

FILE 770 #146

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Editorial Notes by Mike Glycer

Many fanzine editors are addicted to explaining a certain thing over and over. Bill Bowers would have a full page of details about his new content and copy distribution policies every time he pubbed his ish. Arnie Katz constantly changes titles and writes a long justification for every one. And exactly like them, I have my own chronic need. I must answer the (unasked) question "Why is this issue late?" in every *File 770* editorial. I think I started doing it in issue #2.

So no wonder that I hardly know what to do with myself this time around. The December 2005 issue is coming out on the heels of the October issue. It's the third *File 770* published this year, at a point in the life of this fanzine when people have made a grumbling peace with its being a yearbook.

Well, I haven't a clue how to begin this time. I guess I will have to go straight into the Errata segment. Never any shortage of material there!

Errata #1: Tim Marion straightened me out about *South of the Moon*, explaining that Mike Horvat was the zine's last, not first, publisher. I had misinterpreted the info I found online that gives the origin of an apa directory that came afterwards.

Errata #2: Google research accidentally conducted for this fanzine revealed there are three times more fan websites listing "Janice Gleb" than "Mike Glycer")

Errata #3: Rich Zellich mercifully noticed that in the course of mentioning the St. Louis 2007 NASFiC win I managed to list the guests for Archon 30 (2006) instead of Archon 31/9th NASFiC (2007).

The correct list of people confirmed so far is: Featured GoH: Barbara Hambly; Artist GoH: Darrell K. Sweet; Media GoH: Mira Furlan; Fan GoH: Nancy "Cleo"

Hathaway; Toastmaster: Roger Tener; Masquerade MC: Vic Milan

Errata #4: Now I know why last issue's cover looked familiar. Taral wrote in to say, "While making a record of the F770 cover, I notice you re-used the same art from a much earlier issue, dated 1997. That might explain how 14 years had passed before using that piece. It had actually been used after a much shorter six year delay." That's *File 770*, making artists cranky since 1978....

A Dissatisfied Customer: This one doesn't involve an error, but nonetheless...

Seven years after my magnum opus about science fiction clubs was published (in *File 770:128*) an officer of one of the mundane clubs, the Portland Skyliners, finally noticed it online and e-mailed a request that I remove their group's name from the article. Count that as an example of another strange way Google has of leading you to things you needed to complain about in 1998.

Short History: Francis Hamit turned me on to the Amazon Shorts service, where all kinds of fascinating fiction and nonfiction is available for 49 cents a download. There you can find his own 24,000-word novella "Sunday in the Park with George," a riveting crime genre story with a dash of the supernatural.

A lot of popular sf and fantasy authors have found that market. Greg Benford is being published there, too. As he says in his letter of comment, "I've decided to write no more sf novels for a while, concentrating instead on nonfiction essays. I'm writing reflections on our UCI time and science with Michael Rose, a UCI biologist, for amazonshorts.com, promoted on the website benford-rose.com."

It being Amazon, I was certain there would be a user-friendly path for finding all this material on the website. But I'll be darned if, when I ran a search at the site for "shorts," it didn't return an entire page of links to men's apparel. Nevertheless, there was a tiny hotlink at the top of the list which cross-referenced the material I really wanted to find. Once I got to the front page for Amazon Shorts I was happy to see there were several sf writers prominently mentioned, including Joe Haldeman.

Keeping Up With Sierra: Sierra loves to be read to, and has a great memory for text (she always notices if I leave a word in or out), but she doesn't actually read yet.

This led to one funny exchange. Diana was trying to get Sierra to sleep. Sierra was delaying, asking for this and that, finally asking for a picture book to take to bed. Diana said, "Here, take this," and handed her a Spanish storybook. Sierra insisted, "But I can't read Spanish!"

Sierra also loves to watch *Barney* – her grandmother "Omi" (Diana's mother) tapes episodes off the air and sends cassettes for her. On a recent Saturday afternoon after the three of us finished decorating some holiday cookies, I went back to writing. Sierra told her mother she wanted to watch more episodes of *Barney*. Diana had to tell her no, because Sierra had already watched her limit of television for the day. Sierra stamped her foot and said, "I want to be like God. And God said to watch more movies."

New Orleans Fans Hurting After Katrina



Collection: Photos of the destruction wrought on Dr. Jack Stocker's prized sf collection.

That Hurricane Katrina was a larger-than-life disaster, overwhelming governments, armies and millions of people, has not kept some remarkable members of the science fiction community from stepping in to help their friends along the Gulf Coast

Operation Mail Drop is the way a group of southern convention fans and pros are, as it says in their motto, "Helping fans survive." The sponsors of this relief enterprise, listed on its website, are: Larry Dixon and Mercedes Lackey, Tim Bolgeo, (*LibertyCon* and *The Revenge of the Hump Day Newsletter*), Integrity Tech Enterprises, *The Tanderon Times Newsletter*, Robert Dean, The Online Sharon Green Fan Club, Mobi-Con, Inc. of Mobile, AL, Wayne Hergenroder, Romance Writers of America, Romance Writers of America: Paranormal Group, the members of Crescent City Con, New Orleans, LA, Maxy Pruitt, Diane Galloway, CoastCon of Biloxi, MS, Her Woodshed Books, and EDGE Books.

A few fans from outside the south are also supporters, like Katherine Becker of the Stilyagi Air Corps (Ann Arbor, MI) who invited other club members to get involved. She volunteered because "Larry Dixon started making runs down there with supplies in early September, and I was talking to him in email during that time."

Deborah Wiles has been handling their correspondence and writing blog entries about the help they're giving.

"Like Joey Grillot -- one of our sexy senior fans that just had major surgery a few months back. He lived in the 9th Ward in New Orleans and we worried ourselves sick wondering if he got out. He did -- but he lost everything. We sent a sexy senior care package to him -- heavy on groceries. Ashley

Evins -- Was a college student in New Orleans -- she lost everything including all her clothing and college course books when her apartment flooded. She got a care package -- heavy on groceries and school supplies." And lots of others.

Groceries are essential to survival, of course, but fans will feel even more deeply touched to read how Deborah and company make personal connections:

"By far the hardest box to pack was Matt and Karen Mathews. Matt has been a key officer at CCC [*Crescent City Con*] for years and his pretty wife Karen has run the charity auction for years. They have two teenage children in high school. They are also huge collectors of my art -- my fat little dragons. They got something like 10 feet of water in their house and lost everything. I packed several signed and numbered matted prints of my art to replace the ones they lost. I packed a very large box for this family, art supplies, colored pens (from my stock), schools supplies, candy and treats and we all know that teenagers are grocery termites -- so heavy groceries."

The blog also passed on Mari-lynn Alms' report that Anne McCaffrey would be sending relief boxes of *autographed* books to a few fans who lost her books. I gave her a couple of names and addresses for fans that knew had extensive collections of her books.

Full information is at the website:

http://www.integritytech.com/operation_mail_drop.htm

Once the storm abated, fans gradually went back home and assessed their losses. Tom Hanlon posted a URL to a website whose account he found particularly painful:

"For book lovers the link below may

contain some of the most graphic and effecting photos you will see from New Orleans. The pictures are from Dr. Jack Stocker's home in the Gentilly area of New Orleans. I know several of the fans on this list visited his home over the years and admired his extensive personal SF &F collection going back to the 1800s."

http://www.dantheman.com/?pg=album&album=dad_and_katrina

Samples of the pictures are reprinted above.

For those who don't know fanhistory, Tom explained: "Jack is a contemporary of the late Harry B. Moore and worked alongside him. He's best known among New Orleans fandom for his dry wit, love of the written word, and his innumerable efforts as an elder statesman in healing the inevitable fannish dramas that seem to occur everywhere. Jack's home of five decades has been damaged beyond repair and over 98% of all the contents are not salvageable."

Guy Lillian III, a New Orleans resident before moving to Shreveport in 2004, devotes the new *Challenger #23* to probing Hurricane Katrina's emotional and physical impact on New Orleans fans. This issue is presented at his website, www.challzine.net. Guy explains: "As its editor -- moi -- was formerly based in New Orleans, and still considers the city home, the issue is dominated by accounts of, and thoughts about, Hurricane Katrina and the city's destruction. Dennis Dolbear, Don Markstein, Linda Krawecka, Peggy Ranson -- they have my thanks for sharing their anguish and in some cases, their outrage."

Guy himself ventured back to appraise the damage to his old stomping grounds and

wrote about it in his *Challenger* editorial:

"In October and November of this year, Rosy and I returned to the Big Easy. It was a profoundly wounded place. Weeks after Katrina's passage, the streets were still rife with mud-coated, abandoned cars -- some parked on the neutral ground, in vain attempts to avoid the high water. Taped-up or doorless refrigerators stood sentinel before almost every home. Mounds of trashed furniture, pulverized sheetrock, twisted gutters, mashed carpet, ruined clothes, downed trees, covered every curb. On West End Boulevard the mound was a mountain, taller than the empty homes around it. The flood's waterline showed brown on almost every building - knee-deep, neck-deep, higher, worse. Inside the buildings, ruin festered and poisonous mold coated what walls remained, overlapping splashes of black, shoulder-high. Rot and decay and corruption -- real corruption. Everywhere."

Tucker Birthday Party Postponed

"The 2nd Annual Bob Tucker's 90th Birthday Party" -- originally scheduled for November 26 -- has been postponed because Tucker has developed mild health difficulties that would have kept him away from his own party. Roger Tener announced in *Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol* that the hosts now hope to hold the event sometime after the first of the year.

Frank Wu's Trade Show Plans

You'll find Frank Wu at the Licensing International Show in New York next June marketing two fun ideas to toymakers. According to his post on Smofs, he's considering attracting attention to his first idea with a lit-up effigy of Guidolon, the Giant space chicken from the William Wu story "The Tragical Historie of Guidolon." He'll also be showing a Dragon v. Dreadnought proposal -- "the concept... is that dragons fight WWI battleships, tanks, bi-planes, etc. -- in short, stuff blows up."

Janice in the Antipodes

Janice Gelb, whose engagement to Stephen Boucher was announced at the Glasgow Worldcon, by late November winnowed down her options for moving to Australia to a firm plan:

"I'm going on a tourist visa. Believe it or



not, Sun [her employer] still hasn't even finally signed off on the job transfer papers yet, let alone talked about the business visa. Good thing I decided not to hang around waiting for them. This means that I am technically not allowed to go into the Sun office and shouldn't really be working at all but can technically work remotely as long as I am working on US material and logging into a US machine.

"Condo sold in four days, which was a very good thing. I leave the Bay Area on Dec 1 (after going to FL for Thanksgiving) then to Smofcon in Portland, San Diego for a computer conference, and Santa Fe to visit George Martin and co. We leave for Melbourne on Dec 13."

And sealing the deal, **Janice Gelb** sent her change to an Australian address effective December 15.

Cash Register Still Ringing

Vince Docherty revealed on the Smofs list that the 2005 Worldcon in Glasgow had gross revenue of about £589,000 (\$1,03,0000), excluding art show sales. Chair Colin Harris reported that the turnover from the art show was about £40,000 (\$75,000). Docherty concluded, "We do expect to make a modest surplus."

