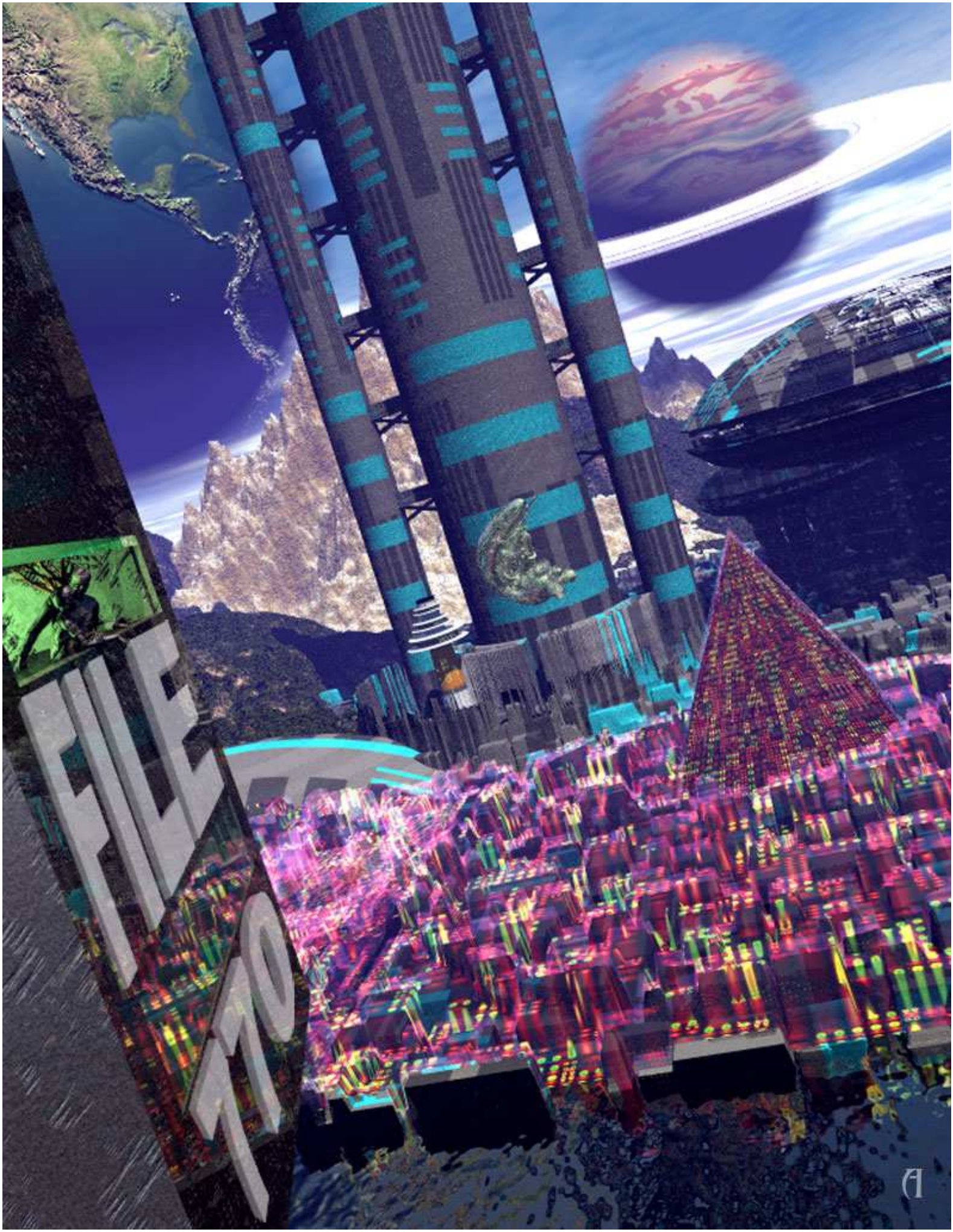
FLEX

Editorial Notes by Mike Glyer

Wiki Wanderings: Mike Lowrey and I recently discussed whether some well-known fans have "the required level of notability within a planetary context" to justify their own Wikipedia entries in the minds of the Wikipedia volunteers who routinely cull new additions. It's a good thing when people vet the Wikipedia, on the other hand, that means the day has passed when somebody like me can add stuff simply because I feel it needs to be there.

(L) **Sierra and David Gerrold** at Loscon. *(R)* **Sierra, Diana and Mike** on New Year's.

Dozens of fans are already included, among them Forry Ackerman, Ted White, Bill Rotsler, Bruce Pelz and Harry Warner, Jr. However, when it comes to sf fandom I'd call the Wikipedia "hardware driven." No doubt it's easier to defend to nonfans that repeat winners of a major award must have done something in the sf field that justifies inclusion. Even the Worldcon, as important as that annual event is to many fans, is probably not any more important to Wikipedia readers than the annual convocation of lots of other special interest groups, so some of its most significant contributors aren't represented.

Without an award or something like that to point to, it's a challenge to document the notability of some extremely well-known fans.

Think: if you took Bruce Pelz' humongous fanzine collection out of the picture would he rate an article? And Ben Yalow still doesn't have one. Yet in terms of their leadership and influence within sf fandom Bruce or Ben are certainly two of the 10 most significant fans of the past 40 years.

Fandom's Silent H

Bill Warren asked about the origin of the fannish custom of adding a silent H to words, like 'bheer,' 'Ghod,' etc.

"I know that it was most prevalent in the late 50s," said Bill, "well after Ghu, but it may relate to that august deity somehow. Someone else says it began when Bob Stewart typoed his name as 'Bhob Stewart' and then kept using that spelling (he still does, in fact)."

Jack Speer's early fanhistory *Up To Now* confirms Bill's guess that adding an extra H was a custom in the 1930s among fans who wrote religious parodies. However, Speer didn't identify who came up with the idea:

"ghughu was a burlesque on religion, the combination 'gh' being frequently applied in such words as ghod and demighod, gholy ghrail, etc, the cult worships ghughu, who, they claim, is wollheim."

The answer also eluded the legendary fanhistorian Harry Warner Jr. when he researched *All Our Yesterdays*:

"As if by instinct, fans have inserted from time immemorial the letter h as the second letter in many words that begin with a consonant. Donald A. Wollheim attributed it to the all-powerful influence of GhuGhuism. It is equally possible that there is a rational explanation: Mencken's fondness for 'bhoys,' perhaps, or the frequency in fantasy fiction of ghost and ghoul."

New York fans created a lot of the earliest fanspeak and the origins of the fannish H may trace back to a time in the city's history when the 19th century New York gang called the "Bowery Boys" was active and "b'hoy" was current slang. According to the Wikipedia:

"*B'hoy* and *g'hal* (meant to evoke an Irish pronunciation of *boy* and *gal*, respectively) were the prevailing slang words used to describe the young men and women of the rough-and-tumble working class culture of Lower Manhattan in the late 1840s and into the period of the American Civil War. They spoke a unique slang, with phrases such as 'Hi-hi,' 'Lam him' and 'Cheese it'."

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Art Credits

Alan White: Cover
Taral: Bacover, 41
Brad Foster: 17, 19, 24, 38
Bill Rotsler: 3, 6, 23, 29, 43, 47
Keith Stokes: (photos) 28
John King Tarpinian: (photos) 14
Alexis Gilliland: 4,7,19,25,36,37,46
Marie Rengstorff: 49
Diana Glyer: (photos) 2, 40
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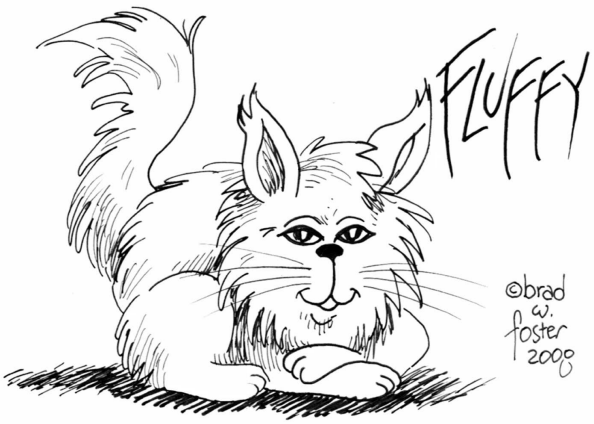
Len Wein: 6
Steve Stiles: 15
Grant Canfield: 15, 42, 44, 45
Atom: 16
Ray Nelson: 17
Marc Schirmeister: 18
Harry Bell: 18
Ian Sorensen: (photo) 34

News of Fandom

Sohus Case in Grand Jury

While Christian Gerhartsreiter, a "person of interest," is jailed in Boston on unrelated charges, a Los Angeles County grand jury is looking into the 1986 disappearance of LASFSians Linda and John Sohus. The jury is expected to hear from two handwriting specialists about the authenticity of a postcard from Europe purportedly signed by Linda Sohus, and received by sf bookstore owner Lydia Marana after Linda vanished.

Last summer, the Pasadena *Star-News* asked Katherine Koppenhaver, Sheila Lowe and a third handwriting expert to examine one of the Paris postcards and compare it with a known sample of Linda Sohus's writing from late 1984. Sheila Lowe said the different writing samples contained many similar features, suggesting they were written by the same person. Koppenhaver and the other analyst determined that the Paris postcard was not written by Linda Sohus.



Delivering Milk

Milk won Sean Penn an Academy Award, but it's the performances by the extras that fans will want to watch. Earl Kemp, the FAAn Award-winning editor, was one of them. "I'm part of the wallpaper in many scenes. Please applaud loudly when you see the guy in the very loud, 1979 three piece plaid suit." Frank Robinson was another, in one scene noticeably wearing a Greek sailor's cap and a sweater emblazoned ANITA THE HUN.

The *Chicago Reader's* pre-release article about the movie subtitled "How local sci-fi writer Frank Robinson went from *The Towering Inferno* to the 'hope speech'" explained the writer's historic connection to Harvey Milk:

"Robinson, a Chicago native, was Milk's speechwriter and one of his closest advisers. A writing job took him to San Francisco in 1973, just as Milk, a New York transplant with a Castro Street camera shop, was gearing up for his second bid for city supervisor. 'I used to walk down to the Castro every morning for breakfast and pass the camera store,' Robinson recalls. 'One day I fell into conversation with Harvey, and it came up that I was a writer. He said, "Hey, why don't you be my speechwriter?"'" *[Source: Andrew Porter.]*

Rock Around the Clockwork

The cops arrive too late to stop the rock-'n-rollers from singing their song, but Ed Green is among the policemen who chase the group Billy Boy On Poison out of the building at the end of "On My Way." Shot last summer, the video was posted in March at Rockdirt.com. The video was directed by Kiefer Sutherland from *24*.

Green says Billy Boy On Poison got its name from the novel *A Clockwork Orange*.

Radio Free Dave

I love those chatty holiday newsletters. Thanks to Dave and Keri Doering's year-end missive, I discovered that Dave has an online radio show, "It's Never Boring with Dave Doering."

Dave leads an interesting fannish life. He has been a collaborator and supporter of Keri's fabulous masquerade presentations. He co-chaired Costume-Con 23 (2005).

Now I've learned he contributes the "Never Boring" broadcast to the "Computer Outlook 'Radio Talk Show'," distributed online.

Dave's blog also uses the "Never Boring" title. I recommend reading his post "Yes, You Can!" for an ever-welcome jolt of stfnal optimism:

> So when I face the challenge every day about our future–my personal future and our shared future on this planet–I look for the possibilities. Read today's headline that the end of our civilization is upon us. I say "Yes, there's challenges and we will overcome these challenges."
>
> Why? Because despite the appearance of statistics or data to support their positions, naysayers are blinded by three flawed beliefs:
>
> 1. Yesterday defines tomorrow.
> 2. Man is the mistake.
> 3. We don't have the resources.

Gone With The Wind

Did I mention those holiday newsletters are gold mines of information? J. R. Madden's family letter contained more than a little drama.

In 2008 the Worldcon was over weeks before Labor Day rolled around, yet when the weekend started Madden was away from home, volunteering. That's because Hurricane Gustav headed straight for his corner of Louisiana. The night before it hit, Madden managed the Red Cross shelter at Dutchtown High School, temporary home to 500 evacuees.

He was back home with his wife and son when the hurricane actually came ashore. At the height of the storm it blew the turbine vent off the roof of his house.

Madden's son, Paul, climbed onto the roof to try and cover the hole and keep out the rain. (You or I might have hesitated, however, Paul is a Marine.) After the storm passed, the missing turbine vent was found a block-and-a-half away.

Madden wasn't able to return for his next shift at the shelter because roads were blocked by debris and downed power lines. But he was a help around his neighborhood, because his home generator could supply enough power to run his and the neighbors' refrigerator and freezer.

2009 GUFF Results

Sue Ann Barber and Trevor Clark won the 2009 GUFF race (Get Up Fan Fund, this time around). They will attend the UK Eastercon in April. They edged Alisa Krasnostein and Norah Ding (aged "almost two," with her mother). Voting ended November 24, with the pair receiving 88 of the 118 ballots cast.

Alan Hunter Is Okay

Was Alan Hunter well? Andrew Porter wondered: "When neither I nor Steve Jones received Christmas cards from Alan Hunter, who'd been sending us cards for several decades, we grew concerned. So when Pete Weston said he planned to be in Bournemouth, UK, I asked that he drop in on or phone Alan to find out if he was okay."

Peter Weston wrote after his January visit: "[Alan]'s 85 but still fully on the ball and we had a long chat about past times. He also dug out some old photos for me (six of them completely new) from the three London cons, 1951, 1952, 1953, and probably 1957 as well, though he wasn't sure. I doubt if he'll respond to *Prolapse* - he's been out of touch too long - but I shall certainly call in again next time I'm down here.

Porter also phoned Alan: "I had to let it ring a long time before he answered. But he's fine, just not as fast on his feet as he used to be…"

Friends of Ed

Friends of popular sf writer Ed Bryant are appealing to the sf community to help him with financial difficulties brought on by health and other problems. More information can be found at <http://www.friendsofed.org/>, and also directions for donating via PayPal to a third party trust fund set up for Ed's benefit at the Colorado Fund for People with Disabilities. *[Source:Andrew Porter.]*

Tor Books Moving?

Well, not this week. However, the offices of Tor Books are housed in New York's Flatiron Building, which an Italian investor has announced plans to convert into a luxury hotel. Reports say hotels take so long to construct that it might be a decade before the Flatiron Building comes online in its new capacity. If the project goes forward, sf's leading publisher may be changing addresses in the foreseeable future. *[Source: Andrew Porter.]*

Medical Updates

North Carolina fan **Laura Haywood-Cory**, one of the founding members of Trinco*coN, suffered a heart attack on March 30. Reportedly the heart attack was not severe but there was some blockage of arteries found which resulted in the need for the insertion of six stents. *[Source: Susan Simko]*

Elliot Shorter returned to the Providence VA Medical Center on March 17 for treatment of a persistent cough and chest pressure, and possibly "another MRSA-type infection complicating his already existing cold." *[Source: Master-El Livejournal]*

Queen Elizabeth II knights Terry Pratchett on February 18.

Sir Terry's Knighthood Ceremony

The Lady of the Lake, her arm clad in the purest shimmering samite, held Excalibur aloft from the bosom of the water to signify by Divine Providence … Oh, I'm sorry, I'll read that again.

The Queen of England formally knighted Terry Pratchett on February 18. He was named on her New Year Honours List, and this week Elizabeth ceremonially dubbed the kneeling Pratchett on each shoulder with her sword.

2009 DUFF

Nominees in the 2009 Down Under Fan Fund race to send an Australasia fan to the Montreal Worldcon are Emma Hawkes, Chris Nelson, Alison Barton, and David Cake with Grant Watson. Voting closes May 17.

Mr. Walsh Goes to Washington

Michael Walsh borrowed Paul Revere's horse and galloped past with this warning: "For the first time since 1974 the Washington SF Association will from February to August actually be meeting in … Washington!"

2008 Nebula Awards Final Ballot

SFWA has announced the nominees for the 2008 Nebula Awards. The awards will be presented at the 2009 Nebula Awards Weekend, April 24-26, 2009, in Los Angeles, California.

Novels: "Little Brother" - Doctorow, Cory (Tor, Apr08); "Powers" - LeGuin, Ursula K. (Harcourt, Sep07); "Cauldron" - McDevitt, Jack (Ace, Nov07); "Brasyl" - McDonald, Ian (Pyr, May07); "Making Money" - Pratchett, Terry (Harper, Sep07); "Superpowers" - Schwartz, David J. (Three Rivers Press, Jun08)

Novellas: "The Spacetime Pool" - Asaro, Catherine (Analog, Mar08); "Dark Heaven" - Benford, Gregory (Alien Crimes, Resnick, Mike, Ed., SFBC, Jan07); "Dangerous Space" - Eskridge, Kelley (Dangerous Space, Aquaduct Press, Jun07); "The Political Prisoner" - Finlay, Charles Coleman (F&SF, Aug08); "The Duke in His Castle" - Nazarian, Vera (Norilana Books, Jun08)

Novelettes: "If Angels Fight" - Bowes, Richard (F&SF, Feb08); "The Ray_Gun: A Love Story" - Gardner, James Alan (Asimov's, Feb08); "Dark Rooms" - Goldstein, Lisa (Asimov's, Oct/Nov 07); "Pride and Prometheus" - Kessel, John (F&SF, Jan08); "Night Wind" - Rosenblum, Mary (Lace and Blade, ed. Deborah J. Ross, Norilana Books, Feb08); "Baby Doll" - Sinisalo, Johanna (The SFWA European Hall of Fame, James Morrow & Kathryn Morrow, Ed., Tor, Jun07 <trans. from the Finnish by David Hackston>); "Kaleidoscope" - Wentworth, K.D. (F&SF, May07)

Short Stories: "The Button Bin" - Allen, Mike (Helix: A Speculative Fiction Quarterly, Oct07); "The Dreaming Wind" - Ford, Jeffrey (The Coyote Road: Trickster Tales, Ellen Datlow and Terri Windling, Ed., Viking, Jul07); "Trophy Wives" - Hoffman, Nina Kiriki (Fellowship Fantastic, ed. Greenberg and Hughes, Daw Jan08); "26 Monkeys, Also the Abyss" - Johnson, Kij (Asimov's, Jul08); "The Tomb Wife" - Jones, Gwyneth (F&SF, Aug07); "Don't Stop" - Kelly, James Patrick (Asimov's, Jun07); "Mars: A Traveler's Guide" - Nestvold, Ruth (F&SF, Jan08)

Scripts: "The Dark Knight" - Nolan, Jonathan; Nolan, Christopher, Goyer, David S. (Warner Bros., Jul08) "WALL-E" Screenplay by Andrew Stanton, Jim Reardon, Original story by Andrew Stanton, Pete Docter (Walt Disney June 2008); "The Shrine" - Wright, Brad (Stargate Atlantis, Aug08)

Norton: "Graceling" - Cashore, Kristin (Harcourt, Oct08); "Lamplighter" -Cornish, D.M. (Monster Blood Tattoo, Book 2, Putnam Juvenile, May08)); "Savvy" - Law, Ingrid (Dial, May08); "The Adoration of

Jenna Fox" -Pearson, Mary E. (Henry Holt and Company, Apr08); "Flora's Dare: How a Girl of Spirit Gambles All to Expand Her Vocabulary, Confront a Bouncing Boy Terror, and Try to Save Califa from a Shaky Doom (Despite Being Confined to Her Room) -Wilce, Ysabeau S. (Harcourt, Sep08)

Heinlein Versus Campbell

In science fiction's Golden Age, every author treasured those long, helpful rejection letters from the great John W. Campbell, right? Well, not quite everybody. After a certain point, Robert Heinlein was willing to content himself with a little less money if it meant he didn't have to put up with Campbell's annoying feedback:

"I don't think Fantasy and Science Fiction is riding the edge; I think they are just stingy. … Still, it is pleasanter than offering copy to John Campbell, having it bounced (he bounced both of my last two Hugo Award winners) —and then have to wade through ten pages of his arrogant insults, explaining to me why my story is no good."

Fantasists Honored On Postage Stamps

The US Postal Service is honoring two fantasy writers on postage stamps this year: Rod Serling and Edgar Allan Poe. Poe's stamp is already available. The Serling stamp is part of the "TV Early Memories" being dedicated (in USPS parlance) on August 11 in Los Angeles.

Neither author was on Chris Barkley's list of historic sf figures he petitioned the Postal Service to honor with stamps ten years ago (see *File 770:133*, page 18). But Serling's selection validates one of Chris' arguments — he told *Science Fiction Weekly* that the writers he named deserved recognition because they laid the foundations for currently-popular sf tv series and movies:

"We know that without the influences of E.E. "Doc" Smith, Murray Leinster, Leigh Brackett and Edmund Hamilton, it's doubtful you would be enjoying *Star Trek*, *Farscape*, *Babylon 5* and *Star Wars* today. Gene Roddenberry, George Lucas and Steven Spielberg might have well been sitcom producers without them."

In case you're curious, here are the leading lights Chris wanted to see on stamps:

Artists: Frank R. Paul, Chesley Bonestell, Hannes Bok, Virgil Finlay, Vaughn Bode, Roy Krenkel, Ed Emshwiller, Jack Gaughan. **Editors:** John W. Campbell, Jr., Judy Lynn Del Rey, Anthony Boucher, Terry Carr, T.E. Dikty, Geoff Conklin, Terry Carr. **Authors:** E.E. "Doc" Smith, Robert A. Heinlein, Clifford D. Simak, Paul Linebarger (Cordwainer Smith), Will Jenkins (Murray Leinster), Theodore Sturgeon, C.L. Moore and Henry Kuttner, Leigh Brackett, Edmund Hamilton, A. Merritt, Alfred Bester, Alice Sheldon (James Tiptree, Jr.), Philip K. Dick, Cyril M. Kornbluth, James Blish, Fritz Leiber, Frank Herbert, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Edgar Pangborn, Stanley Weinbaum.

It's still a good idea, Chris!

Joy V. Smith in Magistria

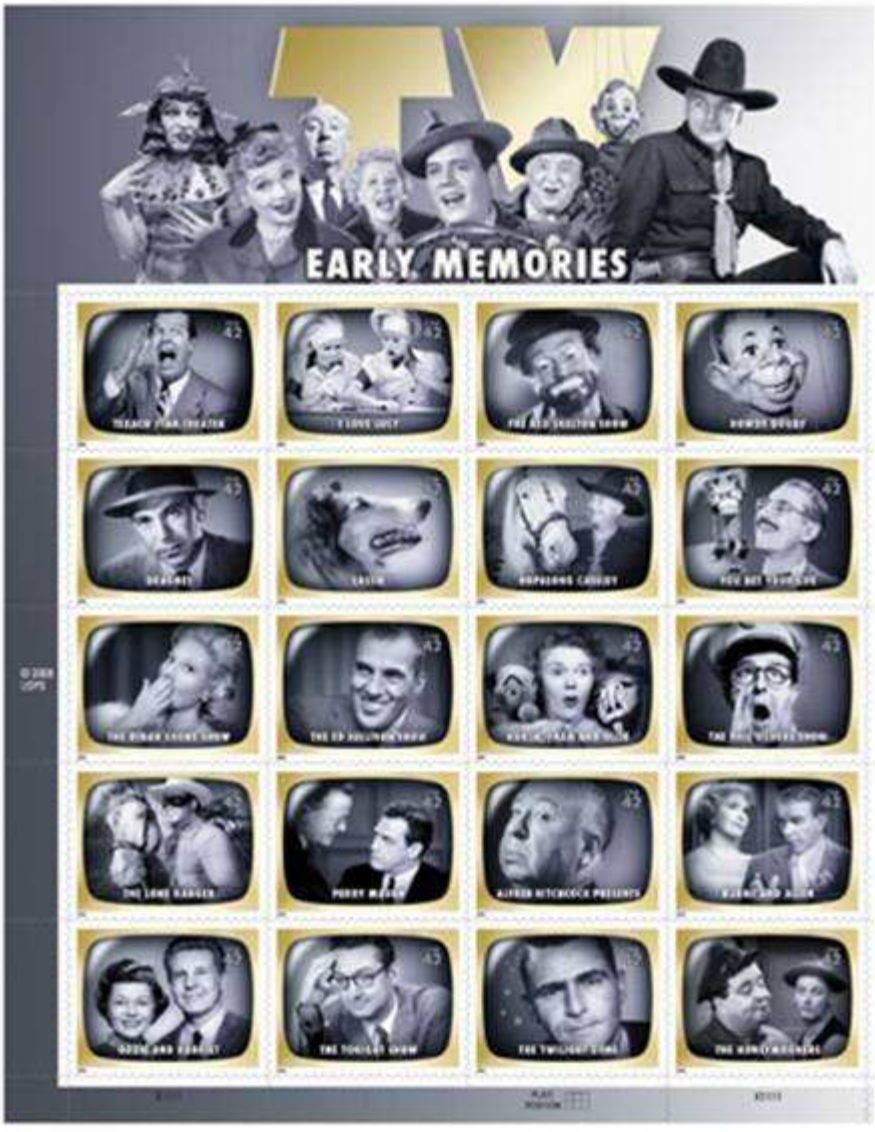
In Joy V. Smith's "Seedlings," her plant mages fight with magic and their sentient plant companions. It's one of fourteen fantasy stories included in *Magistria: The Realm of the Sorcerer*, a shared world anthology.

The other contributors are Lawrence Barker, Andrew C. Ferguson, Jack Hillman, Ben Peek, Christopher Sloan, Robert Bee, Robert Burke Richardson, Joshua Reynolds, Jack Mackenzie, Robert J. Santa, K. A. Patterson, Lillian Csernica, and G. W. Thomas. Thomas also edited the anthology.

This is a reprint, brought out by a new publisher Ricasso Press. *Magistria: Shards of the Goddess* is upcoming.

Clipping Service

Mark R. Leeper: I am an informal sort of guy and I recently went to a formal affair. It was "black tie". Those words "black tie" strike fear into a simple dresser such as myself. I generally feel I am dressed to the nines if my shirt tail is successfully tucked in. For this affair I decided to rent a tuxedo. You know I was amazed how good I looked in a tuxedo. Put a Tommy Gun in my hands and I would have looked great on "The Untouchables". I was so pleased that when I returned the jacket and the shirt, the pants and the vest I wanted to show my appreciation so I gave them the underwear as a tip.



Lasting Impressions: News from the World of Fanzines

An Iron Man Steps Down: Fred Patten Ends 44-Year APA-L Publishing Streak

by John Hertz

reprinted from Vanamonde 817

Marty Cantor phoned at nine or ten o'clock at night. He never does that; he rises by dawn; this is a terrible hour for him. It must have been important. It was. As Official Collator of APA-L he had just heard from Fred Patten that Patten was no longer able to continue a weekly Lzine. "The world," said Cantor, "has come to an end."

The Amateur Publishing Association of Los Angeles began in October 1964. Since then L has been collated and distributed every week (except one break of a few months in the 1960s). Before the rise of E-mail and the Internet that was almost unheard of; it is still breathtaking. It remains unparalleled. Patten has been in every distribution. APA-L 2279 contains No. 2279 of his fanzine *¡Rábanos Radiactivos!*

The science fiction community has since earliest days been enlivened by the amateur publications by fans, for fans, which we call fanzines. Fanzines are our joy, fanzines are our delight, fanzines are our heart of gold. But notoriously they come and go. They last a few years, or a few issues. Into long runs gaps creep. Fanziners drop one title and take up another. "A frequent fanzine" is a rallying cry.

An apa collects and circulates its contributors' zines. Apazines at best sparkle with the interplay of wit and reflection, the interchange of comments and of comments on comments. Like other sapient beings we in apas do not always rise to our ideals. We find it hard enough in most apas, quarterly or monthly.

Over almost forty-five years Patten's Lzine was faithful and sound. He noted, reviewed, commented. He was outstanding — and he was mild. His wit and reflection thus interplayed. Of him "prosaic" was praise. He was a founder of the Down Under Fan Fund (visits between Australia – New Zealand and North America), he chaired Westercon XXVII (1974; s-f convention in the North American west) and Loscon XIV (1987; Los Angeles — incidentally, his had the highest attendance to date), he was a worthy fanhistorian, he became an international expert on animé, all with a place in his zine, as is the fannish way. We could read him for his view of what we were not ourselves interested in. That's writing.

In 2005 Patten suffered a stroke. He was not a lumberjack, or a pianist; his enterprise did not rely mainly on his bodily health. He had already retired as a librarian. He had to give up his s-f collection, and his apartment. But he continued fan activity by other means. He was indomitable — but not, it has at last and bravely appeared, indefatigable. He has done more than dozens, or hundreds. Long may he wave.

Drink Tank's Bicentennial Issue

The double-century issue of *The Drink Tank* (#200), its fourth annish, is more than historic — it's a hoot-and-a-half. Chris Garcia and a whole slate of interesting fans have packed it with laughs.

When Chris invited Cheryl Morgan to contribute, the word annish seems to have been garbled in transmission. But who could have done a better job than Cheryl of envisioning traditional Amish fanac?

"A fanzine produced by science fictional Amish, therefore, would be composed on an Apple Mac, or a Dell running Windows XP (which, incidentally, is still on sale in the future because Microsoft still haven't got the bugs out of Vista, or whatever they are calling the latest release)."

Cheryl shows that being a fine writer can take you far. Beth Zuckerman proves that fine writing combined with advance preparation goes even farther toward ensuring your convention experiences will yield great fanzine material. No conreport of mine can ever hope to achieve anything like her account of Arisia 2009:

"I did have to seek out a t-shirt vendor, because while my 51-lb suitcase was fully equipped with rocketship pajamas, the ostentatiously unnecessary coin bra, an entire No. 6 costume with eyebrow makeup, a veritable mountain of lingerie, and a generous supply of little rubber things, somehow I entirely failed to bring anything to wear during the day before the parties started."

Pro wrestling is one of Chris Garcia's passions. In this issue, his friend Bobby Toland has a lot to say about professional wrestler Kurt Angle's need to learn humility, and how those lessons might be imparted. One of the hallmarks of good fanwriting is its ability to make fascinating a subject that ordinarily would be of little interest, which is my default response to pro wrestling. Toland held my attention from start to finish.

I also admired the trivia quiz "Fantastic Fours" by Frank Wu and Brianna Spacekat Wu. I answered more than half of them wrong, but everyone reading this review should be able to name the foursome composed of Leonardo, Raphael, Donatello, and Michelangelo.

Christian McGuire spends most of his time as one of the leading conrunners of the age, but thanks to Chris Garcia he hasn't been completely lost to the world of fanwriting. Plenty of people will want to read all about McGuire's adventures at Further Confusion 2009 once I mention that one of the lines in the report is: "A prurient Pink Panther holding up the tail of the Tiger before him offered Andy the choice to play jump rope with the tail. All I can say is that Andy can Double-Dutch with me any day."

Leigh Ann Hildebrand is yet another friend of Chris's with a great sense of humor. This is not even the funniest line in her list of "Five Things I'm No Longer Allowed To Do in the Fanzine Lounge":

"4. Not allowed to offer impromptu origami classes using materials at hand, even with the justification that it's a form of performance art expressing my thoughtful critique of the phrase 'core fandom.'"

Every issue of *The Drink Tank* is highlighted by a combination of original art and assorted graphics liberated from the internet. An example of the latter, my favorite in issue

#200, is the wry parody of RIAA's anti-piracy ads showing a woman in a pre-WWI hairdo manipulating two Edison phonographs under the caption "Home Cylinder Duplication Is Killing the Music Industry."

It doesn't seem that long ago Chris was wondering what it might be like to produce his hundredth ish. If he keeps it up, he'll soon know what it's like to his #300. Great work Chris!

Jeeves Looking for a Good Read

Terry Jeeves' daughter, Sandra Hastie, says her dad welcomes any reading matter, certainly letters and fanzines. His current address is:

Queen Margaret's nursing home, 19 Filey Rd, Scarborough, North Yorks, YO11 2SE, UK

Dave Rowe adds:

"Please write if you can but apart from that, please send him any fnz, magazines or books that he might enjoy so that he doesn't get bored. His favourite SF was *Astounding/ Analog* from the forties to the seventies and just before he moved into Queen Margaret's he was reading a Philip K. Dick collection. His interests include films, art, astronomy, astronautics, planes (especially World War II) and science in general. Terry did such a lot for fandom. Please continue to let him know he's not forgotten."

2009 Aurora Nominees

Nominees for Canada's Prix Aurora have been announced. These awards recognize Canadian science fiction and fantasy artwork, writing, and fan activities.

