I went downstairs to the dealers room and as I set up a Sproutlore Table (the now official Robert Rankin Fancub), which was adjacent to a ZZ9 (Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy Fancub) Year of The Teledu (a fun convention) and Confounding Stories, a Glasgow convention with a fun outlook focusing on pulp SF as a theme driver. I know all those involved very well, so a co-operative had been set up months beforehand, with me relying more on co-operation than vice versa.

The dealer's room was full of Books, which was nice, and there was a good selection to choose from, and many at great prices. I spent a little time browsing quickly, scanning for authors I am after. Fortunately Mark Plummer also knows my tastes and found some *New Worlds* with James White Stories therein, which he passed to me. At 20p each, very cheap reads.

I spoke at length to Claire Brialey. Claire is acting as my assistant while I am administering the Trans Atlantic Fan Fund, although I wonder who is the master and whom is the apprentice. Claire also administers the 'catch all' League of Fan Funds, so she is more of a sounding board and mentor than assistant. The League, in conjunction with TAFF, had a number of commitments: an auction, a fun fundraiser called SMOF, a TAFF party and, obviously, the collection and canvassing of votes for the current TAFF contest.

Claire and Mark Plummer were manning the Cold Tonnage books table. Next to it was the BSFA table, ably manned by Julie Rigby,

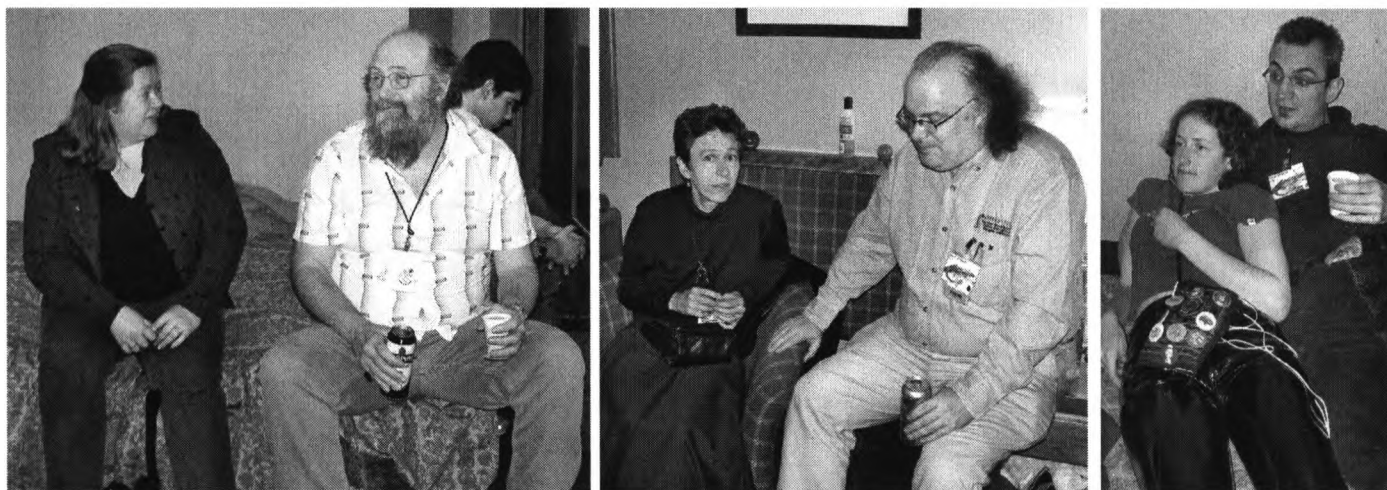
Pat McMurray and a host of BSFA heads over the weekend. To help drum up some more interest I had spoken to well known girlie fan Flick who is also on the League of Fan Funds, and we came up with some lewd ideas about where people should stuff their vote. I thought it best if they stuffed it into Flicks Box. At the end of the day, she bought a plastic box, covered in Betty Page-esque pictures and clad in a sheer stocking. Although some fans tutted and blamed me, others were intrigued enough to vote.

I did a stint on the dealers table when the room opened, met many friends and acquaintances, and generally caught up with people. Simoné appeared after a bath, a snooze and some study.

I went in late to see the opening ceremony, which took place at 3 p.m. and was well attended. The committee did a good job. I noticed that there were a lot of faces I didn't know and a lot of younger people about. This is the fabled Glaswegian on the door members, something that is a bit unique to Glasgow conventions.

I then went to the Cyberdrome room and found it was rather quiet. I started to welcome people in, chat to people, let them know the stuff on view was not display, and in a short while, the ad-hoc area was swarming and we had about a dozen projects of one sort or another on the go. The important factor with anything like Cyberdrome is to be on hand to encourage people to 'have a go'. I also find that by just starting a construction and allowing the curious to not only watch on, but also to ask them opinions, it is a short step to helping and then them taking over altogether! This is sometimes how the quieter kids work, they don't know what to do, don't know anyone, so a cool start is to somehow convince the eejit who looks in charge that his efforts are no longer his!

I worked here for the rest of the after-



(L) Claire Briarley, John Dowd; (M) Judith Proctor, Mark Plummer. (R) Clara, Liam. Photos by Douglas Spencer.

noon. Bazooka and his wife Gillian Bryson assisted with a variety of things and like some sort of constant Alex Holden was on hand at all times to assist with the technical stuff that sometimes boggles me.

I had decided that I would have some down time every night for dinner, with my Girlfriend. She had meanwhile made friends with Jamie the Cairn terrier, who belonged to Sign of The Dragon bookshop people, and had sold some memberships to the club. So we went with Mark and Claire to a pub across the river, and enjoyed a short time away from the con. I usually don't manage that, so it was really nice to be away.

The taxi driver told us the eatery, a mix of Italian and steak house, was only seventy yards across the river as he pointed at a walk bridge, so off we went in the taxi. The place was rammed with people. It being 6:45 and my being scheduled for a panel at 8 p.m., I balked when told we would have to wait fifty minutes for a seat. We left for a much nicer pub next door and ate our food. Then began the quest for the bridge our taxi driver had pointed out. We had to go inland, as building works were blocking the quay. Then it was up, take a left, another left at a fork, and go another half-mile. I jogged the last couple of hundred metres, as time was pressing, I cursed the taxi man and his seventy bloody yards.

I just made it for the first League of Fan Funds Programme item, for which I had been a last-minute recruit. I co-hosted with Flick. Four volunteers agreed to be grilled with ominous questions and run for SMOFF, a fan fund within the convention. The four participants, reflecting four areas of fandom, were Fran Dowd, Julie Rigby, Simon McGrory and Jim De Liscard. Campaign managers volunteered, tasks were allocated, and mini campaigns launched. Some of the names for SMOFF itself included:

Smelly mammals over flatulent fans
Small Micro-Orchestra For Fish
Sadistic, Masochistic, and Out For Fun

Secret Master Of Fan Faction
Spank More Otters Fan Fund
Smart Money Offers Fantastic Fun
Serious Mode Off
Seventeen miles Only Fan fund
Smelly Mammals Over Fannish Feet
Seeking More Ordinary Finnish Fans

Ballots were given out, and campaign managers began their campaign. The winner would be sent to Plokta.con pi The Danger-con, with a travel card and free entry. Questions included: What would you do if you ran off with the funds? What things would you encourage our American friends to do while in the UK? Can you fannishly cast children's programmes of your choice? Of course it was fun when I asked the panel if the British Science Fiction Association should change its name to the Perfidious Albion SF Association. All delegates said they thought it was a great idea except Julie, who is a vice-chair of BSFA and reserved comment until she spoke to the chair. Next Question, should officers of the BSFA be censored? There was no winning only laughing. Panelists were tasked with running out into the general populace and shouting Mi-hingé (*muh-hin-gee*) the Irish for fun, to which our whole room resonated in return. It got odd when Flick went out across the lounge area shouting "Stockings!" We actually raised £130 for TAFF.

Then it was straight into the preparations for the Fan Fund auction, my first auction duties at a regular convention. Although I normally do this at Sproutlore events, this was another first. Claire and Flick helped to lay out stuff. Flick kept accounts with Si-

moné and Giulia De Cesare as runners. Mike Scott and Steve Davies served as auctioneers, with Sue Mason assisting. It went well. We auctioned a great selection of interesting stuff from 85% cocoa chocolate to some desirable signed Sandman prints. Bridget Bradshaw offered to type up ten pages of writing for anyone who would like it. I immediately bid, and she launched a bidding war, having realised her grievous error. The raw writing can be harsh, but from copybooks, your editor will attest, a task too far. I allowed her to win, once we had raised the price sufficiently.

We raised over £400 and had good fun.

Then it was to the Bar and much drinking. The Irish crowd turned up at this stage, and we all had a good laugh in the bar. There was much talk of *Battlestar Galactica*, the current state of comics and believe it or not, science fiction authors.

Saturday started well, I met Pat McMurray in our hotel over breakfast, which was situated in Glasgow city. We chatted: he has a five-year-plan for the British Science Fiction Association, and in a moment of madness awhile ago I'd joined. Afterwards, we both got the train to the con hotel.

Again I was mostly in the Cyberdrome room initially helping to build up some momentum and get people enthused. Then I was sorting out stuff for the party and spent a short while covering the dealers table.

I caught up with many people from Interaction, it was so nice to do so, I still miss Interaction, although I think that not having to spend hours and hours on a convention is good thing, nevertheless I miss the camaraderie that it offered. So outside, Vince Doherty, Colin Harris and Steve Green were unloading various items that they had stored from Interaction. Out came the wonderful carpet, that welcomed everyone into the concourse at the con -- and it's filthy. What



Smofs Panel: Jim De Liscard, Simon McGrory, Fran Dowd, and Julie Rigby keep an eye on manic emcee James Bacon. Photo by Douglas Spencer.

to do with it they thought, and called me over. Would I like it perhaps? Give it a good home? I started to jump up and down, but how, but how, so first I asked Simoné if I could have it, and she grudgingly approved, stating only in my own room, then I asked Bazooka if he could transport, but alas, it was a no, so eventually Steve Green agreed to deliver it to somewhere I would be at! I was chuffed, and hopefully will get it cleaned, keep it nice, for the next one.

I got into the 'Fandom a Safe Space' panel, and was disappointed not to be able to contribute. The panel could have gone on for hours and there were some very interesting comments and discussions. It was very well attended, a common trait I believe, of all the programming, and I was rather surprised to hear some of the disturbing stories that I had thought unthinkable at a science fiction convention. I have a reputation myself of being a bit of a cavorter, and worried if at some stage I too would be guilty of going too far. Or worse giving a bad example where others with poorer social skills might upset a girl because they assume what they see is the norm. I did think that some of the discussion about children was rather ill-informed; but the ensuring of comfort for ladies, that was another thing that needs addressing. A lot of thinking needed.

The main thing to come out of it was to ask, and to listen, I decided to test this theory and asked subsequently any girl who I kissed, hugged, put my arm around and generally came into contact with, only two girls refused, although one subsequently allowed it, and it was interesting.

I also quickly found that I was suddenly aware of how many women hug or kiss me unrequested, and that was also interesting. I kept a tally.

I had wanted more on the subject, but time interjected. I was lucky to meet Kari,

who was on the panel, and we chatted for nearly an hour as I supervised Cyberdrome activity, which was really good. I am going to write an article about the whole subject elsewhere, as it defiantly needs discussing and to be honest, I would be horrified to think any lady would be upset so, at a convention, it's like my living room. Can fans imagine a woman being sexually assaulted, as was reported at the panel, and then other fans excusing it, because the person was a BNF. Shocking.

Later at the con I thought it was an interesting juxtaposition as women paraded through the con lounge area, strutting their stuff in Corsetry, a theme that was featured over the weekend.

Nothing wrong with that, but its more food for thought.

I had hoped to see the George Hay science lecture, but assisting in building vessels of doom interrupted. Rather I thought Alex Holden should get a break -- he is an amazing chap, getting him to take a break is a mission. I also decided that I would forgo watching Doctor Who to enjoy dinner with my girlfriend once again. She had spent the day studying.