Keep on Truckin'

Donald and Jill Eastlake traveled to Albacon to throw a Chicago in '08 bid party. If get-

ting there is half the fun, and being there is half the fun, simple arithmetic explains why returning from the con was not much fun.

They drove in Jill's brand-new Ford Free-style. On the way home they pulled into a western Massachusetts Turnpike rest area for a bite to eat and to get gas. However, after they got into the parking lot, the car no longer would accelerate either forward or in reverse and had to be left for repairs.

The Eastlakes were rescued by Sharon Sbarsky and the Lewises who were also homeward bound. But there was one more mishap to come -- Sharon took a spill in the Eastlake's driveway. While she rested up, Jill took Tony and Suford home. It was an experience, Jill wrote online, that proved "We are definitely family."

Photo Finish

The photographic talents of Keith Stokes, who kindly allows *File 770* to reproduce photos from his fan webpages, are recognized by professional editors, too. Keith writes, "Minor brag - my photos are being picked up a number of places (some of them even paying! Among other places, 10 photos in the October *Locus*, and the cover of the fall issue of *US Coast Guard Engineering, Electronics and Logistics*."

Not Lost In Translation

Chicago in 2008 saluted Japanese fandom with a bilingual bid ad in the Nippon 2007 Worldcon's first progress report, designed by Steven Silver. He wrote to the committee, "I do believe I am more proud of this ad than any of the others I've created for the Chicago in 2008 bid." But he later admitted to worrying about not getting everything exactly right. Steve wrote, "My big fear is that someone will ask why the Japanese says 'Go stick your head in a pig.'"

Clipping Service

From *WSFA 10/21/2005 Minutes*: Bill Mayhew said that the tree planted in Joe Mayhew's memory at the Beltsville Library was doing well. He said that it, like Joe, was flamboyant but prickly. [Source: *WSFA Journal, November 2005*]

Space Cadets Looking for Base

Heidelberg worldcon chair Mario Bosnyak made the 1970 Hugo bases himself with wood from an old barn door. Kelly Freas thought it looked like scraps so when he got his Hugo home he went into his woodworking shop, made his own base and threw away the original. Most committees since then have been more painstaking in designing and producing their signature Hugo bases (the rocket itself is standard).

For example, L.A.con IV, the 2006 Worldcon, is following the lead of Noreascon 4 and Interaction by publicly soliciting design proposals for its Hugo base. The press release below outlines what the con is looking for. All three of the 2004-2006 committees set a budget in the range of \$100-\$200 per base, which is an interesting contrast to the \$700+ Nolacon II reportedly spent.

Noreascon 4's announcement also showed they hadn't forgotten their experiences with the 1989 Hugo bases:

"We're wicked allergic to designs which disintegrate in people's luggage, cannot be easily shipped, or which have little bits (or big bits, for that matter) that may fall off of them and need re-attaching."

Interaction jointly ran its competition with the Glasgow School of Art, one of Britain's foremost higher education institutions for the study and advancement of fine art, design and architecture.

2006 Worldcon Opens Hugo Design Contest

[From the committee's press release:]

L.A.con IV needs YOU... to design the 2006 Hugo Award Trophy!

Do you have vision? creativity? power tools?

Then the Space Cadets of L.A.con IV want *you* to submit a design proposal for the 2006 Hugo Awards trophies.

Since the early 1950s, the World Science Fiction Convention has been awarding honors for outstanding achievement in science fiction. Categories have come and gone, changing with the tastes and interests of Fandom.

But the basic design of the Hugo Award itself has remained constant. A silver "cigar" rocket is the focal point of the award -- the ever-steady work of art and science that instantly identifies the trophy as a Hugo.

The one thing that does change (every year!) is the design of the base, the platform upon which the rocket trophy is mounted. Each year's Worldcon committee chooses a base design that compliments the award and is, in some way, thematic of the convention or its city or region.

L.A.con IV is continuing the recent trend for open Hugo Award design competitions. We are seeking artists and designers to craft bases worthy of this most prestigious SF honor and which reflect the convention's theme of Space Cadets and/or its home region of Los Angeles and Southern California.

Three finalists will be selected. The person who submits the winning design will receive a full 5-day membership in L.A.con IV, a cash prize of \$250, and the opportunity to introduce their base design as part of the Hugo Ceremony itself. The two other finalists will receive a full 5-day membership in L.A.con IV.

Some Guidelines and Specs: (1) Bases must be designed in such a way that the silver Hugo rocket is an integral part of the design. We will supply the rockets, which are to be bolted to the base from below the tailfins. Ease of attachment should be a design consideration.

(2) The design must stand on a flat surface in some way (please do not craft a "hanging" design or one only appropriate for Zero-G).

(3) Bases may be made of wood, metal, lucite, or any other material which has a fixed form. Materials which will change form when aged, heated, etc. should not be used.

(4) You must allow space for a plaque containing the convention name, "Hugo Award", the category name, and, of course, the winner's name in an easy to read font.

(5) The design must be sturdy and capable of being transported or shipped (assuming reasonable care in packing). Designs that can be easily disassembled (i.e. rocket removed from base) are preferred. Designs should avoid small attached elements which may break or become separated from the trophy. Excessively heavy designs should also be avoided.

(6) L.A.con IV will want the designer to oversee the manufacture and construction of the approximately 20 bases that will be needed. While not required, entries from designers who can oversee construction will have an advantage in the judging.

Rocket Specifications: Height: 13 and 1/2 inches (340 mm); Width: 2" across (5.1 cm) from fin-tip to fin-tip; Weight: 3 lb. 2 oz. (1.42 kg); Bolt: 5/16-18 machine screw thread; Bolt-Hole: 0.625 inches deep (15mm).

Return of Materials and Confidentiality: We regret that design entries cannot be returned. In addition, the winning design is traditionally only unveiled at the Hugo Ceremony and strict confidentiality will therefore apply to the winner and their design until the convention.

Deadlines & Other Requirements: Designs should be submitted by 15 January 2006 and should include appropriate drawings or renderings of your design or a physical sample.

Please tell us (1) how much it would cost to fabricate 25 bases, (2) the lead time needed for fabrication, and (3) your ability to either craft the bases or arrange for the work to be done. As a guideline, bases should cost less than \$200 each (preferably much less) to fabricate and the finished bases should be received by L.A.con IV not later than 15 July 2006.

Please send designs, samples, or questions to us at hugobases@laconiv.org or L.A.con IV; Attn: Hugo Bases; P.O. Box 8442; Van Nuys CA 91409. (Okay, send the samples to the P.O. Box. But if you figure out how to send a sample via e-mail, that would be really cool.)

Help carry on the proud, bold tradition of Space Cadets everywhere!

DeVore Back in Hospital

Howard DeVore, the fan guest of honor at the 2006 Worldcon in Los Angeles, was hospitalized on December 18 for blood clots in his legs. His caregiver had hoped DeVore would be released in time for Christmas, but he is still in the hospital and may face rehab rather than being released to home.

Caregiver Joyce writes: "I saw Howard on xmas day -- he does seem to be eating a little better but his overall condition is not too great. His regular doctor is out of town and the other doctor is just a fill in. [...] I don't know if he is coming home or going for rehab for a couple of weeks. The doctor will know more on Tuesday. Anyway he is not very happy and I don't blame him since it seemed as though the whole staff went on strike over the holidays."

DeVore suffered a massive heart attack in Aug. 2004.

Medical Updates

Mike Resnick sent this follow-up to his vision report in last issue: "Yesterday (October 26, 2005) I was back at the eye surgeon's for my regular bi-monthly exam. The vision in my right eye has improved this year 20/300 to 20/160. Still legally blind, I suspect, but a little less blind."

Mike Glicksohn recently informed a wide circle of friends that he is fighting cancer, after being diagnosed with a tumor in the right ureter (the tube which joins one kidney to the bladder). He stated tests show no cancer in the kidneys themselves. He is tentatively scheduled for surgery in February to remove the ureter and the right kidney.

Fandom's Tangled Web



Left: Filk singer **Mary Creasey** maintains the Random-Factors.com filk fan Web site. **Right:** At Con-Chord 19 in L.A., filker **Lynn Gold** performs her crowd-pleasing favorite, "How I Love to Break Wind." Photos by Steve Diet Goedde.

NPR Filk

Xeni Jardin recently devoted a National Public Radio segment to "Filk Music: Odd Voices for a Digital Generation." The October broadcast was also downloadable from the NPR website, with accompanying photos.

The site also offered samples of filk performed by Amanda Kelly and Trent Urness – which Jardin felt we should know were "recorded in Urness' bedroom." The three songs were "Romulan Pirate," "Underwater Zombies" and "Potential Vampire."

Lynn Gold reminded fans, "They used stuff from a space circle and the Totally Tasteless and Tacky Revue. (By the way, I was on key!)"

Lift the Brick

Fans put together a fundraiser to help with the bills of John "DJ Brick" Matthews after his mother suffered a stroke. John himself is on disability for a variety of medical issues, lives with his mother, and her social security ordinarily pays for most of the mortgage and utilities but was then being used for her medical bills.

The appeal Bill Putt sent to the Stilyagi Air Corps' listserv explained that Brick is known in fandom for working the consuite of Confusion and Conclave, "staying up late in the night barely sleeping making sure you are plenty caffeinated."

John's mother reportedly was making a good recovery, in the meantime fans were asked to bear in mind, "John has bills to pay so that he has a house to live in and for his mother to return to. John is working on ways of reducing costs and finding ways of being less dependent on his mother's income, but in the short term, he needs financial help to get some bills paid."

Brick's friends set up "BrickCare" to help, running a website to receive direct donations and raise funds with auctions and sales. See:

[Http://brickcare.dementiaradio.org/](http://brickcare.dementiaradio.org/)

Everyone who donates is promised a "BrickCare" ribbon at Synthetic ConFusion (while supplies last!)

Authors Guild Sues Google Over Google Print Service

by Francis Hamit

(c) Francis Hamit 2005

9/21/2005: The Associated Press reports that the Author's Guild has filed a lawsuit against Google over the Google Print program that seeks to scan in several big university libraries. This is an attempt by Google to make books more accessible online.

Naturally the publishers are against it. Google says that they respect copyright and, if notified, they will not sample works where the publisher and/or author objects.

Unfortunately for them the law doesn't work that way. You need *written permission* to copy and distribute someone's copyrighted work. Google takes the position that they're doing everyone a favor by bringing out a lot of work that otherwise you actually would have to go to a library and check out or read there.

Given the Authors Guild performance in this electronic database copyright case I don't have a whole lot of confidence in them. I am told that one of their negotiators

took a job with the opposition. That doesn't exactly inspire confidence, nor does their seeking class action status. I've come to view those as simply a way to enrich lawyers and buy off the rest of us for pennies.