Any Canadian citizen or resident may vote in the Aurora selection process. Mail-in or online ballots must be submitted before Wednesday, July 15th, 2009. The winners will be announed at Anticipation, the 2009 Worldcon in Montreal.

Best Long-Form Work in English

After the Fires, Ursula Pflug (Tightrope Books)
Identity Theft and Other Stories, Robert J. Sawyer (Red Deer Press)
Impossibilia, Douglas Smith (PS Publishing)
Defining Diana, Hayden Trenholm (Bundoran Press)
Marseguro, Edward Willett (DAW Books)

Best Long-Form Work in French

Une fêlure au flanc du monde, Éric Gauthier (Alire)
Les vents de Tammerlan, Michèle Laframboise (Éditions Médiaspaul, coll. Jeunesse-Plus)

Best Short-Form Work in English

"All In," Peter Atwood (May-June, *Weird Tales* magazine)
"Back," Susan J. Forest (June, *Analog* magazine)
"Ringing in the Changes in Okotoks, Alberta," Randy McCharles (*Tesseracts Twelve*, Edge Science Fiction)
"A Bouquet of Flowers in a Vase by Van Gogh," Douglas Smith (*Impossibilia*, PS Publishing)
"Doorways," Douglas Smith (*Postscripts* Magazine #17, PS Publishing)

Best Short-Form Work in French

« Ballade sur Pallide », Michèle Laframboise (*Virages* 44)
« La révolte des gilets-malins », Michèle Laframboise (*QUAD9* 6A)
« Le Dôme de Saint-Macaire », Jean-Louis Trudel (*Solaris* 167)
« Jos Montferrand et le Grand Brigand des routes », Alain Ducharme (*Solaris* 167)

Best Work in English (Other)

The Gaslight Grimoire, Jeff Campbell & Charles Prepolec, Réd. (Edge Science Fiction)
Neo-opsis magazine, Karl Johanson, Ed.
Tesseracts Twelve, Claude Lalumière, Ed. (Edge Science Fiction)
Through The Window: A Journey To The Borderlands of Faerie, Marcie Lynn Tentchoff (Double Edge Publishing)
On Spec magazine, Diane Walton, Managing Ed.

Best Work in French (Other)

Jean-Louis Trudel, Sophie Beaulé, (Éditions David)
Solaris, Joël Champetier, Editing

Artistic Achievement

Looking for Group, Lar deSouza (Online comic)
Couverture, *Neo-Opsis* #14, Stephanie Ann Johanson

Imagination, Michèle Laframboise (*Imagination contre les pigeons spammeurs*, Vermillon)
Fear Agent #22, Ronn Sutton (Dark Horse)
Couverture, *JEMMA7729*, David Willicome

Fan Achievement (Fanzine)

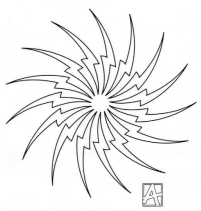
The Original Universe, Jeff Boman, (Ed.)
Opuntia, Dale Spiers (Ed.)
Clair/Obscur, François-Bernard Tremblay, (Ed.)
Brins d'éternité, Guillaume Voisine, (Ed.)

Fan Achievement (Organizational)

Robyn Herrington Memorial Short Story Contest, Renée Bennett (Administrator)
World Fantasy 2008, Kim Greyson (Guest Liaison)
FilKONtario 18, Judith Hayman, & Peggi Warner-Lalonde (Co-chairs)
World Fantasy 2008, Randy McCharles, (Chair)
Anime North 2008, David Simmons (Organizer)

Fan Achievement (Other)

World Fantasy 2008 Podcasts, Kurt Armbruster, & Ryah Deines (Producers/Ed./ Hosts)
Impulse, MonSFFA Newsletter, Keith Braithwaite (Ed.)
Through the Keyhole – 25 years of Memories from KeyCon, Jennifer Ennis (Ed.)
Fan writing, Lloyd Penney
Heather Dale Concert, Joan Sherman (Organizer)



Fandom's tangled web

Fred Pohl Arrives in the Future

The remarkable Fred Pohl is still looking for new challenges at age 89. His latest project is writing *The Way the Future Blogs*. Pohl thinks the great thoughts; Dick and Leah Smith help "with the widgets and other blogutiae."

One of Pohl's first posts explains how he started collaborating with Arthur C. Clarke on *The Last Theorem*:

"Then, in one of his letters in the early part of 2006, Arthur rather offhandedly mentioned that, a couple of years earlier, in a fit of exuberance, he had signed publishing contracts for several books that, he was now convinced, he would never be able to write himself. Most of them he had arranged for some other writer to finish, but there was one, called The Last Theorem, for which he needed a collaborator.

"That sounded like a hint, and I took it. I wrote back, 'If you really need a collaborator for that unfinished novel, Barkis is probably willin'. I like collaborating and sadly seem to be running out of collaborators.'"

I'm On The Back

Be envious, bloggers! Do you have your own line of designer clothing? Steve Davidson does. The Crotchety Old Fan's newly-launched collection of "Classic Hugo Award winner" shirts celebrates the winners of science fiction's most prestigious award from 1946 until 1984 – the cutoff signifying, Steve reminds us, that "Classic" is anything 25 years old or older. The shirts are sold at his online Zazzle store.

Steve gives more details on his blog:

"I put together a series of designs, some featuring golden Hugo rockets, some without, and a variety of fannishly related front images - including one that says 'I'M ON THE BACK.' That means that if you've won a Hugo Award, you can let people know that you're on the list, on the back of the t-shirt you're wearing!"

He licensed the rights to use the service-marked Hugo Award and Worldcon names and award imagery from the World Science Fiction Society:

"The point of these shirts is to educate fans and support the Worldcon and Hugo Awards… to celebrate the winners and to let everyone know that graying fandom ain't dead yet!"

Wearing my Six-Time Hugo Loser t-shirt and a bemused expression at the 1982 Worldcon.

And to help Crotchety get to Anticipation, a worthy cause in its own way. I'll have to get one of these. I never had a Hugo *winner* shirt before.

Taxing Your Fantasy Assets

That people are making real-world earnings from goods and services offered in online multi-player games has been in the news, and inspired Charles Stross' deftly-handled novel *Halting State*.

Even the U.S. government, in the person of IRS Taxpayer Advocate Nina Olson, has caught a sniff of the escaping revenue.

She reported that about $1 billion in real dollars changed hands in computer-based environments during 2005. Additionally, more than 16 million people are said to have active subscriptions in these worlds, "many of which have their own virtual economies and currencies."

A *Chaos Manor* reader sent the clip to Jerry Pournelle who replied with pointed humor: "Astonishing. Is there anything left to tax? Must we send quarterly withholding for killing monsters on World of Warcraft? Will Blizzard automate this so that whenever you kill a monster it shows something like 'your share of the loot is 1 Gold 4 Silver with 30 pieces of silver withheld'?"

I ♥ My Old Fanzine

I've been very fortunate to have so much support from fanartists for *File 770*. By comparison, it must be a challenge for start-up fanzines to get original art today. What a change from the era of my big mimeographed genzine *Prehensile*, the 1970s, when fandom was jammed with enthusiastic and talented illustrators and cartoonists, some of them still active to this day. I think a combination of editorial ingratitude and bad repro thinned out the crowd by the end of the decade. But what great stuff we were allowed to print in the glory days.

Such memories made me wonder if any trace of *Prehensile* was online so I ran a Google search and was pleased to find someone (Dean Sweatman?) had scanned in every single cover. And done the same for an enormous number of other fanzines.

Of course, that includes fanzine covers that I drew myself. How much extortion might I have paid to keep that from happening had I been given the chance! (Well, I have always liked my attempted portrait of Damon Knight on the cover of *Prehensile* #0 quite a bit, truth be told…)

Posted to three different sites is Jim Shull's gorgeous cover of *Prehensile* #6, with bold graphics quite like a woodcut print. For example, it's displayed by the University of Iowa Libraries Horvat Collection site. In 2004, The University of Iowa Libraries received an enormous collection of science fiction fanzines accumulated by Martin M. (Mike) Horvat, who was offering the set in an online auction.

My search for *Prehensile* references discovered two more university fanzine collections whose online presence is new since I wrote my 2004 article "Future of Fanzines Past."

Syracuse University lists a fanzine collection. And Duke University now boasts the Murray Fanzine Collection of 1150 fanzines accumulated by brothers Edwin L. and Terry A. Murray of Durham, N.C. over a 40-year span. It's divided into several parts and,

"The second section consists of a sampling of science fiction and fantasy fanzines (including fantasy fiction) ranging from 1952 to the early 1980s, including information on artists and writers such as Vaughn Bode and Harlon [sic] Ellison. Most of the fanzines in the collection were printed independent of large scale publishing techniques, utilizing ditto, mimeograph, hectograph and, later, photocopy, on paper of varying degrees of quality."

FILE 770

OBITUARIES

Sgt. Ack-Ack edited Ft. MacArthur's camp paper during World War II.

Forry Ackerman Passes Away

Forrest J Ackerman's heart finally failed just before midnight on December 4. Death came to the world's most famous science fiction fan two months after he left the hospital to spend his last days at home. Rallied by an outpouring of encouragement from fans and friends, Forry survived to celebrate his 92nd birthday (November 21), and nearly two weeks beyond.

Science fiction as a genre in its own right was a very new concept when Forry saw his first "imagi-movie" at age 6, and became entranced by the first issues of *Amazing Stories* at age 10. Yet he somehow found people all over the world who shared his enthusiasm for these things. He was trading letters with 127 people in the U.S., Europe and Japan by the time he started the Boys Scientifiction Club, a correspondence club, in 1930. He became such a well-connected fan that he was named #1 Fan Personality by the 1953 Worldcon, becoming the first person ever presented with a Hugo Award (though he immediately said it should really go to Britain's Ken Slater.) Later, when Japanese fans celebrated the 20th anniversary of Takumi Shibano's fanzine *Uchujin* in 1977, Forry and his wife, Wendayne were among the people brought to Japan as guests of honor.

A teenaged Forry Ackerman helped found the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society in 1934. The Los Angeles chapter of the Science Fiction League (No. 4) first met in the family garage of 14-year-old, Roy Test, Jr. Both boys survived to celebrate the club's 70th anniversary, on October 28, 2004. Forry gaveled the 3,507th meeting to order and Roy Test Jr. sat in the audience.

LASFS was the first fan organization to buy its own clubhouse, in 1973, and each donor of $500 was honored as "Patron Saint" and by annual recognition at the meeting of their choice. Ever seeking attention by doing something clever and quirky, Forry selected the 53rd Thursday as his Patron Saint meeting – which falls in alternate years.

Sometime after joining LASFS Forry embraced Esperanto, a language invented to overcome the world's communication barriers. Paradoxically, he also codified a kind of simplified spelling which he used in his fanwriting, making it sometimes difficult to decipher.

He was extremely clever at wordplay, and constantly exerted that gift to gain attention throughout his life. In the 1930s and 1940s Forry and the club produced a number of well-known zines, including *Shangri-L'Affaires* and *Voice of the Imagi-Nation.* In the 1950s, Forry and some LASFSians made one of the first fan-produced films, *The Genie*, which featured Forry, Fritz Leiber and Bjo Trimble.

Forry's greatest virtue was generosity, giving his friendship, time and money. When he went to the first Worldcon in 1939, he also helped Ray Bradbury afford to go. And he fronted the money for the first issue of Ray Bradbury's zine *Futuria Fantasia*.

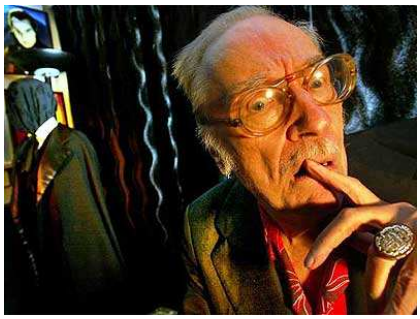
With Forry's death, says Rich Lynch, there are only seven surviving fans who attended the 1939 con: Dave Kyle, Bob Madle, Erle Korshak, Ray Bradbury, Langley Searles, Art Widner, and Fred Pohl (who, Lynch noted, "gets an asterisk on this, for an obvious reason" because he was one of the fans the organizers refused to admit.) There, Forry became the first fan to wear a science fictional costume at a convention.

Forry had heard H.G. Wells speak in LA, and he also was impressed by Robert Heinlein's speech at the 1941 Worldcon. Walt Daugherty recorded the talk, so Forry transcribed the speech and sold copies to fans -- which proved to be the first step in his alienation of the great man.

Los Angeles had been slated to host the next Worldcon, but that plan was suspended until after the end of World War II. Pacificon was finally held in 1946 with Forry as the chairman. But he collapsed from stress and overwork on the first day of the con. Walt Daugherty stepped in and ran a successful program.

He avidly collected science fiction, fantasy and horror books, magazines, movie stills and other memorabilia. The collection overflowed his home. He loved inviting people in to see it, and over the years he hosted tens of thousands of fans.

The 18-room house on Glendower that everyone knew as the Ackermansion was actually the second house he and Wendayne called by that name, but it's the one everyone remembers. Forry started holding regular open houses there in 1951. The jam-packed repository included everything from a Dracula cape worn by Lugosi to Mr. Spock's pointy ears and from Lon Chaney Sr.'s



Ackerman's March 8 Egyptian Theatre Tribute

By John King Tarpinian

Hollywood's Egyptian Theatre was full to capacity, 700 plus seats. There were no empty seats and there were people who did not get in. The testimonials were very nice, respectful, heartfelt and funny. I am very bad at names but here are a few of interest. Ray Bradbury gave the opening tribute (to the only standing ovation of a guest), followed by John Landis who read tributes from Stephen King and Ray Harryhausen along with is own. Joe Dante and Guillermo Del Toro also gave lovely tributes. Del Toro said he learned English by reading copies of *Famous Monsters* and *Mad Magazine* with the help of a dictionary. All four gave the audience their personal stories about how and when they first met Uncle Forry. Del Toro flew in from New Zealand just for the day so he could share his love for Forry.

Since it was known that Forry was going to pass away, they had filmed a final farewell from Forry…as a floating head. His last words were "SCI-FI." A perfect ending for such a kind and gentle soul.

As an aside, my "job" at the event was to keep the oddballs away from Ray. Never having met Del Toro I almost kept him away from Ray because he looked more like a crazed fan from the general public. Ill-fitting clothing two months past the need for a haircut, etc. Luckily John Landis came up right behind him. Saved me embarrassment. (Del Toro is excused since he had just gotten off a plane from New Zealand since his is directing some silly movie called *The Hobbit*.)

The lady that spoke the first words from *Dracula*, now 99 years old, Carla Laemmle was sitting just behind Ray. Also, Ann Robinson from the good version of *War of the Worlds*, was there. I did not stay for the movie tributes but am told the documentary was brilliant.

makeup kit to the paper-plate flying saucer used by director Ed Wood in "Plan 9 From Outer Space."

Forry captured the flavor of his guided tour for readers of *Mimosa* 26, beginning: "The first room you enter in the Ackermansion after the entrance hallway (which I call the 'Paul-way' after the famous artist Frank R. Paul) is the living room. And the first thing you notice, once you're there, is that you're not alone -- with you is Ultima Futura Automaton, a recreation of the robotrix from the film *Metropolis* that was produced by its original creator, Walter Schultze-Mittendorf." This is interesting for more than the obvious reason – it makes the point that Forry never claimed the robotrix was *the one in the movie*, although writers often refer to it as such.

Sometimes people asked Forry if he had read all of the books he owned. Joan Marie Knappenberger told SFWA News readers, "He once told me that he had read every last word in every book in his collection. When he got a new book for his collection, he would open it to the last page, and read the last word."

Forry could live a life immersed in fanac because he also made sf his profession. At one time he was literary agent for Bradbury, Van Vogt, Asimov, L. Ron Hubbard and others. He sold a number of short stories. And his greatest professional success was editing *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, started in 1958.

A legion of young movie buffs who read his *Famous Monsters of Filmland* grew up to be the next generation of Hollywood horror movie makers and invited him to join their fun – giving him cameos in at least 50 movies. John Landis directed his two most famous appearances. In *Schlock* (1973), Forry was repeatedly shown in close-up munching popcorn while completely absorbed in a terrible monster movie. When Landis directed Michael Jackson's groundbreaking *Thriller* video, he posed Forry sitting in the same theater sitting right behind Jackson, wearing the same old suit and still eating popcorn.

Every single time I saw Forry over the decades he appeared to be a nice, unflappable guy who enjoyed everyone and everything. How did he manage? I know from his writing that at times he experienced anxiety, anger -- the entire range of emotions. Yet even in the LASFS of the Fighting Forties he was relatively successful in maintaining relations with the warring factions. Perhaps the secret lay in a combination of simple determination and naive generosity, though that didn't always work. Mike Resnick provides this example: "[F. Towner Laney's] *Ah! Sweet Idiocy!* was about his few years in LASFS (the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society), and it pre-dated Sen. Joseph McCarthy in accusing almost everyone the author knew of being either a homosexual, a Communist, or both. The villain of the piece seems to be 4e Ackerman—yet it was Ackerman who footed the publishing bill."

Another LASFSian immune to Forry's charms was Robert Heinlein. When the editor of *Vertex*, a new slick prozine published in the 1970s, told Forry he was in a bind because Heinlein material was promised on the cover, Forry rooted out a copy of Daugherty's transcript of Heinlein's 1941 Worldcon "timebinding" speech. He gave it to *Vertex* and accepted payment for it. The Heinlein Archives contain drafts of an angry letter to Forry over this episode with "Keep your hands off my property" underlined.

Perhaps the most bitter and heartbreaking episode of Forry's public life followed the revival of *Famous Monsters*. The magazine had gone out of business in 1983, then ten years later Ray Ferry commenced publishing the magazine. He made Forry the editor, but the arrangement soured for various reasons, payment stopped coming, and Ferry dropped Ackerman but continued using things associated with him like the punny pseudonym Dr. Acula. Forry sued and after protracted litigation jurors voted him a large award for breach of contract and trademark infringement, though it's doubtful any of that was ever collected. Celebrities testified for each side, like pro-Ackerman witnesses John Landis and Ray Bradbury, and pro-Ferry

Forry, Bjo and Fritz Leiber in *The Genie*.

{Left) **Frank and Forry** admire an issue of *Famous Monsters*. *(Right)* Forry smiles for the camera at LASFS 70th Anniversary. Roy Test Jr. appears over his shoulder.

witness Harlan Ellison.

Forry told the LA *Times* he had incurred "several hundred thousand dollars" of litigation expenses and blamed that for the decision to sell his collection to Paul Allen. (Now some items are displayed at Seattle's SF Museum.) But afterwards he could afford to indulge his wish to donate $153,000 to the restoration of the Egyptian Theatre in Hollywood.

Forry's health began failing in earnest in 2001 and he had more than one brush with death. Living in the Ackermansion grew increasingly impractical, so he sold it and moved to a three-room house with the cherished remnants of his collection.

Forry's appearance at the 2002 Loscon was the first time many fans had seen the icon since he suffered an array of life-threatening medical problems. At halftime of the masquerade he was assisted to the podium amid huge applause, accepted an award plaque in one hand and waved greetings with the other. This is one reason why Amy Thomson disputed newspaper obituaries that said Forry had no surviving family. Amy answered: "They were wrong. He had an immense family called fandom."

Randy Bathurst's Death Reported in Newsweek

Randy Bathurst, the popular Seventies fanartist, died of a heart attack on January 10.

People had heard he passed away but knew little else until the March 16 issue of *Newsweek* appeared and recited the details at the beginning of an article "Where Death Comes Cheap," about discount funerals.

It begins: "On Jan. 10, Diane and Randy Bathurst were having breakfast when Randy began to feel ill. He excused himself to lie down, and a moment later Diane heard a thud." The rest of the sad story is related in the balance of the first paragraph.

Bathurst was a prolific artist whose cartoons appeared in a lot of fanzines, including the very first issue of *File 770*. He was invited by Bruce Pelz to create the Ten of Cups for the *Fan Tarot Deck*. And he probably is best remembered for a singular three-dimensional creation: the bheer can cranking a mimeograph on top of the original FAAn Awards.

Chuck Crayne Dies Suddenly

Chuck Crayne, a pivotal figure in the history of science fiction conrunning, passed away on February 16, his 71st birthday. Dian Crayne told the Trufen list that Chuck's CAT scan on Friday revealed his persistent back pain to be a symptom of spinal cancer. He was admitted to the hospital, then unfortunately died of cardiac problems while being transferred to intensive care.

Chuck was most active in fandom during the Sixties and Seventies. A LASFS member, he edited many issues of its newzine *De Profundis*.

When a Bay Area bid won the rights to host the 1968 Worldcon and promptly merged it with the Westercon they'd already been voted, vacating the July 4th weekend, Chuck Crayne came up with the idea for a substitute LA-area event to fill the date – F-UNCon – and a group to run it, Future Unbounded, which included himself and Bruce Pelz, Dian and others. As Rich Lynch explains, the site, the Statler Hilton Hotel in Los Angeles, had a level of luxury that fans were not used to in convention hotels, and Crayne wrote in the program book that "The F-UNcon is an attempt to show that — when properly planned — the larger a convention, the better the convention." The group also rebounded and offi-

Coining Sci-Fi

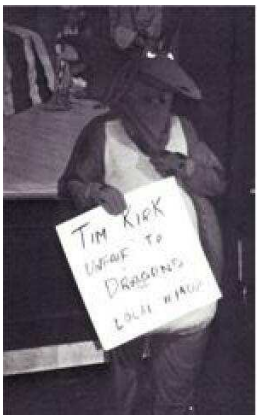
When Forry Ackerman passed away many obituaries credited him with coining the term "sci-fi." Unlike the others, *Time Magazine* obituary said Robert Heinlein invented the term, while Forry was just its popularizer. Who was right?

Brave New Words, last year's Hugo-winning science fiction dictionary, listed Heinlein as the earliest user of "sci-fi," in a 1949 letter to his agent Lurton Blassingame that was published posthumously in *Grumbles From the Grave*. Heinlein did coin a couple words in his career, but he was also a very reserved fellow — did he really just spontaneously toss "sci -fi" into a letter to somebody? And how would Ackerman have heard it? Certainly not from a private letter to Blassingame – can you imagine what Heinlein would have done to an agent who leaked?

"Sci-fic" was commonly used by fans in the 1940s, but sci-fi came later. It seems obvious that "sci-fi" rhymes with "hi-fi," popularized in the 1950s by marketers of expensive stereo components in the timeframe when Ackerman started using this new term for science fiction.

David Bratman suggested somebody check the original letter. Heinlein's correspondence can now be accessed (for a small fee) through an online archive, so Christopher Kovacs obtained a copy and discovered that the letter to Blassingame quoted by *Grumbles From the Grave* uses the term "sci-fic", *not* "sci-fi."

The verdict is in: 100% of the credit for inventing "sci-fi" belongs to Ackerman!



(1) **Patrick McGoohan** as *The Prisoner*l *(2)* **Randy Bathurst** in a 1973 masquerade entry parodying Tim Kirk; *(3)* **Chuck Crayne** at F-UNcon in 1968; *(4)* **Ricardo Montalban** as Khan.

cially won the right to a Westercon for 1969.

Crayne and Pelz anticipated and encouraged the explosive growth of conventions that marked the Seventies. They (along with others) founded the Bouchercon for mystery fans in 1970. They bid for and co-chaired the 1972 Worldcon. L.A.con I was the largest to that time, though that record was quickly eclipsed as a growing fandom propelled both of the next two Worldcons, TorCon II and DisCon II to greater attendance and new records of their own.

Crayne played a leading role in LA Worldcon bids for 1975 and 1981. Although both lost, he leveraged the 1975 bid into a successful run for the rights to host the very first North American Science Fiction Convention (NASFiC).

Chuck's LoC on the first issue of *File 770* in 1978 made some important comments that grounded me, and showed me what standard people had a right to expect from a newzine (and which I wasn't meeting quite yet!) I'll always remember him for that advice.

Chester D. Cuthbert

Canadian fan Chester D. Cuthbert (1912-2009) died March 20 at the age of 96, ending a lifetime as an integral part of the Canadian sf scene. He was part of the international sf community, as well, and good friends with Sam Moskowitz and Forry Ackerman, who both visited him at home in Winnipeg when they attended the Worldcon there in 1994.

Chester married his wife, Muriel, in 1944 and they enjoyed a 63-year marriage together, raising five children. She passed away in 2007.

He worked for the St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company for 37 years, rising to become a claims manager. He retired in 1967.

Chester read his first fantastic novel when he was nine years old. Abraham Merritt was his favorite writer, the authore of Chester's favorite novel, *The Ship of Ishtar* (*Argosy Magazine*, 1924.) A decade later Chester himself broke into print with "The Sublime Vigil" in Hugo Gernsback's *Wonder Stories*. The story achieved lasting popularity and was included in the 1954 collection *Editor's Choice in Science Fiction*.

For a time Chester was president of the Canadian Science Fiction Association, which was founded in 1948 and continued for about five years.

Chester assembled one of the greatest science fiction collections in Canada, 60,000 books and magazines, plus his voluminous correspondence with sf writers and fans. Following the death of his wife in 2007, he donated it all to the University of Alberta Libraries. Edmonton fan Randy Reichardt, a librarian at the U of A, helped transport the collection to the university. Altogether it weighed 47 tons, filled 2,150 boxes, and required three 54-foot tractor-trailers to haul it away. The donation was widely covered by the Canadian media, and on moving day both Winnipeg papers ran articles and Chester was interviewed by numerous local television and radio reporters.

Randy Reichardt spoke briefly at Chester's memorial service in Winnipeg, attended by a number of ex-members of Decadent Winnipeg Fandom as well as Chester's five children, eight grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren. Recihardt says, "It was a warm and memorable service, fitting for a man as great and respected as Chester."

Chester Chuthbert in 2007.

Harry Turner

British artist Harry Turner died in January at the age of 88.

While a teenager in the 1930s, Turner edited *The Astronaut*, journal of the Manchester Interplanetary Society -- the only amateur society ever to launch rockets from English soil. Later he edited his own fanzine, *Zenith*.

Turner joined the RAF in World War II. He once was stationed at the same place as Arthur C. Clarke. Later, Turner was sent out to India to serve at a radar installation.

He resumed fanac after the war. Beginning in 1954, he produced *Now & Then* with the help of Eric Needham, a friend from the Manchester Interplanetary Society (and creator of the running gag about Widower's Wonderful range of products.)

A talented artist, Turner's skills as a designer and graphic artist were in demand by advertisers. He eventually worked for the *Manchester Guardian and Evening News* as manager of the *Evening News* Advertising and Promotion Department.

Turner renewed his connections with fanzine fandom in the 1970s, winning an award for a *Zimri* cover design. Unfortunately, he developed cataracts and his activity suffered accordingly.

He suffered a stroke at age 85, and his health declined in his final two years.

Edd Cartier

Edd Cartier, who created some of the signature images from the Golden Age of *Astounding Science Fiction*, including several for Dickson and Anderson's Hoka tales, died on Christmas Day at the age of 94. Robert Greenberger's obituary for ComicMix re-

minds that Cartier not only was John W. Campbell's favorite artist, he also did hundreds of illustrations for Street & Smith's other magazines, such as *The Shadow, Red Dragon* and *Super-Magician Comics*.

Ewan Chrystal

Conrunner Ewan Chrystal died on January 4. Colin Harris, co-chair of Interaction, the 2005 Worldcon in Glasgow called Chrystal "a wonderful, kind, warm and gentle-hearted fan." Ewan was the Division Head for Interaction's Concourse (Fixed Exhibits). He was in his 40s.

Majel Barrett-Roddenberry

Majel Barrett-Roddenberry (1932-2008) died December 18 of leukemia, according to the family.

She was part of Star Trek from the beginning, as Number One in "The Cage" and Nurse Chapel in the original series, then later as the Betazoid Ambassador Lwaxana Troi on The Next Generation and Deep Space Nine.

Majel Barrett married Gene Roddenberry in 1969. After he died in 1991, she brought two more of his series ideas to television under her guidance as Executive Producer, Earth: Final Conflict, and Andromeda.

She also provided the regular voice of starship onboard computers for four Star Trek tv series and most of the Star Trek movies, and according to Variety, the upcoming film by J.J. Abrams.

Her son, Eugene "Rod" Roddenberry, Jr., said online:

"My mother truly acknowledged and appreciated the fact that Star Trek fans played a vital role in keeping the Roddenberry dream alive for the past 42 years. It was her love for the fans, and their love in return, that kept her going for so long after my father passed away."

Patrick McGoohan

Television's prisoner Number Six, Patrick McGoohan, died in Los Angeles on January 13. He was 80.

McGoohan was a special favorite among science fiction fans – for *The Prisoner*, of course, and even earlier for his performances in several Disney productions. He was Dr. Syn in "The Scarecrow of Romney Marsh" on TV's Walt Disney, and a vet in *The Three Lives of Thomasina* (one of Diana's favorite movies.) "The Scarecrow" had strong overtones of the fantastic despite nothing supernatural actually ever happening, whereas *Thomasina* features a housecat's dream encounter with the Egyptian Cat Goddess. McGoohan also appeared in David Cronenberg's 1981 horror movie *Scanners*.

McGoohan originally gained fame as John Drake in *Danger Man* (aired in the US as *Secret Agent*.) His significant movie roles included King Edward Longshanks in *Braveheart*, the intelligence agent in *Ice Station Zebra*, and the lead villain in the comedy *Silver Streak*.

Death of Khan

Actor Ricardo Montalban died January 14 at the age of 88. Starting out in MGM musicals, he later made himself memorable to Americans as *Fantasy Island's* Mr. Roarke, and as the fellow who extolled the Chrysler Cordoba's "rich Corinthian leather."

More importantly to legions of Star Trek fans, he played Khan, the superhuman tyrant in classic Star Trek's "Space Seed" episode. He returned in the title role of the second Trek movie, where he initiates a chain of events leading to the self-sacrificial death of Spock. Series fans consistently name Khan as its most formidable villain.

(Oddly enough, despite all of Khan's quasi-Shakespearean ranting, I thought the most memorable line in Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan was Chekov's pathetic declaration, "Cap'n, they put things in our ears to control our minds!")

John Brooks Appreciation by Ken Keller

St. Louis fan John Novak called on Sunday, March 15th, while Terry and I were out for the evening with the sad news that our mutual friend John Brooks, age 56, had died at 1:25 p.m. that afternoon while hospitalized with a heart valve infection and blockage. Novak had seen John the previous evening and said he seemed in stable condition. Another mutual friend, Patricia Jackson, informed Novak of John's death later that Sunday. John's body was cremated and a memorial for friends and family has been planned for April 18th.

I knew John had been in stable but guarded health for sometime with various ailments related to severe kidney problems that requiring frequent dialysis sessions after having had a stroke in the mid-90s. This happened to John while Terry and I were living in St. Louis and were members of its fandom. Novak later told me that several years ago John had both kidney's removed when they stopped functioning. To me, it seems likely that this long-term health issue and its various complications were ultimately the cause of his heart problems and premature death.

John and I shared a mutual love and interest in aviation (he was retired from McDonnell-Douglas in St. Louis), in science fiction and fandom, as well as in scale model building and model kit collecting. When Terry and I moved to St. Louis in early 1991 for nearly seven years, John introduced me into the local Gateway Chapter of the International Plastic Modeler's Society (IPMS), of which he had been a founding member. He and I both worked on the 1991 IPMS National Convention (scale modeling's Worldcon) in St. Louis that summer.

I actually first met John prior to the very first Archon that happened waaay back in summer of 1977. He was part of the revived, reborn, and very eager St. Louis fandom that had emerged following its exposure to Kansas City's 1976 Worldcon, MidAmeriCon. He was one of St. Louis fandom's movers-and-shakers in that era and through the '80s. He was a past chair of St. Louis' annual Archon and years later served as its Fan Guest of Honor.

Unfortunately, I lost contact with John after we moved back to Kansas City in the fall of 1997. But during the last Archon Terry and I attended back in '98, John and I had a chance to get caught up on All The Latest. I have a number of fond memories of John, but those from that Archon will now be my last, sad to say.

John Brooks passing again reminds me of a distinct and disturbing trend I've noticed for more than decade in sf fandom: Just what is it about Boomer Generation fandom that makes so many die prematurely?

And so it goes.

++Ken Keller

[[John Novak also wrote a tribute to Brooks for File 770. It appears on page 33.]]