After a nice meal it was back to the Con for the TAFF party. Interaction wanted to thank everyone by throwing a party, and 1/2r had suggested a tasting TAFF party, to raise awareness and funds. The other candidates (bug and Sparks) agreed, and I undertook an Irish tasting and a pay as you play Scalextrix (slot cars 1/32nd scale) run by the Irish crowd and Simoné was running a board game of sexual trivia.

I helped in the deception to get Steve Lawson from the party set up to the main hall where the awards ceremony was taking place, but mistimed it. Alice retrieved him and I saw Steve receive the Doc Weir Award. This is an award to thank and recog-

nise those who never get the glory that many others do, yet do as much work. Steve's wife Alice is on many committees, and is highly visible, and Steve is equally on senior levels usually running registration and memberships, you just wouldn't know it. If he were to disappear he would suddenly and shockingly be very badly missed and a number of fans would be needed to match his workload, a criteria in my opinion for the award.

Then it was quickly back to the Taff Party. The Interaction chairs said their bit, and hundreds of fans tucked into the free wine and soft drinks, and many went onto taste either 1/2rs potent punch and imitable whiskeys, Bug's selection of hand made chocolates, Sparks' booze and sweets or the uniquely Irish sweets I had. The Scalextrix and Game proved popular, and at about 12.30, three hours later we finally moved those still enjoying themselves into the lounge. We raised about £200.

I had spent a lot of time chatting with a variety of fans, and at one stage abandoned the tasting table, to sit and chat with Liz Batty and her friends the fabled third row about con running, the wonderful wish-fulfilment it offers and generally informing them all of the positive side of con running. I listened intently to some of the negative perceptions that these younger guys had, and discussed solutions or explained the realities which were not quite severe. We also discussed whether books that tie into other SF related media such as star wars and Star Trek worth recommending and that also proved interesting. It was good to chat.

Meanwhile, Munchkin of Confounding Stories had arranged a Glasgow University science fiction society reunion. There must have been over 50 people gathered in one corner of the lounge, many of whom were not greying.

I stayed up drinking and chatting, and

after helping a drunken French man to his hotel across the car park, (civic duties and all) with the help of the Irish crowd. This was a mission indeed. He was drunk, so we started to chant "La Marsillaise." This annoyed him, so he tripped us all up, and he fell, too. It took us about 20 minutes to carry, hold, stagger and fall across the few hundred metres to his room. Somehow we managed it, and the hotel staff were only too happy to allow us to escort him to his room, his poor partner very grateful. We got him on the bed, and he was laid out, and suddenly a burst of life, he leapt up, fell back down, but in doing so, the weakness of his bed came to the fore, as two single beds split and like a man falling into an abyss he disappeared in between the beds, and with a resounding thunk, bumped his bonce. It was hilarious, I checked he was still breathing, tears in my eyes as I couldn't stop laughing. All four of us, were in stitches. Eventually, we got him back on the bed, all life had gone, he was totally dead weight, but alive. We returned to the lounge, chanting our song as we went. You can rely on the Irish to help the French! After a couple more drinks I departed for my own hotel. We had raised the profile of TAFF and had received over 40 votes. It was overall a great success, but of course, the con committee had supported it and Interaction's help made it was what it was.

I got to the hotel early on Sunday, to help with the Cyberdrome set up, and Bazooka started filling pools first with air and then water. I helped to finalise the chaotic piratical spaghetti monster plans and SMS and Eira organised the theatrical part that seemingly many enjoy as part of Cyberdrome. Meanwhile Alex beavered with many a last minute request for assistance or to start from scratch at this late day, as Bazooka filled H₂O and O₂ outside. With all seemingly going well I decided to attend both the bid session and the Eastercon forum.

The bid session was interesting. I have to give it to Convoy, the 1-year bid for 2007, at least they know their work is cut out and are prepared to give it their best shot. The main issue people have with this bid is the Hotel that the committee want to use, (Adelphi Liverpool) but I think many a mind was put at ease at the news that NO ONE except members will be allowed into any part of the hotel, if they fill a set amount of hotel rooms. Also the confidence of both their hotel liaison and security chief was reassuring. They received a resounding vote, and only about 4 abstentions. The room was jammed with fans. Orbital the 2008 bid also received a huge amount of support and was voted on as that year's convention. They had an amazingly professional bid prepared and were efficient with their responses.



The Eastercon forum was not as well attended and those who were there were con runners and active fans, who obviously care. There was much constructive talk, and as one person put it, it was like an anti-gripe session. There is work to be done, and there was even an agreement by all present to ensure all Eastercon properties were updated or made known to the current committee's, based on a request from Vince Docherty.

For me the main message was that it was important to not treat con members like customers and rather to try and get them to buy into the overall convention, although that was what I took from it.

Then I rushed back to the Cyberdrome prep, and helped to get everything ready, which even involved some bailing with buckets, as it some became clear that the draught drawn by one contestants boat was too deep for the main pool.

More people braved the dubious weather than I had expected, and two teams were set up. If anything more people came out than I had expected. I had expected that it would be less of a spectator event than normal, but was proved wrong as a throng of people vied to get a view.

The theatrical stuff was fun and chaotic, and the contestant seemed to enjoy themselves, with a great variety of vessels floated. It was snappier than previous years with everything done in an hour. First there was a straightforward race by two contestants, and this had some interesting results as spears skewed rigging and wind affected high-sided vessels and so on. After that there was a free

for all, with most competitors putting their vessel into the fray. The outstanding Ram-paging Roger with remote control water cannon stood out, as well as Feorags entry. After that we had a salvage operation, and John Down did okay, despite having worked an ingenious device to sweep up the coinage from the bottom of the pool. Then with stronger wind, and the onset of rain, it was easy to usher all those outside back inside, just after the finale of the team captains falling off the plank into the pool.

I had delegated a variety of post-Cyberdrome tasks that required attending to the guys who were helping me as I was very keen to have the room taken down and everything sorted ASAP. I suddenly found myself alone outside, in the rain, with two full pools to empty. I expect that's about 2,000 litres of water. I decided to get the job done, and as soon as rain stopped and the smokers returned outside, I enlisted some further help to finally upturn the pools to vanquish the last of the water. It then got very sunny as I deflated and folded them with help, which is typical, but as usual I was grateful for the fannish helping hand. Gophers then helped move these away.

Afterwards, we immediately started sorting out more trash from equipment that should be husbanded, and with the Chair, Farah Mendlesohn's permission we started to give away stuff that was not required, but that parents might indeed find useful. Transportation and storage being an equalizer for me, there was reason to consider what was actually totally useful.

Alex had a massive job in putting away all his tools and equipment, he defiantly had brought a new angle to the whole Cyberdrome aspect of robotics, something I could never do, and I was really impressed. I personally think that perhaps professionalism and amateur electronics could be the direction Cyberdrome goes in, which might upset the many parents who utilise it as a safe place to leave kids, but I don't know, I have decided that I want to run conventions again and will be stepping back from Cyberdrome and encouraging Alex to take over with Bazooka and Gillian who had all manned the area really well. I wasn't really happy with a number of aspects, Alex got lumbered with manning the room too much, I felt there was too much Chaos to the Chaos aspect and lost some bloody forms, which would have helped. Cyberdrome needs someone all the time, all weekend, and I had much to do, and although I delegated and everyone really enjoyed it, it can be improved. It has come miles since my first involvement six years ago, but now, I think Alex can drive it onward, and I should give him the space to do so.

After some tidying and moving stuff and two gophers helping lots (they were great), shifting rubbish to the bins, I went to the art show and took down what was left of Anne Stokes artwork. I was pleased to see she sold more than half what was on display. I still find the whole artwork aspect a bit new, really, I suppose I am just too indoctrinated into the appreciation of comic artwork, and just don't appreciate other people efforts enough. Although I thought Anne Stokes, Brian Froud, Eira's, Flick's, SMS's and Sabine Furlongs artwork were all bloody good.

I packed it all away, in bubble wrap, and did as I was told by Robbie, which is always the best bet. Bazooka had agreed to take this hard samsonite case back south, which was a gift, for me.

Afterward since the Cyberdrome room was now mostly sorted I decided it was dinnertime. Simoné and I went in search of an excellent Sushi restaurant we found during Interaction, called OKO. Unfortunately as the taxi drew up to the restaurant, I found out why they hadn't replied to my e-mails -- they were closed. A real shame, as it was an excellent restaurant. We walked about until I recognised a statue with a road works cone on his head and then with this as a compass, found Ichiban, another well-known and well liked Japanese restaurant. We had a good meal.

Afterwards when I got back to the hotel, I had a drink and then, I changed into surgical scrubs, to help in part of Heidi Adelheid's masquerade entry, to promote Year of the Teledu. I changed and we then hung around, and hung around a bit more. We had our own space, so we started to use the intestines to skip with and just like kids, we managed to get about seven people all skipping at the same time.

I did most of the face makeup, which I am getting a bit better at I think. It sorta takes time and practice. We made a fetching lot. The idea was simple: three docs pull parts out of a body and there is much squirting of ketchup. Then a big brain walks past, and one says, where's the brain, and the crowd say its behind you, and then more doctors shamle on stage and it becomes apparent we are all zombies. In the middle of the vivisection, a Teledu is found. Anyhow, it was a couple of seconds laugh after quite a bit of preparation all to promote a future convention, and then I quickly cleaned up and put on my Teledu Shirt for the photo call.

We cleaned up, wandered through the bar called by at the Denver Convention party, which was good, and went in search of the Badger.

It was to the TELEDU room party. I had made a contribution and as a member was welcomed to the party, but I brought some



Dr. Zarkov. Photo by Munchkin.

Irish fans with me. The room was jammed full but the selection of booze was incredible. After luminous bands were handed out the lights were off for ages, and it was all a lot of good fun. From the party it was to bed.

Monday was quick. I had most of my stuff packed, so after another Fruit breakfast with Pat and Julie Rigby. I packed up the Sproutlore table, and a variety of other stuff. I then went to the gripe session. It was a rather tame affair; size of badge, name on the badge, signage and a few other very minor points arose. One lady had an issue that was unfortunate, and that was in my mind the most serious problem, and the Con Chair immediately apologised, something had to slip through the cracks. I decided to actually make mention of the fact that in the greater scheme of things, if these were the only complaints the con had gone actually really quite well.

I also pointed out that we need to be careful with the vitriol, as younger con runner's wonder why people bother when they see the bloodletting.

The main point I took was that there were less and less volunteers volunteering which was affecting the workload of the con committee. At the same time those I encountered were brilliant, and the con went well. It's a false sense of all is grand, that's the problem I think.

Afterwards it was onto a panel about "Rise of the Comic Artist as Artist." I had researched this quite bit. The panel went well, and was much better attended than I had hoped or expected.

What makes an artist an artist, was first discussed, then, if monetary value equated to

popularity, who measures what art is, and what is the measure, the importance of peers and so on. Then what effects the character drawn, the author writing, the subject and finally the artist themselves have on the monetary value of a piece. I also had a list of galleries showing comic art and info on a variety pieces of artwork. Those present were comic readers and really got into it.

Then it was to my final con event of the weekend, the *V for Vendetta* panel. It was a good but I was a bit surprised that the panel, apart from Mike Abbot didn't seem that informed. For me there was too much reference to the movie. I would prefer to discuss either the comic, the movie or the differences, rather than try discussing both media and people getting confused, but again all those present got into the subject and there were more there than I had expected. I think the comments from the floor were what made it a good programme item. I had to depart a few minutes before the end.

I tried to catch up with people and say farewell, and then Simoné was outside with a taxi.

The trip home was not without eventuality, and I had left something behind, but Mark Plummer helped me out big time and all was sorted. We did miss our train, cause I went to the wrong station, but then I think we fared better, and travelled first class home.

On the train on the way home, I read the various con publications and was really impressed with the professionalism of them and the glossy pages, which really show the artwork therein to its best effect. The newsletter was good too, and I read these on the rain as well.

Overall, I had a very good convention. I think I want to take on a little less at the cons over the next two years and focus more on convention plans that I have myself. This will also allow me to spend more time enjoying the convention.