But, in the interest of full disclosure, I have to confess that I AM A GOOGLE PRINT PARTNER. Yep, my little electronic publishing company, Francis Hamit Electronic Publishing, has sixty-six titles on Google Print. I wanted to give readers a way to sample the work and was willing to try this, especially since they say they will share ad revenues. All of this work is mine and all of it somewhat dated, except for one long fiction story and the 1988 stage play of mine we are about to put up.

But it has been several months since I sent in those files and right now none of them are being used for the intended purpose. Google talks a good game about this, but so far, results are not apparent. I get e-mail from "The Google Print Team" but not much else. I'd really like to know if this kind of sampling will promote sales. The stuff does sell, but I'd like it to sell better. Google keeps announcing grand initiatives

but performance is mostly noticeable by its absence.

And I wonder what happened to that great motto of theirs, "Don't be evil"?

Because talking copyrighted material without permission is definitely evil, not matter what good intentions are expressed. As a publisher's rep in the UK said about this library book scanning schemes, "If you break into my house, it's still a crime, even if the only thing you want to do is to clean the kitchen". (That's a paraphrase.)

Google is going to make the same "Fair Use" arguments that failed in *American Geophysical Union v. Texaco* and other cases. Requiring people to detect the infringement and then notify them is not a legal defense under law. It stands the law on its head. And it is the same effort to abolish copyright entirely as promoted by Larry Lessig with Creative Commons and the slash/dot crowd.

Here's a flash. You want to change the law then you need to talk to people in Congress, not judges. And since our law mirrors various international treaties on Copyright, you'll have to get those changed too.

John Hertz's Westercon Notebook

Westercon LVIII "Due North", July 1-4, 2005

Westin Hotel, Calgary, Alberta

Author Guest of Honor S.M. Stirling; **Illustrator**, Mark Ferrari; **Editors-Publishers**, Tom Doherty, Dave Hartwell; **Fans**, Eileen Capes & Cliff Samuels; **Science**, Phil Currie; **Canada**, Dave Duncan.

Attendance about 700. In the Art Show 28 artists, sales of about 220 pieces for C\$9,000 (Canadian dollars; of this C\$1,900 in the Print Shop). Westercon XLIX in 1996 at El Paso was our eastmost, Honolulu in 2000 our westmost (and south); Calgary our farthest north. We were almost double the size of local Con-Version.

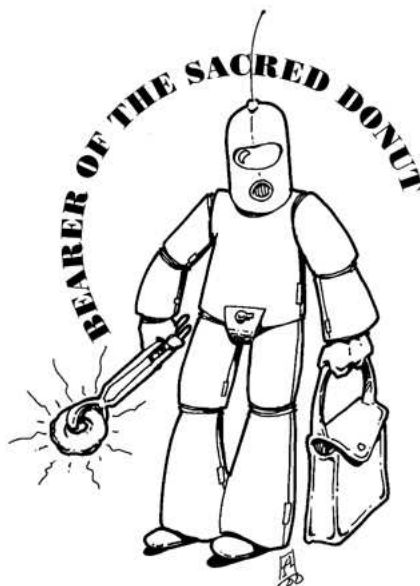
Art Show chief Rayah Deines helped me mount the Selina Phanara sun calendar project. With power tools we drove screws through Deines' cloth-covered plywood display boards to hang clips on. Phanara has been making fanciful suns, in colored paper mostly; some will be a calendar, with votes wanted for which sun looks like which month, a project of Phanara fans Elizabeth Klein-Lebbink and Jerome Scott. Last year I brought some originals to Phoenix, this year a color chart of the whole set, with stick-on

A rambling but accurate and cogent conversationalist.

William K. Wimsatt, Jr.

stars for votes. Phanara is herself original. Later I brought another of the charts to CascadiaCon, the NASFiC, in Seattle. At Due North the ratio of stuck stars to attendance was creditably high.

On Friday afternoon I gave the Kelly Freas memorial slide show. He won eleven Hugos, three Chesleys, and our hearts. His widow Laura and I had spent two days compiling a one-hour retrospective, some images everyone had to see, the giant robot and crumpled man of "The Gulf Between", the little green man now on the banner of the Judith Merrill Library (Toronto), some less known, an *Ellery Queen's* cover, a Western cover, *The End of Eternity*. Kelly was a master of focus, of marshaling detail, of salting the serious with humor – or vice versa – and of *The greater the reality, the better the fantasy*. From the audience: he gave women wonderful hair, men strange hats. The slide show would later be hosted at Interaction ('05 Worldcon, Glasgow) by Joe Siclari, Frank Wu, and Jane Frank, then at



CascadiaCon again by me. This involved handing off the slides in each direction to Kevin Standlee, a trusty courier.

My docent tour of the Art Show was at 4. I didn't invent these, but I've been arranging them where I can. We borrow *docent* from the museum world, where it means someone good at leading people round pointing out things worth looking at. Our docents take one another's tours. I can't tell if I learn more by taking the tours or giving them. Expertise can help, but the hub of the wheel is *Seek to say what you see*. Talking about art is itself an art. Derek Mah's "Dracula" (which won Best Monochrome) wore a 16th

That is the way pity works. You had seen the bull and you had not seen the sheep.

Mencius

Century high collar, ruffs, a sly expression. In "Pacific Rim", an acrylic by Stephanie Ann Johanson of *Neo-Opis*, a pale pool and light drew the eye to an off-center rock in a black cove. In Theo Nelson's watercolor cartoon science series, lollipop trees stood under tiny clouds; I wished this would illustrate R.A. Lafferty. Mah gave a tour himself, as did Ctein, and Deines' 18-year-old daughter, who was exhibiting, Lyra Logan. Logan stood outside the Art Show in a

witch's hat that bore a legend *Docent Tour Here*. When time came for her tour she realized she should keep it on.

Space Cadet was first of the weekend's S-F Classics, done as discussions under solo moderator, as at Phoenix; sometimes they're panels. I don't think prediction matters, but Matt Dodson's taking a mobile phone from his duffel bag must have been astounding in 1948. Barbara Dannenfelser said she'd liked *Cadet* as a girl; I asked, how does it seem now? Another: as we grow annoyed with Stinky Burke we realize Tex Jarman too was rich, what a difference. Another: Matt's mom and dad show why he left home for the Patrol. Another: by the time Burke says it's all a fake, we've already seen the One Bean test that shows what the Patrol thinks of honesty. Another: on Venus the women are in charge. In *Cadet* and Heinlein's "juveniles" generally his elegance is remarkable.

In the lobby was Fran Skene, whom I long hadn't seen in person. By now we had both been Fan GoH at a Phoenix Westercon. Jane & Scott Dennis told me they kept hearing "This is the first con I've attended in years." Co-Chair Randy McCharles told me he kept talking with first-timers. I put on the English Regency clothes and taught dancing, crowded with people I'd never seen

Scope for imagination.

Anne Shirley

before. In the Hospitality Suite, over maple walnut ice cream, Ctein like everyone was remembering Kelly Freas. He was, Ctein said, a gentleman, in the best sense, coupled with full respect for Laura as a person; when Kelly found she could draw, he probably handed her a brush and said "Will you paint the top? I'm sort of busy down here."

Daylight Saturday. As I walked two blocks to the nearest photocopy shop, here came McCharles on his way back, arms laden. Dale Speirs won an Aurora for *Opuntia*. Kent Bloom chaired the Business Meeting, Sandra Childress acting secretary. We ratified the Bylaws amendment changing site-eligibility zones from North and South to North, South, and Central. A dodo arrived. He was a Folkmanis hand & arm puppet I'd agreed to animate as an advertise-

ment for this year's Capclave (Washington, DC), where Howard Waldrop and Teresa & Patrick Nielsen Hayden were GoH. I named him Izzard for Teresa & Patrick's fanzine. For the rest of the weekend he was like a part of me. I certainly was part of him. Geri Sullivan reached the con ten minutes before her docent tour. She put down her luggage and we followed her in. Mike Willmoth made shadow pictures on people's backs when we stood before a side light. Ctein said labeling a piece "digital" didn't say all we needed; what's it made of, for purposes of preservation and display?

With no Fanzine Lounge, I held a Current Fanzines *Kaffeeklatsch*. I'd put round the con a flier with color-photocopy reductions of a dozen visually interesting covers, *Banana Wings* 22, *Chunga* 10, *File 770* 144, *Plokta* 10/1, *Probe* 126, *Tortoise* 20. The con sent coffee and tea. I set out butter-

A frolic took us.

Samuel Pepys

waffle biscuits and Carr's Ginger Creams, and spread three dozen recent issues over a couple of tables. We discussed the place of paper. I said, neither the telephone nor E-mail and the Web superseded it, any medium (as Marshall McLuhan might say) has a place for what it does best. Speirs said paper was durable. I said it was portable. Skene agreed crudzining seemed to have fled to the Internet. I commended Guy Lillian's reviews in *The Zine Dump*. People picked up things and made notes.

Dinner, the *Locus* Awards. Charlie Brown began, "Thank you for inviting me to this literary conference in China," with several more false starts. Doherty said "Thanks to all the authors, first comes the book." Ellen Datlow sent a message "Short fiction is the lifeblood of s-f." There was a Hawaiian Shirt contest. I had judged the one at Conolulu. Brown said "This isn't a Hawaiian shirt, it's an Australian shirt," indeed bearing a map of Australia. Hartwell drew more applause for his tie. Brown pulled up Samuels for his paisley vest. John Varley was the only pro among other finalists Steve Forty, Samuels, and Standlee. Forty wore a shirt he got at Conolulu. Standlee danced. Varley got first prize, a banana autographed by Brown. From the audience, "Brilliance is the most important thing." Connie Willis said "I can't believe you all liked Charlie's Chihuahua joke." Arthur Taylor said "No, we're Canadians, we were just nice to him." Dark gingerbread in the Hospitality Suite. A peach-cider fountain at the CascadiaCon party. James Daugherty explained digitally-filtered photos for his new HP printer that

could do five blacks. Filksinging at 3 a.m., Sue Koziel on flute, the Loch Tay boat song. And so to bed.

The making of these mistakes is part of the price paid by those who reject the homely, avoid the obvious, and look about for the imposing.

Fowler

At 11 a.m. on Sunday was Ferrari's docent tour. When the con opened his work was stuck in Customs. He showed color images on a lapsize computer. Now all was well. Artists had work-in-progress tables along the walls. Aurora-winning Tim Hammell showed his collection *The Inner Mind* next to a print of the cover picture from his portfolio, under broken blue spheres in a serpentine gulf a small man in a skiff. We could see how the cover used more-saturated colors. Dan O'Driscoll had hung his "Starship *Athene*" (Best S-F) next to his streamlined atmospheric ship for the February 2004 *Asimov's*. Ferrari pointed to the darkest spots all next to the brightest spots, the exhaust and the highlights at the nose. "I'm really interested in color and light," he said; "I'm a terrible draftsman." San Jose won Westercon LX unopposed.