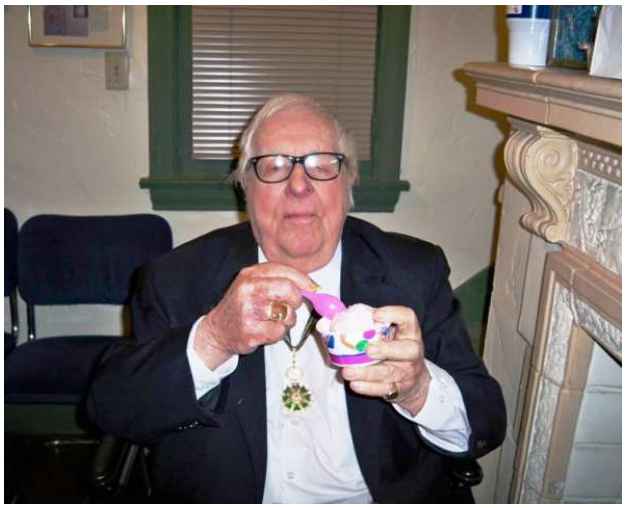
Last, Best Ackerman Collection Going to Auction

These were the things Ackerman didn't want to live without. When the rest of his collection was dispersed in a series of widely-publicized sales, he held them back. After he sold the Ackermansion in 2002, these favorite possessions followed him to the three-bedroom rental house. Maria, replica of the female robot from his favorite film *Metropolis*. His most storied Dracula paraphernalia, like Bela Lugosi's cape and signet ring. And much more.

Now Profiles in History will auction these things in April 2009 on behalf of the late Ackerman's estate.

"[The] Count Dracula ring worn by Bela Lugosi in the 1931 horror classic *Dracula*, the vampire cape Lugosi wore for decades — even the actor's outfit from the 'worst film ever made,' Ed Wood's cheesy *Plan 9 From Outer Space* — are going up for bid.

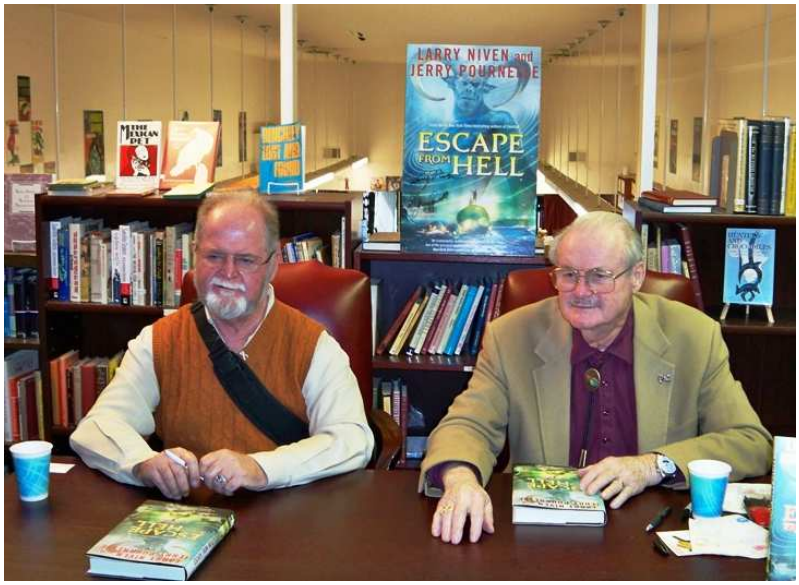
So are such notable pieces as a signed, first-edition copy of Mary Shelley's novel *Frankenstein* and a first-edition copy of Bram Stoker's *Dracula* that was signed not only by Stoker but also Lugosi, Boris Karloff and numerous other horror movie notables.



Ray Bradbury, Mister First Nighter

Ray Bradbury attended the opening night of his play *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* at the Fremont Center Theater in South Pasadena, CA. John King Tarpinian took these photos of: (1) Bradbury celebrating with a serving of ice cream; and (2) John himself displaying the venerable autographed suit from the 1964 production, in which F. Murray Abraham had his first paying part as an actor.

The play closed February 15.



(Left) **Diana Glyer and James Owen** pose with each others' books at Owen's signing in Pasadena on .January 19. *(Right)* **Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle** signing *Escape From Hell* at Mystery and Imagination Bookshop.

Diana Is Mythcon 40 Scholar Guest of Honor

Diana Glyer will be Scholar GoH at Mythcon 40 to be held July 17-20 on the UCLA campus in Los Angeles.

By happy coincidence, she was able to meet Mythcon's Author GoH, James A. Owen, when he did a signing of his new book *The Indigo King* at nearby Vroman's Bookstore on January 19.

Owen is well-known as the artist and writer of the independent comic book *Starchild*, and of the young adult fantasy *Here, There Be Dragons*, first novel in the Chronicles of the Imaginarium Geographica.

Diana got Owen to autograph her copy of *The Search for the Red Dragon*, second in the series, which he did with a flourish – adding below his name a beautifully-sketched dragon's head, in red ink.

Niven, Pournelle Sign Escape

Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle launched their new novel *Escape From Hell* (a.k.a. Inferno II) at Mystery and Imagination Bookshop in Glendale, CA on February 21.

Pournelle told *Chaos Manor* readers: "*Escape from Hell* continues the adventures of Allen Carpenter, who finds himself in the Inferno as described by Dante Alighieri. One of my working titles for the book was 'Vatican 2 meets Dante.' People encountered include Sylvia Plath, Albert Camus, and Carl Sagan. There are many others. Most think it's a pretty good read. We got a number of awards for *Inferno* and some consider it our best book."

John King Tarpinian shot this photo of the two authors during the launch party.

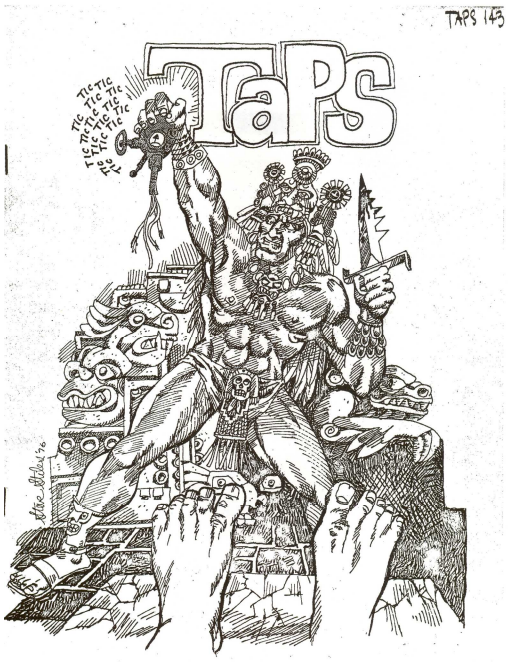
The Rotsler Winners

Personal Musings by Taral Wayne

Introduction: *Taral Wayne received the 2008 Rotsler Award . In this article, he shares his thoughts and observations about the 10 Rotsler winners who preceded him.*

These snippets are by no means encyclopedic, nor do they deal with the lives or fanac of the artists in any comprehensive way. They are merely the outpourings of a distracted mind, trying to put in words what these artists meant to me in a general and personal way.

1998 Steve Stiles
1999 Grant Canfield
2000 Arthur Thomson (post.)
2001 Brad Foster
2002 Kurt Erichsen
2003 Ray Nelson
2004 Harry Bell
2005 Marc Schirmeister
2006 Alexis Gilliland
2007 Terry Jeeves



Left: Steve Stiles' cover for a TAPS mailing. **Right:** A Grant Canfield illo.

Steve Stiles, 1998

Steve was one of the elder ghods to me, when I first discovered fandom. He was also an accomplished member of the underground comics community. I had probably seen his work in an issue of *Dope Comix*, or something of the sort, before I knew what a *Granfalloon* or a *Beabohema* was. Unlike some of the other fanartists I looked up to, Steve was more than just approachable, and in time we became friends as well as a tight-knight mutual admiration society.

I once said it was a little odd we took to each other's art so well, considering that we were nothing alike as artists. We aren't really. Steve comes from the heart of the EC comic book tradition, with bold lines, striking use of black space, and a sense of drama that could have been lifted straight from German Expressionist film. He also had a surreal sense of humour I could only envy. But when I mentioned this to Steve, he came back by saying we were more alike than I realized. We both had a professionals grasp of composition, anatomy, and other good technical stuff, he said. It's certainly true that Steve possesses these qualities… 'Nuff said.

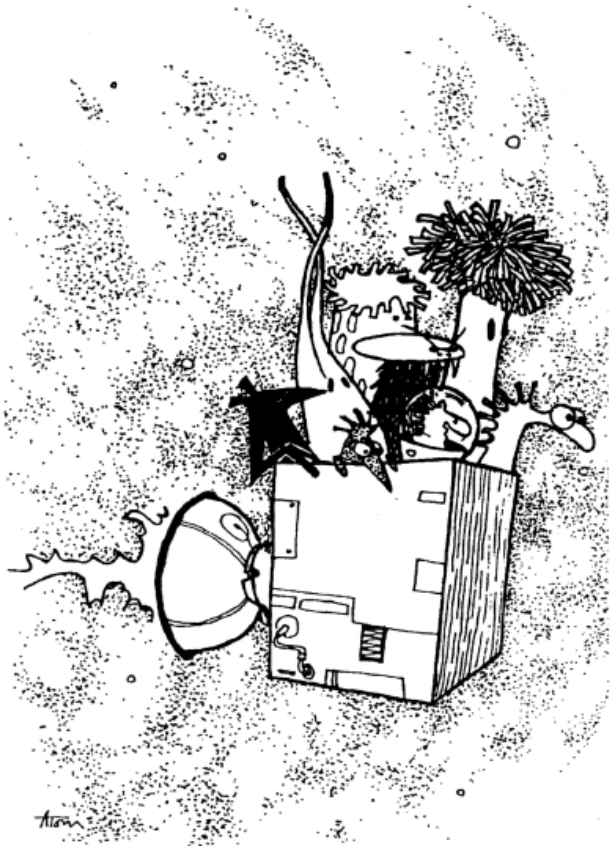
It is especially appropriate that Steve should have been the first fanartist to be presented the Rotsler Award, because he's been singularly overlooked by another prestigious award we all know. The Hugo. In spite of contributing a huge proportion of the best fillos and covers for fanzines for around *four decades*, the voters had consistently shown a preference for a very small number of familiar names on the ballot, who's combined contribution to fandom might not amount to a fraction of Steve's worth to our shared microcosm.

It would be hard for me to single out favorites from Steve's enormous body of work, but justice demands I try. Among the covers that have always cracked me up were those he did for the issues of *BSFan* that he and his wife Elaine edited. There was in particular a "weather report" from the near future that is looking more and more plausible as global warming alters our reality. Or another cover which explores the absurdity of carbon-based life form prejudice. On a third a deranged ship computer disembarks frozen crew members without thawing them first, with fragmentary results. One cannot say enough about the menacing likeness of David Langford on the *Wrath of Fanglor*d anthology, or a rain of Atomic Age robots on the cover of *Mimosa.* More than ink on paper, Steve's work is evidence of a sharp satiric mind, and a keen appreciation of popular culture.

It has been one of my periodic fears that each time Steve Stiles has said "I've had enough, this time I quit," it's not just the beer talking, or Foster Harvia's eleventh Hugo… he might really mean it. But luckily fandom seems too much in Steve's blood, and he never walked out on us. I really feel its time we took preventative action and gave him the recognition he deserves. The first Rotsler was a fine first step, doing credit to both the artist and the award.

Grant Canfield, 1999

My first view of Canfield's work might have been on *Outworlds*, *Granfalloon*, *Energumen*, or almost any of the classier zines of a certain era, thirty-five or forty years ago. Those were heady days, in which the bar for fanart had never been set higher. It has probably never been as high since. At the center of it all was Grant Canfield's highly polished style and jewel-like precision.



2000 Rotsler Winner: Atom (Arthur Thomson).

As an architectural artist, it was almost a trademark of Canfield's to make generous use of straight-edge, lettering guides, lay-down graphics (such as brick patterns, sparkles, cross-hatching, or flagstones), or other tools of his profession. His line had the authority of a quality set of 00 to 09 drafting pens, meticulously cleaned after use. One of his specialties was the absurd machine, or robot, plausible but clearly pointless. Canfield was also adept at ogres, trolls, goon, oafs, and monstrosities of all kinds. But I think it may have been bikini babes that caught my eye. They wouldn't have been one bit out of place in one of the slick magazines. But Canfield was a professional cartoonist as well.

It was rather a pity I never had the chance to meet him. I think I saw him once or twice at a convention, but he was one generation of fan and I was another. Perhaps if Canfield had remained active longer in fandom we might have had the chance to take each other's measure, but as I was finding my way still, Canfield was already moving on to greener pastures. In a fairly short number of years, though, he left behind an impressive body of work.

In spite of it, Canfield is perhaps best known as a cause-celebre. You would think with such a high profile, and so significant a contribution to fandom, he would have won at least one Hugo before he was gone. It wasn't to be. Surrounded by the likes of George Barr, Tim Kirk, Alicia Austin, Steven Fabian, and Michael Gilbert he came in a runner-up again and again in the Hugos. 1972, '73, '75, '76, '77, and finally 1978. Perhaps it's too late, but one never knows. A small number of Canfield illos have appeared in print of late.

Arthur Thomson (ATom), 2000

ATom was one of those artists that catch your eye immediately, and defy description. You like his work, or you don't (if you're really odd). I didn't like it. I loved it! The man seemed to have a deft touch with composition, and could select only what had to be in a drawing exactly, without a molecule more ink than that.

Of course, there was more than one face of Arthur Thomson. He had his more conventional moments – cartoons with funny people saying funny things. But they were stripped down in an interesting way that didn't make them uncomplicated, just simple. You don't know what I mean, do you? The best way I can put it is imagine you had a lot of Lego pieces. You could put them together any which way, and end up with a complicated mess that had legs and arms in all directions. Or, you could make a wall, which would be more elegant. Either way, the number of parts remains the same, but one is complicated and lacks order. The other is simple and well organized. Perhaps that's what I mean about ATom's art – it's well organized but by no means is there little to it.

ATom's great strength was in composition. He had bold lines, and striking black areas, and his use of inked and un-inked spaces could be hung on a triple-beam balance. The result of too formally balanced a picture is often static, but ATom's work was always dynamic. Rather than balance one black square with another, say, he might weigh a black circle against an outlined white space. He used shapes to point, or that appeared to float, or were in different planes. One wonders if he wasn't frightened by an abstract mobile in the crib.

The heyday of ATomic art was the 50's, but Thomson continued to appear with regularity through the 60's, and into the 70's. British zines probably enjoyed the easiest access to his illos and covers. ATom illustrated the covers of some issues of the legendary Irish Fandom icon, *Hyphen*, in the more naïve style of BoSh. These large panel cartoons (with punch line) were drawn on stencil, and are not unrecognizable. ATomes were desired by U.S. fans just as much, and, when lucky, they got them. Appearances by Arthur Thompson were beginning to peter out as I was making my debut, but I was lucky enough to overlap long enough to gain an appreciation of him. We never met, alas.

Unfortunately, popular though he was in fannish circles, he was up against some of the most high powered artists in fan history – Barr, Kirk, Austin, Fabian, Canfield, and others – and never won a much deserved Hugo.

Now that he is dead, of course he never will. I can only applaud the decision to honour him, if posthumously, with the Rotsler. The only question I might raise is that the committee waited until the third year to do it.

After making its first posthumous award, the committee decided to make no more. This is wisdom I think. ATom richly deserved the recognition, but his was a special case. And there are too many living artists (who have been overlooked) to honour on a regular basis those no longer with us.

Brad Foster, 2001

Brad is from Texas, and learned the fast draw from an early age. (Sorry, I couldn't resist the word play.) Actually, I don't know if he is fast, but I do know Brad is amazingly prolific. His self-published mini-zines or mini-folios in the 80's gained a sort of notoriety for their quality (in a genre dominated by stick figures), as well as quantity. I believe I saw Brad's work in mini-comics before I ever saw it in fanzines.

Brad also pulls off the difficult trick of supporting himself as a freelance artist. Like most freelancers, this demands a diverse range of subject matter. By which, yes, I mean he does pornography too. He does it much as though he enjoys one sort of art as much as any other, which very likely he does.

In the late 80's Brad wrote and drew four issues of a comic book. It was called *Mechthings*, published by *Renegade Press*, and if you looked for it today I have a feeling you couldn't find it. (Though Brad

may have a box of them under his bed, like the box of my old comics I have under mine.)

The art has evolved a bit from the 80's. It may be a little strong to say Brad was addicted to stippling (millions of little dots) when he first broke into fanzines, but it seems that his style has gradually abandoned such time consuming techniques and tended more to solid blacks in recent years. One thing that hasn't changed is that Brad likes to fill up space. There is usually a lot of business. Brad's taste runs to humorous, whimsical subjects. People in floppy hats, robots with big soulful eyes, gizmos that would make Rube Goldberg blink, and trees like giant broccoli stalks. Things generally seem to be made of foam or rubber, and straight lines may sometimes seem a topological impossibility. Yet mechanically perfect perspectives with ruler perfect vanishing points are another trademark. (Was Brad Foster once a drafter or architect, like Grant Canfield?)

Subject matter is a touch light-weight to some, but it can't be denied that Brad has the right recipe for a great many fans, because he's been consistently popular in the Hugos. His nominations have been unbroken for every year since 1998, and he racked up nine nominations previous to that. Six wins put him one up on Tim Kirk, the previous record holder.

(This reminds me of a story you might find amusing. I still talk to 70's Toronto fanartist Barry Kent MacKay once in a while, and one time years ago he told me that he had just gotten *Holier Than Thou XX*, the one with the notorious space-orgy cover. During delivery, the envelope had popped, as sometimes they will when there's a fat issue inside. Barry met the mail man at the box, and noticed him staring, first at the envelope, then at Barry. He handed the mail over without comment. Then Barry saw what the post-man saw, and turned beet red. I think, Barry might have written to Marty Cantor to ask him not to send any more fanzines after that.)

Kurt Erichsen, 2002

Kurt is a gentle, quiet spoken man I first met at some mid-western convention sometime in the 1970s. I liked him right off because he was intelligent as well as modest, two qualities that are too often at odds in fandom. As an artist, his work is crisp, precise, and well designed. It is free of extreme mannerisms – which can be taken as you like – but I take it to be rather in character for the artist.

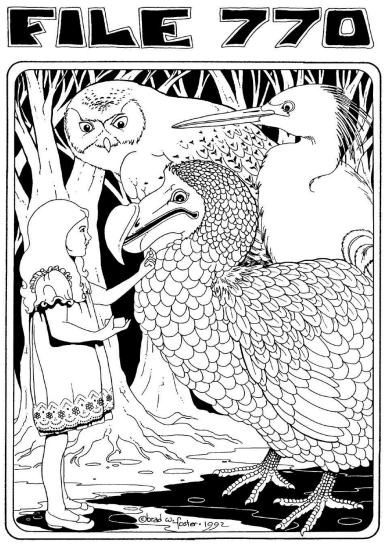
What Kurt has mainly contributed to fanzines are smallish cartoons, usually one panel, sometimes two or three. I always thought they were as good as anything you might find in a slick magazine, though as far as I know Kurt never pursued a career in that direction. (It is diabolically competitive.) I was aware that he did some freelance cartoons for cards and local papers and such. Also a bit surprising is that I never saw very much of his work in fanzines. I would have thought fans would be eager for every pen stroke, so I'm guessing that despite the quality, Kurt's output wasn't prolific. This can likely be blamed on a day job which I seem to remember him describing to me once, but is best left to your imagination.

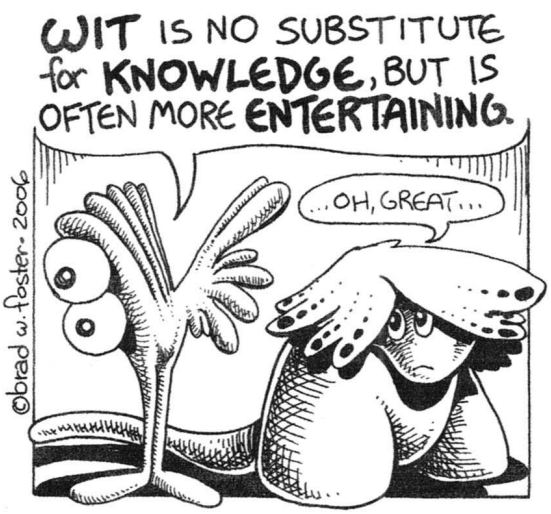
For quite a number of years I considered his best work to that appearing in his Christmas Cards! They would make an interesting collection in some fanzine, as I doubt many people in fandom were privileged to see them.

Ray Nelson, 2003

Ray Nelson can scarcely be named without also mentioning the propeller beanie. As far I as know, he never wore one. (It took George Young and Art Rapp to put that foolishness into practice.) But Ray claims to have invented it, and predicts that long after he's dead and fandom is forgotten, there will still be some corner of the universe where someone is adorned by a copter beanie. He could be right.

To be honest, I thought I knew something about Ray Nelson, but quickly found that I didn't. There wasn't a typical Ray Nelson cartoon, really, though he had drawn hundreds of them. There didn't seem to be a typical Ray Nelson style either, although the most commonly used on 50's fanzines seemed to be one rather similar to Bob Shaw's car-





Above: Ray Nelson (2003), Kurt Erichsen (2002). **Below:** Brad Foster (2001).

Above: Marc Schirmeister ('05). **Below:** Harry Bell ('04); **Opposite:** Terry Jeeves ('07); Alexis Gilliland ('06).

toons on Hyphen. But Ray also did some "serious" work, and as the fanzine medium grew more sophisticated, so it seemed did Ray's style. So I went to his web-site more examples.

It shouldn't have been surprising that fandom wasn't Ray Nelson's entire life. He did prozine illustration as well, and seems to have branched out into other genres as opportunity allowed. He was a well rounded commercial artist, in other words. Among the images posted in his gallery were a few fanzine covers I recognized from my collection, but to be honest, most of the work was professional cartooning from magazines, and not really pertinent. So I was left without much help. On a whim I used the link to say hello.

The website was helpful to the extent it reminded me that Ray could be a fine science fiction writer. I still think of *Blake's Progress* as the only Laser Book that rose above passable, and at one time Ray collaborated with Philip K. Dick, sharing credit for *The Ganymede Takeover*.

But as for Ray's art, I was still a little short on comments. Taken all around, I'd say he fell between ATom and William Rotsler. His rendering isn't as taut as ATom's, but not as freehand as Bill's. In spirit his work did resemble BosH's *Hyphen* covers most, with broad caricatures of fans and captioned humour. Other times his roots in pulp magazine illustrations showed in the form of Amazon women, tripod spaceships, and BEMs.

Clearly Ray Nelson was a talented artist capable of a wide assortment of subject matter and treatment – but as this has made it so difficult to discuss his work, it almost seems to make virtue a fault.

As I recall, Ray's work was a special feature in the art show at Corflu 3, in 1985.

Harry Bell, 2004

Harry Bell and Jim Barker are almost one subject. Both arrived in British fanzines at the same time, in the late 70's, and both were in every discussion of British fanart.

Actually, until Bell and Barker, the expression British fanart was virtually an oxymoron. There were a small number of practitioners of long standing, but most were amateurs (in the best sense of the word, "lovers" of art), with the sole exception of the superb Arthur Tompson. Barker and Bell nearly single handedly gave British fandom a reason not to be so dismissive of the appearance of their zines for the first time.

Of the two, Harry was arguably the more flexible and nuanced cartoonist, able to construct detailed figures and textures with only his pen. He had a "big foot" style, with exaggerated features such as, well, big feet… googly eyes, wild hair, floppy hats, knobby knees, long noses, leering grins, etc. The opposite, one might say, of the more contemporary style of cartoon where characters are stripped down to basics but still very human. Bell was more Basil Wolverton than Jim Davis. In fannish terms a more apt comparison might be with Grant Canfield.

Unfortunately, some time in the late 80's or early 90's, Harry began to be busy with other things, a common cause of fandom losing artists, and we saw much less of him.

The good news is that of late we've seen what appears to be the start of a come-back. Let's hope Harry sticks around *longer* this time.

Like Barker, Bell enjoys only a single nomination for a fan artist Hugo. Both were pitted against each other in 1979, at the British Worldcon, and as fate would have it, both lost out to Bill Rotsler. I suppose you might say, Bill owed Harry his Rotsler.

Marc Schirmeister, 2005

It would be all too easy for me to write pages and pages about Schirm. We met at Iggy in 1978 and have been fast friends ever since. For years I visited Southern California and stayed at his place, toured the deserts, and ransacked the shopping malls, and satisfied my craving for inauthentic Mexican food before returning home to Toronto. But that was no reason to award him a Rotsler.

The real reason for it was that Schirm is one of the most original cartoonists I've met, and I've met a number of them. Having a Crumb-like fascination with an earlier era, he developed a style that I've described in the past as one part E.C. Segar, one part Will Eisner, and one part Jimmy Hatlo. Schirm is probably best known in the LASFS fallout zone, where he contributes part of the local colour as a personality. For a number of years in the 70's and 80's, though, he contributed a unique brand of fanart as widely as was humanly possible.

Then in the mid 80's he landed work in various animation studios. Our loss was their gain. A few moments here and there in *Tiny Toons*, some scenes in *Sonic the Hedgehog*, and part of the live-action film Casper (as in "the Friendly Ghost") all benefited from his comic touch. But the mouse factories that employed him never seemed to have appreciated Schirm as much as fandom did. He isn't freelancing as actively as once, and has returned to fanart. Now Warner's and DIC's loss is *our* gain and fanzines have already showcased a number of Schirm covers.

Why he hasn't been nominated yet for a Hugo is anyone's guess. Mine is that he *has* been away for a while. Another is that it seems to me that his pick of fanzines to contribute to can be almost as eccentric as his artwork. In the past his generosity had been preponderantly lavished in what seem to me to be odd directions. In a recent conversation with Schirm I got the impression that he contributes even now to some venues of lesser prominence than he deserves.

Among many favourite pieces is one I published myself. It's genius is simplicity. A robot headless horseman rides a jet black steed against a starry background speckled on the paper with a toothbrush. The crescent moon, fat and mad, hangs on corner, created by masking that part of the page with a cut-out. In another favourite, a reptilian flutist perches on a tiny moonlet and plays, while a furious meteor shower takes place all around. There is a nude portrait painter in Hell I could mention, and a hill-billy shack suspended below a hot-air balloon, and a self-assembling cyborg that needs to follow directions, and chili-dogs that scorch Satan, and a hundred others. But I'll mention only two more. One I can't resist because it is a lampoon a character from my own drawings, showing her nag me at the easel. And the other is a visual list of painful things to do to some people who deserve it. There is just a *weeeeee* bit of a temper in Schirm's art a little of the time, but I love it all the more for it.

Alexis Gilliland, 2006

Alexis is an elderly gentleman in a wrinkle-proof grey suit and string tie, with soft southern accent of a particular sort that an expert could no doubt place. My guess would be a Virginia accent, but then Alexis lives in that state. Elementary my dear Watson. I spoke with him from time to time in the late 70's, when I was traveling to East Coast cons.

Known to be a professional bureaucrat, his humour was about bureaucracy of all kinds – the perplexities of hierarchical logic, the fallacies of organizations of every sort, conscious and unconscious obfuscation, unintentional ironies, and paradoxes of the spirit that vex us whenever two or more people try to work together. He is known to have strong opinions that occasionally raise eyebrows.

Stylistically his drawing's have a remarkable consistency. You might say that if you've seen one, you've seen them all… The line is spidery, but given weight by delicate cross-hatching. He has a large number of stock characters – demons and trolls mainly – but only one that I know of with a name, the cynical wizard Wizenbeak. If Gilliland's art probably can't be said to be demanding, it is never less than it needs to be to deliver the message. You never regret taking a few seconds to read one of his cartoons and savoring the perfect blend of wit and execution.

Over at least three decades, Alexis' cartoons have dotted thousands of fanzine pages. But he has also had a small number of published collections of cartoons, starting with *The Iron Law of Bureaucracy* by *Loompanics Unlimited*. Alexis is also the author of several fantasy novels written in the 80's and 90's, including a trilogy of Wizenbeak.

Whether it is for the ubiquity and humour of his art, or because of the *presence* he makes at a convention, Alexis light has never been hidden under a bushel. He has won four Hugos as best fan artist.

Terry Jeeves, 2007

Terry Jeeves has been in fandom forever, and it shows… in almost every British fanzine since 1939 it seems. He has a heavy pen style, with a manner of filling backgrounds and creating textures that reminds me of a old wood-cut illustrations from early19th. century newspapers. Doubtless this comes of the challenge of drawing on mimeo stencils in days when that was high tech. The artist had a variety of tools at hand that, in practice, did only a limited number of things. They drew thin lines or thick. One excruciatingly difficult tool to use

actually drew a dotted line. Just about the only other effect in the artist's repertoire was created by a shading plate. By rubbing a flat ended tool – or a kitchen spoon – over the stencil, the nubbly sheet of plastic underneath made a pattern of dots or dashes. They might be orderly or random, heavy or light, or even composed of myriad tiny stars, but not much else. I'd wager that these primordial tools left a permanent imprint on Terry's way of doing things.

The virtues of Terry's work it seems to me is its invariable good humour, and the by and large pleasing nature of its construction. These are no Last Supper or Starry Night, but neither are they meant to be. There purpose is to break up a page in an interesting and attractive way, and they do this with sufficient charm as to need no justification.

While Terry's cartoons appeared mainly in British zines of an earlier era (including his own *Erg*), they still make a welcome appearance from time to time.

Taral Wayne, 2008

I've had my say, elsewhere. Instead, let me recommend some richly deserving fanartists to the award committee.

If Harry Bell, then certainly **Jim Barker**.

Dan Steffan. If Roscoe thought we could have too much of a good thing when he created Steve Stiles, he wouldn't have created Dan Steffan as well.

Ross Chamberlain. A talented guy who was in the right place and the right time, who nevertheless seems to be overlooked by almost everyone.

Joan Hanke-Woods. Only with us a brief while, but left a large impact on fandom's feminist front in the 70's.

Steve Fox, an artist whose work was busy, busy, busy, as he must have been himself to contribute as many covers as he did in the early 80's.

Ken Fletcher. The good natured and humorous co-father of funny animal fandom, staple of Mipple-Stipple, and the heart & lung machine that keeps Minneapolis in '73 alive.

Above all **Stu Shiffman**! If anyone could claim to be Mr. Fanart for a decade or more, it was Stu. Pity we lost him to Sherlockian fandom.

By no means are these the only artists who merit consideration – these are only those who flew into my radar. If my little list were all, the Rotslers would soon be an award without a point. By 2013 by my reckoning. But there's still Sheryl Birkhead, Jim Schull, Ian Gunn, Jeanne Gomoll, Randy Bathurst, David Vereschagin, Barry Kent MacKay, Teddy Harvia, Steven Fabian, Reed Waller, Jim McLeod, D. West, and boatloads more who I have no intention of evaluating. I leave that in the hands of whatever arbiters actually decide these things for us behind closed doors…

Is that a squeaky door hinge I hear creaking, Crypt-of-Terror-wise? Eek!

Ackerman's Hugo

Did Forry Ackerman win the first Hugo ever presented, or only a Special Committee Award? And why is that even in question when every history for 50 years afterwards listed him as a Hugo winner?

Genesis and Exodus: In the beginning, Isaac Asimov handed Forry Ackerman the first Hugo Award given by the 1953 Worldcon, for being the #1 Fan Personality. Ackerman surprised everyone by immediately declining the award in favor of Ken Slater. He abandoned the little rocket-shaped trophy on stage to be forwarded to Britain. This was acknowledged a magnificent gesture by everyone — except Forry's wife, Wendayne.

Decades later Ackerman secured the return of the trophy to his collection, having asked Slater whether he had plans for the award after he passed away. It is one of the things remaining in the estate and some fans would like to see it added to the Worldcon's Hugo history exhibit; at this writing, the rocket's fate is still being decided.

Apocrypha: Questions about the late Ackerman's estate resulted in public disclosure that Ackerman's Hugo already was downgraded on the official list as long ago as 2004 without any notice to fandom.

Rich Lynch complained to a Southern Fandom listserv on February 9 that WSFS' Long List of Hugo Awards was changed to show Ackerman's #1 Fan Personality honor (also Willy Ley's for Excellence in Fact Articles) as being only Special Committee Awards. Since then, I've found that Ley and Knight's 1956 Hugos, and Walt Willis' 1958 Hugo were reclassified, too.

