

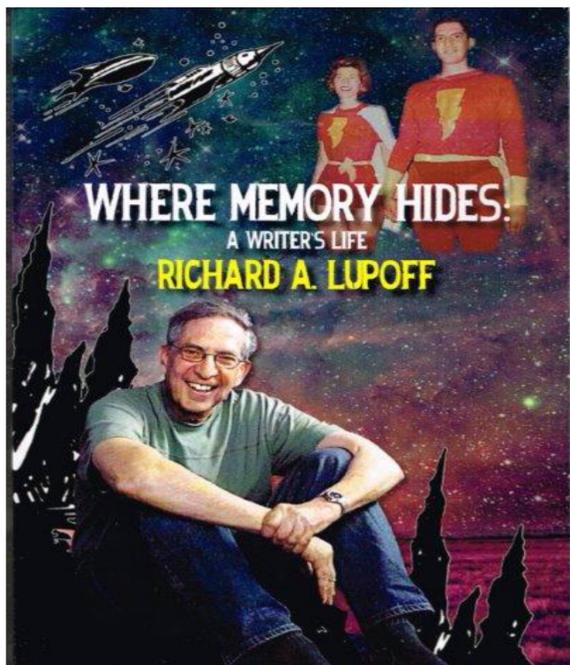
Motley#9

Jim Benford

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The Old Days of Fandom in the Bay Area

In November there was a launch party at Borderlands Books in San Francisco, for Dick Lupoff's autobiographical book *Where Memory Hides: A Writer's Life*. Dick and Pat Lupoff have spent about 45 years living in Berkeley.



I made some comments, as did many others. Here's a photo of me giving that talk with Dick watching. I focused on the Bay Area of fandom of the times. Here's what I said:

When the Lupoffs came to the Bay Area in the early 70's, there was a large varied community incorporating both science fiction writers and science fiction fans. There were frequent parties and meetings and members of both groups showed up a lot of the time. To get an idea of the variety of people in the 1970s and '80s here is a list of the Bay Area science-fiction pros of that time: Poul Anderson, Fritz Leiber, Tony Boucher, Jack Vance, Marta Randall, Dick Lupoff, Terry Carr, Bob Silverberg, Greg Benford, Ray Nelson, Grania Davis, Tom Scortia, Frank Robinson, Gordon Eklund, Liz Lynn, Michael Kurland and myself (I wrote short stories during the 1970s but gave it up to write a more remunerative form of fiction, proposals for funding of technical research).



In addition, there was a very active group of fans meeting in groups such as the Little Men. A list of fans of that time, a good number of whom came from New York: Dick and Pat Ellington and their daughter Marie, Bill Donaho, Robert Lichtman, Sid and Alva Rogers, Jerry and Miriam Knight, Chuck Freudenthal, Carol Carr, Lou and Cynthia Goldstone, Redd Blogs, Steve Davis, Danny Curran, Bill Rickhardt and Mary Alice.

Because it was such an active community, fans from elsewhere would frequently come for holiday celebrations in December or summer sabbaticals and vacations. Among these were Larry & Noreen Shaw, Bill Rotsler, Paul Turner and Ron Ellik.

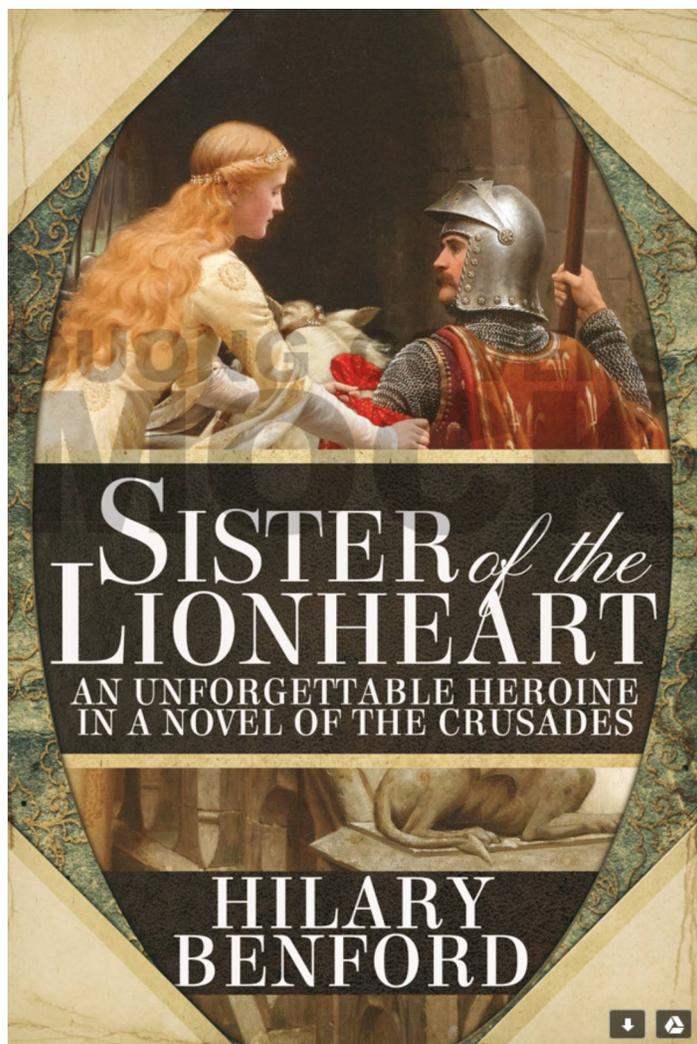
Those were the days! There are 40 people listed here. 24 of them, 60%, are now deceased.