A *Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. I had called it an s-f classic; I asked people if they thought it was s-f, and why. Hank Morgan the Yankee introduces technology, they said, and indeed we're shown its effects. I asked, should we rename our maxim Mark Twain's Law? No: he didn't formulate it; he applied it, but Clarke said "Sufficiently advanced technology can be indistinguishable from magic." How carefully Twain painted all the bigotry for purposes of his art! He knew the inventions would have to go away. So they were brought by Morgan, who never comprehended the Church or the aristocracy, to him only clowns and goons; he won followers but lacked friends; Twain set this up to bring

The most precise and flexible in the world.

Stravinsky

Morgan down, solving time-travel with tragedy. Twain's endless, matchless joking was at home in a heart big enough for it, for compassion, and for a craftsman's love. He wrote about writing. *Use the right word*, he said, *not its cousin*.

In the halls, a harlequin and an Imperial TIE-fighter pilot. A local graphic artist,

who'd been showing his portfolio to visiting publishers, chatted about commerce. It seems, he said, to try selling a book to people who already like that kind of thing. Isn't that the low end, I asked, selling the already-sold? Isn't the high end showing us what's interesting about something we hadn't thought to be interested in? Two Boston fans who'd been in the *Yankee* discussion further explored early s-f classics. I favored *Frankenstein* for first, Verne for founder. Yet they, and Huxley the poet, Wells the preacher, didn't ignite the rocket to take off. We seem with Gernsback - knowingly or not on Verne's foundation - to have started an art of possibility, which is science, and hope as well as warning. In the Hospitality Suite, Roger Wells liked how I'd said in *Vanamonde* that, at what our crowd calls an s-f con, we don't offer tickets to gawk.

Donna McMahon led the discussion of *Slan*. It has action, she said. It has drama and a series of bold strokes. McMahon said *Slan* showed superior intelligence requiring empathy. Tom Veal wondered how much it met with resistance to the theory of evolution. Tom Craig asked, do all books have to have a deep philosophical meaning? I had wondered about the tendrillless-slan empire, and about their character, as the author meant me to, one of the great stunts under Poe's "Purloined Letter". Re-reading can be important. McMahon criticized didactic speeches in the second half of the book, but

It would be wise to be skeptical even of skepticism.

Clarke

in fact they are revelatory of the speakers. No less a stylist than Harlan Ellison has written that Van Vogt was a giant, the well-spring of wonder. His dazzling power of invention is not his only literary virtue.

I went to hear "Evolution of the S-F Con", Bobbie DuFault, Jason Sallay of Con-Version, Standlee. Standlee said Baycon and *Animé-Con* both grew. DuFault said we should on the one hand look for commonality, and on the other hand promote the sharing of subfandoms. "I'm bringing Steve Forty's Gestetner machines to CascadiaCon," she said, "to support a part of fandom I don't even participate in." She stayed for the next hour to take NASFiC questions. Sallay had talked of pursuing one's passion. What, I asked him, about things one simply finds amusing? He said Calgary had felt hard economic realities. No doubt this was true. But as an amateur teacher I had learned the old rule *A well-taught class fills, a badly-taught class empties*. He said Con-

Version was formed to be literary.

The Masquerade Director, Sandra Manning, had done wonders from Alaska and on-site. Master of Ceremonies was the Wombat; Workmanship Judge backstage (workmanship judging is optional for entrants), Andy Trembley; judges, Capes, Kevin Roche, and me. Best Novice was "Entrance of the Emperor" (Duncan Carmichael) from *Warhammer 40,000*; also Best Workmanship in Class, his work almost entirely in cardboard. Most Beautiful, Journeyman, and Best Workmanship in Show, was "Ocean Dragon" (Dana Teh), blue and green fabric, painted fabric, leather, tattoos, details down to beading and edge treatment. Jenn Sykes and Rob McDowell won Best Journeyman for "Defenders of the Republic" from *Star Wars*, poised, dramatic, clear even to me who had not seen this episode. Raj Bhardawaj, Katherine Bonham, Jennifer Gerritsen, Elizabeth Jepson, Kent McKay,

The suppressed flurry of fantastic clothing.

Barbara Hambly

and Michael Schmidt closed the show with a terrifying sports team, "Your Mordor Orcs" (Master), which we adjudged Best Act of Getting Away with Mordor, carefully respelled, alas, by the newsletter.

Con-Version is in mid-August. To get into the act the gang scheduled Con-Version 21.5 at Due North, renaming "Crown Suite" to "Clown Suite". I had seen little of them, so went up to their penthouse, where I found them going great guns. There was a Robo Rally tournament, a board game which in my part of the world takes Jordan Brown to

understand. (Migly, leave this in, I want to see the letters.) I thought perhaps these folks were hiding their light under a bushel until Sallay, and Derek France, explained the

For we are all, one with another,
wise and foolish, like a ring which
has no end.

Shōtoku.

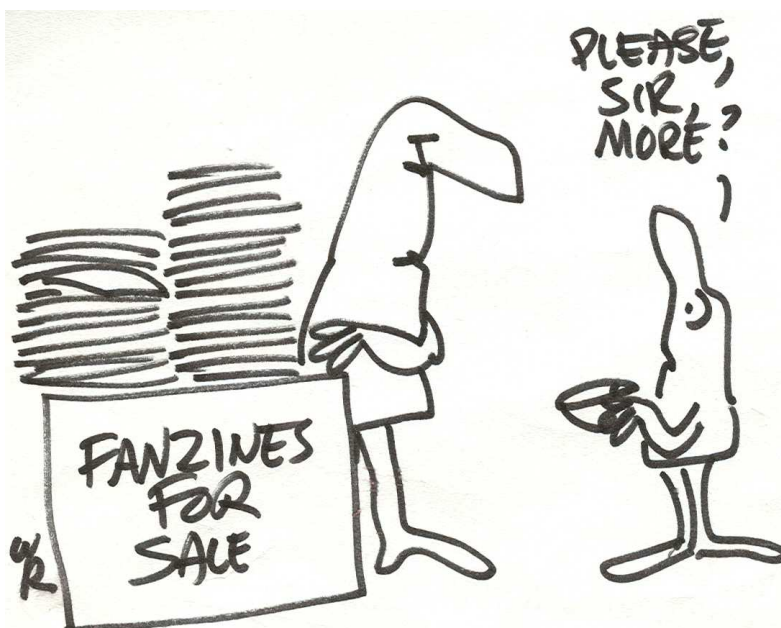
Clown Suite was really a separate convention, from which, as the weekend wore on, more and more locals had also gotten Westercon memberships. I spoke with them about participation and cross-fertilization.

Mid-morning in the Hospitality Suite. Friday was the holiday in Canada, Monday in the U.S. Some of us managed to get away for both. I drank Rock Creek cider. John Dalmas said "We're born to learn." Brian Davis had won CUFF (Canadian Unity Fan Fund). In the halls I gave Bruce Taylor a hall-costume award for his ice-cream suit. Now and then people asked about the dodo. When they saw Waldrop's name on the Capclave flier they sometimes understood. On the slate of Hugo-nominee reviews I gave the one for Best Pro Artist. The con committee had kindly rounded up two dozen images of each nominee's work and mounted them in a computer for me to project on a big screen. Jim Beveridge in the audience noted the Kelly Freas influence everywhere. I've called Eggleton the J.M.W. Turner of s-f, a student of fire and light. Giancola carried the torch of realism, perhaps Burns of surrealism. John Picacio, the new boy on the block, knew a world of dreams, nebulous and strange.

At Closing Ceremonies the GoH wore

white cowboy hats, as they had through the weekend, in honor of the Calgary Stampede coming next and because they were good guys. I don't mean Stirling wore one; he was elsewhere anyway. Had the ceremony been perfect the world might have come to an end. Ferrari was pleased with how well the Program Book reproduced his colors, which were difficult. He was able to say this in the presence of Hartwell, who was dressed as usual. A little while helping take down the Art Show. Bobbi Gear's motto had been "I always demand too much of my students, it's the least I can do"; maybe some rubbed off, Con-Version came to ask me if I'd be their Fan GoH next year.

Dinner in the Calgary Tower, a hundred meters up, with Jean Goddin & Willmoth. We looked down through glass panels, stood on glass panels, and ate beef, buffalo, and elk in the revolving restaurant. At the Dead Dog party Rick Weiss, Standlee, and I pursued the fate of general-interest and special-interest cons. General cons once promoted "Indulge your special interest with us." As fandom grew, special cons arose, which could do more for any special interest. Cross-fertilization was what general cons really had to offer, indeed the meeting of people not just like oneself. This might be the fundamental note of s-f, as Larry Niven puts it *There are minds as good as yours but different*.





Conestoga 9 Opening Ceremonies: (L to R) Brad Foster (Artist GoH), George R. R. Martin (GoH), Brad Denton (Toastmaster for Opening Ceremonies), Margene Bahm (co-Fan GoH), Jim Murray (co-Fan GoH), Paula Helm Murray (co-Fan GoH), and Conestoga 9 chair Randy Farran at the microphone.

A WAGONLOAD OF NOTES FROM CONESTOGA 9 BY H. L. DRAKE

My self-appointed “study” of contemporary SF & F authors -- to ascertain whether or not I should spend time and money reading them -- took me to “Conestoga 9” in Tulsa, Oklahoma, July 15-17, 2005. Conestoga had the usual con plethora of offerings including art and writer tracks, readings, dealers’ room, gaming, masquerades, playhousing, dancing, author signings, and other things that that I didn’t want to know about. My interest was focused on observing the GoH, in person -- who reminds me of Robbie Coltrane as “Hagrid” in the Harry Potter movies -- hearing him speak, watching him walk and talk while basically breathing on his own and otherwise showing me whether or not he has enough sense to dress and feed himself without assistance. (I wonder about some authors in these respects!)

I registered with a cowgirl who asked “Have you been here before?” (a common question I’ve noticed from insecure persons dealing with strangers) and “Have you ever been to a con?” (checking to see if I’m with the CIA or the FBI, or both). The first session that I attended was at 4 o’clock and titled “Harry Potter.” This session featured Beverly Hale (*The Essence of Stone*, Yard Dog Press, 2002), Paula Helm Murray (one of the fan GoHs for this convention, member of SFWA and author of several stories in anthologies and magazines) and K. D. Wentworth (several novels including *This Fair Land*, Hawk Publishing Group, 2002 and *The Course of Empire* co-authored with Eric Flint, by Baen, 2003, and a coordinating judge for the L. Ron Hubbard Writers of the Future contest). These ladies began by answering “Why the big deal about Harry Potter?”

Harry Potter is an archetype of the classic

adventure tale, said Hale. The character of Harry Potter appeals to all of us because of our feeling of being disregarded by humanity and not as well loved or appreciated, as we would like to be. Wentworth maintained that Harry Potter author J. K. Rowling is a genius: she takes all that we’ve heard about writing and combines everything with a wonderful adventure tale. Rowling is also a success, said Wentworth, because she is published in the mainstream. Hale agreed with Wentworth that if Rowling were published as SF or F, her books would sit on the shelves. Hale, Murray and Wentworth added that the Potter books are basically good because of their easily accessible language, clear plots and excellent characterization. Readers of all ages can do a great deal of identifying with the characters in the Potter books.