Numbers: Lynch is a founding member of the Formalization of Long List Entries (FOLLE) Committee, a panel of a few fans originally selected by the 2003 Worldcon business meeting to vet and maintain the roster of Hugo winners and the table of convention guest and attendance data used in Worldcon publications.

The FOLLE committee made quite a few changes to the convention data table, but these were footnoted so fandom always knew about them. Notes about changes were never added to the Hugo roster, leaving most to assume none had been made. However, a comparison of the TorCon 3 (2003) and Noreascon 4 (2004) souvenir books reveals numerous changes were made to the Hugo list in the FOLLE Committee's first year of operation.

FOLLE members in office when these changes occurred were Mark Olson (Chair), Kevin Standlee, George Flynn, Joe Siclari, Vince Docherty, Rich Lynch and Craig Miller. Six original members remain on the committee; George Flynn has passed away in the meantime; Dave Grubbs and Colin Harris were later additions.

It may not be the case that everyone on the committee at the time knew these changes had been made. Kevin Standlee commented online, "Honestly, I don't know who the specific person was who changed it…." Unfortunately, the FOLLE Committee has not taken the opportunity to clear the air about these changes since the controversy became public knowledge.

After Rich Lynch asked the committee to correct the list so that it again showed the Ackerman and Ley awards as Hugos, Kevin Standlee corrected the list on TheHugoAwards.org, but the Long Lists maintained on the Nesfa.org site derive from Dave Grubb's Internet Science Fiction Database which, at this writing, still characterizes the Ackerman and Ley Hugos as "Special Awards." That designation was given to all committee awards on the list published in Noreascon 4's Souvenir Book (2004), making clear there was a reclassification involved, not just a layout decision affecting only one edition of the list.

Higher Criticism: Some fans not on the FOLLE Committee feel the Ackerman, Ley and other reclassified awards only deserve Hugo status if they were determined in the same manner as the pro categories, by ballot.

Don Franson's introduction to *A History of the Hugo, Nebula and International Fantasy Awards* (co-edited with Howard DeVore) says, "*From the first* these were decided by popular vote…" (Emphasis added.)

Rich Lynch has said, "I did check with Bob Madle, who was one of the 1953 Worldcon committee members, and he told me categorically that *every* award handed out in 1953 was voted on by the convention members (though there was a relatively low percentage of ballots returned)."

In any case, I don't want to see people with tinkering with 50 years of tradition out of a misguided idea that the Hugo list should conform to today's rules, as if the fans who created the awards and tracked their history were too unsophisticated to understand what they had done. Believe me, they were smarter than most of us.

2009 Hugo Award Nominees

Anticipation has announced the 2009 Hugo nominees. Fans cast 799 nominating ballots; indicated in parenthesis is the number of those ballots marked with at least one nominee in the category.

Best Novel

(639 Ballots Cast)

Anathem by Neal Stephenson (Morrow; Atlantic UK)
The Graveyard Book by Neil Gaiman (HarperCollins; Bloomsbury UK)
Little Brother by Cory Doctorow (Tor Teen; HarperVoyager UK)
Saturn's Children by Charles Stross (Ace; Orbit UK)
Zoe's Tale by John Scalzi (Tor)

Best Novella

(337 Ballots Cast)

''The Erdmann Nexus'' by Nancy Kress (*Asimov's* Oct/Nov 2008)
''The Political Prisoner'' by Charles Coleman Finlay (*F&*;SF Aug 2008)
''The Tear'' by Ian McDonald (*Galactic Empires*)
''True Names'' by Benjamin Rosenbaum & Cory Doctorow (*Fast Forward 2*)
''Truth'' by Robert Reed (*Asimov's* Oct/Nov 2008)

Best Novelette

(373 Ballots Cast)

''Alastair Baffle's Emporium of Wonders'' by Mike Resnick (*Asimov's* Jan 2008)
''The Gambler'' by Paolo Bacigalupi (*Fast Forward 2*)
''Pride and Prometheus'' by John Kessel (*F&SF* Jan 2008)
''The Ray-Gun: A Love Story'' by James Alan Gardner (*Asimov's* Feb 2008)
''Shoggoths in Bloom'' by Elizabeth Bear (*Asimov's* Mar 2008)

Best Short Story

(448 Ballots Cast)

''26 Monkeys, Also the Abyss'' by Kij Johnson (Asimov's Jul 2008)
''Article of Faith'' by Mike Resnick (Baen's Universe Oct 2008)
''Evil Robot Monkey'' by Mary Robinette Kowal (*The Solaris Book of New Science Fiction, Volume Two*)
''Exhalation'' by Ted Chiang (*Eclipse Two*)
''From Babel's Fall'n Glory We Fled'' by Michael Swanwick *(Asimov's Feb 2008)*

Best Related Book

(263 Ballots Cast)

Rhetorics of Fantasy by Farah Mendlesohn (Wesleyan University Press)
Spectrum 15: The Best in Contemporary Fantastic Art by Cathy Fenner & Arnie Fenner, eds. (Underwood Books)
The Vorkosigan Companion: The Universe of Lois McMaster Bujold by Lillian Stewart Carl & John Helfers, eds. (Baen)
What It Is We Do When We Read Science Fiction by Paul Kincaid (Beccon Publications)
Your Hate Mail Will Be Graded: A Decade of Whatever, 1998-2008 by John Scalzi (Subterranean Press)

Best Graphic Story

(212 Ballots Cast)

The Dresden Files: Welcome to the Jungle Written by Jim Butcher, art by Ardian Syaf (Del Rey/Dabel Brothers Publishing)
Girl Genius, Volume 8: Agatha Heterodyne and the Chapel of Bones Written by Kaja & Phil Foglio, art by Phil Foglio, colors by Cheyenne Wright (Airship Entertainment)
Fables: War and Pieces Written by Bill Willingham, pencilled by Mark Buckingham, art by Steve Leialoha and Andrew Pepoy, color by Lee Loughridge, letters by Todd Klein (DC/Vertigo Comics)
Schlock Mercenary: The Body Politic Story and art by Howard Tayler (The Tayler Corporation)
Serenity: Better Days Written by Joss Whedon & Brett Matthews, art by Will Conrad, color by Michelle Madsen, cover by Jo Chen (Dark Horse Comics)
Y: The Last Man, Volume 10: Whys and Wherefores Written/created by Brian K. Vaughan, pencilled/created by Pia Guerra, inked by Jose Marzan, Jr. (DC/Vertigo Comics)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form

(436 Ballots Cast)

The Dark Knight Christopher Nolan & David S. Goyer, story; Jonathan Nolan and Christopher Nolan, screenplay; based on characters created by Bob Kane; Christopher Nolan, director (Warner Brothers)
Hellboy II: The Golden Army Guillermo del Toro & Mike Mignola, story; Guillermo del Toro, screenplay; based on the comic by Mike Mignola; Guillermo del Toro, director (Dark Horse, Universal)
Iron Man Mark Fergus & Hawk Ostby and Art Marcum & Matt Holloway, screenplay; based on characters created by Stan Lee & Don Heck & Larry Lieber & Jack Kirby; Jon Favreau, director (Paramount, Marvel Studios)
METAtropolis edited by John Scalzi; Elizabeth Bear, Jay Lake, Tobias Buckell, John Scalzi, and Karl Schroeder, writers (Audible Inc.)
WALL-E Andrew Stanton & Pete Docter, story; Andrew Stanton & Jim Reardon, screenplay; Andrew Stanton, director (Pixar/Walt Disney)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form

(336 Ballots Cast)

Lost: "The Constant", Carlton Cuse & Damon Lindelof, writers; Jack Bender, director (Bad Robot, ABC studios)
Doctor Horrible's Sing-Along Blog Joss Whedon, & Zack Whedon, & Jed Whedon, & Maurissa Tancharoen, writers; Joss Whedon, director (Mutant Enemy)
Battlestar Galactica: "Revelations", Bradley Thompson & David Weddle, writers; Michael Rymer, director (NBC Universal)
Doctor Who: "Silence in the Library"/"Forest of the Dead", Steven Moffat, writer; Euros Lyn, director (BBC Wales)
Doctor Who: "Turn Left", Russell T. Davies, writer; Graeme Harper, director (BBC Wales)

Best Editor, Short Form

(377 Ballots Cast)

Ellen Datlow
Stanley Schmidt
Jonathan Strahan
Gordon Van Gelder
Sheila Williams

Best Editor, Long Form

(273 Ballots Cast)

Lou Anders
Ginjer Buchanan
David G. Hartwell
Beth Meacham
Patrick Nielsen Hayden

Best Professional Artist

(334 Ballots Cast)

Daniel Dos Santos
Bob Eggleton
Donato Giancola
John Picacio
Shaun Tan

Best Semiprozine

(283 Ballots Cast)

Clarkesworld Magazine edited by Neil Clarke, Nick Mamatas, & Sean Wallace

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, Kris Dikeman, David G. Hartwell, & Kevin J. Maroney
Weird Tales edited by Ann VanderMeer & Stephen H. Segal

Best Fan Writer

(291 Ballots Cast)

Chris Garcia
John Hertz
Dave Langford
Cheryl Morgan
Steven H Silver

Best Fanzine

(257 Ballots Cast)

Argentus edited by Steven H Silver
Banana Wings edited by Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer
Challenger edited by Guy H. Lillian III
The Drink Tank edited by Chris Garcia
Electric Velocipede edited by John Klima
File 770 edited by Mike Glyer

Best Fan Artist

(187 Ballots Cast)

Alan F. Beck
Brad W. Foster
Sue Mason
Taral Wayne
Frank Wu

The John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer

(288 Ballots Cast)

Aliette de Bodard*
David Anthony Durham*
Felix Gilman
Tony Pi*
Gord Sellar*
*(Second year of eligibility)

Instant Analysis: *Best Fanzine: Electric Velocipede* is a fiction publication that pays its contributors. It enjoys a fine reputation among critics. To help allay the surprise over its Best Fanzine Hugo nomination, editor John Klima immediately posted a persuasive case for having his publication compete in this category rather than Best Semiprozine.

A publication belongs in the Best Semiprozine Hugo category if it meets two of five criteria in the rules, which are: (1) publishes more than a thousand copies, (2) pays contributors and/or staff, (3) provides more than half the income of any one person, (4) has at least 15% of its space occupied by advertising, and (5) has announced itself to be a semiprozine. *Electric Velocipede* does only one of these things: pay contributors. The magazine's circulation is quite modest. Klima wrote last year on Tor.com that the magazine appears twice a year and has about 150 subscribers. It accepts advertising, but presumably gets something less than the threshold amount. Klima's answer covers the bases.

Considered from another angle, that he pays for the stories helps neutralize the traditional complaint about fiction fanzines championed by the late Buck Coulson: that if these stories were any good somebody would have bought them. Well, in this case somebody did.

Best Fan Writer: Since John Scalzi made a concerted effort to acquaint *Whatever* readers with other fanwriters worthy of their votes, it was not entirely surprising to find his name missing from the list of Best Fan Writer Hugo nominees. Still, I'd thought it would be impossible for him to shed all the momentum produced by winning the Hugo in 2008 and coming within one vote of a victory in 2007.

So I asked him whether he had received a nomination but declined it? Scalzi forthrightly replied: "No. I was simply not nominated this year. I did spend a fair amount of time during the nomination window encouraging people not to nominate me and to instead nominate other folks who were new and/or had not previously won the category, so I can't say that I was surprised not to be nominated. I can say that had I been nominated, I would have declined the nomination (although had I declined, I would not have commented until after the the awards ceremony)."

Fan Artist: Once the final ballot was posted renowned fanartist Steve Stiles publicly announced that he turned down a nomination in the Best Fan Artist category. Why?

Steve explained: "I'm always glad to get the nomination, but this time around I want to pass in favor of another nominee, Taral Wayne. For years I've admired his excellent skills as a cartoonist, and for years I've watched him get passed over despite his obvious talents. I believe this will be eighth time Taral will have been nominated, and as a GoH at Anticipation this will be his very best chance at finally winning a well-deserved Hugo. Since I suspect that we draw votes from the same fan base, I wouldn't want to jeopardize his chances at getting this way overdue award."

Will Steve's impressive gesture and endorsement pay off for Taral? When Michael Whelan won the Best Professional Artist Hugo the year that Bob Eggleton was Chicon 2000's artist Guest of Honor, Eggleton theorized that fans feel GoH is such a privilege that somebody else should get the Hugo. I personally doubt that's true, since 11 Worldcon Guests of Honor have won Hugos in the same year, including three in this decade — Dozois, Willis and Vinge. So we'll see.

Best Dramatic Presentation: Steve Feldberg of Audible.com was "ecstatically pleased" about the Best Dramatic Presentation (Long Form) Hugo nomination for his company's audiobook *METAtropolis* – understandably so. It's the first audiobook ever nominated for a Hugo, ending the decades-long shutout of audio from the final ballot.

The last purely audio work up for the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo was BBC Radio 4's production of Douglas Adams' *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* in 1979. It finished second to the movie *Superman.*

Several record albums also were nominated for the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo in the Seventies, two in 1971, *Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me the Pliers* by The Firesign Theater, and *Blows Against the Empire* by Jefferson Starship. Later in the decade nominations went to *I Think We're All Bozos on This Bus* by The Firesign Theater (1972) and *Blood!: The Life and Future Times of Jack the Ripper* by Robert Bloch and Harlan Ellison (1978).

Another non-movie/tv work nominated in that decade was Phil Foglio's 1976 cartoon slide show *The Capture*, with live narration of Robert Asprin's script plus audience participation.

After *Hitchhiker's Guide* was nominated in 1979, every nominee for the next 25 years came from film or TV. Even the division of the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo category into Long and Short Form, effectively doubling the number of works nominated every year, did little to broaden the media representation in the award. Breaking the long-lived movie/tv monopoly were two works helped by having been performed on stage at Interaction, the 2005 Worldcon: the "Prix Victor Hugo Awards Ceremony (Opening Speech and Framing Sequences)" performed by Paul McAuley and Kim Newman, and "Lucas Back in Anger"written by Phil Raines and Ian Sorenson.

No audio work has ever *won* the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo. If it happens this year they'll need a *katyusha* load of rockets for the writers -- John Scalzi, Tobias Buckell, Jay Lake, Elizabeth Bear and Karl Schroeder, and narrators -- *Battlestar Galactica* stars Michael Hogan, Alessandro Juliani and Kandyse McClure, plus Stefan Rudnicki and Scott Brick.

Postscript:. John Scalzi has put together another Hugo Voters package this year.

Toss Those Awards in the Trash?
By Mike Glyer

I read Adam Roberts denouncing awards on a blog::

"But awards lists and best-ofs are rubbish […] The problem is timescale. It is a convention, no less foolish for being deeply rooted, that the proper prominence from which to pause, look back and make value judgments, is at the end of the year in question. This is wrongheaded in a number of reasons. One has to do with the brittleness of snap-judgments (why else do you think they're called snap?). Take those fans and [awards-panelists] of the 1960s and 1970s who really really thought that the crucial figures of the genre were the often-garlanded Spider Robinson or Mack Reynolds rather than the rarely noticed Philip K Dick. They weren't corrupt; they just spoke too soon."

It wasn't Roberts' rejection of awards that set me off: they're not everyone's cup of tea. What hooked me into responding was his superior sneer at a false version of awards history.

Superior sneer: Should the Hugo and Nebula be condemned for failing to ratify Philip K. Dick's current popularity 40 years in advance? These awards don't exist to predict the literature that people two generations in the future will value, they celebrate what the current-day community of fans and/or pros value and admire.

False version of awards history: "…the often garlanded…Mack Reynolds"? He wrote hundreds of stories, received exactly one Hugo nomination and two Nebula nominations, and never won either award. And it seems rather sad to pick on Spider Robinson since, according to Dick's bibliography, Dick had *zero* short fiction published in the three eligibility years for which Spider received nominations, so how did Spider's name even enter this conversation? Of course, it's easier to win an argument if you're allowed to make up your own facts.

I also challenge Roberts' belief that fans of the '60s and '70s overlooked Philip K. Dick.

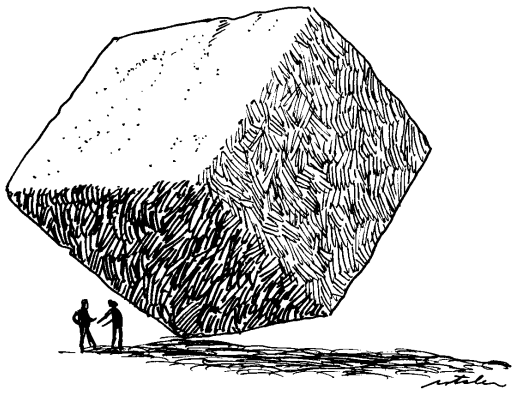
Had they done so, it might have been because he did not worship at the altar of technological optimism. In fact, they didn't overlook or ignore him, he was often up for awards. If he didn't write *Analog* stories that was no detriment at all to his fame, merely his pocketbook. In the '60s, psychological exploration and social satire abounded in sf, no physics degree required. Yes, Dick was pessimistic. Paranoid. It was impossible for Dick to think of something bad enough that the authorities would hesitate to do it, seductively using technology to make us betray ourselves. Yet anybody who thinks these things disqualified a writer from recognition in the '60s has never seen the stacks of awards in Harlan Ellison's office.

Now, as a fan who lived through the era in question, I can testify that I really enjoyed Dick's stories. *Time Out of Joint* was the first of his novels I read: it was captivating. And when I was in college the SF Book Club brought out editions of his new novels, so I read them all as time went by. Somehow I managed to enjoy his stories without suspecting that he was a dominant voice in the literary dialog of the day. His latter-day reputation as a great sf writer has taken me by surprise, though as far as that goes, good for him! We can only wish he'd lived to enjoy it.

When I'm flying out of Denver there's an airport bookstore I pass which has the names of top writers decorating the wall around the border of the ceiling. Philip K. Dick is up there. I pass it right before I enter the TSA security line. What could be more Dickian than the future I live in? No wonder he's widely read.

Returning to Adam Roberts' critique, he may have no idea who won the awards, but he is certainly right that Dick won very few of them during his lifetime. Was this actually an injustice? I'll lay out the record, and you tell me if you disagree with my take on the question.

Dick won the first Hugo he was ever nominated for, *The Man in the High Castle* (1963). So I guess justice was done that year. His novelette "Faith of Our Fathers" made the final ballot in 1968 and lost to Fritz Leiber's "Gonna Roll the Bones," which I have always tried to like, and which must in some sense be a helluva story because it also beat "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes" by Harlan Ellison who was winning everything in those days (such as the two Hugos his work *did* win in 1968 for "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream" and Star Trek's "City on the Edge of Forever.") Dick's story wove together some wonderfully paranoid ideas. It seems to have haunted Dick, who wrote in 1977:



"I think, with this story, I managed to offend everybody, which seemed at the time to be a good idea, but which I've regretted since. Communism, drugs, sex, God - I put it all together, and it's been my impression since that when the roof fell in on me years later, this story was in some eerie way involved."

His third and last Hugo nomination was for the 1975 novel *Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said*. It finished behind Ursula K. Le Guin's *The Dispossessed*. I found the Dick novel a more entertaining read, but (confession time) I felt the same way about Anderson's *Fire Time* and Niven and Pournelle's *A Mote in God's Eye*. On the other hand, there seemed a general agreement among the rest of fandom that Le Guin's novel was the most substantial and ambitious, the most deserving of the award. The same Dick and Le Guin novels faced off for the Nebula, with the same result. Does anyone today think *Flow My Tears* surpasses *The Dispossessed*? Let's hear from you.

Philip K. Dick's problem with the Nebula, the first time he was nominated, is that he had to compete against a great classic of the genre. *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* and *Dr. Bloodmoney* both received Nebula nominations in 1966. They lost to Frank Herbert's *Dune*. I hope nobody's complaining about that.

Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep? made the 1969 Nebula ballot (though not the Hugo final ballot) and lost to Alexei Panshin's *Rite of Passage*. Consulting the fanzine I was publishing at the time, I see that Richard Wadholm and I never ran out of critical things to say about the Panshin book. On the other hand, I regarded John Brunner's *Stand on* Zanzibar as the novel of the year, not Dick's story, and Brunner won the Hugo (with no help from me, I didn't have a vote in 1969). If there was a great schism in the awards scene that year, it had nothing to do with *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*

I'd say that the ultimate reason Philip K. Dick won few major awards is not because the voters were blind or ignorant, it's because he wasn't the only person writing excellent stories in those years.

The Worldcon I Saw

by John Hertz

Denvention III, the 66th World Science Fiction Convention, August 6-10, 2008, Colorado Convention Center, Sheraton Denver Hotel

Author Guest of Honor, Lois McMaster Bujold; Graphic Artist, Rick Sternbach; Fan, Tom Whitmore; Music, Kathy Mar; Toastmaster, Wil McCarthy. Attendance about 3,700; Art Show sales about $73,000 from about 170 artists.

With less start-up work to do on-site than at L.A.con IV the '06 Worldcon, I was still happy I could leave for Denvention III on Tuesday the 5th. Even a 6:30 a.m. airplane was a price worth paying. Behind me in the security-check line were four men talking Dutch. One said in English "I'm a long way from Holland," and another, I still feel sure, "I have a lot of potatoes in my bag." Two Dutch friends on my mind were Jan van't Ent, whom I expected to see and did, and Kees van Toorn, whom I didn't; I said they lived in Capelle aan den IJssel ("Oh, at Rotterdam! Prime Minister Balkenende lives there!"), and Zwijndrecht ("That's at Rotterdam too!"), but when I tried to explain I knew Van Toorn from APA-L the Amateur Publishing Ass'n – Los Angeles, and his chairing a Worldcon, knew Van't Ent from his past work on Worldcon newsletters and surely this year's, I'm afraid it was a lot of potatoes.

At the Denver airport I saw an Alexander A-14 Eaglerock biplane that had carried mail and passengers from Rapid City, South Dakota, where I once watched Disney's *Snow White*. Around 1930, when the A-14 was built, more aircraft were made in Colorado than anywhere in the world. I ate a cinnamon cookie called Lotus. It was not flavored with lotus. Yes, the tap water was great. Above the escalator to Baggage Claim were two dozen shapes three feet long like paper airplanes — made of metal? *Celebrate Denver 2008*, signs said, the city of Annie Oakley, Buffalo Bill, the Mint, black cowboys, and the 1908 Democratic National Convention. I dislike wasting valuable fanzine space with mundane politics, but you saw my Obama poem in *The Drink Tank* 187, and I had hopeful thoughts of what in 1908 would have been science fiction.

Kaja & Phil Foglio were on the bus in. Kaja told how, with on-line Art Show registration, they wouldn't have to arrive, already tired, to face picky paperwork. At the Convention Center were Evelyn & Mark Leeper of *The MT Void*. Evelyn was to moderate the Olaf Stapledon panel of Robert Silverberg and me. She'd sent round some notes. With E-mail, I said, the last minute is laster. Moshe Feder observed two of these Timeless Stars panels scheduled in conflict. There must've been no chance, I said, for that last review. I met lanyard people. I put on name badges with clips: lanyards flop over: the idea is to help folks put a name to a face. T-shirts, the lanyarders said, have nothing to clip onto. At least, I said, if the con can't punch two corner holes at the top of a badge instead of one in the middle, can you?

David Shallcross gave four volunteer hours helping build the Rotsler Award exhibit. Spike had splendidly found black foam-core panels to set off the artwork. Shouichi Hachiya found us in the photocopy shop and stopped to admire. As I went back and forth I saw Stephen Boucher and Mary Kay Kare near Registration, both placid. Kare said, "I've finished administering the Hugo nominations and the voting. I even had fun." Boucher said he wasn't running the Melbourne for 2010 Worldcon bid, which we'd soon vote on; "I'm just a leaf on the current." I was rooming with Tom Veal in the Grand Hyatt and took a break in the bar for Roaring 40s cheese (cow milk, Australia), Humboldt Fog (goat, U.S., hello Cheryl Morgan), and Cahill's Porter (cow, Ireland), with olives, artichoke hearts, *crustini*, and Breckinridge vanilla porter: drink the local beer. Peering in the front of the Convention Center was a four-story-high blue bear.

At the Melbourne party René Walling, co-chair of Anticipation, the seated '09 Worldcon to be held at Montréal, said he was working on bilingualisms. "I don't tell Francophones about French s-f," he said, "but about non-French s-f." Vince Docherty pondered the shape of Worldcons. Here we were at the back of a convention center, up and down its escalators, in one of its theaters, and in a main hotel blocks away, plus overflow. I didn't mind walking, a few taxicabs in haste, and rain, but some could and did. On another tentacle is the excruciation of finding good places to hold these things. When you don't have time, you can spend money; when you don't have money, you can spend time; when you don't have time or money, you can try ingenuity.

Denver programming chief Mary Mor-

man had given us two looks at s-f classics. One was a set of eight discussions called "Timeless Stars", each an appreciation of one

Collect incident, study character, read Shakespeare, and trust in Providence.

Benjamin Haydon

author: Edgar Rice Burroughs, Zenna Henderson, Rudyard Kipling, C.M. Kornbluth, H.P. Lovecraft, Clifford Simak, E.E. Smith, Stapledon. One was a set of five called "Wonders of 1958", appreciating books published a golden anniversary ago: James Blish, *A Case of Conscience* and *The Triumph of Time*; Algis Budrys, *Who?*; Robert Heinlein, *Methuselah's Children*; Fritz Leiber, *The Big Time*; Jack Vance, *The Languages of Pao*. For "Wonders" I had picked the books, and in a trial run at Lunacon LI ('08, New York) was urged to join *Triumph* wth *Conscience*. Inspection showed that Heinlein, "Ghost of Honor" at Denvention III as he was Guest of Honor at Denvention I, had rewritten the '58 *Children* with care from the '41 magazine version, pruning here, broadening there, a masterly revision. As things happened I led all five.

Blish, Wednesday, 2:30 p.m. *Triumph* was his final *Cities in Flight* novel; *Conscience* won the Hugo. I asked, what about the encyclopedia article made a prologue to *Triumph*, written *after* the end of the world, and showing a perspective quite distinct from our hero Amalfi's? Did the Web of Hercules win? Were they the good guys? From the audience, or perhaps seminar: "At first I thought that was a typo." *Triumph* felt autumnal; how is that? We talked of religion in both books. Morris Keesan said the priest in *Conscience* was alien. I said, remember people in fiction are the author's constructs. One of us, Br. Glenn Kerfoot, was a Jesuit. Was there a hollow core to each book, the City of New York's revealed when no one seemed left to outwit, Ruiz' when the Pope asked "What did you do about it?" We thought *Triumph* more coherent, *Conscience* more striking. From the audience: "Older books show us others' dreams."

Kerfoot and I took the next few hours in the Fanzine Lounge talking of s-f classics. Chris Garcia was in charge, near escalators up to a display floor with exhibits, the Art Show, the Dealers' Room. He had tables of fanzines to browse through, fanart blow-ups, comfy seats, conversation, and even managed to install a no-host bar. Supper with Jill & Don Eastlake. Jill was the Masquerade Director; I was a Workmanship Judge, also chief of hall-costume judging. Here too are two looks. The Masquerade, decades ago a fancy-dress ball,

evolved to an on-stage competition with lights and sound, out-drawing everything but the Hugos themselves, perhaps a unique artform. Hall costumes some people wear to stroll round the halls, as the late great Marjii Ellers said "daily wear for alternate worlds", intended not to be seen from a distance but to be met, in the audience of a panel, on an escalator, at a party. Either kind may re-create or parody some favorite image, or be original with the costumer.

Gaming and a few parties were down escalators at the Sheraton, many more up elevators. At a Texas Fandom party Anton Lien said *The Puppet Masters* was the only Heinlein in Norwegian. Sharing space was a Chicago for 2012 Worldcon bidding party. The first in a series of pulp-fiction pamphlets appeared, *Confounding SF* by Frederik Pohl (and cover art by Frank Paul, a nice consonance). Bid chair Dave McCarty said "We're the birthplace of pulps." Manchego cheese in the Hospitality Suite. Keesan and Lien talked of these suites, or Con Suites since the con hosts them: what they do, who visits, when, why. Unbaked apple pie — a drink — a strong drink — at the Seattle for 2011 Worldcon party. Walling told of taking his 8-year-old daughter to *Animé* North (Toronto). At the Reno for 2011 Worldcon party, silvery aluminum foil everywhere, covering lamps, kegs, tables, chair arms. A century ago its cheapness would have been science fiction. Geri Sullivan explained this was silver-mine rush night. Silver mines needed gargoyles. A giant silvery monster was named Rover; another, Fido.

"How to Enjoy Your First Convention" is and should be a standard panel. There were two looks at this too; Grant Kruger moderated Jon Singer and me for the second, Thursday, 10 a.m. We all said "Find things, and people, you didn't know you were looking for." Kruger said, try the Hospitality Suite. I said, try volunteering. Kruger said, don't miss the Masquerade, the Dealers' Room, the Art Show, Hugo Night, and besides looking, try conversation. I said Bill Rotsler on this panel at another con asked a woman in the audience "What if all those people are as shy as you?" From our audience: we have both unifying and fragmenting tendencies; consider Seattle fans working on the Reno bid. Singer afterward asked, nontrivially, "You always say 'Get the big picture.' How?" David Brin just then happening by we gave him that much. I said "But Jon, you always think of things

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth.

Shakespeare

others haven't." He made modest inaccurate remarks. The best I could do was "Find perspective and look."

Teresa Nielsen Hayden and Ctein's tour of the Art Show, a quarter past noon. I'd arranged eight (there would've been nine, but Jean-Pierre Normand at the last minute couldn't attend): Sandra Childress, Jane Frank, TNH and C's team-tour, Margaret Organ-Kean, Sternbach, Whitmore, Art Widner, me. In managing these I seek a mixture of tour leaders, fan and pro, man and woman, and what Kelly Freas told me was why he first sent a con to me some years ago, "You seem to be able to say what you see." Nielsen Hayden used a motorized wheelchair, of which many at Denvention; not the only reason we had to work keeping up with her. John Picacio illustrating L.E. Modesitt's "Viewpoints Critical" had done two profile faces with calligraphy and electronic schematics counterchanged. Luckily there was a good display

of John Berkey, who had died three months before. Frank in *The Art of John Berkey* called him a forthright Impressionist. He always said he started a painting with light.

At the Nippon 2007 ('07 Worldcon) exhibit, snapshots, a movie, badges, ribbons, publications, postcards (once a fan writes and sends one it's a poctsarcd), I met Bill Mayhew, older brother of Joe. He said "Making a decision is the act of an adult." This sent me to the Stapledon panel. Leeper said Stapledon was one of her favorites, with Borges. Silverberg said the protagonist in *Odd John* couldn't successfully encounter society so formed his own; the book was called daring, which meant erotic. I agreed with Sam Moskowitz in *Far Future Calling* that *Sirius* was Stapledon's best novel. Silverberg said *Last and First Men* and *Star Maker* weren't novels; *Star Maker* was the greater, but it had no characters. I said all his books were doomful. From the audience, what about his errors? Silverberg said it was a mistake to expect sense from science fiction. From the audience, do people find these books too hard? Perhaps, I said, but (not to defend them) as Castiglione wrote in *The Courtier* there is also "That pleasure which is had when we achieve difficult things."

The Sheraton, *The Big Time*. The first audience (or seminar) remark was "It riveted me." We talked of talent and skill. I read aloud from Chapter 9. It is by the artist's power that we want to know more. Some with theater background saw Leiber maintaining the classical unities of time, place, action; Heinlein's "By His Bootstraps" and "All You Zombies" came to mind, but those really have unity. Some knowing Poe's "Purloined Letter" saw the topology coming but loved watching it arrive, like a joke in Walt Kelly's *Pogo*. Short novels have to be like the Japanese paintings which by one brush-stroke show where the mountain isn't. Morman afterward told me the Henderson panel with her and Priscilla Olson had drawn a hundred. Olson in her introduction to *Ingathering*, the New England S-F Association's NESFA Press collection of Henderson stories, had called them "stories of us at our best, as we hope to be, and where (with work and with luck) we may be in some future."