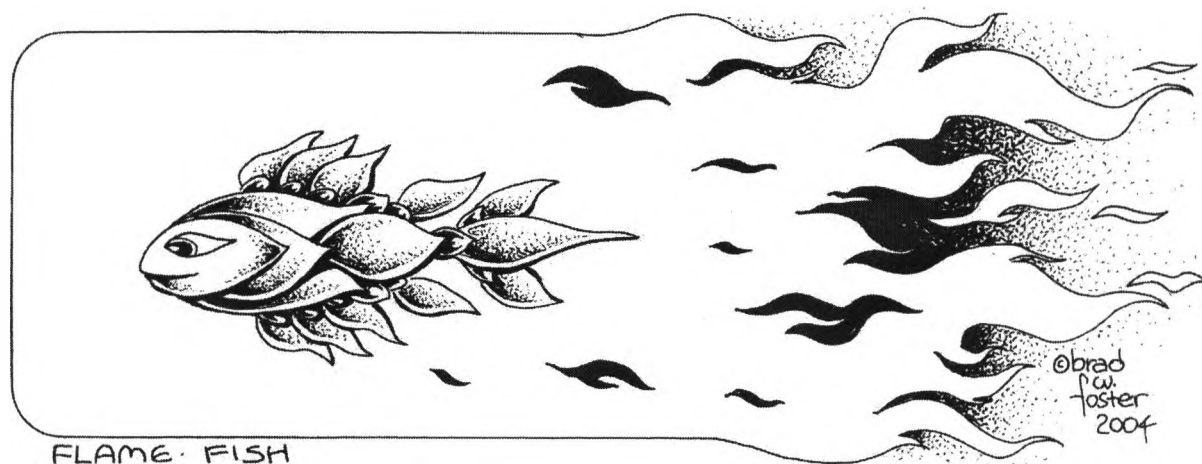
I was pleased to see so much support for the fan funds, and two small conventions coming up. I was disappointed that there were only two fanzines doing the rounds.

I have said to the Cyberdrome guys that after six years of involvement at a variety of levels, its time for me to depart and just make a robot instead.

I think the committee did a hell of a lot of work, I also think that those that did volunteer at con did a very good job. I also think that overall it was a very good convention. There was no shortage of engaging panels, and it was a major comment of the weekend that many panels were full, and there was still space in the Big Tent for fun, filk, comics, Robots, costuming, fan funds, fanzines, movie, TV, Doctor Who, concerns and dozens of corsets.

++ James

Conventional Reportage



FLAME FISH

Arisia Lost and Found Department

Arisia, held annually in Boston over Martin Luther King Day weekend, was forced to replace its hotel for 2007. Rick Z. Kovalcik, Arisia Corporate President, made an online announcement, adding that the reasons for the Boston Park Plaza Hotel making that decision were "not entirely clear to us."

Since the con was not notified of the decision until mid-February, all of the preferred alternatives were already booked for January 2007 (and in many cases, completely booked for the entire year of 2007).

The committee has secured an alternative site, on April 20 signing a contract with the Hyatt Regency in Cambridge, MA. The 2007 convention will still be held on the customary MLK weekend date.

Westercon 2008

Phoenix and Las Vegas have officially filed and will duel each other for the rights to host the 2008 Westercon.

Phoenix is being bid by Leprecon Inc., an Arizona non-profit corporation that runs the annual LepreCon and also has hosted the 2004 World Horror Convention, 2004 World Fantasy Convention and the 2006 Nebulas. The bid chair is Mike Willmoth. Their website URL is: <http://www.leprecon.org/w61/>

After Evelyn C. Leeper scanned the Phoenix website she teased, "It looks like the hotel this time is a single building, though their site does say, 'you will be surrounded by the warmth of its tasteful Southwestern elegance.' As opposed to the last one. I guess, when we were surrounded by the

warmth of a smoldering volcano."

But the same sun shines on Las Vegas, at the same intensity. It's not like the Vegas bidders can hope for the tropical breezes they delivered when they ran the Hawaii Westercon.

The Las Vegas in 2008 Westercon Bid is chaired by James Stanley Daugherty, under the aegis of Conventional Wisdom, a Nevada non-profit corporation. Their website URL is: <http://hematite.com/burningfan/>

Daugherty proposes to run the con at the Las Vegas JW Marriott Resort, and he admits, "Yes, we know it can be hot in Las Vegas in July, but you can attend the full convention, eat, and sleep (optional) without ever leaving the air-conditioning."

The rest of the committee is: Bid Treasurer: Elayne Pelz, Secretary: Kathryn Daugherty, Directors Caradwen 'Sabre' Brasket, Tony Cratz, Ed Green, Christian McGuire, Liz Mortensen and Michael Siladi.

Site selection takes place at the 2006 Westercon in San Diego. If you can't stand the heat, get out of the voting booth!

Smocon Sets a Date in Kansas City

Smocon 24 will rally conrunners in Kansas City, MO from December 1-3, 2006 at the Hotel Phillips. Smocon is a science fiction convention aimed at the people who organize science fiction conventions. Focusing on the running of large regional, national and international conventions, the con is open to anyone interested in con running. An emphasis will be placed on communication and planning this year.

This year's Smocon will examine con-running topics from hotel relations to selecting guests, developing strong programming to building membership. Smocon draws on the knowledge of its membership to create a weekend of cross disciplinary education and entertainment.

The con will be sponsored by Mid American Science Fiction and Fantasy Conventions, Inc., a 501(c)(3) educational corporation formed in 2001 to bid for and run a KC worldcon. It has since expanded its charter to include other events which encourage the furtherance of literacy.

The full weekend price for Smocon 24 is \$55.00 through June 30, 2006. Registrations may be sent in care of MASFFC, P.O. Box 414175, Kansas City, MO 64141. Please include your name, address, e-mail, and phone. All members are considered potential panelists in order to facilitate the exchange of ideas. Reduced price room rates are \$99 per night for a single/double and \$109 for a triple/quad. Reservations can be made by calling (800) 433-1426 and using the magic word "Smocon." More information may be obtained by contacting Margene Bahm via e-mail at smocon24info@gmail.com

Capclave 2006 Guests of Honor

The guests of honor for Capclave 2006 have been announced by chair Elspeth Kovar. The Writer GoH is Kim Stanley Robinson and Fan GoH is Tom Whitmore. Kovar wrote online, "We're delighted and honored to have them as our guests, with the added pleasure of bringing both back to a place where they once lived."

Capclave runs October 20-22, at the Hil-

ton/Washington Silver Spring. See additional information at Capclave.org

Worldcon Bid Makes the Papers

How many worldcon bids get noticed by the media *before* they win? Any? So the Chicago in 2008 bidders were delighted to be featured by a local newspaper – even from the student newspaper of Columbia College Chicago.

Bid chair Dave McCarty explained, “The author had started off wanting to research an article on Philip K. Dick and ended up finding the bid a more interesting story.” The feature appeared in the January 23, 2006 issue of the *Columbia Chronicle*.

Fans quoted as sources in the article included McCarty, Chaz Boston Baden and Ben Yalow. Ben showed his political savvy by ducking a chance to predict the 2008 winner. “I’m not prepared to handicap the race just yet,” Yalow said. “Certainly Chicago has done a very credible job of making themselves a very viable presence considering [the city] has held the Worldcon six times, which is more than any city.”

Stephen Silver, who writes the news for SFsite, would never make the mistakes he spotted in the piece, including a real fake-fan’s boner -- misspelling *both* Frederik Pohl’s first and last names.

She Speaks for Boskone

Has another convention ever infiltrated the local newspaper so thoroughly? Or were the five Boskone-inspired stories in the February 14 issue of the *Boston Globe* just a typical day’s work for Helmut?

Helmut’s galaxy-conquering techniques failed, but working on a smaller scale his NESFA translator, Lis Carey, helped to take over the *Globe*’s Living/Arts section for a

day.

“Our chairman, Pam Fremon, really worked hard to support more publicity efforts for this year’s convention,” Deb Geisler explained on Smofs. “Between her enthusiasm, the pre-con publicity and outreach efforts of JoAnn Cox, and Elisabeth Carey’s hard work with press relations, the coverage by the *Globe* (and by NECN television) has been amazing.”

From Skiffy to Kanji

The nominees for Seiun Awards in the translated science fiction categories have been announced by Toshiko Shichiri, Chair of the 45th Japan Science Fiction Convention, known as “Michinoku SF Festival ZUNCON,” and Hirohide (Jack R.) Hirai, Staff/Overseas Relations for Zuncon. The winners will be announced at the 45th Japan Science Fiction Convention in July. Then, the awards will be re-presented at L.A.Con IV.

TRANSLATED NOVELS

Altered Carbon, by Richard Morgan
Diaspora, by Greg Egan
Neanderthal Parallax Trilogy (Hominids, Humans, and Hybrids) by Robert J. Sawyer
Revelation Space, by R.A. Lafferty
Space Chantey, by R.A. Lafferty
The Swords of Lankhmar, by Fritz Leiber
Tuf Voyaging, by George R.R. Martin
Venus Plus X, by Theodore Sturgeon

TRANSLATED SHORT STORIES

“Bernardo’s House” by James Patrick Kelly
 “The Empire of Ice Cream” by Jeffrey Ford
 “Glacial” by Alastair Reynolds
 “The Human Front” by Ken MacLeod
 “Singleton” by Greg Egan

“The Sources of the Nile” by Avram James Davidson

“A Study in Emerald” by Neil Gaiman

“The Voluntary State” by Christopher Rowe

“Old Negro Space Program” Ruled Ineligible for Nebula

“In 1957, if you were black, and you were an astronaut... you were out of work,” recalls a character in the parody film *The Old Negro Space Program* -- and in 2006, out of the Nebulas, too.

The SFWA Awards Rules Committee and the SFWA Board of Directors have announced that the short film is ineligible for the 2005 Nebula Award and will not appear on the final ballot. The January 31 press release states this decision was made “reluctantly.”

The Old Negro Space Program, a 10-minute film, humorously chronicles fictional African-American astronauts who overcame NASA’s color barrier, telling their story in the earnest style of Ken Burns’ PBS documentaries like *Baseball*. Primarily distributed online, the film has garnered all the tokens of internet success, including its own entry in the Wikipedia and an online shop to sell its souvenir t-shirts and mugs. Its detractors accuse the film of making racism appear equally fictitious, perhaps unintentionally, and of perpetuating black stereotypes.

Although listed on the preliminary Nebula Award ballot, the film was found not to qualify either because it “did not meet the requirement of professional release, or the 12 month period for nomination (after professional release) expired prior to the film receiving enough nominations to be placed on the ballot.”

The Internet Movie Database lists the film as a 2004 title.

The press release concludes, “SFWA regrets the difficulty this will cause the Nebula Awards Report Editor, Brook West, the film’s producer, Andy Bobrow and to voters who may already have cast their ballots. This action in no way reflects on the quality of *The Old Negro Space Program*.”

The SFWA Awards Rules Committee at the time of the announcement consisted of Jeffrey A. Carver (chair), Jim Kelly and Connie Willis. (Jack Williamson’s resignation from the Rules committee and replacement by Kelly was announced January 11, 2006 but no association between his departure from the Rules committee and its latest ruling on *The Old Negro Space Program* is indicated by the SFWA website.)

[[Originally posted at trufen.net]]



The Fanivore

Joyce Katz

Thanks for *File 770*. I was touched and saddened by the article on Katrina's impact on New Orleans fandom. While the loss of art, books and magazine collections may seem trivial, compared to the lost of lives, it is still an emotional wrench for any fan to see pictures of that particular destruction. I am sure that every fan feels an ache in the heart, just thinking of it. The pictures of Jack Stocker's collection are a miserable testament of the devastation.

I am reminded that a similar disaster struck Bob Schoenfeld, a St. Louis fan in the 1960s-70s. He was a close friend to Vaughn Bodé, and at one point, when Vaughn's life was in upheaval, Vaughn sent a great stack of his art to Bob for safekeeping. It was carefully stored in the Schoenfeld home. Then came a Missouri River/Mississippi flood, and ruined the entire lot. A terrible loss.