The Friday evening’s Conestoga 9 “Opening Ceremonies” were a hoot as master of ceremonies Bradley Clayton Denton (short stories and novels such as *Wrack And Roll*, Aardweasel Enterprises, 1986 and *Warner Books*, 1986 with subsequent editions by other publishers; *Buddy Holly Is Alive And Well On Ganymede*, William Morrow hardback, 1991 with an Avon paperback, 1992; and a 1995 World Fantasy Award for both *The Calvin Coolidge Home For Dead Comedians*, Mercury Press, 1988, *Lightning Source*, 1993, *Wildside Press*, 1993 and *A Conflagration Artist*, *Lightning Source*, 1993, and *Wildside Press*, 1993). Denton’s roasting and toasting seemed to be appreciated by 99.99 percent of the audience. I was the 0.01 percent holdout because Denton’s references to persons, places and things often were not understandable for a first-time Conestoga attendee. Slides accom-

panied Denton’s presentation that was read from an all-too-long script accompanied by histrionics making tie-ins with actor Kevin Bacon. I never knew what the Kevin Bacon reference was all about!

The 9 a.m Saturday morning “Writing Techniques” session included Margaret Bonham (*Prophecy of Swords*, Yard Dog Press, 2005, and other novels and nonfiction: www.shadowhelm.net), Lea Killough (several cross-over mystery and SF novels with *Killer Karma* in 2005 and *Aftershock* in 2006, both by Yard Dog Press), Melanie Fletcher (*Lurleen Terwilliger and the Swedish Bubba Balls* and others by Yard Dog Press, date is not evident on the Yard Dog Press web site), M. J. Reiten (a Writer’s of the Future winner, several short stories in various magazines) and Louise Marley (former concert and opera singer, novels such as *The Glass Harmonica*, Ace 2000 and 2001 and *The Child Goddess*, Ace 2004 and 2005). Panelists began their program by agreeing that there is no one correct way to write and each person should find the way that is best for them.

Bonham labeled her writing style as “organic,” because she begins a writing project from an individual scene and sometimes doesn’t know if that scene is going to lead her to producing a short story or novel until the work is well underway. Killough writes in synopses and scenes -- she goes through lots of preparation, and then expands on portions and pulls them all together. Reiten starts his stories with ideas and characters and usually knows the ending that he wants. For novels, Marley starts with an image in mind, writes three chapters and a synopsis of the rest of the book. This does double duty; the chapters and synopsis can

be sent off for contract hunting, or, can simply be her impetus for completing the entire work. Panelists were divided on writing lineally or organically; i.e., writing from the beginning of a story to the end, or jumping around and eventually connecting the parts for a finished product. Reiten said that he doesn't wait for the artist when he sits down to write; the hack sits down and starts writing until the artist emerges to do the good work! (Words to live by, I think.)

Panelists discussed *for whom they write*. Bonham told us that she writes for herself; if she likes it, her readers will also like it. For Killough, her stories are movies playing in her head; she searches for words to describe the movie and hopes that, subsequently, readers will see the same movie in their minds.

When it comes to editing, Fletcher said he is prepared to "murder your darlings." She lets words flow while writing, but she becomes her own reader when going back to edit. Reiten said that he can't read anymore without analyzing a piece as a writer, and he applies this technique to his own work as well. Marley maintained that she writes as her own consumer. All agreed that they use a spouse or another person as their unofficial reader before their stories go out to an agent or publisher.

This panel of writers uses lots of reference books and people for factual data to include in their stories. And during this discussion of research for stories as well as nonfiction, Marley said that she sees the academic approach and the artist in conflict. While she knows that some authors combine academe and art, Marely cannot. Both approaches to authorship have their place, but Marley told us that while writing she cannot dissect in the academic sense because doing so gets in the way of her artistic creativity.

There were several points made regarding "writer's block." Physical activity helps brains to free-run and unblock. Working on various writing projects in the same time-frame helps; take a break from the manuscript that you get stuck on and go to another one. On the other hand, Marley said that she doesn't believe in writer's block: "Practice every day, by writing every day."

The 10 a.m. "5 Things I Wish A Pro Had Told Me" session was a bummer for those who are just starting to be a published author. A bummer in the sense that all of the authors on the panel were absolutely correct and in one hundred percent agreement when Bill D. Allen (novels, such as *Shadow Heart*, Yard Dog Press, no date available, and *Gods And Other Children*, with Tracy Morris, Yard Dog Press, 2005, and short stories: www.geocities.com/ozarkpress) said, "Don't do it!" If you have a choice,

panelists agreed, don't write. But, if you have an "addiction" to writing, then do what you must do. Besides Allen, panelists for this program were Linda Donahue (according to Selina Rosen, Donahue has stories in *Anthology From Hell*, publisher not known and *International House of Bubbas*, Yard Dog Press, perhaps 2006), Selina Rosen (novels, such as *Reruns*, Yard Dog Press, 2004, *Chains of Redemption*, Meisha Merlin Press, 2004, and short stories, and she is owner/publisher of Yard Dog Press -- as of this writing, the Yard Dog Press did not include publication dates for books advertised on its web site), Julia S. Mandala (short stories in various magazines and a collection, *Dracula's Lawyer* published by Yard Dog Press, date not evident on the Yard Dog web site), and Stephen Pagel (President/Senior Editor of Meisha Merlin Publishers, a co-winner with Nicola Griffith of a World Fantasy Award for best anthology).

Writing is simpler than you think, said Allen: "Write." Pagel echoed this thought by saying that at conventions "wannabe" authors talk to him about what to do to be a writer. One must write, Pagel says, in order to be an author.

"When you're a writer, no one cares!" said Rosen. "The average annual income for a writer is \$7,000." Rosen added. Panelists also agreed that one may be an excellent writer and not make it. Being a "successful" author involves many factors, including: markets, timing, publishers, editors' moods, etc. "It's all luck," agreed Rosen, "involving the right editor at the right time." Rosen thinks that an author should not listen to anybody tell them how to write, and authors should *not* write according to a current trend in the publishing industry.

According to Allen, the process of writing is about the work; don't write stuff that you don't like. You've got to get satisfaction from what you are writing. Rosen believes that to be true and told her audience: "Write the book that you would most like to read."

Panel members informed their audience that there have been major changes in the past 10-15 years in the publishing world. It used to be that editors bought books based on qualities that they were looking for. Today, houses have committees such as sales and marketing that make decisions as to whether or not an author's manuscript is accepted.

And, finally, this panel's members recommended never reading your reviews and send your material out to the point of constantly having manuscripts in circulation at any one time. This session ended with me having the thought

that panelists had done their best to discourage any future competition!

At 11 a.m. Saturday the reason for my attending Conestoga 9 arrived: I was to meet -- in person -- the con's "little" giant, "Hagrid" (aka George Raymond Richard Martin). Within the first ten minutes of Hagrid...er...I mean, Martin being interviewed, I thought that *he* should have been cast in the Harry Potter movies instead of Robbie Coltrane! To me, Martin looks, speaks and otherwise behaves in a more believable Hagrid-like manner than Coltrane. And, it would have been perversely ironic had Martin been cast in the movie versions because he "lost out to Harry F---ing Potter for the 2001 Hugos!" he told us. Martin said that he had always thought that the Hugos should go to authors within the genres of SF and F, and not to an outsider such as J. K. Rowling. Martin was nominated for a Hugo with his novel *A Storm Of Swords* (Voyager; Bantam Spectra, 2000) and Rowling received the Hugo for *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* (Bloomsbury; Scholastic/Levine, 2000). Among his prodigious output (the *Song of Ice and Fire* series of novels, Bantam Books, and one of my favorites of his short stories collections, *Quartet*, (NESFA Press, 2001) Martin's credits include writing for the original "Twilight Zone" television series as well as being a story consultant and producer for the "Beauty and the Beast" TV series.

The Martin interview session was informative when he could say what he wanted to say about himself and his work. Unfortunately, the interviewer -- Randi Eldevik -- was so full of advertising herself that she gave a too selective and narrow approach with her questions for Martin. Eldevik re-



George R.R. Martin, Conestoga 9 guest of honor.



Left: Panel, "5 Things I Wish a Pro Had Told Me": Linda Donahue, Bill D. Allen, Selina Rosen, Julia S. Mandala, and Stephen Pagel. **Right:** Robert Spoo on copyrights, intellectual property rights. Photo by H. L. Drake.

ceived her Ph. D. at Harvard and seems to want everyone to know this, as well as touting her academic specialties in language and literature of the Middle Ages. But, we all suffered through the questions -- as did Martin -- in order to get at least a synoptic view of Conestoga 9's Hagrid.

Martin told us that during the 1979 Christmas break from college teaching he wrote three short stories, one of which was "Sandkings" (*Omni*, August, 1979; various reprints in anthologies, such as *The Reel Stuff*, edited by Brian Thomsen and Martin H. Greenberg, DAW, 1998). "Sandkings" was an experiment in genre crossovers. Martin explained that human arrogance was a part of the "Sandkings"; a classic morality play with horror and the idea of a weird little shop that was not an ordinary business establishment were also included in the story. "Sandkings" was optioned several times for television; but, it was a difficult story to dramatize. The television version concentrated on insects eating humans (TV movie for "The Outer Limits" on Showtime, 1995).

Martin said that "With Morning Comes Mistfall," (*Analog*, May, 1973) was one of the stories that helped establish him as a professional writer. "Mistfall" is a story that he is not embarrassed to have reprinted. Eldevik commented that "Dark, Dark Were The Tunnels" (*Vertex*, December, 1973) is a sad story. Martin said that "Dark" was published after it was rejected by prestigious magazines of the time. Something appeals to him about tunnels and darkness under the earth. He said that "Meathouse Man" (*Orbit 18*, edited by Damon Knight, Harper & Row, 1976; subsequent reprints such as *Splatterpunk: Extreme Horror*, edited by Paul M. Sammon, St. Martin's Press, 1990) is one of the saddest stories that he has ever written.

When asked to name his best short stories that he would like to include in a collec-

tion, Martin said that some of his best and early fantasy stories are in *GRRM: A Rretrospective* (Subterranean Press, 2003).

Eldevik asked Martin why his world building in the *Ice and Fire* series is so much like our own Earth? Martin replied that the *Ice and Fire* series is based on real history, so, how much do you vary history? If too much is changed in real history then the story becomes a grab bag. An author should strike the note that works for him or her, he said. Magic makes a difference and these *Ice and Fire* stories are cast in a fantasy realm with just a little magic, not heavy magic. Heavy magic, according to Martin, requires a different type of society than that found in the *Ice and Fire* series. And, heavy magic irritates Martin. Martin likes to use magic sparingly.

Eldevik expressed her consternation over the *Ice and Fire* characters having ordinary earth names. Martin said that he wanted to give names to different ethnic groups on the *Ice and Fire* world, which would represent a melding of the ethnic groups over hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. And, he even violated a literary rule by having some characters with the same name! He said that this really happened in human history. He likes that. In the *Ice and Fire* series he avoids specifically ethnic names.