The Convention Center, the Art Show reception. Jacob Weisman said he saw few fanzines, but he proved to know Rotsler's drawing. I tried to persuade Garcia of the joys of editing. The Sheraton, the Peggy Rae Sapienza's House for 2010 Worldcon mock bidding party, thrown not by but for her, crowded, to her surprise. Her term as North America agent for Nippon 2007 had crowned her fannish career (go ahead, compare it to chairing the '98 Worldcon, and say which was harder). I mean, so far. She said "My house has 5,000 square inches of function space." There were bid T-shirts. Hachiya brought Suntory plum wine and plum-wine-cask-aged whiskey. David Levine & Kate Yule brought me a copy of *Bento*. I apologized to Lennart Uhlin. Yule agreed that the Internet amplified. John Pomeranz made liquid-nitrogen ice cream. At 2:15 a.m. outside the Crowne Plaza Hotel a woman with an Ass'n of S-F Artists badge stood reading. The con newsletter was *Necessity*, the mother of Denvention. I wrote,

Thousands of us here,
Meeting, missing, while a mile
Closer to the stars.

One test of intelligence is the ability to welcome a singularity when the need arises without excessive strain.

Nero Wolfe

My Art Show tour, Friday 1 p.m.; John Douglass met John Douglas. West Magoon displayed a dozen *Raku* Rayguns. Singer said what American potters call *raku* isn't the same as Japanese. The Ackerman Ack-Ack Ray was double-barreled. In Kelly Freas' "Telzey Toy" cords like marionette strings showed women were being controlled, known images employed for s-f. Eiji Yokoyama's "Benkei", the 12th Century warrior-monk hero of *noh* and *kabuki*, gave him s-f weapons. Johnna Klukas' "Negative Space" was a sleek black wooden ship, "On Patrol" two bulgy ships on gravel. Ctein displayed three eclipses and three Space Shuttle launches. How his photography of wholly existent objects is so fantastic I still don't know. Michael Dashow's watercolor "Young Medusa" in a sandbox grieved she'd turned two playmates to stone. Todd Lockwood's "Bitter Chivalry" was a cloaked mailed knight bent into the wind, a gold chalice behind in the snow, all detail in the dark masses.

It's easier judging the Art Show after hours. Once judges reach a decision we'll stand by it, but we'd rather any inconclusive observations weren't overheard and perhaps relied on. However, con scheduling often can't work out neatly, try it. So Art Show chief Bruce Miller gathered us inconspicuously when he could and we went round with notebooks muttering. Still we were exhilarated. Our job was to recognize strong apples over weak oranges, to be both objective and subjective, and when we differed to make something of it. Our list made *Necessity* 7.

Art Widner's tour, 4 p.m. This timeless star of First Fandom, the happy few active by at least the first Worldcon in '39; 91 years old three months after Denvention III; attender of Denvention I — did he ever, on the great cross-country Widneride in the car known to fanhistory as the FooFoo Special — was doing something new at the urging of some whippersnapper in a propeller beanie. Janice Gelb brought a co-worker from a local office, explaining Widner was the '91 Down Under Fan Fund delegate as Gelb had been DUFF delegate in '99. In front of "To Heaven Below" Widner explained he knew Sturgeon, who at one time was "in a lightning phase", everything blazed with bolts; still working on metal, he'd added astronomicals in acrylic on canvas, and illustrated Howard Hendrix. Widner said "I like science fiction better than fantasy; I like harder edges where you know what you're looking at." If you've read his fanwriting, or seen the Artcar he drives, you know he's paid the dues to get there.

The Masquerade was to start at 7:30 (and did, on time). Well before the show starts, the workmanship judges are at work, backstage. The main judges sit in the theater; they see what you do; to strengthen that, sometimes a judge is placed at the back of the hall: I've been there. What of technical achievement, which may only indirectly affect that big picture? Or if we insist upon

Denvention III Art Show Awards

Color

John Berkey, "Star's End"
Stephen Daniele, "Wind of War"
Bob Eggleton, "Springtime of the Mammoth"
Todd Lockwood, "Bitter Chivalry"
Theresa Mather, "Forest Heaven"
Margaret Organ-Kean, "Masque"
Rick Sternbach, "The Moonbow"
Jeff Sturgeon, "To Heaven Below"
A.B. Word, "Neither Here nor There"

Monochrome

Rory Clark, "In, Through, Beyond"
Kelly Freas, "Telzey Toy"
Karen Johansen, "The Guardian"
John Picacio, "Son of Man"
Mark Roland, "Hydra"

Three-Dimensional

Peri Charlifu, "Mordred's Fountain"
John Douglass, "Freighter S60"
Jim Humble, "Greater Gargoyle Downspout"
Lannie Pihajlic, "Arden the Ent"
Vincent Villafranca, "The Celestial Itinerant"

Denvention III Masquerade Results

Masquerade Director: Jill Eastlake
Master of Ceremonies: Wil McCarthy
Judges: Andrew Trembley (chief judge), Beverly Alliss, Byron Connell, Rick Sternbach, Wombat
Workmanship judges: Tina Connell, John Hertz
31 entries, 16 awards

Best in Show
"A Nightmare in Denver" (Re-Creation, Novice)
Leann Runyanwood, Mark Runyan
Also Workmanship Award for Soft Sculpture; Costume-Con XXVIII and Costume-Con XXVII Awards

Master Class
Best in Class
"A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Original)
Joni Dashoff, Sandy & Pierre Pettinger
Also Workmanship Award for Creative Use of Found Material
Best Re-Creation
"Humuhumu"
Isabella Anderson, Jennifer Anderson, Lea Anderson, Kelly Bolton, Cordelia Willis
Best Mythic Presence
"The Dream Time" (Original)
Stephen Clark
Also Best Workmanship in Class
Holy Hand-Grenade Award
"The Legendary Black Beast of Arrrghhh!" (Re-Creation)
Daren Best, Marian O'Brien-Clark
Also Honorable Mention for Workmanship – Engineering
Retro-Rocket Award
"*Schoolhouse Rock* presents a Reconsideration of the Astronomical Status of Dwarf Planet Pluto"
Adina Adler, Jeanne Buss, Mary Aileen Buss, Tania Cluca, Harriet Culver, Susan De Guardiola, Morris Keesan, Elspeth Kovar, Joshua Kronengold, Serge Mailloux, Joseph Meltzer, Lori Meltzer, Irene Urban, Tim Walters, Vicki Warren, Lance Weber, Ben Yalow
Also Honorable Mention for Workmanship – Clarity of Execution (banners)
Best Detail & Precision
"A Touch of Winter" (Re-Creation)
Sionna Neidengard
Also Workmanship Award for Lace-Making and Embroidery

Journeyman Class
Best in Class
"Grave Robbers" (Original)
Michael Bruno, Tauni & Charles Orndorff, Jennifer Strand
Also Best Workmanship in Show
Excellence in Adaptation
"*Shimabara Jinju* Redux" (Re-Creation)
April Faires
Excellence in Re-Creation
"Jadis, the White Witch"
Rebecca Tinkham
Also Workmanship Award for Fabric Manufacture
Workmanship Award for Skilled Wire-Knotting
"Elvish Armor" (Original)
Loren Damewood

Novice Class
Best in Class
"Chairman of the Borg" (Original)
Mark Cantrell
Best Workmanship in Class
"War Machine" (Re-Creation)
Karl Nordman
Most Intoxicatingly Beautiful
"Dragon Wine" (Original)
Bethany Anderson
Magellan Award
"Princess Mariam Suzetta" (Original)
Christina Dube
Also Honorable Mention for Workmanship – Tailoring & Embroidery
Roy G. Biv Award
"The Calm After the Storm" (Original)
Alyssa Westfield
Duran Duran's Choice
"Barbarella & Pygar" (Re-Creation)
Brianna Spacekat, Frank Wu
Also Honorable Mention for Workmanship – Construction of Wristlet & Gun
Rising Star Award
"Here Comes the Sun" (Original)
James Shallcross
Also Honorable Mention for Workmanship – Electrical Engineering
Workmanship Award for Structural Engineering
"The Black Dalek" (Re-Creation)
Bernadette Lee
Honorable Mention for Workmanship – Dyeing
"Silk Moth" (Original)
Carole Parker

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it, do we punish entrants able to create with a wave of the hand? As Rotsler said, "Quantity of labor has nothing to do with art." So workmanship judging was established, and made optional. It can also be time-consuming. Thirty or sixty seconds is a long while on stage. That's what you and the main judges see. Workmanship judges may if asked pore over seams or climb under frames. That's why they start early — also entrants may not be ready in order of appearance on stage, i.e. more logistics.

I like the custom of Masquerade judges and the Master of Ceremonies dressing up; since I'm known for English Regency clothes, I wear that. So after Widner's tour it was back to the Grand Hyatt to change, then the Sheraton and *The Languages of Pao* at 5:30 in Regency dress, then the Convention Center. It's good for the community not to be too fragmented; we're better off if we don't divide into isolated fanziners and costumers and painters and bookers, which I think worth the exercise.

Of Denvention's six Wonders the Budrys, Leiber, and Vance may be the most poetic, *Pao* the most spectacularly so. Each of these authors has a distinctive voice; Vance shimmers and chimes. In *Pao* he is at his best. This too called for reading aloud, and relish. The linguistic theory which *Pao* employs, I suggested, does not deserve too much emphasis any more than whether people can travel faster than light. The 20th Century author Vladimir Nabokov said "To call a story a true story is an insult to both art and truth." Instead we tried to focus on the portraits of Palafox, the Breakness Institute, and the young Beran. One sometimes hears that s-f five decades old is dated. What does this mean? Are Jane Austen, Charles Dickens, dated? *Pao* didn't seem so. Was that because it's set in a far distant time? Because it depends little upon some element from which we feel we were right to turn away?

> Not left vague or tenuous to the careful reader.
>
> Rosamond Tuve

Backstage at the Wells Fargo Theater; that yellow rose attached to my name badge meant "Masquerade staff". Karl Nordman's "War Machine" (Re-Creation, Novice; Best Workmanship in Class), black and silver from the 2008 *Iron Man* film, was built from house and garage objects, its stomach plate a car mat. To Bernadette Lee's "Black Dalek" (Re-Creation, Novice) we gave an award for structural engineering and, with lots of backstage room this year, watched it roll. In the Journeyman class we gave an award for wire-handling to Loren Damewood's "Elvish Armor" (Original). The two dinosaurs in Bruno, Orndorff & Strand's "Grave Robbers" (Original; Best Workmanship in Show) were outstanding, from the frames they were built on to their custom painting. In the Master class Stephen Clark's bear suit for "The Dream Time" (Original; Best Workmanship in Class) impressed us, also Morgan who was photographed in a bear hug. We'd given an award for soft sculpture to Runyanwood & Runyan's "Nightmare in Denver" (Re-Creation, Novice); we never got into the theater to see any of the performances, and only realized from the main judges' deliberations

that this Novice entry had won Best in Show.

At midnight or one or some other reasonable hour I was in the Nippon 2007 thank-you party at the Sheraton. Actually I was there to thank them [*File 770*: 152]. A runner came from the newsletter office. "You're needed right away." I made my goodbyes; *Necessity* called. The wonderful electronic system that would automatically transmit Masquerade results to the newsletter, untouched by human hands, had failed, or at least no one in the newsletter office could make sense of the transmission, nor when I arrived could I. Luckily I had raw data, and my own notes, and was able to turn out fair copy. This took a while, indeed until 5 a.m., but it seemed the fannish thing to do. *Necessity* X, special Saturday morning edition, came out on time, with five fine Masquerade photos by Danny Low, and only three goofs (corrected in "Masquerade Results" for "Humuhumu", "*Shimabara Jinju*", "Jadis", thanks Andy Trembley).

Melbourne won unopposed for South Gate or Southgate Again — back space — in 2010 [*File 770* 153]. The Business Meeting resolved to drop the Hugo for Best Semiprozine, and add Best Graphic Story, subject to ratification next year; it ratified dropping the prohibition against accepting nomination for both Best Fanartist and Best Pro Artist (the "Jack Gaughan rule"). Rick Sternbach's Art Show tour, 11:30 a.m. For the cover of Benford's *Against Infinity*, he'd had to get different values, i.e. lightness and darkness, in the shadows; "I hate doing shadows." But "I love doing astronomicals. If an art director has a story with space, I'm there." He observed that working in 3-D gave different concerns with coloration; we saw this true not only for the polychromatic but for, say, Villafranca's bronzes. Computer aid to art, Sternbach said, was a tool like any other. Digitals in the right hands can be good, "but don't make clichés." He praised Lockwood's use of shadow. Kelly Freas, he said, was a master of directional lighting.

Scott Edelman and David Nordley joined me for *Who?* Of course there was reminiscence. Nordley had brought Budrys to a Silicon Valley writers' workshop in 1991. Edelman was at Clarion in 1979 with Budrys as an instructor. A month before his death Budrys told me he read every issue of my fanzine *Vanamonde*. *Who?* branched like alternative history. From the audience: he was prescient about identity confusion. I said, also information. Nordley said, as a teacher he emphasized verisimilitude. Edelman said, he taught story art in detail, and like your uncle. From the audience: *Who?* is Shakespearean. I said, we see Martino's tragic flaw. Keesan, from the audience: he doesn't seem to know how to make friends. I said, he loves coldly. Nordley said, "After twenty years' military service I wasn't the same person either." From the audience: Budrys' timing is knife-like. Keesan said, at the chronological end — not the end of the pages — we're invited to think Martino hasn't lost anything: another irony.

> His rare ability to impart to his colleagues some of his own enthusiasm for learning.
>
> Louis G. Wright

Regency dancing, conducted by De Guardiola, then white tie for Hugo Night. Big Heart Award administrator Dave Kyle could not attend; I gave the Big Heart to Suford Lewis. Denvention III Chairman Kent Bloom gave two Committee Awards: one to NESFA Press, and one to the National Aeronautics & Space Administration — another Wonder of 1958 — accepted in person by NASA Administrator Michael Griffin. Although, with all respect to s-f pioneer Hugo Gernsback after whom our Hugo Awards are named, s-f is not in the business of rearing scientists, nor of predicting the future, nor of justifying itself, space exploration is exalting.

The first time this con I saw Rusty Hevelin he and Widner and I met on a street corner near the Convention Center. Hevelin too had been at Denvention I; at Denvention II he was Fan Guest of Honor; now in powder blue and ruffles he gave Best Fanzine to *File 770*. Garcia, the '08 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund delegate, in a Fred Flintstone T-shirt and a 12th Season *Doctor Who* scarf gave Best Fanartist to Brad Foster, who thus broke Tim Kirk's record after it had stood three decades. The scarf, knitted by Leigh Ann Hildebrand, was itself something of a celebrity, photos of people wearing it to raise funds for TAFF having seared our minds. Sue & Steve Francis, the '08 DUFF delegates, gave Best Pro Artist to Stephan Martiniere. Silverberg gave Best Pro Editor, Long Form, to David Hartwell. To end with continuity as we began, Ed Bryant who was Toastmaster at Denvention II gave the last two Hugos. He apologized, "I forgot the roller skates."

Although not a nominee this year, as a presenter I was invited to the Hugo Nominees party, hosted as customary by the next year's Worldcon. I found Ctein there slicing salmon. He said "We're a well oiled machine. Fish oil." Hartwell had looped his tie — this and his *aloha* shirt also seared — round his Hugo rocket. The Nominees party and the publisher parties are still a roar in my mind, but I remember Levine's needing to find Toni Weisskopf, my somehow getting him to her at the Baen party early on, say around one, and getting him back to Yule who yielding to the rush had waited in the hall. Some hours later I dropped by the Baen party again in fairness to Weisskopf's hospitality. I met Paul Bujold for the first time, son of our Author Guest of Honor, and found myself in a discussion of Louis L'Amour.

Sunday, 11:30 a.m. Fred Lerner moderated Weisskopf and me on the Kipling panel. I said *The Jungle Books* and *Just-So Stories* showed Kipling a master of characterization, as did his s-f like "With the Night Mail". Each character has a distinct voice. The animals are true to their roles in myth too. Weisskopf said his use of voice in poetry was as masterly. Lerner said John W. Campbell, Jr., credited Kipling with pioneering the interpolation of data without interruption. Did he also pioneer the person to whom things must be explained? Weisskopf said, "No Mowgli, no Tarzan." From the audience: the first Holmes stories, with Watson, were earlier. Lerner said *Kim* was set in an alien land — and Nehru liked it. Weisskopf said, for this we have s-f today. Lerner quoted "Save he serve, no man may rule." I said, see the craftsmanship of those seven words. From the audience: "I'm an engineer; Kipling is the poet of engineers." Weisskopf said, "A poet is a maker, and I try to beat into writers' heads that writing must be structurally sound."

Hugo winners and accepters at Denvention III.

Methuselah's Children. As at Lunacon this drew a crowd. Various persons in the audience declined to join me and become panelists. We compared long life in *Children* and *The Triumph of Time*. Roderick O'Hanlon said Lazarus Long, like Amalfi, recovers purpose. Steven Silver said Mary Sperling tires. I said it was vital the book opens by showing her strong and competent. Heinlein's rewriting was like John Cross in *Slan* taking his machine over a hull inch by inch to make it ten-point steel. Few authors did that; Clarke in making *The City and the Stars* had produced a substantially different story. What about the gods? Was *Children* mystical, or was sufficiently advanced technology indistinguishable from magic? Were the Little People hollow? irresponsible? Or was it recognizing unfinished business that sent the Howards home — and what did they find? I struck again the bell of craftsmanship, by which Heinlein interests us in these questions. Weisskopf said young readers today could be put off by the pre-Sixties air of the book. Not necessarily young in years.

Hatred is an expression of incompetence.

Lin Yutang

Now it was time to start taking things down and putting them away, for me the Rotsler Award exhibit and bearing a hand in the Art Show. The *origami* cranes from Nippon 2007 were still bravely displayed. There'd been no separate Print Shop; prints were hung, clipped, or binned next to their originals, or other work by their artist, or labeled if alone. In the Dealers' Room bookseller Marty Massoglia had stocked up the six Wonders and sold them. He knew when each of the five talks ended, people came for the books, as they just had for the Heinlein. The Hospitality Suite was full of people and refreshments. Widner said the Denvention I panel, Whitmore moderating him and Hevelin and Erle Korshak, had drawn fifty, laughing at the jokes, asking questions, and getting autographs.

A time had been designated for turning the Hospitality Suite into the Dead Dog Party (until the last dog is —). Trying to be useful I found a supply of conical party hats, and found myself distributing them to celebrate the designated time. "Why did they get you for this?" someone cracked. "What do you know about funny hats?" Later at the Past Worldcon Chairs party, to which I was kindly invited, I found Whitmore in a Jane & Scott Dennis T-shirt "Gnome Chomski and the Golddiggers of 2008, with the Transformational Glamor Orchestra featuring Tom Whitmore". The Denvention III bid had featured gnomes *à la* Huygen & Poortvliet's book; Bloom & Morman had dressed accordingly in the Interaction ('05 Worldcon) Masquerade. Whitmore in his Guest of Honor interview had told Nielsen Hayden he was changing his inner avatar to Rikki-Tikki-Tavi for "Run and find out". Bloom arrived. There had been many things too fierce to mention which he and his had managed remarkably well. His "Past Worldcon Chair" ribbon, which had not reached Closing Ceremonies, arrived. Applause.

Conventional Reportage

Anticipation Loses Artist GoH Ralph Bakshi

Ralph Bakshi will not be Artist Guest of Honor at Anticipation, the 2009 Worldcon in Montreal.

The committee announced on March 2: "Due to health reasons, Ralph Bakshi will not be able to take part in Anticipation this summer. We were all looking forward to seeing him and are all disappointed by this turn of events, and hope things will get better for Mr. Bakshi soon."

Anticipation has taken Bakshi's name off the list of guests. Co-chair Rene Walling said: "One reason we removed Ralph Bakshi's name from our web site is that many people, not used to the way Worldcons do things, may decide to come in order to meet him and be very disappointed to find out he isn't there, it's one thing if it was a last minute thing, but in this case, it's not. Honouring him in absentia was considered, but he did not show interest.

"Because of this, we felt it was better to remove Bakshi's name for our Guest list for now. We still greatly appreciate his original acceptance to be our GoH. Nothing precludes us from screening some of his films, or discussing his work at the con, but we do not want to raise false expectations with the public."

It's Reno in 2011

Seattle pulled out of the race for the 2011 Worldcon when they couldn't present the facilities commitments required by the rules in time for the February 6 filing deadline. Only Reno put in an official bid, so when the votes are counted in August Patty Wells' crew will get most of them. (Though there's something about an unopposed bid that

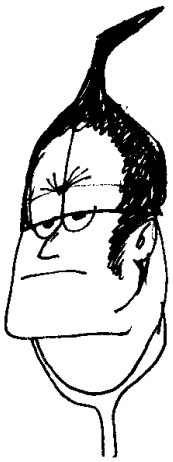
Seattle Chair Bobbie DuFault wrote on the bid's website: "This is due to an unforeseen event and our inability to reach a formal first option agreement with our preferred facilities. We had initial options on facilities, but when it came time to reduce them to formal writing, we found that our preferred facilities had groups willing to make the financial commitment ahead of us. Seattle is such a popular destination for conventions that all of the reasonable dates (early August through early September) already have groups that have firmer commitments than we do."

This is the second Seattle bid in the last 11 years to end on the same sour note. Seattle's bid for 2002 collapsed in 1998 when Starwood hotel management declined to commit any of their facilities, so it became impossible to meet the hotel and convention center reservations requirements set by the World Science Fiction Society. Now, a fatal inability to secure necessary facilities has overtaken Seattle's bid for 2011.

In June 2008, right after Reno announced, I asked a Seattle bidder about their prospective facilities. I was emphatically assuredthey had commitments from many hotels to block rooms for the traditional Labor Day weekend — yet, at the same time was told their bid was negotiating to move earlier in the month. In my mind, that begged the question: Why would a committee risk existing facilities arrangements and abandon the weekend promised by its campaign publicity – unless it already had a compelling need to do so?

No committee makes a binding financial commitment to a hotel or convention center before it is voted the rights to the Worldcon. That's why Worldcon bids are always vulnerable to the possibility of losing their intended facilities to another group able to immediately sign a contract.

Seattle was already trying to shift dates in June 2008. In the end, they were unable to get acceptable facilities on a workable date. One can only guess how long the bidders spent grappling with this crisis behind the scenes.



JAMES BACON

THE GRAND COSPLAY BALL:

FAR FROM A LOCAL NIGHT, FOR LOCAL PEOPLE

NOVEMBER 30, 2008. THE GRAND, CLAPHAM, LONDON.

(L) **James Bacon and Ria;** *(M)* **"Crazy Dave" Mansfield and James**; *(R)* **Dave and Catherine**.

While we doled out free books in some vast venue, watching some well dressed elves pass by, "Crazy Dave" Mansfield mentioned that there was to be a Cosplay Ball in Clapham Junction in November, if I fancied going. I did.

Clapham Junction is a twelve minute train journey from East Croydon. This busy southern suburb of London has the busiest train station in Europe, with 2000 trains passing through every day. The immediate area bloomed once the railway station opened in 1863. The Clapham Grand Theatre opened in 1900 and has had a variety of names and uses over the years: The New Grand Theatre of Varieties, Essoldo Cinema, Mecca Bingo and The Grand Nightclub. The building itself received quite a makeover in the Nineties, doing it no harm at all. It is no longer a theatre, as all the seating is removed, but now a venue.

Despite the removal of the seating there was not, as one might fear, a total gutting of the interior and a splendidly rich decor remains in evidence in certain parts of the vast building.

I drove to the event on a cold November night, a twenty-five minute trip.

The entrance was high and grand, and as I walked in all staff were on hand to help. It was an over-Eighteens event and the Russian security guard who stamped my hand didn't ask for my ID. The stalls area was a mix of Dance Floor, social and seating space and bars. The organisers had two bars on this level, as well as a merchandise and sushi bar. In one corner, some really ornate furniture and decorations were in evidence, and this soon became a photo area, with massive couches and the flocked wall paper adding a certain edge to complement the ornate dress in evidence. Already the DJ's on one side of the stage were pumping out fairly mellow and relaxed music, with many people dancing.

On the next level there were six boxes, which had quickly sold out. This would be the Dress Circle, and here again the area was laid out as a multilayered social space, with high tables and chairs on the lower steps and couches and armchairs higher up. There was a nice bar at the rear of the Dress Circle.

Up again, in 'the gods' or Upper circle, the seating area was shut off, but the bar was open and there was a designated area, where an Alice in Wonderland themed set had been built, and where people would walk up and get their photos.

I myself was unsure of what to wear. It's hard to know, and harder to plan. Let's be honest, I dress up a fair bit for conventions, but it's a lot of work to get it right. This was a ball, so an easy option for me was some nice formal evening wear, with top hat. It was this or Zombie School Boy, which is not very grand but is ballsy, or I could have made a real effort at creating a costume, which I just am not so good at.

I was recognisably one of the older crowd. I saw about five people, including Kate the organiser's mom, who were over 30. The crowd was young, college age, and young professional. I did not see a single person who had not made some effort.

I would say that all the men present at least wore a suit; actually, the black suit, white shirt, black tie look of the Crazy 88 gang, or Reservoir Dogs or any number of characters from manga and anime were popular, but many made a more serious effort, and there were Gundam uniforms, quite a few representations of Final Fantasy Costumes, some very ornate, religious and formal looking costumes, the vamp look, elves and I think I even saw Zelda, and some odd balls, like The Mask and Dave's own Dr. Horrible. Cat Girls seemed popular -- not girls dressed in fur, rather as part of their hair band they have cat's ears – likewise characters from Full Metal Alchemist, Vampire Hunter D and even a character from the Penny Arcade.

The ladies were all fabulous. I did not see anyone who had not obviously made an effort. Like myself, the formal option was a strong choice. The style of dresses varied from very nice party dresses to formal dance wear. Elvish costumes were popular as were, of course, a variety of anime and manga

characters. Again, Final Fantasy was recognisable, although the dark gothic look was here and there, more a vamp theme than a fetish one though.

Wigs were in abundance, some were bright blue and spiky, others augmented hair and created some quite elegant styles. The Disney look was represented with a very cute Cinderella a Snow White, a Beauty from Beauty and the Beast, I think, and a few accompanying gents who had the foppish Prince Charming look.

Cross-dressing was very popular, with quite a few girls in men's suits or men's costume. There were many Oriental girls present, I spoke to a number, some were Londoners, and others were here in college from Japan and Korea. Wings on exposed backs were popular and there were fairies as well as a couple of angels.

I was very impressed by one or two really very accurate historical dresses. Dave and I spent some time chatting with Naruka from Germany, who had even stitched in a peacock feather into the small of her back at the start of her bustle, in what can only be described as a truly magnificent garment. She had come over with a group of Austrian and German girls for the weekend.

There were not so many maids, but quite a few corseted girls with top hats and 10/6 stuck in the band, although corsets, while part of a dress, were much more stylishly worn than I have seen at conventions, where shoving out the breast in ungainly shape seems to be the aim. Here it must be admitted that among those who were wearing corsets, they provided a great shape and enhancement to the dress, and it was more about the garment, than the bosom, which, believe or not, is really much more pleasing to the eye.

The first performance of the night was that of quite an athletic and agile chap who swung fire pots about himself, there were especial gasps from the packed floor when these flying balls of fire caught the chap, purposely, one should point out in the groin or buttocks. He upped the ante, and brought out huge swaths of fire, which he flung in great arcs at high speed, spinning a gymnastic dance as he went, it was really very entertaining.

In between the performers, there were themed dances. At this stage, it may have been a waltz accompanying those on the floor. Some who obviously knew what they were doing also used the stage as a dancing space. I had been handed a dance card, but, let's be honest, I prefer the more forward Tiger Tank approach of just asking a girl directly for a dance. Me and Dave used the Langford approach – I would ask for a photo of Dave with some folk, and get chatting.

Interestingly, when I was at the bar getting drinks, and seemingly on my own, people repeatedly would ask if I was having a good time. I was well impressed with this open friendliness, and to be honest, the whole theme lent a level of pleasantry and courteousness that really helped with the social mixing.

Dave was soon asked for a dance, and I followed suit during a Jive session with a very pleasant girl from Greece, called Catherine. She was in a formal dress and very nice long red wig, and looked stunning. I would never have said she was Greek, shows how wrong a guess can be, but she spoke super English, I must say I enjoyed the American styled music and it was all over too soon.

Then there was the fashion show. Akemi Solloway, who is a lecturer of Japanese Culture, is a lady of many skills, and seems to be involved in business and diplomacy, as well as being a cultural conduit in the appreciation of authentic Japanese culture. Akemi has a large collection of authentic kimonos and she had arranged for a selection of gorgeous models to display them. They were stunning, especially one which with arms outstretched and cloth extended, a landscape appears on the kimono. Her formality was appreciated as was her fantastic display.

I noted, and it's a failing of mine, being a foreigner myself, that there was a large variety of folks along from diverse backgrounds. Manga and anime seem to penetrate all the diversity that is London, and unlike some conventions, where it is obviously a white middle class hobby, Cosplay is somehow translated across the multicultural vista. London, and the UK as a whole, was well represented, and some cosplayers had flown from mainland Europe especially for the event.

The performer of the night, to me, must have been the stunningly beautiful Yaya Han. She performed on stage in a brilliant purple dress, and she sang some very gentle songs. Flown over from Las Vegas, she is a cosplayer, born in China, lived in Asia and Germany, then moved to the US. She is a designer and artist as well as professional model and quite an impressive performer on stage.Later, as she delicately and suddenly removed part of her dress, to reveal a shorter mini skirt, bright red shoes, and purple stockings and the tempo increased and the it became much more techno.

She was a superb singer, and dancer, and the crowd lapped her up. She later joined the crowd down on the dance floor and was totally onto the whole scene.

More dancing ensued, and Dave and myself and his friend The Cat Girl formally known as Jon "Fuzz" Conway had turned up as a well dressed woman, and actually rather finely pulled it off, went exploring. We spent time in the Dress Circle, chatting, and he introduced me to Jess who was one of the group running the convention, and her mom Kate, who was the financial backer of the event. Kate was really rather pleased with how nice everyone seemed to be, and I had to agree.

Chatting socialising and drinking Diet Coke continued, I learned that a convention in Northampton in April is being touted as the next 'good' thing, and Lyndsey from Newport Pagnell, reckoned it would be pretty good. Kitacon, seems like a good place to cool my heels following Eastercon.

(L) The Grand Cosplay Ball Dudes; (M) The Grand Cosplay Ball Girls; (R) James and Naruka.

Kimono display at the Grand Cosplay Ball.

Yaya Han was walking around and I boldly asked her for a photo

As the evening drew into night, we had two more live performances, the MC, Johnny Lazer who had been valiantly calling out the dance style, and in fairness getting quite a bit of enthusiasm and energy going, did a live act himself. It was very techno rock pop, although I am sure he would castigate my poor classification of his art He definitely played and performed to the crowd, who loved his gesticulations and gyrations. The music rocked. His musician, singular, had a selection of boxes and keyboard bolted together.

Then Hiko Suzuki came out. Again, the music was distinctly Japanese, and many of those present seemed to really like it. She was an excellent performer and dancer and took real control of the stage, and also had a quick change of costume mid act, removing a layer and suddenly changing character.

For the last couple of dances the caller suggested that we all consider dancing with someone we had not arrived with.

Suddenly, there was a shift change, I noticed, his suggestion spurred on earnest young men, injecting a type of Dutch Courage to those perhaps a bit shy. I suggested to Dave, who seemed to be lagging now in the dance stakes, despite dozens of girls complimenting his Dr Horrible costume and showing much interest, in him personally, that we should look for a dance. I saw a couple of girls, who were scanning and pointed at them, and one I think nearly died, as she spotted me doing so, but he was too busy taking in the overall scene.

I think it would be fair to say, that many ladies, would have accepted a dance at this stage, from a gentlemen who asked nicely, and I walked by quite a few who made valiant attempts to make eye contact, to ask a young lady, who I must admit, was probably the best looking of the night, her name, Ria, shortened from Victoria, a Kentish girl, studying in Brighton. I had chatted with her earlier, she seemed forlorn, and I offered her a drink, I misinterpreted her concentrated look as downcast, she was actually effecting some *ad hoc* adjustments to her costume which was worse for wear. She'd had a headpiece which due to active dancing now was lost.

I am obviously an *ignoranti* of the highest order, as I actually thought she looked really well. Her dress was now simple, her hair naturally long and flowing, her smile really accentuated her well defined jaw line and high cheeks, and with the lack of gaudy accoutrements, her eyes were captivating. I asked and was delighted to enjoy a couple of dances, and then, like Cinderella, I was off home in my carriage. I did leave a bit early, but my night had been really fantastic, I had visually dined on a sumptuous feast of vivid colour and stylish beauty, and it was now time to call it a day.

I was ensconced at home by 1 a.m. as, I expect, the revellers were just leaving the Grand.