John Purcell

As a fellow faneditor, I agree with your statement that we have a propensity for explaining things, maybe even apologizing for things that are beyond our control, such as the lateness of an issue. Heck, I've always thought that being late with your ish was the fannish thing to do, and so is the resultant apologizing for that lateness. Having never been one to adhere to a strict timetable on my zines, I consider pubbing three issues a year to be serious productivity, especially if each issue runs well over 20 pages. Hell, Mike, you're not late; you're on schedule!

The response of fans to the Katrina disaster is a sobering reminder that we can all be on the receiving end of natural and man-made forces. My family helped to get a couple refugee families set up with furniture, clothing and food here in the Bryan/College Station area, then we got hit with the outskirts of Hurricane Rita, sustaining a bit of wind-damage. Nothing like Katrina wrought, thank the Lord. A solid news story in your zine. Thank you for keeping us informed of what's going on in our microcosm.

Reading of how fans put together Care packages and helped out the victims reinforces Jill Eastlake's comment about fans in a totally unrelated story, "We are definitely



family." This is what makes fans and fandom special; this is a tight-knit community that cares about its members. All I can say is that I am glad to be a part of it.

That being said, I am shocked to hear of the news about Mike Glicksohn's cancer. From the announcement it sounds like it's been caught early on, so there's a good chance the surgery will get all of it and he will be alright. My thoughts and prayers are with Mike. Just FYI here, but I had a bit of a cancer scare last spring (suspected melanoma) but tests revealed the cut-out bits to be benign.

I really enjoyed reading Tim Davis's article mainly because it is now a required tradition in my family to watch the Sci-Fi's channel's annual New Years Twilight Zone marathon. This is the fourth year in a row we've done this. Hang the football games - channel surf at the commercials to catch the scores - but this is classic stuff, man! I usually end up taping certain episodes to use in my classes as supplementary material for discussion purposes. Such great stuff!

David Bratman's bit on Oxford was likewise enjoyable. I am not surprised one bit at the odd photocopying regulations there; in fact, being Oxford, I am sure that things *must* be done in a certain way. Some year I'd like to visit England; maybe I'll do a year's teaching over there or attend a professional conference in London or where-ever. Then like David I can rummage through the

used bookstores in the area.

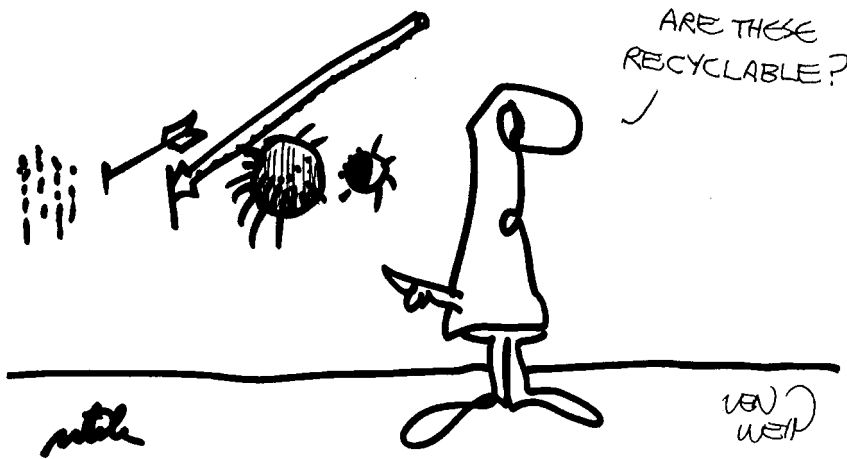
Greg Benford's lecture on the direction Western society is taking makes sense. A quick glance at television programming backs up his commentary on the need for escaping from reality. Lots of programming on the supernatural plus really stupid sitcoms and even stupider reality shows. In fact, I would go so far as to suggest that the plethora of reality TV shows enables viewers to live vicariously through these shows. Then again, look again at the scheduling and there is currently a definite fascination with forensic science and crime shows in the media. Maybe this is because we want to stop crime and bring evil-doers/perpetrators of violence to justice, and can't do so in reality, therefore we turn to our entertainment venues to solve crime. Or something like that. I'm no sociologist, but our entertainments have always been a reflection of our societal problems.

Before I sign off this time around, I need to make a mental note to contact Brad Foster for some of his noodling. Welcome to the 50-Club, Brad! My wife gives me constant grief about my hearing loss - years of playing in rock bands will do this to you - but my memory seems to be okay for now. My goal is to use my age and the eventual declining mental faculties to really go for that addle-brained college professor stereotype. Can't wait to confound my students with this!

Ken Keller

Imagine my surprise at receiving *File 770* :146 so soon after the Big Monster Issue of #145, especially since my sub had expired back with #142 (since renewed). You are a kind faned, Mike.

I believe the combined page count of those two issues brings *File 770* back up to your old annual norm. Is this an emerging trend, a return to your former glory days when you had A Regular Schedule? Are you at last emerging from the Parental Black Hole that swallows up most fans -- at least for a while -- once they start families? (I've seen this happen far too many times over the decades.) Even so, I bow to your time management skills at being able to hold down a full time job, be a husband and father, and remain a skilled and active smof and faned of the first degree. The graying of fandom trend doesn't seem to be slowing you down at all.



When I pulled #146 from its envelope, it was actually the *second* Rocketeer related item I received in the mail that day, the first being an eBay item I'd won. I collect Rocketeer stuff as part of a larger collection of various types of pulp sf/adventure/superhero material set in the '30s. It's grown into a large collection, one of many I maintain amid various specialized collections that fills my space. Being a fan herself, my wife Terry is very understanding about all this stuff, as long as I make an effort to keep it organized. Being able to do so without it just piling up and up was a big reason we wound up moving to a much newer and larger home in '04 -- that and not wanting to continue to maintain a house built during the Model T and early biplane era.

Taral's Cover: His rendition of a furry Cliff Second, in a scene inspired by the Rocketeer movie and the graphic novel, is nicely done. He captures the menacing look of the Mauser pistol, one of my all time favorite weapons. I have a non-firing repro among my Rocketeer items. (It wasn't a very good or reliable weapon in actual use, but many '30s and '40s fictional heroes and villains carried it, obviously for its looks.) I have to wonder: How would that big Pepe LePew tail affect the flight characteristics of our furry Rocketeer? Wouldn't it tend to counter the steering ability of his Art Deco helmet's streamlined rudder-fin? Let alone be in the way of the very hot rocket exhaust exiting from furry Cliff's rocket pack? Wouldn't that effectively turn him into a lighted candle wick--and eventual explosion hazard--while rocketing skyward, so close to that hydrogen gas filled dirigible? At least before he could rescue furry Betty from the clutches of the evil Nazi fur balls that have abducted her and placed her on board. And then, perhaps I should stop having

such obsessive fannish thoughts and just focus on whether #146 should be placed in my Rocketeer collection or with my long run of *File 770*. (Ah, such conundrums add spice to a humble collectors life.)

Designing Hugo Bases: Reading about L.A. Con's Hugo base design contest reminded me that exactly 30 years ago I was deeply involved in that very process for the 34th Worldcon. No Hugo base design contests way back then. No sir. That was a perk I'd reserved for myself as MidAmeriCon's con chair. As a graphic designer, I had these Revolutionary New Ideas about completely revamping the Hugo Award top to bottom, and even a radical new way to stage the awards ceremony. Thus began my Hugo odyssey -- only a part of which dealt with producing the Worldcon's first modern Hugo base in cold-cast porcelain (one of many new innovations first introduced at MAC and still part of Worldcons today).

No, I haven't forgotten my old promise to you about writing up my MidAmeriCon Hugo memoirs for *File 770*. That "adventure" actually began, surprisingly, ten years before MAC and finally ended in '77, just before SunCon. I have many interesting Hugo-related tales to tell. Three decades later feels like the right time to finally put them on the fannish record. I still have very sharp recollections of all the various details, even after so many years. I only need to consult my (detailed) con chair notebooks on a few items. Being a slow, plodding writer, though, I have no idea right now how long it will take to complete it. But I can give you the title: "Reflections on a Silver Icon."

Hurricane Katrina: Your coverage of Hurricane Katrina's impact on New Orleans fandom in #145 and #146, and the links you provided to other sites, was heart-wrenching to the extreme. After so many months, it's

still difficult for me to digest on a purely emotional level. None of us can ever hope to fully understand just how awful this tragedy has been. The loss of longtime family homes, pets, and treasured sf collections is just staggering and mind-numbing. (The photos of Dr. Jack Stocker's ruined sf collection of 50+ years were truly horrifying. My heart goes out to him.) I have to wonder if New Orleans and its local fandom(s) can ever recover. We've never seen anything quite like this in fandom before. But I fear it won't be the last major disaster we'll see hit fandom.

You and the rest of LA fandom live under the constant threat of The Big One as do other fannish enclaves up and down the Pacific rim. Kansas City fandom lives with the annual threat of multiple tornadoes, which devastated parts of northwestern KC several years ago, and just struck our area again a few days ago as I write this. All of Missouri fandom would have A Very Bad Day, indeed, if the major New Madrid fault down in Missouri's "boot heel" ever let loose bigtime, as it did in the early 19th century. (Its shock waves rang church bells all the way in the northeast.) New York fandom would be equally in jeopardy if NYC was hit by a Katrina-force hurricane. The tidal surge alone, according to the experts, would be much worse than in New Orleans. There are other examples I could site....

Hurricane Rita: A couple of weeks later, when Rita hit the Texas-Louisiana coast, that storm drove my brother-in-law Don (Matz), his wife, their seven daughters and two grandchildren from their homes in Lake Charles, Louisiana, just a bit north of Gulf. His older children and grandchildren where dropped off inland with various friends and in-laws as they slowly made their exodus north on the jammed Interstates. With the younger children, they eventually wound up in Hot Springs, Arkansas where, coincidentally, Terry and I had been just a month before on other family business. By sheer coincidence, in a tourist city with many hotels and motels, they settled in at the very same Country Inn & Suites where we had stayed.

About two weeks later, Don and his son-in-law Seth snuck around the National Guard and went back into Lakes Charles to assess their property damage. The city was very badly damaged on its south side. Seth's small home was on the north side and was virtually untouched--one of those lucky quirks of fate. Don's home didn't fair as well. Portions of the roof were gone, and there was water damage inside. Some of the siding was gone. There was peeling paint and wallpaper everywhere

due to no power and the high summer heat that returned following the storm. Large portions of the water damaged wall-to-wall carpet had become mildewy for the same reason. The frig and stand-alone freezer were ruined by long-spoiled food. Downed trees and other storm debris covered everything in the area. As I write this in February, there's been no homeowner's insurance settlement forthcoming. Don and his family live the best they can in their damaged house, a large, heavy tarp covering the roof. Building supplies are still scarce.

Conestoga 9: H. L. Drake should stick with straight con reportage and leave the humor to others. To my mind, he only managed to insult GoH George R.R. Martin with his "humorous" (read: wise-ass) observations of R.R.'s "expected poor dress and an inability to breathe on his own and feed and properly clothe himself." All that was needed to complete this pathetic picture was Martin fitted with a drool cup and a personal attendant in tow to keep him in line. A fine way to treat the man whom *Time Magazine* (no less) hailed as "The American Tolkien" in a very laudatory article (November 21, 2005).