Martin told his audience that he knows the final destination in his *Ice and Fire* series, but doesn't know every road, rest stop and detour along the way. His interviewer asked Martin how this series can be plotted. To which he replied: "I have a very large head and wear a large hat!" Interviewer Eldevik persisted: "But, how can you keep everything in mind?" Martin's answer: "I devote that part of my brain that others use their brains for real life."

A 1 p.m. two-part session titled "Legal Issues of Concern to Writers" was the last program that I attended at Conestoga 9. Dr.

Robert Spoo of the Tulsa law firm of Doerner, Saunders, Daniel & Anderson told us that he is a former author and specializes in copyright and intellectual property law. Dr. Spoo's points of departure for his con program were that authors are often in a position of making some sort of use of other people's copyrighted material, and, authors themselves have their own copyright needs and interests.

The following are some of Spoo's points that we should keep in mind regarding copyrights and intellectual property situations. For instance, we authors should never assume that because something is old that it is in the public domain. And, when negotiating to quote from a person's work, make sure that we obtain *all* of the rights involved in what we want to do with the work in various forms. We must take care in not infringing across media.

Something that can be confusing is that no longer do copyright notices have to be put on a work!

Another problem area is making copies of someone's work and distributing those copies without making money. This procedure is illegal, even for the classroom.

Much of what is on the internet is an infringement on other people's work.

"Fair use" usually involves a *short* excerpt from someone's material.

Substantial quotations from letters is an infringement and cannot be legally done.

Spoo cautioned against using the system of mailing a manuscript to ourselves to prove that we originated the manuscript. Sealed envelopes get all sorts of objections in court. What *is* safe is to register our manuscripts with the government copyright office.

Copyright begins as soon as you have completed your manuscript. However, this doesn't mean that you can *enforce* your copyright. The way to enforce your copy-

right is to register the work with the copyright office. Advantages to registering your copyright are: (1) you have a public record of your copyright; and, (2) you can get into court with a registration.

Don't forget; when writing for an employer, the employer owns the copyright.

When signing a publication contract, make sure that you as author also maintain electronic rights.

Copyright owners today have become very aggressive, especially corporate copyright owners. We have so many copyright lawsuits because some people are attempting to overreach their rights.

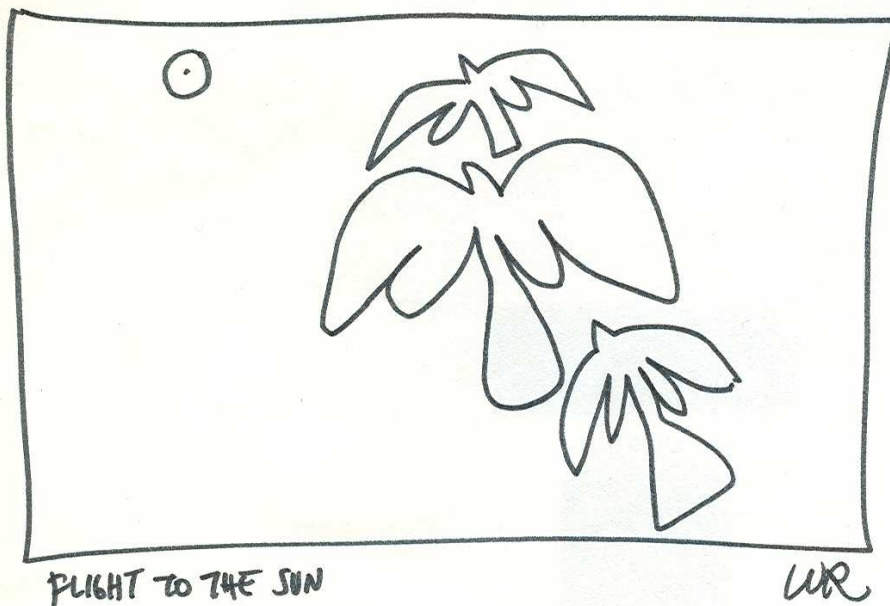
Publishers today -- especially small ones and the internet -- may not copyright for the author. A rule of thumb is to find this out when you sign a contract. Take steps to register your work yourself!

Much of Spoo's presentation time was spent giving historical examples of copyright court cases and answering questions of concern from audience members.

By 5 p.m. Saturday afternoon, there had been 502 registrations for Conestoga 9. I was told that this was a larger than normal registration to be attributed to the GoH -- George R. R. Martin -- and, an improved economy.

By Sunday morning, I was suffering from tedium and started driving toward my home in Lancaster, PA. Not long after leaving Tulsa, I took a couple of brief side trips at Miami, Oklahoma and Springfield, Missouri to drive on portions of old U.S. Route 66. It was fun seeing remnants of post-World War Two-style motels while recalling that in the early 1950's my folks and I had driven through those small towns when we moved from Milwaukee to Phoenix. Being on Route 66 again was far more exciting for me than attending Sunday SF & F con sessions!

Conestoga 10 is scheduled for July 28-30 in Tulsa. Literary GoH will be David Drake; Art GoH, Don Maitz; Toastmaster, Robin Bailey, and Fan GoH's will be Lynn Stranathan and Selina Rosen. For information: www.sftulsa.org and Conestoga 10, 440 S. Gary Ave., Box 45, Tulsa OK 74104.



Short Waves

Some work is being done on Harry Warner Jr.'s old house by a new owner, reports **Robert Lichtman**. "The house sold last year for around \$100,000, according to my source. What I don't know is whether this work is being done to prepare it for another sale or by the buyers in preparation for living in it."

Splitting Hairs: The following exchange came up during the Smof list's neverending discussion of how to stay on the right side of IRS' tax-exemption rules while still holding convention art shows.

Mark Olson one of Seth Breidbart's suggestions: "That smells of being just too cute. If the sponsoring organization is 501(c)3

then that raises the issue of why it is providing its facilities for a non-501(c)3 entity like Art Show Inc."

Seth Breidbart answered, "Why is NESFA providing its facilities to a barber shop?"

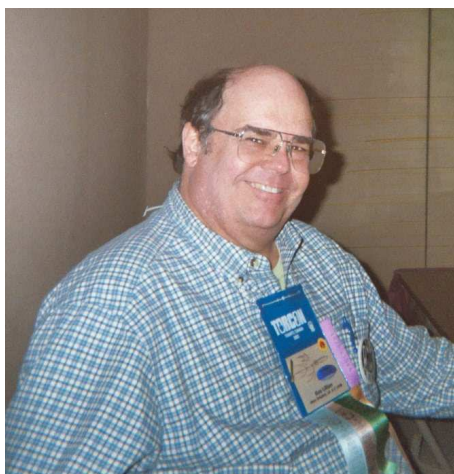
Dreamin' with Rosy: We hope you went several times to see *Dreamer* when it was in the theaters. And in *Zine Dump #10*, Guy H. Lillian III gives us one more (fannish!) reason to rent the DVD -- to watch **Rosy Lillian** in it!

"...Watch the first racetrack scenes very carefully (keep your eyes on the upper right hand corner). See if you can spot the beautiful brunette with curly hair. She may be just an extra in the movie, but she's star around here. (Rosy said Dakota Fanning kept staring at her -- not that I blame the kid.)"

Answering an e-mail, Guy added: "Just over Kurt Russell's shoulder, in the early racetrack sequences. Ten days' work for one second's screen time."

Ernest Lilley, of the Washington Science Fiction Association, wrote online "I'll be moving down to Norfolk, VA towards the end of June [2006] to assume my role as 'command spouse' beside my gal, **EJ McClure**, who is taking command of the USN Destroyer Arleigh Burke (DDG58), her first command."

Rosy Lillian's favorite Guy...



Bernie Zuber

March 4, 1933-October 14, 2005
Obituary by David Bratman

Bernie (short for Bernard, a name he rarely used) Zuber died in October at the age of 72, of respiratory failure after struggling to recover from multiple surgeries, at Arcadia Methodist Hospital in the L.A. area.

He'd been a member of LASFS from 1956, writing and drawing (Bernie was always an active artist) for *Apa-L*, *Shaggy*, and (in its fanzine days) *Locus*. But he is best known in fandom for his Tolkien-related activities. He was one of the "dirty old men" (then in their mid 30s!) who were active in the Mythopoeic Society in its early years after its founding in 1967, mostly coming in from LASFS, attracted as much by the young women in the group as by its activities.

But Bernie was serious about Tolkien, whose work he found reflected his own Christian faith. He was the first art editor of the MythSoc journal *Mythlore* and wrote a lot for it and other MythSoc publications, doing what he could to improve the quality of the editing. He served on the early Mythcon committees and boosted a MythSoc/SCA fringe art-fandom group called the Neo-Pre-Raphaelite Guild.

In 1977 Bernie and his then-wife Teny became fan publicity agents for the then-impending Ralph Bakshi film of *The Lord of the Rings*, giving slide shows at conventions and passing on the producers' assurance that the finished film would look better than that. But Bernie turned straw into gold by converting his film fan group into an independent network of clubs called the Tolkien Fellowships. He ran it for several years, editing and writing (essentially single-handedly) its fanzine, *The Westmarch Chronicle*, until 1982. He also assembled a small array of Tolkien experts to write and vet questions for *The Tolkien Quiz Book* by Bart Andrews, published by NAL in 1979, on which Bernie received co-author credit. This book was both accurate and imaginative; it was ubiquitous in Tolkien fandom for a while, because due to a distributor error everyone on Bernie's reviewer list got a box of thirty copies.

In the mid-80s Bernie suffered a severe recurrence of bipolar disorder that had intermittently affected him for years. He was hospitalized for some time and dropped out of fandom. But new drugs brought his condition under control, he moved to a communal living facility in Pasadena and stayed in occasional touch with old friends, participating in MythSoc discussion groups, drawing occasional psychedelic Tolkien-inspired art,

and running a small e-mail list called the Shire Post. His main activities in later years, though, were in artists' and jazz circles and the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill.

Bernie was short, already graying when I met him in 1976, and wore glasses and a small trim beard. He was always intellectually curious, read widely, and was a good clear expository writer with warm prose and perceptive thoughts. Unlike most fans, he didn't always use a typewriter; also unlike most fans, he had clear, elegant handwriting.

Bernie had been born in Paris; his mother was French and his father a U.S. embassy official. He went to art school and served a stint in the U.S. Army in his youth. Burial is at the Veterans' Memorial Cemetery in Riverside, CA.

- David Bratman

Irv Koch

Irv Koch, the second southern fan I ever met (the first was Don Markstein, both at the 1972 Worldcon) passed away November 19 at the age of 58. He had not had any recent major health problems and his wife, Kay Pinckney, said he died peacefully while taking a nap. He and Pinckney had been married almost nine years.

Koch was an active organizer of conventions and clubs, primarily in Tennessee where he chaired the 1976-1979 Chattacons and returned as Fan GoH in 1985. He also chaired the 1984 DeepSouthCon in Chattanooga. He worked on the 1979 NASFiC in Louisville, and served as special assistant to Mike Rogers at the 1986 Worldcon in Atlanta where he bankrolled Filthy Pierre's invention of his now-ubiquitous flyer boards.