Recently, at Cytricon V, there was a discussion about the impending end of fandom as some fans perceive it. I have to be cautious, I think people always feel that their bit of fandom is going to die, but with last year's Eastercon attracting 1,300 members, and let's be honest, the amount of inaccuracies about Eastercon attendance, means that I feel that this is really quite a substantial figure in recent times, that there is no ailment in the hobby of con going, and as always, somehow a new bunch of people are running the Eastercon in 2010, and they are new, because most of them were not known as major con runners, in 2005.

Cosplay, is of course a natural extension of the interest in manga and anime, which has been on a serious upward curve for many years now, I expect it has levelled off a bit, although I mean that I don't see the sections in bookstores expanding, although I do think that there will be an expansion in the convention and event side of the interest. One of the words largest industries, the computer and console game industry, also feeds into Cosplay in a significant way. The link between manga and games, is not recent, I played UN Squadron on the Nintendo and read Area 88 on paper, so this aspect adds to the hobby of dressing up, new fans who like their games a lot finding an interesting social outlet.

So what of the fans behind this event. Well I had met Kate, who was closer to my age by far, than her twenty year old daughter, who was one of the organisers of this event. I am a little impressed, as all aspects, from the welcoming website to the Japanese guest were top notch. The evening was well pitched and she knows her audience.

I had spoken earlier in the night to a girl, who explained that she and many like her had become annoyed or disenchanted with the big events, which have and are buying into anime and cosplay in a big way, but which utterly fail to make the social side work at all.

I had asked about the EXPO which was huge and full of dressed people, and gets some 10,000 people a day through the doors, and again it was pointed out that the organisers will use any aspect to promote their event or get people in, but won't then want to spend money on ensuring a decent level of backing occurs for the fan run end of things.

I had noticed, that this event had a lacking of noisy children, and there wasn't one HUGS sign in view at any stage. I must admit that it was a nice improvement, and that this Grand Ball is a step up, on many levels, from just a dealers room, but also there was some serious thought put into what was hap-

Yaya Han, James' favorite act.

pening and one could easily see that it is a short step to some during the day discussions.

There were four people on the committee and I recognised one, Emily, having met her at the London Anime Club, where one will find a Worldcon area and division head in attendance, Dragon and Ewan Chrystal would you believe. Jess who was chatting with Dave, knew Stef, somehow, it's a small world.

Jess and key others, so I heard, were involved with the big London EXPO, but essentially felt put upon. If a person is running a commercial event, to squeeze in an altruistic element is hard, and the business drive (greed for cash) creates difficult situations. Why should a volunteer run something that financially benefits someone else, so expenses become part of the rub, but then the organisers wonder if it's worth it all, as they see this as a leak of cash. It all starts to fall apart fast, and seems to have done, although perhaps this is just with people, rather than visible from an external standpoint. When no one is milking a profit there is definitely a different feel about an event, we know this of conventions. There is a better level of understanding, volunteering and most importantly money handed over is used solely for entertaining. Dave sent me an interesting comment that Jess made on a cosplay forum "London expo, which is going to be what it always is, an over hyped, over priced dealers room, full of LOUD PEOPLE."

I just got the feeling, and it's nice to have it confirmed that Jess really wanted a fine evening, something special, a fun night out, with the focus on good music, a good social event and dancing.

So here we have a truly altruistic event, not for profit, being run by young folk. They have gone out on their own and done a great job, to be honest the evening was better than any evening event I have attended since Worldcon, and it was really well organised and executed and its a different fandom, but one I can relate, and it seems can even dance with.

John Brooks: An Appreciation
By John Novak

When I got the phone call from Patricia Jackson, it was not totally unexpected, but no matter how well one prepares oneself for these kinds of events, one typically reacts with shock and disbelief. A flood of memories overwhelmed me about John, including the first time he and I met.

It was 1974 and I had been working for the government for only a few months, when a couple of friends, Mike Fix and Tim Hays, were planning to attend the WorldCon, DisCon II, being held in Washington, D.C., that year over Labor Day weekend, and they asked me if I wanted to go with them to the convention. I was intrigued and, when I saw that it was doable, decided to go. It was the first SF convention I had ever attended and I had a great time. But I didn't meet John there at the con. It was at Washington National (now Ronald Reagan) Airport on Monday afternoon. Mike, Tim and I were in a holding area there for St. Louis passengers and I noticed a person in the area who was holding the DisCon II program book. I went over to him and asked him if he had attended the convention. He told me that he did and then Mike and Tim came over and we all introduced ourselves. We talked about the con and then Tim, Mike or myself mentioned the SF club we ran to John and invited him to come to a meeting or two. John started attending the club meetings and soon we started hanging around together and became good friends.

In the fall of 1976, Tim, John and Barb Fitzsimmons (now Stewart) attended Icon in Iowa City and supposedly on the way home, Barb made the suggestion that, hey, we could do this, why don't we put on an SF con in St. Louis. Thus the birth of Archon. A number of others were recruited to help. Tim and Barb were the co-chairs of the first Archon and we all were very pleased that we were able to pull it off and make that first one a success, but I believe that Brooks' role in all this may have been the deciding factor, for John was often was the most ardent critic and many times played devil's advocate, and it was probably during this period of time that solidified our friendships and that we came to appreciate one another as friends and what we were capable of doing, both individually and collectively. Those week- night committee meetings often turned into parties lasting to 1:00 or 2:00 AM, but we were much younger then, so getting up at 6:00 AM (or earlier) to get ready to go to work wasn't much of a problem (usually).

During this time we saw a lot of movies together, many at the Tivoli, an art house theater, and John and Tim introduced me to a number of films and their genres with which I was unfamiliar.

In 1978 Tim Hays got a job in Sacramento, California, and later that year my employer, the Defense Mapping Agency, sent me to the University of Maryland at College Park for a year of graduate studies in computer science. When I returned to St. Louis, I got back involved with the SF club and the Archon convention.

When Elliot (Elst) Weinstein was in the St. Louis area doing part of his internship (1979-82) at Cardinal Glennon Children's Hospital, the little free time he had was spent doing things with the SF club members. Very often, he and I would get a group of people together to go out to dinner on Sunday evenings. Long after Elliot left the area, many of us continued the tradition, but as the years passed, the number in the group dwindled until now, about the only ones doing so were John, Jim White and his wife, Cindy Payant, and myself.

About 1995 John's health deteriorated because of a degenerative kidney disease and eventually those kidneys had to be removed and John started doing home dialysis. In recent years the times I got together with John were sparse but I usually saw him at the club meetings, local cons, the occasional dinner and, when he was up for it, a movie.

Hardly a week went by without me talking with John on the phone. Many times I'd call just to tell him a bad joke, make a comment about a TV show or movie I had just seen or what I've been reading. But I think about the countless hours we spent together seeing movies, chatting at parties, whatever, and I can only say that I am dearly going to miss his company, our conversations, his opinions on various matters and those shared movies experiences.

Thinking about how John influenced my life, I really can't imagine my life would have turned out without John being a part of it. I didn't agree with him at times, but often his opinions and observations compelled me to research related matters and made me re-examine and, at times, even change my views on a number of things. There are a lot of stories about John and I'm sure that a lot of folks will be telling them at Archon this year. I'd like to relate just one.

In 1976, when the original *Bad News Bears* movie with Walter Matthau and Tatum O'Neal was released, John, Tim, Mike and I went to the nowgone Shady Oak Theater in Clayton to see it. One of the scenes that John found most amusing was the manner in which Matthau's character as the baseball coach made his boiler-makers: popping a can of cola, taking a few sips and then pouring whiskey into the can. John thought that was pretty cool and, for several months afterward, at parties or any other occasion where imbibing occurred, John would get a can of cola, some whiskey and make one himself. When I observed this, I'd just shake my head from side to side. I refer to this drink as a Brooks boilermaker. So, if anyone wishes to pay a tribute to John, this is one way to do it.

John, you've gone to that WorldCon/Cineplex in the great beyond and I know that sooner or later you'll have that conversation in which you'll claim the film *The Searchers* may be the best western ever made. I don't think anyone should argue with you and if anyone does, I'll feel sorry for them.

I'll miss you, John, and may Herbie Popnecker bop you with his lollipop.

CORFLU ZED, MARCH 13-15, 2009
REPORT BY MIKE GLYER

Friday evening in Seattle's Hotel Deca, chair Randy Byers donned a red fez and welcomed everyone to Corflu Zed.

The fez, Andy Hooper's signature headgear, was adopted by the entire committee – people all over the room wore them. Whatever the actual reason, I felt it honored Hooper's years of devotion making Corflus everywhere successful (his Herculean efforts at Corflu Silver were reported in *File 770*). And for Corflu Zed, Andy's creativity and exceptional insight into all the personalities assisted him in designing a very good program.

Byers introduced himself and thanked people for making it all possible. Then he promptly ran the ceremony which launches a Corflu – drawing the name of the guest of honor out of a hat. Hooper mediated the audience through a change in the informal rule, probably inspired by his fate as last year's random guest of honor.

Lenny Bailes and Ted White in the Corflu Zed con suite.

Hooper began by asking, "When did being Corflu's guest of honor become compulsory?" He said Frank Lunney had originated the practice of paying $20 to have one's name removed from the hat, taking away any risk of being drafted to give a GoH speech at the Sunday banquet. And between Andy and Ted White, everyone present heard the legend of how drafting began. Now, however, Andy proposed a new "tradition" — of allowing somebody to say "no" if his or her name was drawn. Despite Corflu's culture of adhering to fannish tradition, there was immediate acceptance of the idea. And immediate practice.

The first fan to have her name drawn declined. No problem. Next out of the hat was Bill Burns — but he said he had only one speech in him, which he did not want to upstage as he needs to deliver it when he's a GoH at Eastercon. Elinor Busby's name was the final one drawn, and she did speak at the banquet.

During the break before late evening program, Rob Jackson circulated with a copy of the new *Inca*, showing off three different fanartists' interpretation of Roman legionaries. I sat with Linda Deneroff, Hope Leibowitz and the knitters, Marci Malinowycz and Amy Thomson. I told them how Sierra recently wanted to learn, and had become an enthusiastic knitter. She and Diana had started with a simple instructional video and were continually improving with practice.

Andy Hooper's inspired 10 p.m. program was an array of fans reading aloud excerpts of past Corflu reports. There may have been about 25 pieces, with framing written by Hooper. John D. Berry read the narratives and perhaps eight others delivered the quotes. Hooper said in his introduction that the material ought to provide some of the entertainment, and the juxtaposition of speakers and fanwriters would supply the rest. He was right about that.

Sandra Bond has a flair for reading conreports aloud, sounding easy and yet striking the right emphasis where needed. Chris Garcia's enthusiasm was infectious, as always. Claire Brialey enjoyed some of the humorous readings quite a bit, but never went so far as to crack herself up. I got to read a bit of Ted White's account of the dread which some felt before the 2001 Corflu — finding it impossible to actually mimic Ted and equally impossible not to try. The triumphant matching of material and reader was a British conreport with a Jersey accent. Not the Isle of Jersey, either.

Saturday: In the morning fans came by twos and threes into Tully's, the coffee counter in the hotel. In another part of the country a careless person could explain that it's kind of like Starbucks, but never in coffee-conscious Seattle with its rival chains. That'd be a little like saying wearing blue is the same as wearing red in parts of LA…

The hotel's internet access was conveniently between Tully's and the main program room. For a few minutes Peter Weston and I logged onto the two computers to check e-mail.

The ballroom was divided, with the left half set theater style. On the right near the door was an island of tables for registration and sales, cheerfully staffed by Denys Howard. At his elbow was a stack of *Ah, Sweet Laney* in transparent fire-engine-red plastic binding, the most colorful thing in the room. Farther back on the right were three more sets of tables for freebie and exhibits, like the "enchanted duplicator" used as a prop at the 1980 Norwescon.

Randy Byers stood emptying cartons onto the freebie table. Chris Garcia sifting through an exhibit of old fanzines, momentarily admiring a script of *HMS Trek-A-Star*.

The panelists' table was set up in front of two huge Versailles-style windows draped in red velvet and corded tassles that harmonized well with fezzes the committee was wearing.

Bill Burns set up the Virtual Consuite connection in advance of the 11 a.m. panel "Teaching Timebinding: The Eaton Collection." Chris Garcia's explained the panel would be talking about Collections and You. And about the Earl Kemp plan. Chris encouraged those who know Earl, "Imagine what that will be -- and be disappointed at what it is."

Chris briefly defined six levels of physical security for museum collections: "Level 1, exposed to elements, standing in a pool of water and acid dripping on it… Level 6 is in a building that can withstand a direct thermonuclear hit." Chris was wearing his red t-shirt with blue Walken for President logo.

Bill Burns talked about eFanzines, and that he maintains four copies of the online archive, distributed geographically. Chris

Garcia said Google is interested in digitizing fanzines. They have started on punk fanzines of the 1970s.

Rob Latham, who teaches at UC Riverside, gave a brief history of the university's fanzine holdings. The Eaton Collection started collecting zines in 1970. Latham said his own fanzine research in the Hugo-nominated fanzines of 1962-1972.

Lenny Bailes hastened to insist that the Hugo-nominated fanzines aren't always the best ones. Now, in 1972 the Hugo nominated fanzines were *Locus*, *Energumen*, *Granfalloon* and Bruce Gillespie's *SF Commentary* – but maybe some of you don't think those were the best ones.

When Chris described the Earl Kemp plan he was right, there wasn't a single thing about it that was risqué. Not even that it's about filling in a gap – with fanzines published after 2002, the last year covered by the Pelz collection. Chris told people, send your zine to the Eaton collection. Donate surplus zines. Chris also will put out collection boxes at the cons he's going to and see that the zines get to UC Riverside.

Someone in the audience questioned the effort to collect the worst fanzines. Garcia negotiated that by saying Curator Melissa Conway said at another con that they all have value – whether as examples of reproduction, other points of view, etc.

There followed "The Seattle Fanzine Renaissance, 1977 – 1986," with Jerry Kaufman, Suzle Tompkins, John D. Berry (and possibly others but I didn't have a clear view of them!)

But the Consuite on the 16th floor had a great view, best appreciated on Friday when there was clear weather, though more typically Seattle with Saturday's rain. When I was up there Randy Byers mentioned microphones over the bar were picking up sound for the Virtual Consuite. People standing nearby were prone to have their conversations overheard online. (People online wished those in the Con Suite could hear them yelling – typing all caps? – to come talk to them, judging by Gary Farber's comment on my blog. A number of fans did take their laptops to programming and participated in the Virtual Consuite simultaneously.)

"The Illustrated Core: On the Art of Fanzines," moderated by Claire Brialey, was a great opportunity to hear Dan Steffan, Steve Stiles and Jay Kinney talk about the experiences and artistic philosophies. They were frank about wanting respect to be given to their artwork in fanzines, meaning in part an appreciation for a wider variety of styles. They are quite unimpressed with faneds who mainly want line drawings or cartoons to slap in the corners of the pages to break up the text (which is to say, 95% of faneds), and felt most respected by editors who arranged to have art done for specific articles. For that to happen, a faned needs to establish friendships and good communication with the artists. John D. Berry did say in defense of faneds that if they waited to carefully match every piece of art to an appropriate text, some of the art would never see print. It seemed to me that all of these agendas were very reasonable – everybody, certainly artists, gravitate to fanzines where they feel part of the community. But sharing the artwork ought to be the highest priority – it has to be hard on artists to wait as long as it takes for some of their contributions to appear. I have no such patience as a fanwriter – a reason I publish my own zine.

In the evening there was "Saturday Night Zed," a round of entertainment introduced by Andrew Hooper. Nic Farey, who'd performed some wildly funny songs at Corflu Silver (like "Werewolves of Fandom"), was handed the mike again with high hopes. He belted out some shrill songs and, heck, it wouldn't be double-A faanish if it the fun wasn't had at the expense of *Fosfax* and *Vanamonde*. I strung along for awhile because the alternative was six consecutive reruns of *Law and Order*. And the genius of the entertainment was that nothing was given extended time. If you liked the item, it left you wanting more, and if not, it wasn't going to be on for long so you might as well stick around.

The other items were well worth it. There was an installment of Andy Hooper's radio serial "Doc Fandom and the Stencil of Fear," with Ted White as Doc Fandom. Lenny Bailes, Chris Garcia, David Levine, and Lise Eisenberg. The drama revolved around Doc's great new revolutionary invention for doing fanac, whose most impressive feature is the deadline forgiver.

Rob Jackson hosted a provocative Cavalcade of Trivia. Murray Moore interviewed Elinor Busby, who reflected on SeaCon in 1961 and when she mentioned the rather small-sounding Worldcon membership fee in those days there was a surprised laugh.

Sunday: Snowflakes were drifting past my 10th floor window when I woke on Sunday morning. Fairly shortly the flakes going by were as big as chicken feathers. Soon there was a complete whiteout. I had visions of failing to make my flight back to LA. After awhile the view cleared and I looked down to see how big the accumulated drifts were. In fact, there was no snow on the ground at all – it was melting as soon as it hit the street. So much for the blizzard of '09.

At the banquet I enjoyed sitting by and talking with Chris Garcia, Stu Shiffman, Linda Deneroff, and Linda Wenzelburger. Afterwards followed Corflu's last formal program.

Elinor Busby had no trouble coming up with a GoH speech – she simply plugged her book *The Throwaway Princess.*

Ted White explained the tradition behind selecting a Past President of Fan Writers of America (fwa) for 2008. Then he took nominations from the floor. Nominees Andy Hooper and Jerry Kaufman wrassled for it. They started in the traditional wrestling hold, them Hooper promptly lifted Jerry and pinned him on his back, one foot in the air. Ted declared Andy the winner of the "vote."

Hal O'Brien named the winners of the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards.

Best Fanzine: *eI*, edited by Earl Kemp
Best Fan Writer: Bruce Gillespie
Best Fan Artist: Dan Steffan
Best Letterhack: Lloyd Penney
Best Online Fanac Site: eFanzines.com
Best New Fanzine Fan: (*tie)* Jean Martin (*SF/SF)* and Kat Templeton (*retstak.org*)

Hal said 36 ballots were cast. A beautiful award plaque designed by Ulrika O'Brien was given to the winners.

The last bit of business was site selection. Everyone has known for a couple of years that the 2010 Corflu will be held in Britain, yet a few fans hated to see a bid win unopposed. Or at least Peter Weston did. He got up and extemporized a bid to hold the next Corflu in a less-than-stellar hotel that had hosted an infamous Eastercon, and run by a motley assortment of fans – my favorite being James Bacon, whom Peter said had promised to make the 2010 Corflu the biggest in history. And so Weston guaranteed an enthusiastic and unanimous vote for Rob Jackson's UK Corflu bid.

2010 Corflu: Corflu Cobalt will take place March 19-21, 2010 in Winchester, England. The Winchester Hotel will host the con.

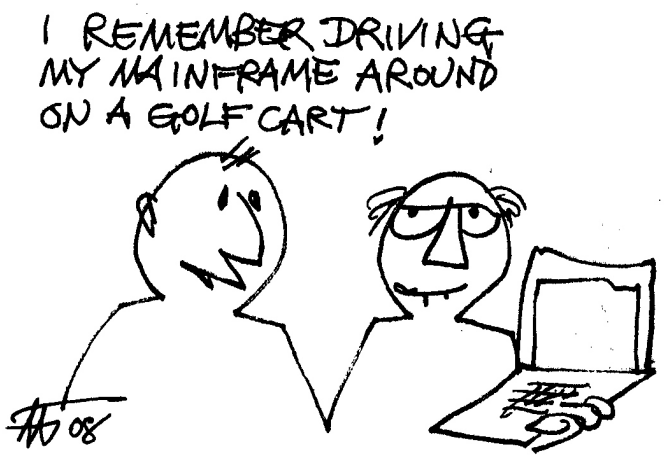
Attending membership is £40 UK or $55 US til May 31, 2009; this includes the Sunday banquet. Supporting membership is £10 UK or $15 US. Send memberships to Corflu Cobalt, 45 Kimberley Gardens, London N41LD, UK. (UK cheques payable to Pat Charnock.) US Agent: Robert Lichtman, 11037 Broadway Terrace, Oakland, CA 94611-1948, USA. (US checks payable to Robert.)

In addition to chair Rob Jackson the committee includes Pat Charnock (memberships), Graham Charnock (programme), John N. Hall (treasurer), and Linda Krawecke (hotel liaison).

9689 Miles to Louisville

by Steve and Sue Francis

Our odyssey began June 26, 2008 traveling up I-71 from Louisville to Cincinnati for our annual outing at the 59th MidWestCon at the Doubletree Hotel. We have attended 35 MidWestCons without a miss since 1974. During the weekend, we upgraded our presupporting memberships in the Australia in 2010 bid to Firend. If by some stretch of the imagination, Australia should actually win the site selection in Denver (which they did), then our presupporting memberships automatically become full attending.



On Saturday, we managed to duck the rainy weather and got a group together for our third annual miniature golf game at a course not far from the hotel. Our group consisted of ourselves, Pat & Roger Sims, Richard & Lois Wellinghurst, Mark & Priscilla Olson, Pat Molloy and Naomi Fisher (with Gracie of course). Everyone enjoyed the golf game and the convention as well.

Sunday morning, we left the hotel after breakfast and headed west through Indianapolis and down I-70 to Saint Louis. Our first stop for the night was in Lebanon, Missouri, at a Holiday Inn Express. We continued along I-44 to I-40, then stopped in Oklahoma City to visit the Murrah Federal Building Memorial. This is something every US citizen should experience so that one can grasp the horror of that day in 1995. The violence of the explosion was clearly visible in the twisted rear axle of the truck used for the bombing.

The most heart-wrenching moment came while listening to an audio tape of a permit approval meeting recorded just moments before the explosion. The tape was the only thing that survived, and you can hear the roar of the blast at the end of the tape. When we passed through the hall containing all of the pictures of the 168 people that perished that day, Sue took one look at the babies' pictures on the wall and said "Let's leave now!"

We passed 1111.1 miles on the odometer on our way to Elk City, Oklahoma, our next stop for the night, again at a Holiday Inn Express. While out looking for a place to eat, we found a Route 66 historical museum. It was filled with pictures and relics of bygone days from the "Mother Road". The pictures and references to the old cars of the 40's and 50's as well as clothing styles from the period were fascinating. The museum was in the form of several buildings made in the style of the early days of Route 66.

Early the next morning, we left Elk City and headed west through Amarillo, Texas and on to Albuquerque, New Mexico. Everything in Albuquerque was a shade of tan or brown to emulate earth tones and blend in with the desert environment. That evening, we drove to Sandia Park and took the cable tram to the top of Sandia Peak. The elevation was approximately 10,100 feet and the air was quite thin. It was quite easy to become winded if you tried to walk too fast or climb stairs two at a time.

All along I-40 there were still sections of old Route 66 open to traffic. However the road was broken in many places with dead ends where it was crossed by the Interstate. Many old relics and shells of old businesses were still visible along the way. There were far fewer old buildings left than we expected to see. When we drove across country to Kentucky from California the first time in 1967, there was a mix of the new I-40 and old Route 66 highways. Along the portions of old Route 66, there was a gas station chain called Whiting Brothers all done up in red and yellow. We saw only 3 places where there were still traces of the old stations still visible.

Our next stop was in Holbrook, Arizona, the home to one of two remaining Wig-Wam Village Motels. The other one is near Cave City, Kentucky on old US Highway 31W. Of course, we had to stay one night in one of the concrete TeePees. The room was big enough, but the bed was by far not the most comfortable we have ever slept in. We were able to park the car right in front of the door for unloading our bags. There were a number of old cars parked around the lot. Some were in fair shape and some were little more than junk. The prize was an early fifties Studebaker with the bullet nose front end parked in front of the office. We can recommend that everyone should stay at a Wig-Wam Village motel, but only once!

At Seligman, Arizona, we turned off of I-40 onto old Route 66. Gas was $4.35 a gallon, but we wanted to fill up before heading off down that lonely road toward Kingman, Arizona. Somewhere along that stretch of road we passed 2222.2 miles.

After passing through Kingman, Arizona and traveling along a very desolate section of US 93 the hotter it became. By the time we reached Hoover (I still prefer Boulder Dam) Dam it was 114 degrees in the shade. A parking place opened up just on the east side of the dam and we pulled in for a few snapshots. As we were driving up the road out of the valley to the west, the temperature indicator in the car read 119 degrees. The traffic headed toward the dam from the west was backed up for over a mile. Remember, the road over the dam is only one lane each way. There is construction underway to put in a new high bridge over the river to divert through traffic away from the top of the dam. We reached Las Vegas and our hotel around 3:00 P.M. that Thursday afternoon.

Our hotel was the Las Vegas Marriott Resort, which was hosting the 61st WesterCon. The function area used by the convention was quite spacious and there were several nice restaurants in the building. The sleeping rooms were a fair walk from the convention area and the casino, so we were able to enjoy peace and quiet at night. We held a small auction for DUFF and raised some money for the fund.

My sister, Dorci lives in Indian Springs, a small desert community about 35 miles north of Las Vegas. I had purchased a WesterCon

membership for her when I sent in for our memberships. She came to the hotel each day for the convention and stayed with us one night at the hotel. She was quite impressed by both the hotel and the convention, even though it was small as WesterCons go. At the convention we had a chance to see many old friends and make a few new ones as well. I was quite surprised when I saw Tom and Anita Feller from Nashville, Tennessee in the convention's concourse area. We expected to see fans we know from the western part of the country, but no one from that far East. The family all got together for dinner at a restaurant called "The Claim Jumper" the last evening before we left Las Vegas. No one left hungry.

The next morning we left the hotel, refilled the gas tank and headed east back to Arizona for a trip to the Grand Canyon. We stopped at Hoover Dam for one of the tours and the inevitable visit to the gift shop. The tour we took was the one through the power house. The generators there were enormous. You cannot get a feel for their size unless you see them in person. The tour guide pointed out that the length of the generator room, some 660 feet, was the same as the thickness of the base of the dam. Since we were at the dam in the morning, the traffic across the top was much lighter.

After the tour and a few more pictures, we continued east to the Petrified Forest and the Painted Desert. When we entered the park, we received a pleasant surprise. As I paid the $10 park entry fee, the ranger asked how old I was. I told her I was 69, and she said "No, you can't be, let me see your drivers license". On that, she handed me a US National Parks senior pass and said this is good for you and a passenger in your car at any US National Park, and it's good for life. We arrived at Williams, Arizona and checked into a Fairfield Inn. We had arranged in advance for the train trip from Williams to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon. When we arrived at the train station, we were treated to a Wild West show and shootout before boarding the train. The seats we had reserved were in one of the vista dome passenger cars. This included a meal and a very entertaining western singer who sat at the front of the dome section and kept every one's attention until he concluded his picking and singing. We had a very nice conversation with the couple that we shared the table with.

At the Grand Canyon we had booked a bus tour that took us to several locations along the South Rim where we made good use of our new digital cameras with their zoom lenses. At one location we were able to see a very small section of the Colorado River. The views were, to say the least, spectacular. We then caught our train back to Williams, had further conversation with our seat mates and enjoyed the ride back. This time a different western singer took requests and performed them much to the delight of the people in our section. He sang such standards as "Riders in the Sky" and "Sixteen Tons" (two of my favorites). The next morning we packed up the car and headed west toward California.

Our next stop was in Bakersfield at a Residence Inn. This was an excellent choice of hotels as we were treated to a buffet dinner in the hotel's breakfast room that evening as well as the hot breakfast the next morning. We had arranged for my daughter, Laura to fly out to Sacramento so she could join us for our visit to my brothers and sister in Chico. We passed the 3333.3 mile mark in our travels at Yuba City, California. We neglected (quite on purpose) to tell the rest of the family that she was coming for the visit. This was the first time in many years that she had been able to visit family in Chico and was greatly looking forward to it. We arrived in Chico and went directly to my brother's house for the big surprise. When my brothers and sister first saw Laura, the double-takes were a sight to behold.

Laura was working on obtaining her masters degree in business administration at the time and needed to do a report on an ongoing business for her class. She chose to write her report on the rice-processing company that her Uncle Roy works for. After a great four day visit, we took Laura back to the Sacramento airport to catch her flight home. When she got there and turned in her paper, much to her delight she received an "A". She now has her masters degree, which is the first one in our family. This will increase her chances for further promotion at the hospital where she is a nurse manager in the post-natal care department.

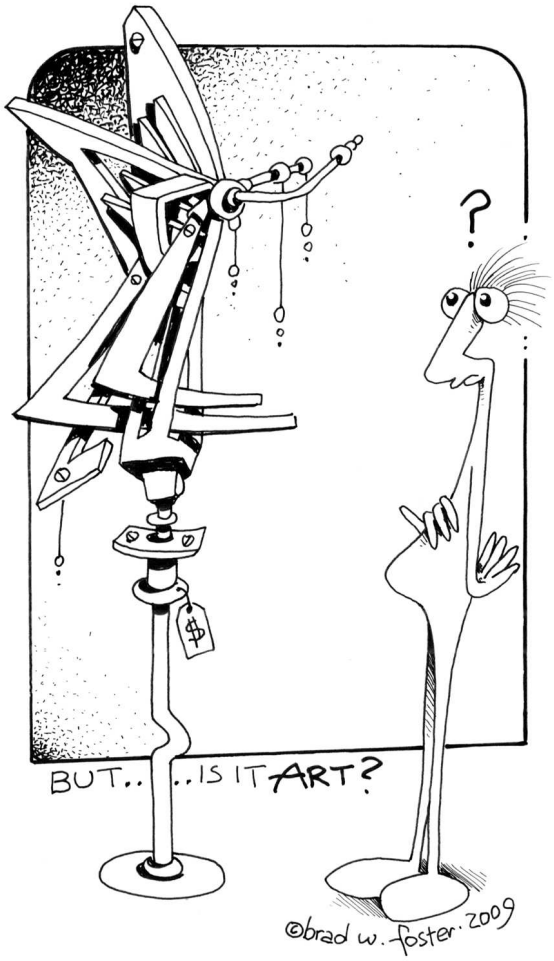
Two days later we went up to Paradise, California near where the July wildfires did so much damage to visit a couple we had met at my 50th high school class reunion in April of 2007. Before the reunion, I had not seen Doug since the late Fifties after we graduated from high school. Doug and his wife Linda took us on a fast tour of the area and we ended up for lunch at a Black Bear restaurant. The food was excellent, and we recommend it to anyone who finds a Black Bear wherever they may travel.

That evening we headed south toward the San Francisco Bay Area and stopped in Sacramento to meet with Mark Linneman for an excellent Chinese dinner. Since Mark had to return to work to finish a project, we resumed our drive south and stopped for the night at a Hampton Inn in Vacaville. It was a little pricy, but the room was clean and the complimentary breakfast was very good.

The next morning, we headed south toward the San Francisco Bay Area for our next stop. The hotel we chose was the Inn at Jack London Square in Oakland (My home town) where we stayed for 5 nights. Oakland has changed greatly since we left for Kentucky 39 years ago. There was a good restaurant attached to the hotel and parking for our van was free.

The next morning we rode the ferry across the bay to San Francisco's famous (or infamous) Fisherman's Wharf. This is the most relaxing way to get to San Francisco compared to driving across the bay bridge and putting up with all the traffic in the downtown area. And what is a trip to San Francisco without riding the cable cars? We purchased two 3 day Municipal Railway passes which allowed us to ride all of the Muni modes of transport. This included the cable cars, diesel and electric busses and street cars. We walked a few blocks from the ferry dock to the Fisherman's Wharf end of the Powell Street cable car turn-around. After an hour's wait, we rode the cable car over the hills down to Market Street where we found another very long line of people waiting to go the other way.

As we have with every other visit to San



Francisco, we headed up Market Street to the Mary See's candy shop where we bought several boxes of assorted chocolates. We could buy chocolates anywhere, but that would take all the fun out of it. We did a little window shopping on Market Street in the area not far from the Marriott Hotel where we stayed during Con Francisco in 1993, then headed back to the cable car turnaround at Market and Powell Streets. Upon arriving back at Fisherman's Wharf, we went looking for a restaurant that served clam chowder in a sourdough bread bowl. We found a place where we could find seating and had a very satisfying meal of fish and the afore mentioned clam chowder. We wandered around the wharf for some more window shopping, then caught the ferry back to Oakland. By this time we were ready for a little down time at the hotel.