Drake also managed to insult Conestoga's very competent registration staff with his "humorous" comments. In their defense, they quickly got everyone, including me, through this necessary process and into the swirl of con activity with speed and professionalism. (Geez, maybe that registration "cowgirl" should've roped and branded him instead of handing him his con badge--*joke.*)

Drake, at first complimentary on Brad Denton's performance as toastmaster, then short-changed that performance by saying his script was too long and full of histrionics. Sorry, but Brad had six others up on that dais with him, including the con chair (as Keith Stokes photo plainly shows) whom he had to deal with, and deal with them he did! With great skill and humor I might add, all of which the audience appreciated — except Drake, apparently. Denton's deft parody of pop culture's "Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon" shtick, as applied to the guests individually and then as a group, was very clever and brought many laughs. I sat near Brad's wife, Barbara, as she operated their laptop computer for his accompanying power-point presentation. She also carefully followed the script while making occasional small changes to the video projector's image. (Later, when Texas writer Howard Waldrop and I were catching up, we both agreed this partnership made for a seamless presentation.) Brad saved his best stuff, though, for the GoH. Using a mock tone

of slowly increasing horror in his voice as he spoke, Denton performed a clever send up of actor F. Murray Abraham's monologue (to the camera) from the film "Amadeus." Brad's final realization: As a writer, he was Salieri when measured against the genius of Martin's Mozart. Martin was looking on during all this obviously amused and maybe even a tad embarrassed. As Brad finished, Martin -- also with mock seriousness in his voice -- added a comment that put a period at the end of Brad's final sentence: "It's good that you know your place, Denton." Much laughter and hearty applause followed as Brad hung his head, an expression of mock humility on his face, while nodding in agreement. Well played! I have to say this was one of the best toastmaster gigs I've seen in 33+ years of con going. Brad is a seldom used resource that other cons should take notice of -- more opening ceremonies could use such clever, well planned, and executed "histrionics" as these!

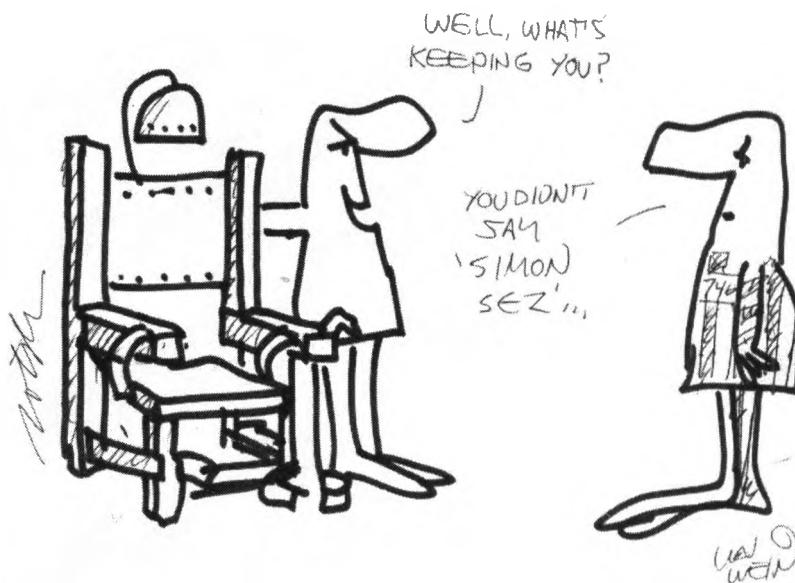
Drake is absolutely right about one thing: Eldevik's supposed interview with George R. R. Martin was b-a-d. Bordering on inane. I couldn't believe how in love she was with herself, her Harvard education, and other credentials. She professed Insight and Knowledge of his Ice and Fire series, but it became clear she was really only interested in her opinions of those works, not Martin's -- particularly if they were in conflict with her notions about the series. (Frankly, I'd rather watch freshly run mimeo stencils dry than sit through one of her "interviews" again.) The only reason I stayed was to see if R.R. would finally get fed up and just let her have it. He didn't. Instead, he was polite, refusing to take her seriously -- as can be gleaned from George's (quoted)

short, flip answers to her uninspired questions. I later asked a programming staff member who the hell this twit was and where they'd dug her up? I was told she was a local medieval studies college academic. (Hmm.) Which only proves, I suppose, that a Harvard higher education can be a *bad* thing if it falls into the wrong hands.

Joseph Nicholas

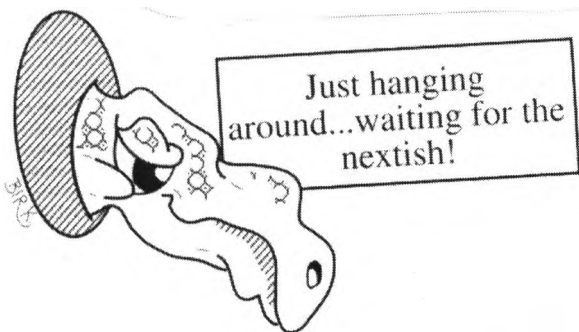
Thanks for the latest issue of *File 770* -- always an unexpected pleasure, no matter how much it may slip down your schedule.

Greg Benford says, in the letter column, that "in Europe they are terrified of the competition of the Chinese and Indian markets." Well, some politicians are certainly terrified, and bleat endlessly about the pressures of globalisation which will end the post-war social democratic consensus and force everyone to work for below minimum wage with no free medical care, free schooling or state pension at the end of it. (Although none of them have ever attempted to explain how they expect people to meet first world living costs on third world wages -- presumably because they dimly realise, as they spout their globalise-or-die tosh, that if they were to openly acknowledge this contradiction their audiences would break into open laughter.) But anyone who has any understanding of history will know perfectly well that the past is littered with examples of politics and societies which, having risen to enjoy their moments at the top, fell once again into oblivion -- either from conquest by another nation-state, over-exploitation of their natural resource base, or what Paul Kennedy (in *The Rise and Fall of The Great Powers*, in 1988) called "imperial over-



stretch" -- too much to do, but insufficient resources with which to do it, leading to economic collapse and contraction. Why should modern Europe be any different from ancient Persia, Rome, imperial Spain? It is not crazy, as Benford says, "to think that, a hundred years from now, Europe will be a complete backwater, a place that is essentially seen as a living museum."

But if Europe became a backwater, it would simply be revisiting its past. The rise of Europe, and its remaking of the world, is a relatively recent phenomenon: until it reached the take-off point around 1500 AD, and in effected "exported" its struggles to a global stage, it was pretty much an appendage of Asia, where the real struggles for dominance were located -- and into which Europe stepped very late in the day, when previous powers such as India and China had entered into long-term decline. Take an even longer view, and there is only one nation-state which, one way or another, has endured in one shape or form for the whole of the past two millennia -- sometimes weak,



sometimes divided, but always a presence: China. As the Chinese might say: so the wheel revolves (although I personally don't believe in cyclical theories of history).

Seen from this perspective, as Benford himself will have to acknowledge, it is highly unlikely that the present period of US dominance will last, either. Whether it takes another fifty years or another five hundred years, the USA will slip from the top spot, to be eclipsed by another power -- probably sooner rather than later, in fact. And this is without taking account of environmental factors such as anthropogenic climate change, which will affect everything.

Benford also attempts to locate the decline of Western civilisation as whole in the success of the Star Wars movies -- but I don't think this really stands up. If these films have anything to do with an argument about cultural decline, it's because they're a product of it, not the cause of it. Even so, his whole argument about the success of the fantasy genre as "a bad signature for the

West (and) the very idea behind Western civilisation, that we could master the universe and create a better society," and that we're now seeing "the beginning of the next major stage in the development of all humanity" strikes me as very old-fashioned: what used to be called the Whig view of history, in which human culture was seen as brutish and nasty in its beginnings but has advanced to ever-higher planes of sophistication and learning, and will continue to do so into the indefinite future. But history, like biological evolution, is a contingent, dynamic process; it has no overall direction or sense of purpose, and hence no "stages of development" through which humanity can advance. We have -- I will agree -- improved understanding of the world, compared to previous generations (and they compared to theirs, and so on back), but what impact has this had on our forms of social organisation, political structures, economic relations, religious beliefs (for those who have such beliefs)? Absolutely none. Do you -- does anyone reading this, if you publish it -- feel more "developed"

simply because I composed it in front on one computer screen and you're reading it on another? Of course not!

But as Benford would say "Whoosh -- didn't mean to lecture!" Especially as it would appear, from the aroma wafting up the stairs into my office, that dinner may be about to be served....

Lloyd Penney

Thank you kindly for issue 146 of *File 770*, one of the best sources of Taral covers in fanzine fandom today. Time to try to get caught up, and get you a halfway-decent loc.

Errata? How unslannish! Google proves that a single mistake is forever, or as long as the website is available, anyway. I don't think I have ever used Amazon to buy a book. Yvonne has a couple of times, but no matter now well Amazon packs the volume, Canada Post decides to use the package as a soccer ball.

As I am heartened to see how fans are helping fans through the horrors of Hurricane Katrina. I am disappointed, but not surprised, at how government agencies are failing those who still need help. Some are being denied available trailers and supplies meant for recovering from a hurricane, and others are being outright abandoned by FEMA and other groups. Guess for the government, there's less testosterone factor in

helping recover from a disaster than there is in fighting in Iraq. The Bush regime was embarrassed by receiving assistance from other countries as they tried to help in return for the help the US government has given them in abundance in decades past.

The Glicksohn saga continues. He is well, writing to many people, and I see that I was not the only one to send this small mis-sive from Mike to Trufen.net. I must soon work on a list of zines Mike might like to get in order to ease him back into loccing zines. I expect that the local in most zines are going to look pretty Canadian real soon now.

One bit of news Yvonne and I have been slowly disseminating, not sure if I've already sent it to you...After 25 years of con-running and working, Yvonne and I have decided to call it a day. We have worked a number of Worldcons dating as far back as 1983, and we have worked and run local conventions in Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Buffalo and Rochester. We'll still attend conventions, and we certainly don't mind pulling a shift or two at registration, but no more committees for us. In three weeks, we'll be working Ad Astra 25 (where you were FanGoH 23 years ago), and that'll be it there. Gaylaxicon is in Toronto this year, and we are assisting chairman Lance Sibley. Then comes the wind-up of our Canadian agency with LAcon IV, and once that's done, we're done. I know we'll miss it, but Yvonne wants to devote more time to space activism, and I want to concentrate more on writing for zines. Also, Yvonne will be at LAX this coming May to attend the 2006 International Space Development Conference. She's going down with members of the Canadian Space Society. That's on the same weekend as Corflu in Toronto.

Glad to see that John Hertz had a good time at Westercon. We missed Kelly at Torcon, but at least during his lifetime, Kelly was a GoH twice in Toronto, both times at Ad Astra. I had heard the criticism that Calgary fandom are mostly gamers and anime fans, so something a Westercon would be unknown to most, or something not to their liking. Con-Version is not a convention I've been to, but I'd like to. Ah, if only I'd known about the Hawaiian shirt contest. I have close to 40 of them now, and most are handmade by Yvonne. If Steve Stirling had been given a cowboy hat, it would have to be black. I don't think I've ever seen Steve in anything but black.

Joseph T. Major

Editorial Notes: But the question I have about NASFiC 2007 is: will you be there?

[[Unfortunately, probably not. But I had a good time at Archon and expect them to do a fine NAS-FiC.]]

New Orleans: Does anyone know where Peggy Ranson is now? I've been commissioned to find her.

Not Lost in Translation: If the Japanese says "Go stick your head in a pig," that should be the least of Steve Silver's worries. To see what I mean check the English.com site <<http://english.com>> for many examples of "lost in translation". Let's do fanac together!

John Hertz's Westercon Notebook: "The Kelly Freas Memorial Slide Show" which sounds like the sort of thing that should have been at the Freas panel at Torcon.

I don't know about Waldrop and the dodo. As Willy Ley pointed out in his *Galaxy* column, lo these many years ago, the Dutch sometimes called dodos *walghvogels*, "disgusting birds." You see, the longer you cooked them, the worse the meat tasted. So not only Ugly Chickens, but Ucky ones.

Short Waves: Lisa and I stayed the night in Hagerstown on the way back from NorEasCon in 2004. We drove by Harry Warner's house; the door was open, and workmen were going in and out. The place looked a bit dilapidated. We didn't stop and get out; perhaps we should have.

My Short, Happy Life As An Oxford Scholar: "It's like the secret underground fortress in some spy film, except that it's full of books." Now you have given me a reason not to go there. I'd go broke. Scene at Customs: "Are you saying, Mr. Major, that this entire UPS cargo plane is full of your cargo?"

The Fanivore: Repealing the Buffy Hugo (BDP Short Form)? I tend to be leery about reworking Hugo categories. There is a long line of people out there with proposals. "Let's abolish these obsolete categories like 'Best Fanzine' and set up five new categories for the Web!!!" Which opens the door to all the others....