His undeniable record of leadership was created by a combination of persistence and a quirky way of turning setbacks into opportunities. For example, Koch explained in a con publication how he got "Weaponscon" off the ground:

"I was wandering around Xanadu [*a convention*] with nothing to do but talk about neat ideas for SF cons. I had about five, but the one that people actually wanted to do was reactionary. Other cons' committees started behaving like the dulllest of mundanes; they'd taken to banning this and stopping that and generally forgetting what fandom was. Banning was and is merely the focal point of such." Koch disapproved the trend toward banning or peacebonding weapons at conventions and found enough like-minded fans to make a con with rules to their liking.

For awhile Koch was a member of Knossos, the Mythopoeic Society's Washington DC-area discussion group, until he moved

back to Tennessee in 1996. While he was in DC, the group ran the 1994 Mythcon.

Koch chaired the Charlotte in 2004 Worldcon bid, which lost to Boston. I came to admire him at that point in his life as the kind of fan who had consistently proved he had a passion for fandom greater than any adversity that came his way.

Barry Bard

Phoenix fan Barry Bard passed away October 7. He had been fighting illnesses for over a year, according to Mike Willmorth.

For years, Barry was a familiar figure manning a huckster table at southwestern U.S. conventions. He was Film & Video Editor for *ConNotations*, news publication of the Central Arizona Science Fiction Society. He also built a reputation coordinating movie previews and for arranging promotional freebies to be given away at local conventions. Barry was Comic-Con International: San Diego's Freebie Coordinator for many years.

Kelly Turner

Kelly Turner passed away September 18 while under medical care for a sudden, catastrophic illness. He was 43 years old. Kelly is survived by his mother, Rosetta Turner, three older siblings, and by his life partner, Tom Grossinger.

Turner was an active fan and costumer in the 70's, 80's, and early 90's. He was part of the crew that built the "V'Ger Flyby" sets for *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* in 1979. He worked on the committees of Costume-Con 1 and 2, and chaired Costume-Con 6. He was Masquerade Director for the 1986 Westercon in San Diego.

He was the managing editor of the first nine editions of *The Whole Costumer's Catalogue*. He also was the editor of *Costumer's Quarterly* for the ICG for several years. He competed in the Master division, and his costume credits include *The Egyptian Gods*, *Pyrogenesis*, *Turn of a Friendly Card*, and *Night on Bald Mountain*.

Kelly worked in the video game industry. Over the last 20 years, he has worked in virtually every aspect of development and production at such companies as Atari, P.F. Magic, Virgin Interactive, Rhythm & Hues, The 3DO Company, and Eidos. *[[From information posted to Smofs]]*

In Passing

Linda Ann Moss passed away July 12. I wanted to acknowledge it here.

Stanley Sutton, long time SF fan and reader of *Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol*, died of a massive heart attack on December 1. He is survived by his wife, Kathy.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR DAD OR, ROD SERLING VISITS AN ALIEN ABDUCTEE BY TIM DAVIS

Christmas always was the busiest time of year for my family as I was growing up. I'm sure that feeling is shared by a lot of people, whether or not they come from a small town or the city. But for us, Christmas was a big deal. And every year my brother and I knew that the day after Thanksgiving, Mom would have us unpack boxes of decorations for her to transform our home from fall to Christmas. Every year we would watch Mom and Dad "discuss" the topic of getting a real tree or a fake tree. And every year my parents, some how, manage to not kill my Brother and I as we would try desperately to figure out what the carefully wrapped packages underneath that tree contained.

Dad worked in a factory; still does to this day. He still commutes sixty-five miles, one way, six days a week, covering the distance from Phelan (a small town at the bottom of the San Gabriel Mountain range, overlooking the high desert) to Monrovia. How that man managed to fight LA traffic, put up with a new change in management every eight to twelve months, and still come home to fix the house or car, and spend time with his family, is something that brings a kind of awe and shock to me every time I think about it. I spent most of my life thinking that my Dad was either the craziest man I knew, or the most intelligent. Either way, the man was a genius in this own right, and has worked his entire life to provide my family with everything we ever needed.

Mom's full time job was running the household. Every once in awhile, during those years that we needed money, Mom would take a part time job to help out as much as she could. The best memories I have of my Mom revolve around the kitchen or the living room, with smells of cake and the sight of some craft project occupying the space of the whole dinning table. Mom was always doing something, and found time to do things she wanted somewhere in the chaos of raising two very active boys.

That year had been a hard one. That was they year I left to go to University. To this day I don't think my Dad understood why I thought I had to go to college. He had spent most of his life fighting people with college degrees in engineering and management, in an effort to keep them from running the factory into the ground. I wanted to be a Pastor and was convinced that was my call-



THREE WISIES WITHIN. RODSERLING'S

ing in life; college was not an option but a requirement. Mom just wanted me to follow my dream, and to pursue a future for myself that would make me happy, but had a hard time watching me leave the house. And my brother Stephen got the chance to finally fess up to all the things he had been blaming on me all those years, and to fill the roll of eldest son living in the house. I was being faced with the fact that maybe my dream of being a Pastor would not be realized in the time frame I thought it would; possibly at all. It was a time of transition for us all

Just before Christmas that year my family had a small crisis, my father had a heart attack. He came though it fine and made a great recovery. Having survived the heart attack, he had to make a few changes to his lifestyle if he wanted to avoid having another heart attack. He lost a lot of weight, he began to carry a canister of nitroglycerine tablets around his neck, and he was now on a very strict diet. We all had to get used to changes.

Of all the changes that Dad was making, the weirdest were the minor changes to Dad's personality. He started to do and say things that made us all stop and say, "who are you and what have you done with my father." This became such a common occurrence; my Dad developed a great answer for it. "Didn't you hear," he would say. "I didn't have a heart attack. That's what they want you to think. I know the truth." And he

would pull you close to him, look around like someone might be watching him, and say in a hushed voice, "I was abducted!"

Now, anyone who has been around my Dad for more than two minutes has been subjected to his warped, twisted, amazing sense of humor. He and my mother have been big Sci-Fi fans all my life and he loved to have fun with life. For instance, we didn't go to the store to buy aluminum foil -- Dad took you to the store to get protective material to make helmets so the Government spy satellites couldn't read your mind. Give him half a chance and my Dad will still launch into this huge big explanation about how he had been abducted, and experiments were conducted on him, and how he visited Elvis while he was there. And if anyone had any doubts, he was more than willing to produce the scars to prove it.

So I just want to say, he had it coming. I will shamelessly take credit for planting this idea in my Mother's head, but not for the creative way she took it to the next level. If there is one thing I learned that Christmas, it was never let the children you raised to have as warped of a sense of humor as you, stay at home with your wife and the internet, especially when you are claiming something crazy like alien abduction. I put my Dad's teaching, and my Internet knowledge together, and went for a trip into the *Twilight Zone*.

The setting could not have been more perfect. The Sci-Fi Channel was running a *Twilight Zone* marathon a few days before Christmas. Watching a *Twilight Zone* marathon in my family was not an option, it was part of being a member of the Gaudin family; almost like playing in the dirt and getting filthy is part of being a little boy. So we sat for a whole day with Dad, and listen to him say things like, "I saw him," or "that's what we did when they had me." At one point it started to get old, but Dad kept insisting that he had been abducted by aliens, and that Rod Serling and Elvis had been there with him. Apparently the Aliens were now having Rod narrate what was happening to Dad, while Elvis provided the sound track. As you can see, the man deserved exactly what he got.

Christmas Morning came. As the tradi-

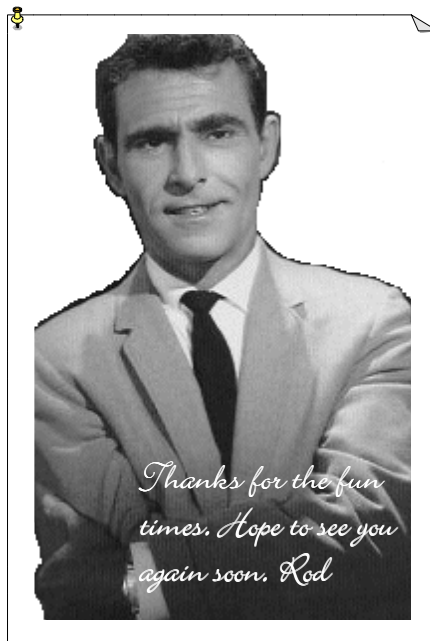
tion of our family goes, Stephen and I woke up to the smell of Dad making breakfast. We came to the kitchen table, passing the stockings that had been left for us in front of the fireplace. Mom joined us, and we light the last of the five advent candles. We said the blessing, and dug in. After helping Dad clean up after breakfast, I made Dad sit down, as Stephen and I started handing out the gifts that were under the Christmas tree. All the time, carefully leaving one unwrapped package under the tree for last.

When the presents had been open, and we had sorted out all the amazing loot that we found in our stockings, Dad looked over at the tree and said, "You missed one." Mom got up, walked over to the tree, and retrieved said package wrapped in black paper.

"It says, 'To Alan, from Rod.'"

"Rod," was all my Dad said as he was handed the present.

He looked at Mom, he looked at Stephen and I, and he looked back at the package with confusion. Carefully he unwrapped the package and revealed a picture in a frame. Not just any picture, it was a publicity shot of Rod Serling from his days of the *Twilight*



Zone. But that was not all.

"Alan," he read the message that was hand written of the bottom right corner of the picture. "Thanks for the fun times. Hope

to see you again soon. Rod."

We all started laughing. Neither Mom nor I said anything for months about who did what, or who started it. But Dad hung that picture up on the wall, and displayed it for everyone to see. Some things just are priceless, even if you did print up a low quality picture from the internet, and use a cheap frame to put it in. To this day, we still joke about it and tell people the story when they ask about the picture on the wall.

That Christmas we were able to forget, for one small moment, that Dad had almost been ripped away from us. Out of all the gifts we have ever given Dad, I think that one stands out the most for that reason. Amidst all the chaos of the Christmas season, the commercialized retail frenzy, the scheduling of Christmas events, and Dad's recovery from a heart attack, we stopped and had a great laugh. And not the kind of laugh that is mean spirited or vengeful either. It was the kind of laugh that you can only have when a family loves each other enough to poke loving fun at each other. That's what made that Christmas moment so special.

Louise Marley wins 2005 Endeavour Award

Louise Marley's novel, *The Child Goddess*, Ace Books, won the seventh Endeavour Award on November 6. It was the Seattle-based author's second win, as she previously shared the 2001 award with Ursula K. Le Guin. The Endeavour Award winner receives a \$1,000.00 honorarium and an etched glass plaque by Seattle artist Ashley Harper.

The other finalists for 2005 were *Alphabet of Thorn*, by Oregon writer Patricia McKillip, Ace Books; *Paradise Passed*, by Oregon writer Jerry Olton, Wheatland Press; *The Secrets of Jin-Shei*, by Washington writer Alma Alexander, Harper-Collins; and *Two Trains Running*, by Washington writer Lucius Shepard, Golden Gryphon Press.