The morning of day two in Jack London Square was spent at a weekly street fair that is set up by vendors every Saturday. We visited with a couple of ladies running a hand-made jewelry booth and bought a number of items destined to become birthday and Christmas gifts for the grandchildren. Then we caught the ferry again to San Francisco, did more shopping at the wharf and took the cable car back to Market Street. This time we went to Market and Turk Streets to check out McDonald's Bookstore. This is the book store where I purchased a goodly portion of my pulp magazine collection back in the 1960's. The per piece price back then was around fifty cents, which to me was a lot of money, considering that I bought four shopping bags of pulp magazines and lugged them back to Oakland on the bus. Those were the days my friend!

The store was in considerable disarray, and books and magazines were on the floor and stacked up everywhere. There were no fantastic finds to be had after giving the place a good going through. Sue bought one paperback to read on the ferry back to Oakland. Needless to say, I was disappointed that the store had fallen on such hard times. After we returned to the hotel, Sue said "I can't believe you took me into the Tenderloin of San Francisco just to go in that crummy book store". All I could say was "Yep".

That evening we met with Bert, one of my old high school friends that we had seen last year at my 50th high school class reunion. He took us to a very nice seafood restaurant in Alameda for a fine dinner and some good conversation about the "good ole days". We went back to the hotel and continued the catching up until almost dark, when Bert decided it was time to call it a night.

The next day Jack London Square hosted a farmers market featuring all kinds of fresh fruit and vegetables. A number of fruits were purchased and taken back to the hotel for later snacks. Then we went back to the dock to catch the ferry back to San Francisco for some more shopping on Pier 39 (A real tourist trap by any standards). Toward the end of the day, we purchased two tickets for one of the "Duck Tours" that provided a two hour sight seeing expedition around the downtown area of the city. The duck is a World War II amphibious vehicle (or replica thereof) which can travel on land and in the water. After a drive around the more interesting parts of the city, the driver headed to the South East corner of the city south of the new baseball park. He drove straight down a concrete ramp into San Francisco Bay for the wet part of the tour. We got a good worm's-eye view of the western end of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge and a water side view of the ball park where the SF Giants now play. The view of the SF skyline from the bay was quite spectacular, even for us who were raised in the Bay Area.

Upon returning to our starting point and exiting the duck, I noted to the driver something about his comments about the Bank of America Buildings in the financial district. He said that both the original Bank of America Building and the Transamerica (pyramid) Building were now both owned by the Bank of America. I asked him if he knew that the original building was a movie star with title billing in a certain disaster movie that came out in 1974. He said "no" and told him that that the building was the *Towering Inferno* and was used for all of the interior lower level and external street side filming for the movie. He then asked if he could use this little bit of trivia in his next tour, and I told him to go ahead and even embellish the story if he chose to do so.

By the time we returned to Oakland and took a walk through the Borders Bookstore at Jack London Square, we were ready for dinner and a good night's sleep.

Sue has always wanted to go back to Seacliff State Beach which is a little way south of Santa Cruz down the coast from San Francisco. When she was still living with her family, her father would take them to that beach so they could fish off of an old decaying concrete transport boat that was beached there. So, the next morning we drove down state highway 17 from San Jose' to Santa Cruz, parked the car and wandered around the amusement park. The place has changed greatly since we were there last in the middle Sixties. The most notable change was that the old wooden boardwalk was replaced with concrete and asphalt. This sort of spoiled the original character of the park. Before we left to continue on to Seacliff, I took a photo of the rollercoaster car coming around the first turn and drop. This photo very closely matches one I took of the same rollercoaster about 40 years ago.

Then we went on to Seacliff to find the beach from ancient family history. With a little help from our GPS unit, we went straight to the beach where Sue could relive some old memories. The old concrete boat was still there, but was in very sad shape as the years had taken their toll. It had broken in two and was gated off from the fishing dock. It was considered too dangerous to walk on for fishing by the local parks department. (If you go on "Google Maps" and zero in on

that part of the California coast, you can see the beach and the old boat to this day). After a late lunch from a local beachfront hamburger stand, we headed back to Oakland for a dinner date with our old friend John.

I first met John in 1964 in the San Jose area before I met Sue. He was quite instrumental, in a round about way, in setting up our first date at the Santa Clara County fair in the fall of '64. The way the story goes is that as of our anniversary this year (2008) we have been married 44 years and we have known each other 44 years and 5 weeks. I'm not sure we really knew what we were doing, but it did work out for us. It must have been the Little Chapel of the Bells in Reno, Nevada that gave us such good luck. Dinner with John was a veritable nostalgia trip going back almost a half a century. We had a great dinner at one of John's favorite Bar-B-Que restaurants in the downtown Oakland area. I could go into the details of our conversation, but that would take several thousand more words, so I will pass.

We checked out of the hotel after five days and headed north through Sacramento toward Reno. The drive up Interstate 80 over Donner Pass takes you through some of the most beautiful areas in the country. We stayed two nights in Sparks, just east of Reno, so we could check out the facilities that the Reno in 2011 Worldcon bid is proposing to use. Our first stop was Carson City, where we visited the Nevada State Museum which had extensive displays of Silver mining history and local art. The most impressive display was a walk through reproduction of an 1880's silver mine complete with machinery and ore cars and tracks. Our second stop in Carson City was the Nevada Railway Museum. It was full of vintage railroad equipment and the most beautifully constructed models of 19th century locomotives. I recommend this museum to any railroad buffs who might visit the Reno-Carson City area.

The next day we took the long drive all the way around Lake Tahoe and had lunch with a great view of the lake and all of the boaters. The most striking part of the drive is the parking area overlooking Emerald Bay on the west side of the lake. The rest of the afternoon was spent first at the Peppermill Hotel and Casino. The inside of this place is enormous and very posh. Of course, you have to go through the casino area to get to the meeting rooms. One BIG plus is the free parking provided by the hotels in Reno. (This is very refreshing after the parking fees we encountered in Denver).

The Atlantis is about a quarter mile further south along South Virginia Street from the Peppermill. The Atlantis hotel/casino will be connected to their enormous convention center by an overhead enclosed pedway. This will be a blessing for those fans who do not like daytime temperatures that can be in the 90's or higher. We did not go inside the hotel or convention center because of the ongoing construction of the walkway (which will be long finished before 2011).

South Virginia Street is the main North-South artery through Reno. It is the street that bears the well-known arched sign that reads "Reno-The Biggest Little City in the World" in the downtown hotel/casino area. We found a very good bookstore called The Zephyr, about half way between downtown and the Peppermill. There are also several good antique malls along the street. Good restaurants can be found everywhere. One block east of South Virginia Street just south of downtown the National Automobile Museum can be found. This museum contains several hundred beautifully restored rare automobiles from the earliest days to more recent but scarce cars. Also recommended is a 30 mile side trip up the mountain south of the city to Virginia City. It has been maintained in the style of an 1880's silver mining town (it's nothing like the Virginia City depicted in the old *Bonanza* TV shows). It is also geared for the tourist trade, but well worth seeing. As we have already been to Virginia City a half dozen times over the years, we did not go this time.

Interstate 80 across northern Nevada can best be described as "Miles and miles of nothing but more miles and miles." If you like the desert, this is the place to go. It has its own spectacular beauty like no other, and it's hot and dry. One should be sure that your car is in good shape and the fluids are all topped off before starting out. As we passed through Lovelock, Nevada, the odometer read 4444.4 miles. We reached Layton, Utah (just north of Salt Lake City) in the early evening, had dinner and went down for the count.

We went back down to Salt Lake City for the day and a little sight seeing on a bus tour. We visited an old Army base museum and Sue talked to the curator to see if they had any documentation on her father's Army service during World War II. He gave her some leads as to where to look for further information. The most interesting stop on the bus tour was the Heritage Village historical area which depicted a pioneer village in the style of the 1850's. We boarded the narrow gage railroad for a quick trip around the grounds with the usual narration by the conductor. As we came around one of the curves, we passed a lawn sprinkler. Of course, I was sitting on the outside seat and got sprayed full in the face with some very cold water. It actually felt good as the temperature that day was over 100 degrees. I was all dried off by the time we returned to the little train station.

After checking out of our hotel the next morning, we drove north through Idaho to the west entrance of Yellowstone Park. The little town of West Yellowstone was a typical tourist stop at the edge of the park. The buffalo burgers we had at rustic western restaurant were quite good and reasonably priced. They beat the heck out of McDonald's. There was a good used book store on the main street that had a good selection, but was a little pricey. The National Parks senior pass that we received at the Painted Desert in Arizona came in quite handy at the entrance to Yellowstone Park. The road we took was the one covering the northwest side of the park. It, like all of the roads in the park was very hilly and windy and had a 45 mile per hour speed limit. Several cars we saw were going considerably faster than that, which is quite foolish given the roads.

After about 3 hours of some great park scenery, we exited the north side of the park at Gardiner, Montana and drove 60 miles north of the park to Livingston, Montana to our motel. After settling in, we went next door to a restaurant for dinner and ordered our drinks. Immediately after the waitress brought our drinks, we and everyone else in the restaurant were ushered out to the parking lot. It seems that the staff discovered a gas leak in the kitchen and were being cautious about a possible explosion. We waited about 15-20 minutes and decided to try somewhere else. We ended up at an Arby's down the street. So much for a good dinner that evening.

The next day, we returned to the park and headed south toward Old Faithful. Along the way we found several interesting sites, including some small geysers and a bubbling sulphur pit. One area had wooden walkways (with the usual warnings not to step off) that led to the bubbling pits and geysers. Judging from the pictures in travel guides, one would not expect the amount of development around the area of Old Faithful. We found our way to a restaurant and had lunch before going to the viewing area. After about a 45 minute wait and a bit of sunburn, Old Faithful did its stuff. I photographed the geyser in all its glory with the movie setting on the digital camera. While we were in the park the odometer passed 5555.5 miles. We then drove around the south west side of the park before returning to Livingston and our lodgings.

On our last day at Yellowstone, we drove through the center part of the park. As we progressed, we saw a large number of cars pulled off to one side of the road with people staring up the side of the hill. Using binoculars, we saw several mountain sheep way up in the rocks. As the sheep were the same color as the surrounding rocks, it was a little difficult to find them with the zoom lens on the camera, but find them we did. We again returned to Livingston for the night so we could get an early start the next morning.

Our next travels took us through southern Montana toward Billings. The last time I went

to Billings was when my grandmother took me on a bus trip from Oakland, California to visit my Aunt Lois and Uncle Al. This was 54 years ago. From there we continued on to Rapid City, South Dakota for a night's rest before going to Mount Rushmore. As we went along our way, we encountered hundreds of people on all kinds of motorcycles heading toward Sturgis for the annual motorcycle rally held there each summer. The bikers we talked to were very nice folks all heading to Sturgis for a week of beer drinking, hell raising and babe watching.

Mount Rushmore was our next destination the next morning when it was relatively cool. This is another place that all Americans should visit at least once in their lifetimes. To put it in a word, it is spectacular to say the least. I got some very postcard-like photographs of the concourse and the 4 statues of the presidents. Most pictures of Mount Rushmore show it from a distance, however there is a footpath that passes just below the rubble cut from the rocky face when the statues were carved. From this vantage point, you can literally look right up George Washington's nose (and the other three noses as well. There are warning signs about telling folks how strenuous the path is, and for people with walking problems to take their time.

Upon leaving the park, we headed east toward the Badlands. This is some desolate country that makes the desert of northern Nevada seem like a lush parkland. After about an hour's drive, we entered the Badlands from the east side on an unpaved gravel road. I was very leary of turning off the paved highway, but Sue insisted that this was the right way to go. I felt better when we passed the park entrance guard shack, even though it was unattended. The barren landscape was quite impressive and very hot. We left the park on the northwest side and went back to Rapid City, again encountering many more motorcyclists on the way.

Having left Rapid City before all of the motorcyclists arrived in the area, we headed south on old highway US385 to Interstate 80. Upon entering Sidney, Nebraska, we passed 6666.6 miles. From there we went west through Cheyenne, Wyoming to I-25, then south through Denver to Colorado Springs. The traffic between Denver and Colorado Springs was bumper to bumper and took us 2 hours to go about 50 miles. We stayed for three days at a Towne Place Suites on the south side of the city. The hotel restaurant was decorated with photos and memorabilia of all kinds of aircraft. Part of the restaurant was set up in the fuselage of a 4 motor Air Force transport plane. There were several tables in the cargo area and you were allowed to sit in the pilot's seat in the cockpit (but not eat there). The following day we drove to Canon City and took the train

through the Royal Gorge. The scenery was similar to what we saw in the Katherine Gorge trip in Australia in 1999. We had a very pleasant conversation with the couple that shared our table. Our seats were in a vista dome car and lunch was provided as a part of the package. There is a high bridge over the gorge that is 1053 feet over the river. On the return trip we saw a large number of rafters on the water having the time of their lives.

Manitou City was the starting point of our next excursion. After the obligatory visit to the gift shop, we boarded the Pikes Peak Cog Railway for a very steep ride to the top of the mountain. Again the views were spectacular to say the least. We met another friendly couple on the Cog Train and exchanged travel stories with them. At the top of Pikes Peak we learned very quickly not to do any running or taking stairs two at a time. At 14,100 feet the air is quite thin and we had to take a couple of breaks while we were there. Again, another trip through the gift shop and a snack lunch before we boarded the train for the trip back down. While we were in the Colorado Springs area, we wandered through an outlet mall that we spotted on our way from Denver.

Now we come to the real reason we traveled all this way while the average price of gasoline was $4.00 per gallon, the World Science Fiction Convention in Denver. We arrived at the Hilton Garden Inn at about 2 p.m. on Monday, checked in and unloaded the car. As was prevalent in the downtown Denver area, the hotel parking fees were outrageous. But at least we did have a valet service and in and out privileges. And we knew that the car would be in a secure garage while at the Hilton. The Hilton was a little bit more than the other hotels, but we selected it to be with the Cincinnati Fantasy Group contingent. Every year at the Worldcon, the CFG hosts a hospitality suite for all friends and members of the group. This has always been a good place to go to unwind after a day at the convention. Tuesday morning we went out to the Denver Airport to pick up Dick Spelman and Pat and Roger Sims who flew in from Orlando. This was about a 70 mile round trip as the airport is located more than 30 miles east of downtown. The big advantage to staying in the Hilton Garden Inn was its proximity to the Colorado Convention Center. It took about two minutes to walk to the corner of the CCC and about ten more to get to the convention areas after entering the building. The giant Blue Bear leaning against the 14th street side of the glass wall pointed the way to Denvention 3.

At this point, we will only touch on the highlights of the convention as there have been many convention reports generated since the close of the festivities. During the run of the convention Richard and Lois Wellinghurst helped us (mostly Sue) run a DUFF promotional table in the fan activities area right next to the Aussiecon table. As in past years, I worked part time at the Site Selection table and was involved in the ballot counting session. The three highest vote tallies went first to Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, then Xerps followed by Peggy Rae's house. A good deal of my time was taken up with the DUFF (Down Under Fan Fund) auction arrangements and talking to potential DUFF candidates for the race for 2010. We all know that we have to get all of this stuff finished before December 21st, 2012 or forget it. After the Site Selection voting was completed, Warren Buff of the Raleigh, NC NASFiC bid took over the Australia bid table and the Australians moved over to the former site selection tables for membership conversions. Several times during the convention, we encountered Glenda Larke, an author who was a guest at Swancon in Perth, Western Australia. We met her while we were attending Swancon as the 2008 DUFF representatives. We were very pleased to see her again in Denver.

Having a car in Denver was very helpful to the Australian party givers by providing them with transportation to the store to pick up the supplies needed for several days of hosting their parties in the Sheraton Hotel. We made several trips to the 16th Street shopping mall two blocks up from the hotels and CCC. The free tram that ran back and forth on the mall was a blessing to many sore feet. Needless to say, we saw many old friends that we only encounter at Worldcons and managed to make a few new ones as well. It was especially satisfying to see several of the people we worked with at LoneStarCon 2 in

San Antonio in 1997. During one afternoon, we went to Bubba Gump's restaurant for lunch a block away from the CCC. One of the waitresses in the restaurant noticed the Koala Bear clipped to Richard's collar and went gaga over it. When Richard took the bear off and gave it to her, we thought she was going to have a fit. The other waitresses were very jealous of her and wanted one too. The next day we gathered up several of the Koalas and took them over and gave them to the rest of the waitresses. The also were quite pleased and our service was of the highest level you could imagine.

We made the usual rounds of bid and convention parties in the Sheraton and spent some quiet time in the CFG suite in the Hilton. This was very convenient for us as we were on the same floor at the other end of the hall. We attended some programming such as the fannish inquisition and made the usual rounds through the dealers room and art show. The highest honor accorded us by the convention was being asked to present the Fan Artist Hugo Award. This allowed us to attend the pre-Hugo nominee/presenter party just before the ceremony. At the end of the last day of the convention, we attended the Worldcon Chair's party as guests of Pat and Roger Sims. Again we had a chance to talk to friends who were previously busy running the convention. The CFG suite was open Sunday night even though most everything else was shut down. Monday we visited with some of the stay-overs and packed up for our departure on Tuesday. Tuesday morning, we drove Pat, Roger and Dick back to the airport to catch their flight back to Orlando.

We are now on the last two legs of our fannish odyssey. Our next stop is Austin, Texas with a couple of layovers for some rest in Santa Rosa, New Mexico and Fort Worth. In Tucumcari, NM we hit 7777.7 miles traveled to date. We arrived at the Doubletree Hotel in Austin for ArmadilloCon without incident and checked in. We immediately ran into a number of fans in the lobby area and found our way to the concourse used by the convention. The highlight of the convention was talking to several people we worked with on LoneStarCon 2 in 1997. The convention was well run and quite enjoyable. We learned that the potential "Somewhere in Texas" bidders would be looking at 2013 and would make their announcements at SmofCon in Columbus, OH in December. The Reno and Seattle people were in evidence and threw bid parties for all to enjoy. The Chicago in 2012 were also there.

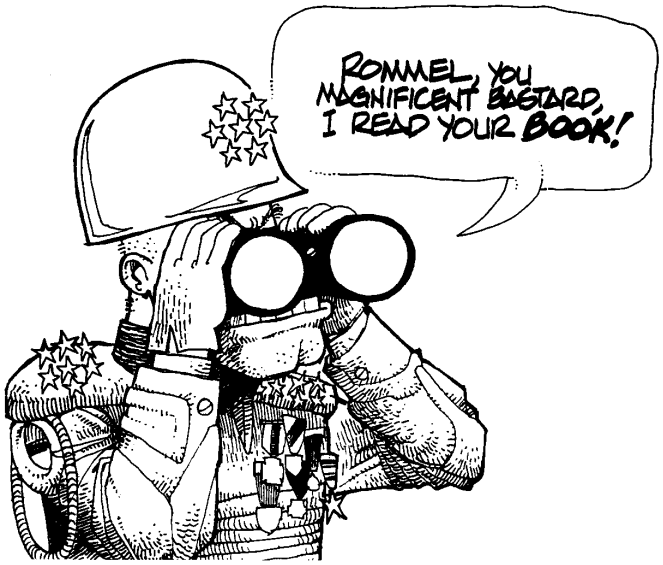
Before leaving Austin, we made arrangements to meet Cathy Beckworth for lunch in Houston as we passed through. Much fannish talk was the order of conversation at lunch as well as the usual family stuff. Cathy was Sue's second in command in the Events Division at LoneStarCon 2. We then left Texas heading through Louisiana toward central Mississippi. Somewhere on our drive through Louisiana, the odometer read 8888.8 miles. That evening we checked into the Brookhaven, MS Hampton Inn for a couple of days to spend some time with our daughter Debbie. She and her family live in a little town called Bude located about half way between I-55 and Natchez on US Highway 84. We have attended regional conventions that had more people that live in Bude, but it is a quite little town. It had been some time since we had visited her, and this gave the kids a chance to come over to the hotel for a swim in the hotel pool. They loved it.

The next morning early, we headed north up I-55 through Memphis and on to Nashville. As we passed through Nashville, we had run up 9514 miles and didn't even slow down (except to obey the speed limit in town). Home never looked so good after 7-1/2 weeks, 9687 miles, and four conventions, especially at just under $4 a gallon for gas. We said that this was a good trip with no mishaps, but that we would not likely be gone so long in the future (maybe two or three weeks at most). Now we begin putting some money aside for Montreal in 2009, and Australia in 2010. And may all of your future travels be safe ones.

++ *Steve and Sue Francis*

The Fanivore

Chris Garcia



Well Mike, you've done it again. You've made a jerk out of me! I mean, here's an issue with a Chris Garcia article in it and you gave it such a wonderful space that I feel even worse about the layout job and the completely unintentional burial I gave to Diana's fantastic article in *Journey Planet #2*. I swear, the next time I get an article from someone with the last name Glyer, it'll get an awesome location. I promise.

[[A new Golden Rule – do layout unto others as you would have them layout unto you!]]

OK, let's get into things with the cover. You gotta love Brianna's work. Frank and Brianna are quite a team working together. I've been lucky to get a lot of art from the two of them for *The Drink Tank*. That's really a fun little cover two.

That's a wonderful photo of you looking shocked beyond belief. I had a good time on that Hugo panel too. I'm just glad I was right about *The Yiddish Policeman's Union* winning. I love it when I manage to get something right. The Fan Funds are in full trot at the moment. Congrats to Sue Ann and Trevor! I wish I'd get a chance to meet them at Eastercon. I think I was the only non-Oz or European voter. It was a good field. I had a hard time setting up my ballot preferences.

I'm administering the TAFF race, only one vote from the US has come in yet. I'm still working on sending the ballots out to the mailing list. I think we've got two really good candidates this run. I'm glad I'll get to hang out with them at WorldCon.

Between the first reading I gave this issue and now, Forry has passed. There's never any words. I really consider that this is one of the sadder days in the history of fandom (I write this just about half-an-hour after the news splashed across LiveJournal) and since Forry was a big influence on me, I took it hard. I've started the Forry Memorial issue of *The Drink Tank* with these words: I'll miss Forry. I think that puts it all into frame.

The Rockefeller case is interesting and I've read a lot of stuff about the case lately, and that photo of Rockefeller you ran makes him look exactly like Tom Kenny, the voice of Sponge Bob. Go ahead, look him up on the interwebs. You see what I mean. I didn't know that they were LASFS members. It's an odd thing that stuff like this happens to members of fandom. You never expect it. 23 years later and it's still attracting attention. Some crimes may go forever unsolved, but I heard one of the investigators on NPR say that it 'Just felt like we were days or maybe hours away from cracking this case.'

Taral's been the busiest man in Fandom recently. Articles in *Banana Wings*, *Chunga*, *The Drink Tank*, and now *File 770*. And it's all good stuff too! I know all about the overwhelming sense of personal failure. It's the one thing I can truly call my own!

Good to hear that Diana got to speak at Oxbridge. Oddly enough, I've never read a single Lewis book. Not even seen the movies or heard the radio presentations. I'm not sure why. I can say that all I've ever read of Lewis (or Tolkein for that matter) is Diana's book.

Jack Speer is gone. That's a sad fact. It's been a tough time for First Fandom. We've got a few folks left, all in their 80s or 90s, but we lose more every year. I did as good a count as I could of the number of surviving attendees of the first WorldCon and the number I came up with was 8, but I could be missing a couple of folks. Bert's death was a sudden and terrible thing. I was at Westercon and there was a lot of sadness around that first day. I met her once or twice, I don't think we talked much, but I remember being introduced. It's another shame.

Fantastic Denvention report. I have to say the photo of Dave McCarty and Helen is absolutely brilliant. I've renamed them PennyFarthing (Dave) and Mike (Helen) for purposes of nicknames which all in fandom must receive from me. There's also the photo of the FanEds Lunch with me doing my pointing pose. I've got four standard poses. That one's number 3. I thought it was a good WorldCon. And I know I've said it to you more than once, but congratulations for destroying me to win the Hugo, and there's been no greater crime than the denial of The Best Related to Diana. That's the one that I really did not agree with.

Hey, it's my article! The photo of Tom Whitmore, Me and Linda is really nice. Linda is awfully leggy in that shot. I totally approve!

We spent a lot of time with John Hertz at Westercon. Hertz is a blast whenever we get the chance. That anyone that smart can be so much fun really shatters the images that we've have ingrained in us for so long by sitcoms. I wish I had been able to attend the Core Fandom panel, but alas, I was scheduled against it. I probably would have had a lot to say, but I'd have cancelled the other panel if Arnie and Joyce had showed up. First, I love Arnie and Joyce and would have been so happy to get to chat a bit, and second because there's so much about Core Fandom that I don't get and hearing from Arnie would be exactly what I'd need to get it all. Maybe...

James Bacon, much like Taral, is also everywhere. I love it when he sends me articles, and I'm sitting on one as we speak because I'm preparing for the Forry issue instead of running a regular issue. It'll be another case of me running a regular issue a day or two after I've finished the Special Issue.

You mention Apa-H, which I sadly lament left us before I got around to APAing. What better APA would there be for me than one dedicated to Hoaxes? I mean, I'd have had a blast! Perhaps I should hoax a real APA. That would be unoriginal, but it would also be a metric headton of fun!

Going through the papers that people left behind is something I do at work. A well-known computer pioneer will pass away and we'll be called in to go through their papers and pick out significant things to bring into the museum. It's also a sad thing to see how

much of someone's life you can read from what they've collected. It's sometimes very emotional to find boxes full of magazines and photos and realizing that they all represent moments and times in someone's life and that they must have meant something because they carried them with them through moves and associated them with other items. The photo with Speer and Tucker in Patricia's article really hit me. Two giants that have passed lately.

Jospeh Major mentioned that he'd heard that the 1968 WorldCon was a disaster. It's funny, around the BArea it's always considered one of the greatest things that ever happened, many saying it was the first really modern WorldCon. I wish I could have been there, but my Dad was there and always talked about it as the greatest moment of the younger portion of his life.

Martin Morse Wooster

The Patricia Rogers articles were really interesting and you should keep running them. But has any final disposition been made of the Speer papers? I hope they won't be tied up in red tape like Harry Warner's papers!

[[No disposition has been made at this writing, but Patricia says she expects them to go to Eastern New Mexico University.]]

Mike Deckinger

The fan who unwittingly stepped through the movie screen, at the 1966 St. Louiscon, referenced in Jerry Kaufman's letter, was Frederick Norwood. He was, as Jerry notes, attired as "Charlie Brown" of *Peanuts* fame (complete with a kite).

He was ready to keel over when he saw what he had done. This lead to Harlan Ellison snatching a microphone and soliciting donations from the assembled, to pay for the damage. Fans were as generous in those days as they are today. The loot Harlan collected not only paid for the screen but also provided a comfortable overage. What to do with the surplus? Ellison suggested donating it to Clarion, but there was little enthusiasm for that. Eventually it became the floating emergency fan fund, to be passed on from one convention to another. It also became necessary to publicize the fact that the offending "Charlie Brown" was the cartoon character, and not the New York fan, later to found *Locus*.

Robert Sabella talks of dubious accuracy in historical movies. I once was given an 8 ½-by-11 glossy of Kirk Douglas in character for *Spartacus*. His forearm is poised in such a way that you can clearly see his vaccination scar staring right into the camera.

[[Hard to expect people to notice a fine detail like that after watching Kirk's chin dimple for three hours.]]

Joseph T. Major

Editorial Notes: Strange, I would class the picture as "Distinguished Fanzine Editor politely expresses his opinion."

Court Divides Norton Estate: All which shows the need to have a properly drawn up will. The legal fees, particularly once the appeals are through, will be far greater than the income; not to mention the hostility that has grown up amid the contestants and the fans.

4SJ: Such is the irony of the delay between publication and receipt. I don't doubt that thish will be laden with tributes, perhaps even a few demurrers. It is reassuring to know that Ackerman was fully aware of the affection his vast, indeed globe-spanning, time-binding company of admirers held for him, and this surely contributed to the courage with which he accepted his end.

I noted with sadness that he was unable to make Denvention 3; the chain was finally and definitely broken. And now there will forever be an emptiness in fandom.

La Dolce Vita: *The Eighth Stage of Fandom* contains a bitter vignette. Bloch described a writer's day; he was living as marginal a life as Taral described, and the vignette portrayed his interaction with the people who provided him the minimal physical wherewithal to continue his existence. Then, in a bitter note, Bloch added that every one of the people he dealt with was a fan of his work; and every one of them thought he should be a starving author, that he was making too much money from his writing. Nothing has changed since the fifties.

Denvention 3 Report: What's ironic was that we arrived early on the first day, and so went through the registration line very quickly. But we had to, since the con had put me on a panel that was at 11 AM, before even the opening ceremonies. (Which we didn't get to because the hotel didn't have a refrigerator in our room, and we had to wait there for them to deliver one.)

It was nice to have several opportunities to meet you, including the time we spent talking in the fanzine lounge. Which was hosted by . . .

Chris Garcia, editor of multiple fanzine issues in the time it takes to write this loc, and author of "How To Present a Hugo". An item I fear I'll never be needing to heed, much less be on the other end, even though people may take John Scalzi's advice to heart and look for new bloggers to nominate.

London Film and Comic Con: James Bacon wonders why he's taped to a cat, er why the attendees at Londin Film and Comic Con were amazed that he was promoting an event nearly TWO YEARS away. There's a difference of perception between the two groups of attendees, and I think it has to do with the difference between consumers and participants.

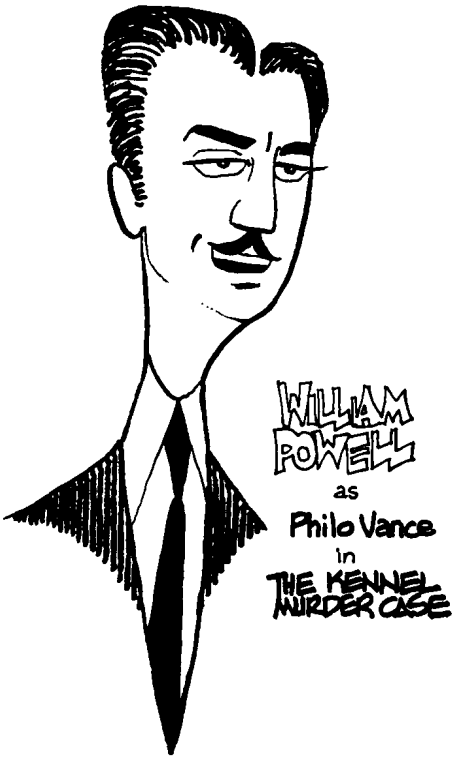
The Fanivore: *Eunice Probert*: I'm tempted to think that fanzines for .pdf distribution should be landscape instead of portrait. A lot of those on the efanzines.com site already are. (Quick test with the current *Alexiad* file; hm, doesn't look half bad.)

Mike Rogers: There is always the Dymaxion House, currently on exhibit in the Henry Ford Museum. It had a very interesting journey to there, including the firing of Bucky Fuller, the subsequent bankruptcy, the daring improvisation, the substantial alterations (incidentally, did you know that when they went looking for an unaltered house in Levittown, they couldn't find one?), and the careful restoration. And the bathtub still can't be used by anyone taller than Fuller.

M. Lee Rogers

There is so much in this issue on which to comment. I'll never get to it all. Among the best items were Taral's article about making it as an artist. That one hit home.

I could have tried to make it as a musician after graduating from college with my degree in piano performance. I wanted to. But I knew I was not quite good enough. I could hear the notes that needed to be played, but could not always force my fingers to play them. My



piano teacher asked if I wanted to enter the university's new Master's degree program. But it would have been a waste of time.

Then about a month after graduation, I was in an auto accident that broke the bottom edge of my kneecap, requiring a 2-3 month rehabilitation. After that, all thoughts of making music for a living went away. It was time to find a job. Now my music is limited to canting at my church. I miss it sometimes.

How many other fans have similar stories? Probably quite a few.

The article on the Brit fans recruiting at a comics con was also first rate. It seems odd to think of a huge media/comics convention as being slightly mundane, but these guys were smarter than the average bear to reach out. More traditional convention fans should consider similar tactics.

Also enjoyed Chris Garcia's article about presenting a Hugo. I'll never have that opportunity, but it's good to hear someone else's thoughts on the subject. Don't believe I could get away with wearing a Fred Flintstone T-shirt for that occasion. It would have to be a business suit or a tux.

From the Denvention report: "I never have any trouble hearing Guy H. Lillian III loud and clear." Don't worry—NOBODY DOES!

Since you work for the IRS, it is worth mentioning that my most recent activity was preparing my 2008 tax return. This year was different in a couple of ways. I was finally able to itemize deductions since I have enough mortgage interest to make it worthwhile. The Free File option was … interesting … to use. Since part of my job is to create Web pages, I am familiar with Adobe Acrobat forms and how they work. However, it seemed a bit much to be required to fill out electronic versions of my W-2 and 1099 forms.