What universe is your fanzine based on? Maybe you're writing *Bimbos of the Death Sun* fan fiction.

Joy V. Smith

That was quick! Enjoyable round-up of errata and editorial notes. Btw, have I recommended *The Boy and his Frog* picture books for Sierra yet? They may be out of print, but I think you'd enjoy them too. Lot's of fun, and it's amazing what you can



convey with no words.

Thanks for the story on Katrina fans and their losses. The pictures really bring the loss of book and magazine collections home. I'll have to check out Guy Lillian's website. (I miss the print zine, but I know his zines really used a lot of postage!) Anyone know what kind of tree was planted in Joe Mayhew's memory at the Beltsville Library? Parkinsonia?

Thanks for all the other news items too, including the Hugo base design contest and Mike Resnick's medical update. I'm glad to hear his vision has improved. I hope he's feeling better.

Thanks to John Hertz for his Westercon report; it sounds like he was really busy there; the Kelly Freas slide show must have been outstanding. I've never been on an SF con docent tour; it sounds like a great idea. I enjoyed the other con reports too; Keith Stokes certainly enjoyed Archon 29. And I admired David Bratman for persevering in his Oxford researches. What a challenge! And a great opportunity.

Thanks for the information about the Heinlein Centennial Convention, which I've mentioned in the AOL SF Authors/Heinlein folder. The Fanivore letters always have lots more news, along with opinions, too. Thanks for the explanation re: my cover query. And is this issue's cover a really neo Nazi reference? And what are the spacemen doing on page 21? OK, what is she doing and where is she going on the back cover?! My inquiring mind always wants to know. Thanks for another fun and informative read with photos and illos that really enhance it.

Chris Garcia

I love the cover of the ish. After having read Earl Kemp's latest eI, I've been spending some time looking into and reading old-timey SF and the cover just fits in with that motif.

On the Dissatisfied Customer note, I think this is going to happen a lot. Google, and any other search engine, will be able to get folks articles from various fanzines and that will be what turns new comers on to fanzinery. I can just see someone looking for information on sex in fandom, coming across David Kyle's piece in *Mimosa* and they just keep reading more and more until they venture out. Hell, with the width of subjects I undertake in *The Drink Tank*, there's likely to be someone who hits it as their first fanzine on a random search (and woe be on them for it!) If the Google scanning project can hook up

with UC Riverside and do the scans of all the fanzines there, that would be a wonderful resource, and one that would lead to more folks discovering fanzines.

Strangely, the "And God said to watch more movies" is exactly like many of the rants The Little One, aka Evelyn, has made over the last couple of years. My favorite: Chris, I'm now in charge and say that we're going to have Macaroni and Cheese for dinner and watch Simpsons and Rachel Ray after. If you don't like it, you can go home! It was quite a powerplay (we ended up eating Mac & Cheez, but she also had to eat her veggies)

As a bibliophile, seeing all those books destroyed breaks my heart. As a human being, seeing all the destruction everywhere breaks it even worse. In many ways, being a part of fandom is like being a member of a congregation: there's always someone looking out for you in times of trouble.

On the Frank Wu note, Frank is actually the Wu who wrote *Guidolon: The Giant Space Chicken*. It was in *Daikaiju*, an anthology out of Australia. I actually played Guidolon in the first staged reading at LosCon, and Frank, Diana Sherman and Jim Terman were there as the other characters. Hopefully, we'll get an audio recording done shortly and have that to pass around. It's a really fun little story.

Sadly, I read the note of Big Hearted Howard's death a few minutes before I read F770. It's a sad time. He was going to be the Fan GoH in L.A. and I was going to finally get a chance to meet him. In the mid-1990s, I called him on the phone and talked to him for a few minutes as research for a film I

was planning on making. Sadly, that was the only time our paths crossed. Sad.

Glad to hear that Mike Resnick's vision is improving. Sad to hear about Mike Glicksohn's cancer. Hopefully, both manage to improve greatly in the new year.

As a fan of filk and of NPR, I wish I had heard that broadcast. I've had the honour of hearing Lynn Gold many times over the years, even get to hear her radio voice here in the Bay Area on one of the stations over the weekends.

To me, GooglePrint is magic and the only way we're going to be able to allow all people to access a majority of information in the future. Libraries can only hold so much, but you can hold an almost infinite amount of material as data and make it available to the largest number of people possible. My museum is one of the groups that's been working with Google, who are just down the street from us, and I think the project is dynamite. I understand why a lot of writers are worried, though.

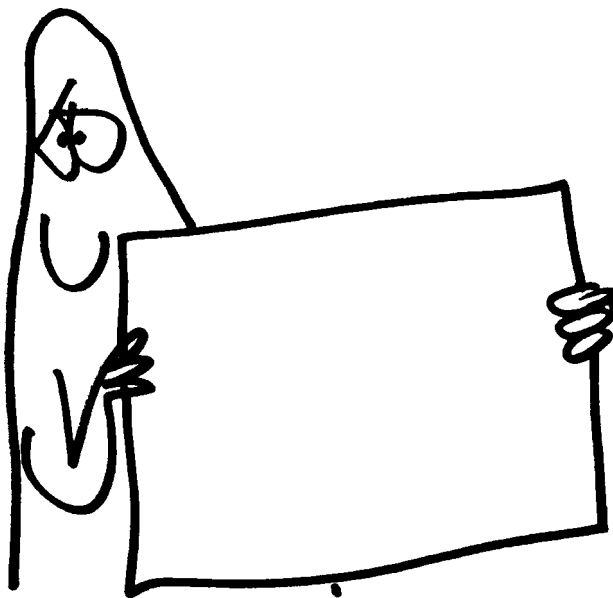
I missed Due North, sadly. I've never managed to make it to any Canadian con. I was planning on making CorFlu, but now I can not. I think the country is rejecting me somehow. I believe Conestoga showed my short film *The Chick Magnet*. Another con I wish I had the funds to make it to, especially with a line-up of guests and attendees like it obviously had.

I had no idea that David Bratman was a Librarian. I'm the son of a librarian and have been around that world all my life, pretty much. Another of The Computer History Museum's employees used to work at Oxford and told me that the museums there are even stricter and weirder for access rules. Our archives are much easy to work with. There are two types of librarians: Those that want folks to read the books and love them, and those that want them saved forever and if that means that they only get read once, so be it!

Really good stuff

Brad Foster

Was great to get #146 the other day. Sorry your reporter missed out on the panel I did at Conquest with David Lee Anderson. Something new in art programming. It was a two-hour block where we ran a group of about eight people through the process of



coming up with an illustration for a short story. The con committee actually supplied us with a super-short tale of only a few pages for everyone to work off of, and we let participants know this wasn't going to be a panel to teach you how to draw, but to think as an illustrator, how to approach an assignment, how to best represent the story, etc. etc. I was very impressed by the wide variety of ideas and approaches we got from everyone. A lot of energy in those two hours, and one of the more satisfying bits of programming I've worked on in awhile. Very nice.

Oh, and sorry Drake didn't understand Denton's presentation in the Opening Ceremonies, but as he pointed out, everyone else did. Truly hilarious, and incredibly well-researched in ferreting out information about each and every one of the guests there. A great convention on every level. If we didn't have a scheduling conflict with an art festival in 2006, we'd be going back again.

Laurraine Tutihasi

I enjoyed greatly reading David Bratman's report of his visit to Oxford. I've never been there, but I was in Cambridge for a couple of days back in 1979. Of course, I wasn't doing any library research. I don't recall having any problems getting an evening meal in Cambridge, but I wasn't there very long. My friends and I lucked out in the play we saw in Cambridge. It was Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windemere's Fan* and featured one of the actors of the Dotrice family. I don't recall which one, possibly Michele, but I'm not absolutely positive. Anyway, we en-

joyed the production very much.

David's description of the arcane ways of the library reminded me of the novel *Angels and Demons* by Dan Brown, in which the protagonists spend quite a bit of time doing research in the Vatican archives.

I'm sorry to hear that Greg Benford won't be writing any fiction for a while, but I guess this will give me the opportunity to catch up on my reading of his books.

I hadn't thought of the trend he remarks on, that of rewarding more fantasy than science fiction with Hugo awards. As far as last year's novel Hugos, the science fiction nominees just weren't that great. His observation that this trend is probably a sign of the times is one I tend to agree with.

I read an interesting piece of information someplace, possibly *Business Week*. If both the US and China continue growing economically at the same pace as today, it will take China forty years to catch up. So it will be a while before the US is supplanted as the economic superpower of the world.

Frank Wu

I was really pleased to see a new *File 770*! And coming so quickly on the heels of the previous one. Excellent work. I taunted Chris Garcia with my printout at BASFA and he was excited to see it, but I told him he couldn't have it. He'd have to print out his own. He did say, though, that he really loved Taral's cover (which I do, too).

My favorite thing in the issue were the con reports (I am a total con pig - I go to as many as I can, and those that I don't attend, I want to know everything about) and especially Tim Davis' Christmas story. Sometimes the most valued presents aren't the expensive ones, but the ones which show that people really care about us, really listened to us. It was touching.

The purported UFO abduction in Tim's story also made me wonder when someone's going to write a story (someone who can really write, not me) about John Lennon's UFO encounters. He says he saw one standing naked on top of his E. 52nd st apartment building with May Pang (whom he was living with while he and Yoko were having problems). It was circular, changing colors, floating silently in the air only a hundred feet away. So close you could almost touch it, and as it drifted away, Lennon shouted

out, "Take me with you!" At the time he was recording "Walls and Bridges" and the album back cover notes: "On 23 August 1974, I saw a UFO. J.L."

And also, ya gotta wonder about his story about how he came to name the Band the Beatles: "I had a vision that a man came unto us on a flaming pie, and he said, 'You are Beatles with an A.' And so we were." Man on a flaming pie? A spaceman in a flying saucer? The mind boggles.

Maybe John didn't get shot down outside his front door. Maybe, like another musician, Elvis, he was secretly spirited away...

Two minor corrections, though.

Thanks for the shout-out about my future ambitions for the Licensing Intl Show in New York in June, but one of the projects I'll be pushing, "The Tragical Historie of Guidolon" was created by yours truly, not William F. Wu. Bill isn't working on Guidolon, but he's helping with another of my brainchildren, the Dragon v. Dreadnought project, wherein dragons fight World War I battleships, tanks and biplanes. He's going to write up some little stories for me for this project.

Also, in a photo, K.D. Wentworth is incorrectly labeled as "K.D. Lang," which I thought was pretty funny, actually.

A good issue - thanks! Keep 'em comin'!

Fred Smith

Thanks, again, for *File 770:145* and 146. Having thought that I had plenty of time to acknowledge #145 because of that long gap after #144 I guess I dragged my heels in getting down a loc and, therefore, along comes #146 before I even have time to draw breath. Anyhow, I notice that it's considerably smaller than before - not that that's a bad thing; a smaller more frequent ish keeps everybody on their toes and the news is much more up-to-date!

Having said all that (Rubbish! Did I hear?) #145 seems to have more meat in it and not just because it's bigger, what with all those con reports (all of them good). I particularloy enjoyed your own Noreascon one and James Bacon's TAFF reminiscences. As a confirmed nit picker, however, I must add my voice to the, no doubt, countless others who noticed that Keith Stokes (twice) thought "antidote" meant "anecdote"! Slip of the typing digit maybe?

[[He deserved more help than he got from his editor!]]

But...but...has no one sent you any reports from Interaction? I would write one myself but I only managed to attend two of

the days, didn't go in the evenings or to any parties, only saw a fraction of the program, and, anyway, only knew a handful of the fans there. So I'm hardly qualified to write any sort of meaningful report.