Hilary's New Book

I wanted to let you know that my wife Hilary has a new book out, *Sister of the Lionheart*, the story of Joanna Plantagenet, the sister of Richard the Lionheart. She grew up at courts in France and England. From jousts to the infamous Courts of Love, from family quarrels to international intrigues, Joanna's youth was spent in the thick of it all. With her ambition to become a queen, like her much-admired mother, Joanna marries King William of Sicily and is swept away to a court that is a crossroads for Normans, Italians, Jews, Arabs and Byzantines. She is furious when she learns that her

husband William possesses a harem—but she refuses to accept it in silence, acting like a true descendant of Vikings. It's \$16.99 in print, \$7.99 as an ebook. It's published by Wordfire Press and available on Amazon and other places.

That is only the beginning of Joanna's adventures: The sequel, *Joanna Crusader*, will be out this spring. In it, Jerusalem falls to Saladin, her husband and The Lionheart make plans to go on Crusade. And Joanna persuades Richard to let her accompany him. She's the only woman to make it to Jerusalem.....



Mailing Comments

The Ogdens: Fantasy Amateur: Yikes! CLL is a great worry and I hope your Chemo conquers. You're doing a great job as OE and I want to thank you for all your efforts. Did you know that I went to OU in Norman '59 - '63? Got a good physics education and went out to UC La Jolla, now UC San Diego, to get the Ph.D.

Roger Wells Voice of the Habu Sorting out all the goods is quite time-consuming. I've been doing that for several years now; every year I try to get rid of at least 100 books. At first I was able to sell off some of my technical library but now I'm just giving them to the bookstore associated with the Lafayette library. I have a friend who works there and she says that they regularly generate \$100,000 in profit from the bookstore, which they donate to the library. That's a lot to get from a community that has only 23,000 people. I'm about to start going through the 50 storage boxes which have my papers from running Microwave Sciences over the last 30 years. I expect to eliminate at least three-quarters of it. The rest I'm going to scan and then put into CDs.

Fred Lerner: Lofgeornost: Your account of your trip to Japan and the responses from others takes me back to when our family sailed out to Japan in 1949 for a three-year stay. Our father worked for Gen. MacArthur in supply (logistics). Japan then is nothing like the Japan now, of course. The very very few cars the Japanese had ran on steam using charcoal as fuel. The houses were still almost entirely made of wood and paper. The Japanese were very friendly. I guess in retrospect that they were very grateful that the Americans had not treated them the way the Japanese would have treated us if they had won.

Dad was duty officer in supply the night the Korean War started. He and the other duty officers went up to MacArthur's penthouse, which is on top of the Daiichi building from which the Americans administered Japan. Gen. MacArthur was 70 years old and it was very late. It was after a dinner party and his friends were sitting around with him. He asked what they wanted and they described the signals they had gotten saying that the North Koreans had come across the border and were attacking South Korea. MacArthur closed his eyes for a while; Dad said that at first he thought the old man had fallen asleep. Then he opened them and gave explicit orders to each of the men on what to do. He told my father to order every American supply ship in the Pacific to head toward Japan. He had already decided that we were going to stop this invasion. Of course that's exactly what he did with his famous Inchon landing, which eliminated the North Korean army.

Robert: King Biscuit Time: I've been trying to encourage Michael Dobson to join us. He's reluctant, since he's in other activities and tends to wax and wane in his interest in fandom. That would cause him to probably miss mailings and not be around after a while. You might want to encourage him as well. I think we have to face the fact that we are a dwindling subculture and that at some future date there may be no FAPA. On that sobering thought, I'll get this printed out.