There has to be a better way to handle this requirement. The agency receives the info from the filers. It already uses software to match data submissions to filers. Why not take that as proof that the information is valid? I realize that you have no special pull at the agency, but it seems like you might be able to do something with this comment. If not, I perfectly understand.

In my last LoC, I mentioned the "space house" on the side of Signal Mountain. I am attaching a couple of photos. More info and photos can be found at http://www.chattanoogan.com/articles/article_124020.asp. After this article was published, the sale fell through and the house went back on the market. The article that describes this is at http://www.chattanoogan.com/articles/article_139345.asp.

Take care of yourself and the family.

Alexis Gilliland

The Frank Wu/Brianna Spacekat cover was a nicely done piece of graphic art with a perspective problem, namely that the attacking vehicle in the upper right foreground would appear to be rather smaller than the sports car it is shooting at. Certainly it looks more like a full-sized war ship than a remotely piloted vehicle, but maybe it is full of little green men.

As usual, you have a lot of excellent material; Patricia Rogers' account of going through Jack Speer's carefully preserved collection is not only interesting, but clearly demonstrates how Robert Lichtman's idea of how a fanzine collection ought to be treated. Interesting and unexpected that Speer also had acquired the Roy Tackett collection, which suggests that once a certain critical mass is reached the collection takes over the mind of its host and seeks self-aggrandizement.

[[I doubt that Jack did anything to deserve being drawn into your difference of opinion with Robert in these terms.]]

Murphy's Law is something I remember from the 1950s, namely that anything that can go wrong will go wrong. While John Bangsund may have applied it in 1992 to fannish criticism, you have given credit where no credit is due.

[[Murphy is universal, while Bangsund's application is to a specific case, a point John conveyed by naming his law about copyediting complaints "Muphry."]]

"La Dolce Vita" by Taral is interesting, and I am mostly in agreement with it. At this point my day job is being retired from the Federal Government after a 28-year tour of duty, but I am still cartooning, which might be considered as doing art (sort of) under the constraints of reality. Still, my website www.alexisgilliland.com is up and running, and we will be adding to it for the next year or two.

Lloyd Penney

The Wus are getting some great covers done. Chris Garcia seems to get most of them, but at least we're seeing them. I know that Frank withdrew his name from Hugo consideration...wonder if he and Brianna would accept a nomination together?

Our condolences to all of LA fandom on the passing of Forry. I can't say more than what's already been said about him...he is mourned and missed.

And now, more... Gene Roddenberry's ashes were shot into space, successfully. It's a shame that Majel Barrett-Roddenberry has passed away...have you heard anything about what may happen to her remains? This is when I feel old, when familiar names from my own past are passing away.

Thank you for publishing the story about Yvonne and the book of condolences. We do have hopes of going to England one of these years, and should this promised Arthur C. Clarke museum open in Minehead, we'd like to go to the opening.

Also, we have already voted for TAFF. Usually, you vote with a cheque for US dollars or British pounds sterling, which usually means the few Canadian voters are out of luck. However, as Canadians, and seeing the Worldcon is in Canada, we felt it would only make sense to vote with Canadian dollars, to give Tom or Steve some local currency when he arrives in Montreal. So, we have voted with Can$, and I don't think that will screw up the accounting too much.

I hope Mike Glicksohn's been in touch with you...with at least some good health news, Mike fulfilled one of his life goals. He snorkeled on the Great Barrier Reef in Australia. He stayed with Eric Lindsay and Jean Weber; Mike would have the further details.

I hope Diana enjoyed Oxford. In some ways, Oxford was the birthplace of Narnia and Middle-Earth. I've just finished reading Philip Pullman's His Dark Materials trilogy, and it starts and ends in Oxford as well, literally.

More obituaries. It does get depressing. I think I met Mike Hall once, and I may still have the fanzine directory that he and Taral put together many years ago. That must be

the one mentioned at the end of the Hall article; I was sure Taral had something to do with that, too. Yvonne was saddened to hear of the passing of Chris Cooper. When we were the Canadian agents for the Dutch Worldcon bid, the bidcom would have dinner together when we could, and Kees van Toorn would have some fun by putting Yvonne and Chris side by side. Let's just say that Chris was 6'11", and Yvonne is...not.

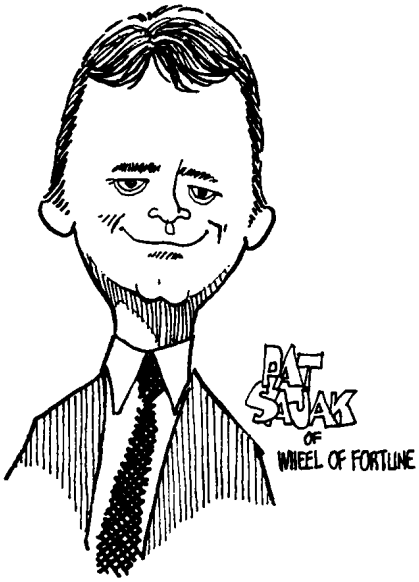
I don't know who the Canadian novelist is in Martin Morse Wooster's Bouchercon report, but last time I was in Baltimore, it was for Worldcon, and Yvonne and I were told the same thing, do not go out at night (at least, away from the hotel and convention centre), or you would be killed. Yvonne tried to find a store in Baltimore in the daytime, and that fate might have befallen her if it were not for two Baltimore policemen who had heard of her presence through the local grapevine.

Hey, Señor Garcia! You married Andy and Kevin? Good for you, and good for them. The heck with Prop 8, and you should be able to marry whoever you choose. A pen-blog is the new name for a loc? Greetings to David Thayer…hope you and Diana will come to Montréal for a Worldcon.

Jerry Kaufman

Thanks very much for running Patricia Rogers' "Adventures in Speerology." I enjoyed it quite a bit - a fascinating look at Jack Speer's interests and Patricia's pleasures of discovery.

I hadn't previously seen them because I don't often look at blogs. I've added yours to my bookmarks and plan to repair my neglect. (But you know what fannish plans are like.)



Eric Lindsay

Unlike you, most of the material I write ends up in my blog, and never anywhere else. I suspect they also never get read by anyone. Certainly I don't read my own blog, unless I am trying to do a retrospective on the past year.

So Sierra Grace became a Mars rock for a model Mars rover. That sounds pretty cool actually.

If paper fanzines are dead in Canada, as Taral Wayne suggests, then I suspect the same may be true in Australia. The only Australian fanzines I recall receiving of late are from Chris Nelson (*Mumblings from Munchkinland*) and Bruce Gillespie (*Steam Engine Time*). This may simply indicate that I have been too slack to stay on mailings lists.

That was a great article on Resnick and Silverberg and their Toastmaster performances.

Robert Lichtman

In "How to Present a Hugo" Chris Garcia writes, "It would be so cool to have a South African Worldcon, wouldn't it?" This leads me to ask why. Unless I'm missing something there's not much in the way of fandom in South Africa: a club in Johannesburg that's been around since the late '60s and publishes a fanzine, *Probe*, a few times a year, number of members undetermined but I would imagine not huge. Their Website is at http://www.sfsa.org.za/. Like Greg Benford's suggestion of an eventual Worldcon in China on which I commented, it's my feeling that South Africa is probably still somewhat politically unstable and that its resident fandom probably too small to handle something as large as a Worldcon.

I enjoyed the various convention reports in this issue—especially yours on the Denver Worldcon and John Hertz on the Vegas Westercon—and of the other contributors particularly liked Taral's life-as-a-fanartist piece. And I was glad to see all four installments of Patricia Rogers's "Adventures in Speerology" in one place. They made me wonder if she's continued her fannish mining at the Speer home in more recent times.

In the lettercol it was particularly nice to see both Bob Silverberg and Mike Resnick respond to your article about Worldcon toastmastering. And it was not so nice to see Alexis Gilliland say of me that my "own sense of fannish propriety seems to have shifted its emphasis from fans to fanzines some time ago." What's his basis in fact for making such a comment? I suspect he's responding to what he views as an attack. Whatever the case, I've already had my say on the subject of what he did with his fanzine collection in this issue, and feel that his letter and mine in this issue are good last words on the subject.

R. Graeme Cameron

Is the new edition of Warren's *Keep Watching the Skies* an expanded edition covering more movies at greater length? If so, I'll buy it even though I already have (and cherish) the first edition. And to those who've never seen it, if you love 1950s sci-fi flics, you owe it to yourself to acquire it. You won't be disappointed! Endlessly rereadable.

Bit of a nuisance though. Whenever I review a 50s film I write my review first, then read Warren's entry to see that I haven't duplicated any of his points. Fortunately these films are so rich in comment hooks that multiple reviews are possible. But for sheer knowledge and many a humorous aside, *Keep Watching* is indeed the definitive treatment. A must have!

Re: your obit of Cdn fan Michael Hall. Mike was also the first recipient of the CUFF (Canadian Unity Fan Fund), attending Torque 2 in Toronto in 1981. And I believe Taral Wayne was the other major contributor (along with Keith Fenske) to his 1985 fanzine bibliography. International in scope and hard to find. But I incorporate much of the Canadian fanzine information therefrom in my online Canadian Fancyclopedia at < http://members.shaw.ca/rgraeme/home/html > I admit I haven't updated it in quite a while but anyone interested in Canadian fandom & zinedom will find much of interest.

Also, as of December 2008 my perzine *Space Cadet* is revived, to appear quarterly on http://efanzines.com. #12 features my personal tribute to the Ackermonster, who inspired me with *Famous Monsters* back in the 60s. For a while I figured by the time I grew up he'd retire and I could take his place! (Me and thousands of other FM readers with the same idea.) Imagine. A living legend in his own time, and starting when he was very young as the No. 1 fan! How many other mortals get to be so renowned? So early? He seems to have handled it well, always encouraging others, always sharing his passions. No doubt he had his faults, but he'll always be "Uncle Forry" to me!

Chris Garcia looks "larger than life" in the "After the fanzine panel" photo. Appropriate methinks. He has the perfect approach to fandom. Knowledge plus a great sense of fun. A role model for us all? His 'How to present a Hugo' article lends credence to this idea.

Offers proof actually. As long as 'newbies' like himself show up fandom cannot possibly fade away.

It is sad that Jack Speer is no longer with us, but I greatly enjoyed Patricia Rogers 'Adventures in Speerology'. In fact, I'd love to read a series of such archaeological explorations in which living faneds & fans of renown allow an intrepid researcher to burrow through their collections (without guidance – let everything come as a surprise) and report on same. Sounds cool to me, but then I am the BCSFA/WCSFA archivist, and my idea of fun might not quite be the same as normal people…

Brad Foster

Nice to finish out 2008 with a new issue of *File 770*. I agree with your opening comments about how often the physical ease of taking a book along to different places still makes it an easier way to read books than off a computer. Maybe the new "electro-books" they keep designing and redesigning will take care of that, but for now, still nothing like a block-o-paper in the hand for ease of reading.

Interesting article from Taral. I like to think he is exaggerating a *bit* for affect, 'cause as he says at the end, he couldn't imagine doing anything else. He wrote of learning of "the rare artist who beats the odds" and become financially successful at this gig. But I'm sure he knows, as do I, *many* extremely talented artists who rarely have time to do any work at all, having to work at regular paying jobs and other things in their life, giving them little if any time to be creative.

I always feel amazingly lucky to have been able to say I'm an "artist" and do it full time my whole life. Getting more money to pay the bills would be nice, but even struggling along and still being able to do it off my art is better than not doing it at all. I also have had at least three friends become multi-millionaires off their art, so the arrow of fortune could always hit. In the end, if we spend our whole lives struggling along a bit, but are able to still draw art up until the end, well, what a wonderful kind of life to have been lucky enough to have had!

And, speaking of all that, while the fannish stuff is lots of fun to do, I'd better stop here and get back to the drawing board on one of those commercial jobs that actually pays the bills. Working on an illo of a pump flange... but I'm gonna make it the best-looking damn pump flange I can!!

Tim Marion

Thanks so much for *File 770:154* , the zine that keeps me in contact with the amorphous and mysterious entity known as fandom. Since I no longer really feel a part of it, it's nice to have this particular porthole thru which to look from time to time. If I get splashed with any brine, I can always just close the window.

By far the most interesting and poignant piece in the issue was Patricia Rogers' write-up of her excavation of Jack Speer's collection. I resonated particularly when Ruth, Jack's widow, tells Pat that their children "have come to the point that they have enough stuff in their lives and didn't need to collect anymore." Pat then muses, "Don't need to collect any more???" and "I wonder if I will ever grasp this concept. No. Probably not." Admittedly a very difficult concept for any trufan to grasp, but one which we are forced to wrestle with when facing the multiple problems of old age, limited resources and space, and an overabundance of stuff.

These were the problems I was dealing with which I wrote about in my "Fannish Archiving Blues" article which you published a couple of issues ago and which one or two people may have actually read (Robert Lichtman and Lloyd Penney, by names). I foresee that in order for fandom to evolve into this new future of dwindling resources, it will become a totally different entity, with different methods of communication. Just as electrostencil and then photocopying improved fanzines, the electronic fanzine will first predominate, then be the norm. Fans will communicate only thru email or phone or in person. Even that last may change, if fans gain the ability to attend conventions as interactive holograms.

Much of this, of course, is already occurring. Just last year I was amused when a new fan and correspondent bragged to me *not* about the number of fanzines he's written, or even the number of fanzines he has, but about *the number of emails he has written to other fans!* I asked him if he wanted me to send him a hard copy of my fanzine, and he stopped emailing me… I may as well have been offering him mud. But maybe that's the right attitude — perhaps in order for fans and fandom to (continue to) evolve, we have to stop embracing so wholeheartedly the material world and our own desire to hoard.

People like me, who keep great mounds of printed paper, may still comprise The Typical Fan, but we are dinosaurs and due to die out.

Martin Morse Wooster certainly makes Bouchercon 38 sound lame. Being much more of a comic book expert than a mystery reader (altho I'd like to think I'm a bit of both), I was appalled by what Wooster described as the "Batman" panel. "Is Batman a detective?" was one question that was asked, and the general (i.e., ignorant) concensus was "No, but he does detection." Well, gosh, he's referred to as a detective (and sometimes even "The Detective") by his fellow comic book characters and has been featured in *Detective Comics* for almost 60 years, but don't let that influence the answer! "How closely does Batman resemble Monk?" was another question asked, and like Wooster, that's certainly a question I never would have thought of. The answer was apparently, "Pretty darn close." If this is referring to the "Monk" supporting character in the *Doc* Savage novels, then without hearing what anyone in the audience said on the subject, I have to give a highly-qualified "Not at all!" I can only imagine an actual DC editor would have been much more outraged by hearing about this exchange than I was.

Wooster's con reports are insightful, informative and occasionally subtly amusing. Keep 'em coming, Martin!

I'm sure your Australian correspondents have been telling you about Victoria burning. According to Elaine Cochrane, John Straede and companion spent 3 hours moving 50 breeding cats to a safer location in their domicile.

Randy Byers

I did want to commend you for the following comment to Henry Welch: "Lots of people [at Corflu] were purifying theirs with twelve percent grain alcohol imported from Tennessee." I forwarded it to Nic Farey, who thought it was a hoot too.

By the way, I apparently missed your comment in the previous issue about the joke

Ted White (I think it was) made when I announced at Corflu Silver that I'd never worked on a convention before: "That won't change." My reading was he meant it's no work to put on a Corflu. I'm here to tell you that that's a lie! I feel like I've been shanghaied! Where did all my spare time go! Then again, maybe Ted meant that it's no work to *chair* a Corflu, and in that case I will echo Jerry Kaufman, eminence grise: Seattle fandom can do this stuff in its sleep. Too bad I'm too busy to get any sleep!

*[[Randy forwarded Nic's reply, gently correcting my horrendous gaffe: "Someone ought to tell him Jim Beam is a KENTUCKY straight bourbon whiskey. Jack Daniels is the Tennessee one." *blush*]]*

Joy V. Smith

Interesting cover. Is that an update of Thelma and Louise?

[[Very good question!]]

I certainly prefer to read books in print rather than online, and I'm certainly not going to print them out. (I have enough things to print out.) The news items are always interesting, but I was intrigued by the mention of Howard Waldrop's story about the kids from 1950s SF movies; and I appreciated the idea of Muphry's Law.

I enjoyed Taral's "La Dolce Vita." Congratulations to him, btw, for winning the 2008 Rotsler Award; and to you, Mike, for your latest Hugo; and to Diana for her C. S. Lewis address at Oxbridge, appearing in the educational edition of the Prince Caspian DVD (that was interesting and fun, I bet!), the paperback edition of *The Company They Keep*..., etc.

[[The Prince Caspian educational edition DVD came out and so far as I can tell from the online table of contents it uses none of the footage shot of Diana, which is disappointing.]]

I also enjoyed all the con reports and photos and Chris Garcia's piece on "How to Present a Hugo." And the cartoon with the Nameless Space Horror by Brad Foster was great! (That was a puddle, right? Years of puppies gave me a clue.)

Interesting background on the Hugos, also "getting published" and some fans' bad attitudes... And I think Patricia Rogers is going to be busy for a long time with Jack Speer's collection!

LOCs: I was pleased to see Chris Garcia's mention of *Fact Sheet Five*. I found some interesting zines there and did some small press issues in *Splish Splash*, my old newsletter. I think I still have a copy of *Fact Sheet Five*. Fun LOC, btw. And thanks to everyone else for their Fanivore contributions.

Alexander Slate

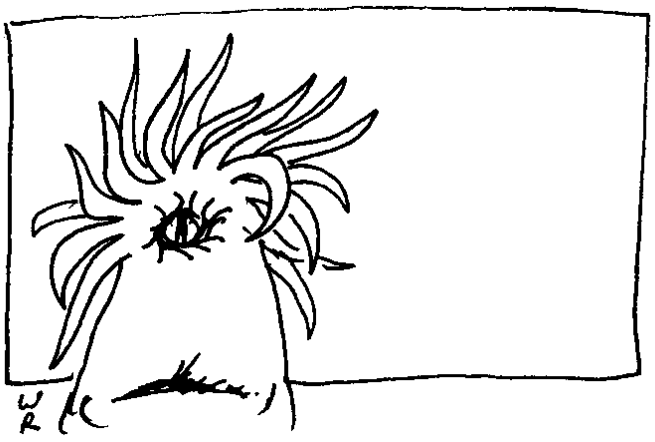
Thanks for the November issue. I don't get nearly the number of fanzines I used to these days, and frankly a lot of them… well, that's another topic which I really won't get into. It's mostly my fault, I'm not nearly as involved in fandom as I used to be and I'm too forget, lazy or both to look up fanzines on the web for any period of time.

At least I actually read one of the Hugo winners this time, though frankly I'm sorry I did. I just don't get what everyone saw in Chabon's *The Yiddish Policemen's Union*. No characters I remotely wanted to identify with and very slow pacing.

[[It immediately connected with my interest in chess history, so I was willing to stay with the story 'til it got rolling.]]

Congrats, Mike, on your own Hugo and its good to see someone other than Dave Langford win the Best Fan Writer Hugo.

Actually did get to Capclave this year. Only for Saturday, though. The sigma panel mentioned by Martin Morse Wooster was interesting, and the dealer's room though small, was chock full of interesting items – particularly books. It's just a shame that I was on a fairly tight budget. The venue was okay, but the presence of another, very noisy group using the hotel restaurant for an event was distracting at best. I did miss having an art show to run into and peruse. Frankly, most programming has only slight interest for me these days. I prefer to schmooze and just wander around and the con just wasn't big enough for me to really have a really good time doing it. I attended with a friend and we didn't stay for any of the room parties, but we did go to the filk session for a bit, which was fun. Some very talented filkers there, actually. It's been so long for me, that the only thing I could clearly think of when it was my 'turn at bat' was the old Alan Sherman "Man From Mars" song – which one or two others also remembered and it was fairly well accepted.



Another 6-7 months to go for me here in DC. I am just barely at the fringes of fandom these days, and am not sure if I will get back in more heavily or not. Started to, but then got pulled away again. Oh, well….

Pat Sims

We have now completed a year's residence in our retirement facility. And, an interesting year it has been.

Roger, by the way, is holding his own physically with *thankfully* a very slow progression thus far. When people ask about him, I tell them he's doing everything he did before, just a lot slower than before.

Garth Spencer

It was interesting to read the obituary notice for Michael Hall in your last issue. I stand corrected, I thought /New Wave Video Snacks/ was a John Durno, rather than a Michael Hall production. (Come to think of it, I wonder where John Durno is; we could all benefit from featuring some of his illustrations.) I was a bit baffled by your quotation from "Graeme Spencer"; who is this? Or are you conflating Graeme Cameron with me? I see how that could happen. :)

[[Whoops! Sorry about that.]]

Gary Farber

I'm fairly baffled at why I'm receiving post office forwards from TAFF from an address I moved from nearly a year ago, despite emails from me to Suzle at least twice, although it may go far to explain why I never heard back from her with personal emails. My snail mail address remains what it was when I sent it out to fandom 3/4s of a year ago, including to Suzle, at

Gary Farber
1416 Greenside Drive
Raleigh, NC 27609-9503

I'd hoped this would be spread around. I remain desirous of hearing back from multiple emails to Suzle, as well as the delights of hearing back again from Jerry, and otherwise staying in contact with Jerry, which I why I sent a snail mail response, and multiple emails,

in the past year, seeking all this.

Best wishes in response to receiving this snail missive from good old snail fandom, whom I never hear from these days save from Sandra Bond. It's not as if I'm not right here, where I've always been, with tens of thousands of readers per year [speaking of his blog, *Amygdala*], not exactly unknown or uncontactable, save from, apparently traditional fandom, mostly, beyond maybe Moshe and a bit of Avedon. I've never quit fandom, and only always wondered why it seems to have quit me. I am right here. And I write all sorts of stuff all the time, y'all. Year after year after year after year, without cease.

Marie Rengstorff

I wrote an article for you, but I sent a cartoon.

Actually, I wrote and wrote thousands of words, across about four days, six versions, and hours of typing. That did not count the months I thought about the topic before I sat down to try.

I could not send it. CENSORED.

The cartoon enclosed *[[see facing page]]* replaces the much revised and unsent article/ LoC/whatever. If the cartoon is too artistically crude for *770*, let me know. I will understand. My cartoons do not belong with the talented offerings of Grant, Jeeves and Kirk. I just needed to say this in some form. I am passionate about the issue. A cartoon hides the specifics and gets down to the nitty-gritty – SF novels are being written and published, more and more often, by lit majors. A few can pull it off, but most leave the science as shallow as a dirty mud puddle or use misleading olde wives tales instead of dynamic, exciting new issues. As a reader, writer, and scientist I am disheartened and disillusioned.

Back to what I understand better: life in Hawaii.

A storm is on its way. My kitten, named Pukiki, which is pigeon for brave and ferocious, is running up and down with joy and excitement. Most pets would hide under the bed as the wind howls and the waves crash. I find it strange, to listen to the wind howling on a warm winter day.

Waves have reached 35 feet in the open ocean, outside our protected area between the four islands of Maui, Lanai, Kaho'olawe and Molokini. The temperature has plummeted to a mere 76 degrees (giggle, snicker). The wind is tearing down trees. (I'm using frequent "control S" for save.) The ocean is navy blue with white caps and foam, like a little girl dressed in her school uniform, but with flowers in her hair.

Early this morning, when our bay was calm, I could see dozens of whales, more than usual. I assumed they swam into our protected area because the open seas had become too rough. The newborn whales have trouble breathing in that level of crashing and wrathing. Now, with the storm intensifying, the foam and white caps hide all the whales' activities. But I know those babies are out there. They are all excited, jumping and splashing, and acting as silly as Pukiki. I've lived here a long time. I know the score.

I'm enjoying your creations.

I'm still reading *770 30th*. It sits on my worktable. Every time I sit down there, I read a photo of light from it, not in any logical order. Heck, I just discovered you put my ST group in with historical photo and everything. I had looked for it in the LoCs. It was not there because you gave it article standing. TY. I'm not sure it deserved such recognition.

This morning my discovery in the 30th was the "why" behind *File 770*. Sigh. 1951. I did not attend any cons until at least two years after that. All my early experiences were at the Neil House in Columbus, Ohio. I keep asking if anyone else has memories of those meetings. I know I was not alone because my hero, Judy Del Rey, was there at least once. Everyone I knew from those cons has died. I would love tyo hear that someone else besides me is still alive. Am I really that old?

About my peers:

I just watched the "Special Features" from the *25th Anniversary Edition* of the *Last Unicorn* DVD. I learned that the author, Peter, Beagle, is about my age and was in the Midwest during my time of slavery there. Perhaps he went to the same cons.

I recently learned that M. L'Engle died in 2008. That is a big loss. She was older than me by a full generation. My generation, however, does not seem to be doing all that well.

Back to 770. Diana this time.

Months ago, I read about Diana's new Flame. I remain impressed by her book. I think everyone considering a writers' group should read it. The Inklings "encouraged, critiqued, and on occasion, even rewrote each others' work." That is way better than the shallow groups I have observed across the last 20 years.

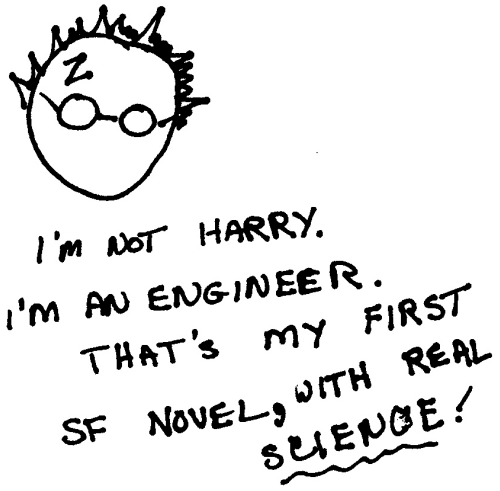
I have joined PWP (Professional Writers' of Prescott) because it is superior to anything else I have observed for decades. I own a condo in Prescott, AZ but only show up for two meetings a year. I exchange critiques with a couple of people in the PWP. If Prescott had an ocean I would reverse my terms of residence and spend most of my year there. But not even the lure of a good writers' group can draw me from my ocean.

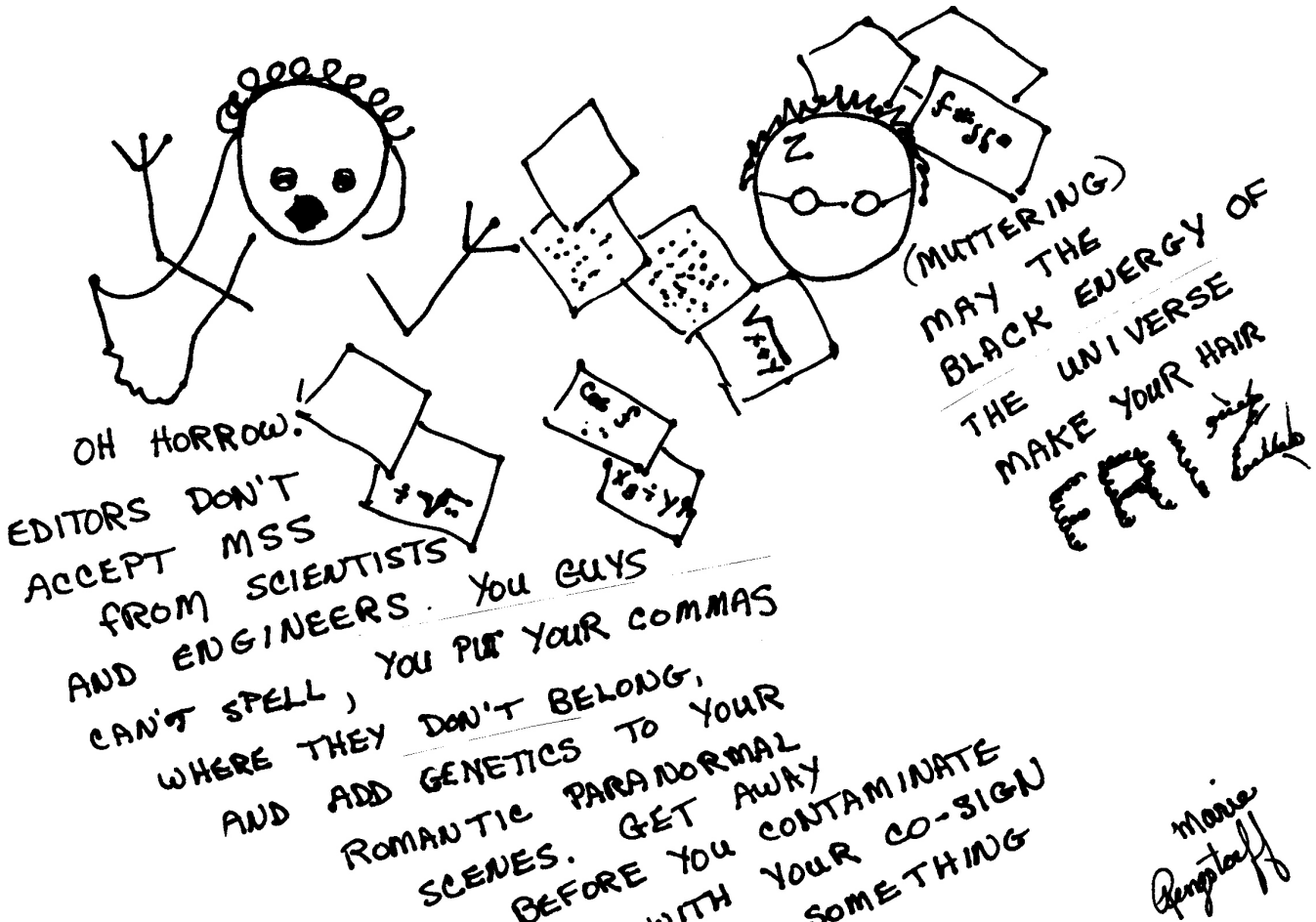
[[I'm guessing the last time Prescott was beachfront property, Tyrannosaurus Rex ate the lifeguard.]]

Letterhacks Addresses

Randy Byers, E-mail: fringefaan@yahoo.com
R. Graeme Cameron, E-mail: rgraeme@shaw.ca
Mike Deckinger, E-mail: Mike2004@aol.com
Gary Farber, E-mail: gary_farber@yahoo.com; Snail mail: 1416 Greenside Dr., Raleigh, NC 27609 -9503
Brad W Foster, E-mail: bwfoster@juno.com
Chris Garcia, E-mail: garcia@computerhistory.org
Alexis Gilliland, 4030 8th Street South, Arlington, VA 22204
Jerry Kaufman, E-mail: JAKaufman@aol.com
Robert Lichtman, 11037 Broadway Terrace, Oakland, CA 94611-1948
Eric Lindsay, E-mail: fijagh2008@ericlindsay.com
Joseph T. Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville, KY 40204-2040; E-mail: jtmajor@iglou.com
Tim Marion, E-mail: Timothy.Marion@CliffordChance.com
Lloyd Penney, 1706-24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke, ON, M9C 2B2, Canada; E-mail: LPenney@globeandmail.com
Dr. Marie Rengstorff, P.O. Box 2285, Kihei, HI 96753
M. Lee Rogers, E-mail: mleerog@bellsouth.net
Patricia Sims, 12 Sweetgum Dr. Apt. A, Orange City, FL 32763
Alexander Slate, E-mail: Alexander.Slate@pentagon.af.mil
Joy V. Smith, E-mail: Pagadan@aol.com
Garth Spencer, E-mail: garthspencer@shaw.ca
Martin Morse Wooster, E-mail: mmwooster@yahoo.com

HOW EXCITING! A NEW HARRY POTTER MS FROM THE REAL THING


I'M NOT HARRY.
I'M AN ENGINEER.
THAT'S MY FIRST SF NOVEL, WITH REAL SCIENCE!


OH HORROW.
EDITORS DON'T ACCEPT MSS FROM SCIENTISTS AND ENGINEERS. YOU GUYS CAN'T SPELL, YOU PUT YOUR COMMAS WHERE THEY DON'T BELONG, AND ADD GENETICS TO YOUR ROMANTIC PARANORMAL SCENES. GET AWAY BEFORE YOU CONTAMINATE ME WITH YOUR CO-SIGN OR SOMETHING
(MUTTERING) MAY THE BLACK ENERGY OF THE UNIVERSE MAKE YOUR HAIR FRIZZ!
Marie Rengtoff