Space Opera (panel at Millenicon). David Drake's comparison of "Space Opera" with "Horse Opera" is fair enough, but surely both terms derive from "Soap Opera," the radio serials of the Thirties sponsored by soap manufacturers. The word "opera" may be pejorative, as he says, in this context, but still conveys the sense that we're not talking great literature here - probably not intended by the authors anyway. (But often good fun!) As for science fiction, you could say that Space Opera is what you point to, or, to be a little mor accurate, cops-and-pirates perhaps, or if you like, westerns transposed into space. Maybe that's too narrow a definition nowadays. I'm thinking of things like Doc Smith's Lensmen or Jack Williamson's Legion of Space stories, both from an era rich in this type of sf and both I would consider superior examples even though some of the dialogue, particularly Doc's, was pretty excruciating! Many of the Avce Double novels were also good examples, as the panelists agreed.

Loved Darrell Schweitzer's letter in #145 relating his editing of *Weird Trails: The Magazine of Supernatural Cowboy Stories* and his references to M. M. Moamrath, I suppose this is the author that outraged everybody else! Having checked out the Wildside Press website I faunch for a copy of his anthology or, rather, facsimile, if I can save up enough pennies. I trust it doesn't come with a curse attached.

Haven't much comment to make about #146 except that Greg Benford is right about fantasy having apparently usurped science fiction in Fandom's affections. I was shocked...shocked, I tell you... to hear that a fantasy novel hgad won the 2005 Hugo in spite of John Hertz's claiming to me that it was quite legitimatre for a fantasy to be considered for a science fiction award.

[[John is quite right that the Hugo is an award for both science fiction and fantasy. One would not have guessed so from the long history of the Best Novel winners prior to the Harry Potter win in 2001.]]

Mike Rogers

You have probably heard by now that long-time Southern fan Irvin Koch passed away on November 19 while taking a nap. He was one of my best friends, perhaps because he was one of the few people even geekier than me. He was one of those people who attracted positive or negative attention (if

memory serves, he was the only person ever to win both the Rebel and Rubble Awards), but he accomplished a great deal in fandom. Many of us will miss him. There will probably be some kind of event at next year's Libertycon to celebrate Irv's memory.

It is good to see that your family is doing well. It looks like I will not go down that path. Maybe it's better for the gene pool that I do not. But somebody has to if civilization is to survive.

Sheryl Birkhead

March 3, 2006

Dear Filer (and come April 15th, aren't we all?):

Nice masthead illo. I love these 3-D effects, mainly because even if I have the same software I can't figure out how they're done!

I still have not visited eFanzines.com, and until I have a color printer than can do justice to art, I won't, unless the zines don't have "visual windbreaks" - and then they are simply difficult to read. So, I'll stick with the traditional format.

A friend just had a detached retina tacked back down by laser work. No hereditary or disability component [to the problem], so no idea why.

March 20, 2006

Dale Speirs award story is the proverbial classic!

Wow - Canfield illos. Freff. Ah, names from the past!

I'm betting Steve Stiles gets the nomination nod again this year. I *tried* to get that little lapel pin [Hugo rocket] when I was nominated, but the fan I was told to contact never replied to my requests, so I never got that nifty little lapel rocket.

I'm still trying to get a copy of Carr's *Fandom Harvest*. Thought I had the right fan (I did) but no response to my e-mail request for an address and cost (plus how to pay, what currency). But now I'll go in search of *The Improbable Irish* and then go back to the Carr publication.

March 19, 2006

Agh - I never stopped to think about losing all my books... uh - I've skimmed it all down to a lock box, two folders and my pet carriers - in an emergency anything else saved is *gravy*. But - I do have zines I consider classics stored on the first floor in ziplock bags. Hmm, given time I'd also grab some zip disks.

Congrats to Janice Gelb on the "transfer."

RIP Howard.

Dreamer is on my Netflix list.

Fingers crossed, but so far '06 has not been a great fannish year. One can hope!

Keith Lynch

I am Keith Lynch. I was WSFA's secretary during most of the time relevant to Alexis Gilliland's letter that was published in the latest *File 770*.

His letter is wildly inaccurate.

The Gillilands objected to the large number of freeloaders who were attending WSFA meetings at their house regularly but not paying dues. When it became clear that Ted White was remiss in his dues, Elspeth Kovar told me she was going to pay his dues herself. I concurred with her decision, but since she was between jobs, and Ted had gotten me my current job, I insisted on paying. Bob MacIntosh, who has been club treasurer for 18 years, accepted my money by subtracting \$10 from the check to compensate me for *WSFA Journal* printing costs. I refused Ted's reimbursement.

When a new person wishes to join, they must be sponsored by a member and by at least one of the three trustees. But Ted was, of course, not a new member. In fact, he had been in the club longer than anyone else who was still in the club, as Alexis is well aware. Ted was *president* of the club over fifty years ago.

So nobody had to vouch for him. Barry Newton, one of the three trustees, didn't sign anything, and wasn't even aware of the routine membership renewal. The same with the other two trustees. I have no idea why Alexis believes Barry signed anything.

Walter Miles had nothing to do with anything.

Note that in his letter, Alexis says Walter paid the dues, Barry signed off, and Bob accepted the money. In the flyer he enclosed with it, Alexis said that I paid the dues and that Barry accepted the money. The rest of the material in that flier was even less accurate, and some of it borders on libel. Thank you for not publishing it.

When Sam Lubell, the president, said that while hosts can of course ban anyone they want from their house, that if they ban any WSFA members they aren't hosting a WSFA meeting (presumably since picking and choosing would allow them to stack any vote in their favor), Alexis said that he would never ban any paid-up members from the business portion of the meeting. When on a later occasion Alexis said that Ted was banned, and the contradiction was brought to his attention, he insisted that Ted was not a paid-up member. When the treasurer informed him otherwise, he became extremely

angry, and without explanation claimed that the membership was fraudulent, and that he wouldn't honor it.

To his credit, instead of forcing the issue by showing up, Ted chose to drop out of WSFA, even though it's been a major part of his life for over half a century. WSFA members were shocked to learn that Alexis has repaid this magnanimous gesture, not merely by circulating a defamatory flyer within WSFA, but by broadcasting these falsehoods to the whole of fandom. What more does Alexis want of Ted? Seppuku?

Ted White

File 770 #146 contains an amazing letter from Alexis Gilliland. I am astonished that Alexis has decided to go public with this affair, since it reflects so very poorly on him (and far worse on his wife, Lee), but I am not surprised that to bolster his case, Alexis has resorted to out and out falsehoods.

Virtually everything he said about me in this letter is false and provably so. The biggest lie is that I have already brought this topic up on my "usual internet forums." Since Alexis belongs to none of those "forums" – Trufen, Timebinders, Fmzfen, et al – he can make this claim unfettered by any knowledge of its accuracy. But you, Mike, are on at least a couple of them and know very well that I've not brought it up anywhere you'd have seen it. Nor have I mentioned it in any of the other fannish lists you're not on. So it is Alexis who has brought this topic up for the first time in a public fannish forum.

The actual "feud" originated in the WSFA list, and I was not a major participant. Someone has copied out the relevant posts and printed them up anonymously. Both Keith Lynch and I received copies mailed from somewhere in Maryland. I am going to mail you my copy so you can see it for yourself.

My "sin" – in Lee Gilliland's eyes – is that I know about a lie she told Alexis about something she did at a party at my house close to ten years ago. This makes her nervous about me, and edgy about what I might do. Since the best defense is to mount an offense, Lee has started telling lies about me – and apparently her primary audience is Alexis. She can get away with this solely because Alexis never checks out her claims. For instance, he has never read any of the posts to the WSFA list (in which he has never participated) which set this whole business off. Instead he relies on Lee's description of these posts – and Lee appears to have a serious problem understanding them.

Thus, Alexis's characterization of my

"charges" against Lee is based solely on what Lee has told him I said – and cannot be backed up by anything I actually posted.

Here's what really happened:

Three and a half years ago – in the spring of 2002 – Keith Lynch innocently mentioned to Lee that he'd found an entry on her in Dick (no relation) Lynch's outline for a history of 1960s fandom, which is online on two sites. That entry was about seven lines long. Here's what it said, in totality:

"Elizabeth Swanson (known in later years as Lee Uba)

" – granddaughter of SF author Fredric Brown

" – was in Air Force in early 1970s

" – since Air Force's covert operation known as 'Air America' did *not* officially exist

" >> therefore, she was *not* involved in any U.S. military activities

" >> she was *not* a radar operator

" >> she was *not* stationed in Cambodia"

Lee's response to this verbal communication from Keith Lynch was to post to the WSFA list her extreme anger with him: "It matters not one whit WHERE Keith found personal information about me or anyone else. He had no business doing so. It is an invasion of privacy. And against current Virginia statutes."

And verbally Lee started telling people that Keith was secretly in love with her and was stalking her. At one WSFA meeting she called Keith a liar and charged that what he had done was "about three steps from rape."

It should be noted that Dick Lynch had gotten this information about Lee *from* Lee – but, due to her upset over its "publication," he removed it from his website. (It remains however on Roxanne Graham's nearly dormant site where it was first posted.)

The end result of this strange little tiff was that Lee quit the WSFA list for three years, and that she developed a permanent dislike/distrust for Keith Lynch.

Fast-forward to September of this year. Lee rejoins the list, acrimoniously, takes a joke from Mike Walsh dead seriously, and then insists that Mike's joke is the result of "lies" by Keith Lynch. "KEITH KNOCK IT OFF. I do not appreciate being lied about and this is the THIRD person I've heard this from."

Keith's protestations of innocence were ignored by Lee, who called them "lies" – even in the face of Mike's statement that he'd heard nothing from Keith and was just making up a bit of hyperbole (which it obviously was).

At this point I incautiously made this statement: "The post you were apparently responding to was from Mike Walsh, not

Keith Lynch, and I haven't heard any 'lies' on the subject. Or much else, for that matter."

That was the whole of my "attack" on Lee, to which she responded on-list with "Ted, I fail to see how this concerns you, as you do not belong to WSFA and are on this list as a courtesy. If you like Keith Lynch that much, invite him to your second Fridays. Leave me alone." She also told me, in a private one-line email (to which I did not respond) not to "mess" with her or I'd be sorry.

As for whether or not I "belong" to WSFA, I've been a member since 1954, am a past president and past trustee of the club, and have been attending meetings, off and on (with a break while I lived in NYC 1959-1970) for over 50 years. I have made it a point, since my return to the area, to arrive after the business meetings are over, and to socialize with people like – gasp! – Alexis Gilliland.

The next event in this sorry train of events was a post to the WSFA list by Walter Miles, a normally non-confrontational guy who rarely gets into things like this. Walter called Lee's actions – her attacks on Keith Lynch – "evil" in his post, but spent most of his post talking about Keith and how undeserving he was of Lee's opprobrium. And my compounding sin was to tell him, in a subsequent post to the list, that he had simply said what others were thinking.

That did it! I received another one-line post from Lee informing me that I was banned from her house. I believe Walter received a similar message. I responded to Lee's private post (also privately) by telling her she needed professional help. I believe this....

Out of this Alexis has conflated his claim that I made "charges," "on the WSFA list and on his usual internet forums, that my wife, Lee, is seriously crazy, a madwoman who banned him from our house because he, Ted, had joined WSFA." Alexis calls this a "demonstrable falsehood," and it certainly is. It's entirely of his fabrication and not one word of it is true.

For entirely too long I have made excuses for Alexis, whom I first discovered in F&SF's slush pile in 1964, and whom I met (at a WSFA meeting) less than a year later – and whom until now I had considered my friend. I excused him because, I thought, it is natural for a man to defend his wife, to take her side in any dispute. I excused his calling Keith Lynch out at a WSFA meeting as "a liar!" when he was entirely out of line to do so, because (I assumed) he'd bought his wife's side of the story.

But I can't excuse the fabrications he is now trying to pass off as fact. The man is

telling lies which he *knows* are lies. In specific, I refer to the remainder of his letter, in which he tells a completely fabricated story about my "application" for membership in WSFA – an event which took place recently and entirely in my absence.

What really happened is that after Lee publicly banned me from WSFA meetings at the Gillilands' house, friends of mine in WSFA felt that she could get away with this only if I was not paid up in my dues. So *they* paid my dues.

Who were these nefarious people? Elspeth Kovar and Keith Lynch. Elspeth had the idea and was going to pay the money out of her own pocket. Keith heard about this from her and insisted on paying the ten bucks. When he told me, I told him I'd repay him but that I regarded the whole thing as silly because I had no intention of going to that house for the time being. Keith insisted that it be his treat because I'd gotten him his current job (he works in the next cubicle) and he felt he owed me for that.

Alexis attributes my dues payment to Walter Miles, but he must know that Walter, also banned, had simply paid up his own dues but was not at that meeting (last I heard, he won't be at any meetings at the Gillilands'). Alexis seems to think a "fan feud" was based on whether I'd "applied for membership" before or after Lee had banned me. He doesn't for an instant question *why* Lee banned me, or indeed her *right* to do this. (In a separate document which he sent you but has refrained from sending to me – Alexis is also, it turns out, a coward – he claims I was banned because months if not years ago I snubbed Lee at a meeting. This is a completely made-up, after-the-fact falsehood and he knows better than to confront me with it directly.)

But further, Alexis quotes a wholly fictitious exchange between Barry Newton and me on the WSFA list, in which "when Barry asked Ted why he had not mentioned the fact that he had been banned from the Gillilands on his application, Ted replied that then he might not have been accepted as a member. Tsk. Tsk. I understand Barry was not pleased."

I suspect he'd be even less pleased with that fabrication. Since Alexis never reads the WSFA list, I assume this was Lee's distorted interpretation, but it is wholly false in every respect.

To begin with, I never applied for membership, never filled out any application, and hardly feel one would be necessary to pay up my current dues anyway, since my actual membership in WSFA long precedes that of any current WSFA member. Equally to the point,

PREENING



Taral: Brad Foster and Teddy Harvia think the artist who does cute nude aliens has the inside track at fan art? Why, if that was so I should have been stacking Hugos in the closet instead of just old shoes, but as I recall Brad and Teddy can enter the Hugo party freely while I get stopped at the door by the bouncer. I suppose "advantage" depends on your point of view. I always thought it was the guys with the one-liners and puns who had it all.

Barry Newton *does* read (and participate in) the WSFA list, and he would never have asked me such a pointless question. He knew Lee had banned me. The whole list did. I published her post (banishing me) to the list, immediately upon receiving it. Nor, of course, did I respond to a question which Barry never asked.

What takes me aback is that *all* of this can be fairly easily documented by anyone with access to the WSFA list. That includes both Gillilands. So effectively Alexis is telling easily disproven lies – lies which can turn on him and discredit him. It's pathetically amusing to watch Alexis blow the whistle on his wife's mental condition, all the while insisting that he's responding to my widely-spread lies on the subject. I should imagine that none of your readers knew of this situation before reading his letter.

What I find truly strange is the way I have been pushed center-stage by Alexis in this letter of his. To read his letter you'd never know that it was *Keith Lynch* who was at the center of this controversy – and my role was minor and peripheral and mostly consisted of saying, "You know, Keith does an awful lot for this club. Do you really want to treat him this way?"

It was Keith whom Alexis loudly and inappropriately called a liar. It was Keith who quit the club in protest over Lee Gilliland's abuse and lies about him. It was Keith who published the *WSFA Journal* and had been slowly and carefully uploading back issues to the WSFA website, which he also maintained along with the WSFA list. In addition, Keith was the club's current secretary. Keith was giving that club an incredible amount of his time and energy.

In return, Keith was called a lovesick fool and a stalker, a liar and a troublemaker – even when he was wholly uninvolved in the situation at issue. And when it essentially boiled down to Keith vs. Lee – he goes or she goes – the club dithered, could not find a voice in which to condemn Lee for her behavior (Lee intimidates many members, I'm told), and basically kissed Keith off.

This has not gone wholly unprotested. Some members have stopped attending the meetings hosted by the Gillilands. I myself decided when Lee banned me that WSFA's attractions, never many, had just been seriously diminished for me. About half my reason for going had been to sit and chat with Alexis.

Frankly, I feel like a fool for ever having considered Alexis my friend. I do so no longer. I know him for who he is, now. He has revealed himself in this letter to be a malicious liar, and one whom I shall never trust again. I think he deserves his current wife.

Special Time Traveling 2004 LoC Supplement

[[One of the things that makes a fanzine editor want to slit his wrists — besides publishing locs about WSFA — is also some-

thing that might make a fan or two willing to do it for him first. While dredging through piles of kipple in search of something I knew John Hertz had given me, I was horrified to find never-published locs by Marie Rengstorff and Brad Foster from 2004. Aiye!!! Every faned knows you can hardly expect to get juicy locs if you don't reward the behavior by s/e/n/d/i/n/g c/h/o/c/o/l/o/r/a/t/e publishing them!]]

Marie Rengstorff

In my letter of August '04 I said, after reading 770, "I did NOT know anyone who died. That was rare. One reaches an age when...."

I was only partially correct. I did not recognize anyone listed in 770. During that period, however, I was trying and failing to reach four old friends. One of them had a rare last name. Because of that unusual name, I was able to track down a couple of cousins and then a daughter, and learn that my friend, Carl Dunah, had died.

If you recognize Carl's name, you know he was a classic SF kook and charmer. I have enclosed a bit of memorabilia. I hope it reflects the quality of the man. I assume you do not care if he never wrote for any fanzine. I know he worked on fundraising for Seti and ended up in the newspapers for an assortment of reasons. He never drew a line between science and science fiction, because he was always interested in how science fed science fiction. He read the science first.

We were good-ole-friends and were linked in three ways: Seti was down in the Mountain View area of California, the city founded by my ancestors. He and I lived in South Lake Tahoe for decades. In the end, I moved to Kihei within a short walk of where he vacationed. He and I had a joking and thinking relationship. That kind of connection, according to the Rendilla, an African tribe I lived with for a short period, is the strongest of associations and never broken because, each time you learn something new or hear a good joke, you think of the other person.

Of the other three people I am trying to re-locate and am concerned about, one is the mother of a well-known movie producer/director. The son has at least one SF film in his credits, although he is better known for action/adventure films. Looks like I'll have to go through the movie industry to find the son to find the mother. Sometimes famous-hood is a pain in the ass. We were, in real life, nice, normal next-door neighbors with dogs who begged at the other's kitchen door. We read each other's books, and water-skiied behind each other's boats.

Did I ever tell you about the morning I chased Clint Eastwood around Lake Tahoe? He was driving the boat of the film director's father. I thought it was the father, Vic. I was trying to get "Vic" to stop so that we could combine and have enough people in one boat to water-ski. When Vic called me later that day, I told him off, teasingly, for not waiting for me. (He can't hear and I can't see. That was not our first blunder of sensory deprivation.) Then he told me the driver was Clint Eastwood. I said to Vic, "No way. The driver had pure white hair like yours." Then Vic explained that Clint's hair color comes out of a spray can. I can understand that. I used to spray metallic gold on my hair for parties in the '50s, especially in the winter when the "highlights" were all grown out. Then I could come home and wash it out. Colored hair spray sets and colors the hair at once. Very convenient and does not fry the hair. I have not seen it in decades. Or should I say, I have not recognized it in decades.

I am thinking about how much you are learning about me as I reminisce about missing and dead friends. I never saw the power of that mechanism before. Every time I noticed that process in a film, it was badly done. (As was the case I alluded to, two sentences above.)

Damn. I can never stop being the author. Does it never shut off? Anyway, does this process actually work in writing? I guess I'll have to try.

[[From a holiday card:]]

After swearing I could not join another writers' group, I fell victim to my own weakness. All my life, my hopelessly bad spelling has dogged me. But Microsoft can spell. That is easily overcome. Bad writing is another story. The people in the group do not understand POV, the story-telling process (beginning, middle and end – especially middle), active voice (which they think means past-tense), noun-verb-object, and, of course, the principle of "If it does not advance the story, get rid of it." They put all their energy into getting rid of "a word" every few sentences. They think that will help move the story along. "Show, don't tell" is way beyond them. The youngest in the group is 50. Therefore, I must conclude this is not a problem of only the young. I had assumed it was, until this group. Oh well, there are four more SF writers I am not competing against.

Brad Foster

[[August 23, 2004]] It seems the votes are in and no one is really upset with your having

to go to a less frequent schedule on *File 770*, as long as you continue to indeed put out an issue now and then. We love ya Mike, lover your zine, and however you find the time to work on it, it's cool with us. (Those who say otherwise are either liars, or their opinions do not count!) And getting Santa Clause to co-edit! Oh, wait, that's *not* a photo of the new editorial staff there, is it? You are going to look into a part-time gig at your local mall this Christmas, right? You can do it!

[[Hm. Perhaps this loc wasn't lost accidentally.]]

That was an amazing story about [David Bratman] getting nailed by airport security for reading a book in "improper reading position," I guess. And for some reason, this little thought keeps ticking the back of my brain that the person who first reported the "suspicious" activity is probably the same person who would be all for making sure that all the kiddos at school are seen doing the "correct" praying each morning. And if you really think it through, it's kind of odd that we don't see entire planeloads of people praying, chanting and sacrificing to their various deities before boarding any plane. I mean, really – how the heck do those things stay in the air?

...We (Cindy and I) wanted to make an addition to the obit you ran on Lori Wolf. She was a world class punster, along with being a great source for up-and-coming writers. She chaired or co-chaired several Armadillocons, as well as working on Worldcons, a Bouchercon Anthony Awards ceremony, and organized the Hugo Awards ceremony at LoneStarCon II in 1997. She was musical, a great baker (made our wedding cake in 1991), a voracious reader, and an all-around wonderful person.

Lori was one of our dearest friends, and we considered she and A.T. as family. (We still do, A.T.!) We appreciate your running the information, so that people can connect the name with a face. Lori had beautiful long brown hair, and when she found out she was going to need treatments for cancer, donated her hair to Locks of Love. Generous to a fault. We could go on, but just wanted to let other fans know a little bit more about her.

We Also Heard From

Gregory Benford: Good issue! David Bratman on Oxford is spot on. Oxford is said to be the town of dreaming spires, and if so, Cambridge from my experience is a town of perspiring dreams. Oxford seems stylish, Cambridge earnest—though prettier, to me. I spent 1976 there as a fellow and got a lot of a novel out of the experience.

Guy H. Lillian III: *[On the aftermath of Katrina]* Heartbreaking pictures, heartbreaking. I've been in [Dr. Jack] Stocker's home and seen his collection -- before it was reduced to mush. A prideful and beautiful collection it was, too.

Don Walsh: Apart from the carnage wrought to [Jack Stocker's] sf collection, bad enough, there was also the loss of his chemistry library, fruit of a lifetime of scholarship, both at home and I imagine at his office at UNO the same, being at the lakefront. Sigh.

Martin Morse Wooster: I agree with Francis Hamit that if Google Print takes copyrighted material (such as entire books) and puts it on the web, that this is a bad thing. But as long as Google Print sticks with its announced goal of acting as an index to books, that's fine with me. I found out, thanks to Google Print, that one of my articles was read into the *Congressional Record* in 1985. I would never have found that out if it hadn't been for Google Print. All in all, in its current iteration, I think Google Print does more good than harm.

Francis Hamit: An update; Google Print is now Google Book Search and has finally started giving me very detailed reports on the 14 titles of ours that are actually "live." That's not enough to really tell how well the program works, nor has there been much in the way of ad revenues. Probably because there also doesn't seem to be much in the way of ads to click through or view. Their earnings are off and the stock price fell out of bed yesterday because they didn't make their numbers. So far, this program seems to be, as they say in Texas "All hat and no cattle." I can't seem to find a correlation with actual sales either but that may be because of the way Lightning Source reports the data. I suspect lag time issues. It will take awhile to sort all this out.

The Letterhacks

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Thrilling COA Stories: Nigel Rowe was drowning in spam so he regretfully announced, "After 8 years it's time to relinquish nigel@mwpssoft.com. I can't handle the spam anymore, now topping over 150 messages a day."

Ed Meskeys has lived in the same house for over 38 years and yet is changing his address for the fourth time. This time they even changed the town. It seems I heard a similar story about the late Stan Woolston – you'd hardly guess Stan never moved, as many times as officialdom assigned him a new address.

... in the CARTOON BIRD MUSEUM ...