The annual Endeavour Award honors a distinguished science fiction or fantasy book, either a novel or a single-author collection of stories, created by a writer from the

Pacific Northwest and first published in the year preceding the Award. The Award combines the judging methods used by the two leading awards in the field, using the reader and fan-based judging of the Hugo Awards and the professional-based judging of the Nebula Awards. All entries are read and scored by seven readers randomly selected from a panel of preliminary readers. The five highest scoring books then go to three judges, who are all professional writers or editors. The judges for the 2005 Award were Nalo Hopkinson, Susan Schwartz and Allen Steele.

Award Eligibility and Nomination: Deadline to enter books published during 2005 is February 15, 2006. Full information on entering the Award is available on the Endeavour Web site:

www.osfci.org/endeavour.

The Endeavour Award is sponsored by Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc. (OSFCI), the organization that sponsors OryCon and other conventions. OSFCI is a 501(c)(3) non-profit corporation.



Left: Archon 29 chair Michelle Zellich and toastmaster K.D. Lang; **Right:** Costume GoH Janet Wilson Anderson.

ARCHON 29

**SEPTEMBER 29-
OCTOBER 2, 2005**

COLLINSVILLE, IL

**REPORT BY
KEITH
STOKES
FAN GOH**

[[Originally appeared in *Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol*.]]

I headed directly from work to Collinsville, Illinois for Archon 29.

Passing through the Columbia area, the local NPR station was playing a reading from *Ender's Game*. I have never read Card, but the recording interested me enough that I purchased the book in the dealer's room later in the weekend.

After checked into the Holiday Inn, Kathy Wentworth and Melissa Tatum joined me and we had dinner at Ruby Tuesdays. The two of them are a real treat.

At Kathy's request, I wore my tuxedo to opening ceremony. She had never said why. During her presentation as Toastmaster, she did a top 10 reasons to attend Archon. At #7 she had me stand and said "Because Keith Stokes looks so hot in a tux!" (blush)

I changed into more casual attire after the opening and returned to the convention center to interview Toni Weisskopf, a senior editor at Baen Books, I see a lot of parallels between her professional and fan life and that of early fans like the Futurians. At age 14 she discovered conventions through a SF magazine column, quickly became interested in the fanzines, and when she graduated from college started working at Baen.

Archon got off to a good start on Thursday. I was surprised how many people are there on Thursday night. There were three parties that evening.

Friday I had nothing scheduled at the convention until evening. In the early morning, Melissa and Kathy met me in the lobby and we visited the nearby Cahokia Mounds. Nine hundred years ago it was a community

of 20,000.

Mel is a law professor specializing in Native American Law. Kathy is a former school teacher. Both had insights in the community that once thrived near St. Louis. We didn't have time enough to see all, and would squeeze in another visit during the weekend.

At 10 a.m., Toni Weisskopf and I left for Bloomington (about 150 miles) to visit Bob Tucker. Toni is an old friend of Bob's, and has been researching a Tucker biography. I enjoyed talking about our fannish histories, and about Tucker during the drives each direction.

It was good seeing Bob, he is doing pretty well. During our stay, I walked up to the nearby Ming's Chinese Restaurant to book their private room for Bob's birthday party in November.

Last time that I visited, I asked if I could read the manuscript of "Dick and Jane Go To Mars," a short story that Bob sold to Harlan Ellison for "Last Dangerous Visions" (which has never published). Bob has been looking for the manuscript without success, but there was a large box in the top of his closet that was marked "Manuscripts" and he waited for my visit to get it down.

The story wasn't in the box, but there were three unpublished novel manuscripts! Wow! One of them from the 50's, Bob can't even remember, and he lent it to me to read and send a synopsis.

Back in Collinsville, I changed and walked over to the convention center for the banquet. The food was surprisingly good. I would love to have those chicken breasts again!

The dinner concluded with the annual

murder mystery, where many of the attendees take roles. It was a lot of fun.

I was Art Carneyvore, the designer of The Underworld and leader of the Confederacy of Cannibals. Actress Melody Anderson was my common law wife.

It is good to be Fan Guest of Honor!

The mystery was followed by the Guest of Honor speeches. Mine may have been the shortest. Kathy did another great job as Toastmaster.

Melody gave the last speech. She said that she has been appearing at conventions for about a year, but she has never seen the passion and love that was displayed at this event.

The rest of the evening was low key. Catching up with friends and splitting my time between the parties, VIP suite, and the convention center. Melissa Tatum had her first ever panel and she rocked!

Near the VIP suite, there was a nice private gathering for friends of Dan Patterson, a dear friend that died a couple of weeks ago.

Saturday was fun though quieter.

I had programming at 10 a.m. 5 p.m. Not very many people at either one, but still fun.

Since I was gone much of the previous day, I made a point of being around and participating throughout the day. There was time to have nice chats with many of my friends that were at Archon, and make new friends.

Mark Tiedemann brought his photo album from the Atlanta WorldCon, so I can scan the photos and add them to the Photo archive. Lots of great shots of people like Ray Bradbury and Harlan Ellison. It is very generous of him to trust those to me. They



Archon Goh Keith Stokes with Bobbi Meserole and Cheryl Medley.

will be going online at the Fan Photo Archive in November.

With the generous per diem that the con provided, I had fun in the dealers room, buying books and a "day of the dead" print Hawaiian shirt. Had to also get the convention T-shirt, since my name is on it.

Since I didn't want to leave the convention at midday, lunch was a sandwich and pasta from the nice spread in the VIP suite. For supper, I joined the Knappenbergers, Meseroles and Cheryl Medley at Porters, the steak house here in the Holiday Inn. I took Tom out for champagne brunch at the first con where he was a Guest of Honor, and he insisted on returning the favor and paying for my supper tonight.

Good food, conversation, and laughs, though I can't say much for the restaurant's service.

The lovely Audrey Hitchcock was my escort to the masquerade. It was fun and large, with over 40 entries. I took a ton of photos which will go online sometime this winter.

Afterward, I ended up on the end of a sofa in VIP with a bottled water and a tall glass of whiskey on the rocks. Before long, several of the other GoHs joined me in conversation and I had a wonderful time. This was the first that I really met Toni's husband, Hank Reinhardt. One of best things about the weekend was the camaraderie amongst the Guests.

Other friends dropped by as the current GoHs called it a night, and it stayed fun. Just before returning to my room, I realized that the three of us on the sofa were me, Nancy Hathaway (2007 Fan GoH) and Wombat (2006 Fan GoH). Three Fan GoHs in a row.

I had another 10 a.m. panel Sunday, a second one on Tolkien. Seven people were scheduled on the panel including Jody Nye and Stephen Hickman. We started the hour with just six people in total attendance, in-

cluding both audience and panelists. People trickled in through the hour and we ended with 13 total.

The way the program book was set up was flattering. Panels with guests of Honor were marked with a (GoH) and the GoH's names were highlighted every

time we were on programming.

My final panel was on "Can Science Fiction Be Too Intellectual?" Only three of the six panelists showed and it didn't look too encouraging. The three of us weren't sure about the intent of the panel and didn't have a direction we really wanted to take it. We kind of floundered around.

Funny thing, everyone that came in to hear the panel stayed. We ended with 20 in the audience and they applauded at the end.

Following the panel, there were two free hours before Closing Ceremony, so Kathy, Mel and I returned to Cahokia Mounds to see what we missed the first time. We climbed the largest mound (29,000,000 cubic foot – the largest earthen mound in the Americas) and visited Woodhenge, before returning to the Interpretive Center for a movie.

The movie is well done. It concludes with sunset over the mound and the room full dark. At the end, the screen retracted into the ceiling and light slowly brightened on the recreated village in the middle of the museum. Nice touch!

Closing ceremony was pretty low key. Mainly goodbyes. Afterward, Nancy Hathaway and I walked across the parking lot to Zapata's Mexican Restaurant for an early dinner. I had been waiting all weekend to chat with Nancy and enjoy one of the huge Margaritas.

Saying goodbye to Nancy, I was on my own - my mistake. I would have gone home after Closing Ceremony, but assumed that there was a Dead Dog Party. Nope. This was part of my only disappointment of the trip, that the Archon people work so hard that I didn't get to know them better.

I put some of the photos from the weekend online, packed, and called it an early evening. Waking up a little after 5 a.m., I headed home.

It was a special weekend. The Archon

folks were great. I returned home feeling buoyant.

I'm already making plans for next year, and hope to be able to start the weekend on Thursday again.

See Fan Television Online

The fannish tv hosts on cable's *Fast Forward: Contemporary Science Fiction* continue to attract the *crème-de-la-crème* of fantasy and sf literati to their program. They offered interviews with Andrew Fox in September, Terry Pratchett in October and George R. R. Martin in November. Videos of all the interviews, which are initially aired on several DC-area public access channels, are available online at www.fast-forward.tv.

Andrew Fox, in his segment, discusses his New Orleans based vampire novels, *Fat White Vampire Blues* and *Bride of the Fat White Vampire*. In the interview, which was recorded well before Hurricane Katrina caused so much damage to the Gulf Coast, Fox talks about his fondness for New Orleans, and the importance of the city as the setting for his fiction. He also discusses the many dramatic changes occurring in the region.

Pratchett talks about his latest Discworld novel, *Thud*, and about the growth and development of Sam Vimes and other characters in his books. He answers questions about other aspects of the Discworld myths, including Discworld stamps and his new picture book, *Where's My Cow*.

Martin focuses on his latest novel, *A Feast for Crows*, the long awaited fourth novel in his epic *A Song of Ice and Fire* series. He also talks about his approach to writing fantasy, and discusses both the glorious and horrible aspects of war.

Clipping Service Redux

From Capclave '05 Wrap-up Session: Lee Gilliland said the service in the Capital Bleu restaurant was far too slow. Dan Hoey said the pie in that restaurant was moldy. Ernest Lilley said it was key slime pie. [Source: *WSFA Journal*, November 2005]

David Bratman: *My Short, Happy Life as an Oxford Scholar*

Oxford. It's a magical name to any anglophilic American. Oxford has beautiful colleges, wonderful museums, the best bookstore in all Britain, and a generally pleasant air. It's cleaner and more welcoming than London. For a Tolkien fan, such as myself, Oxford has a special attraction: the pubs he and the Inklings frequented, their homes, their graves, and the colleges they taught and met at.

I've visited Oxford many times. I've even stayed at a couple of the colleges, which rent themselves out as conference facilities between terms: the British Tolkien Society holds a relaxacon called Oxonmoot every September, which I've been to twice. Many visiting fans have done as much. Fewer have actually lived and researched in Oxford, even for as short a period as a week; and native Brits with Oxford degrees might not retain the sense of its strangeness I experienced. So I will try to tell a little of what it's like to be an American briefly incarnated as an Oxford scholar.

It's not easy for an outsider to get a reader's ticket to do research at the Bodleian, Oxford University's main library. If you're an accredited university professor, you can do it. But I'm not: I'm just a mere college librarian, and at the time I worked at Oxford I temporarily wasn't even that. I'd been studying manuscripts at the main American center for Inklings research, the Marion E. Wade Center at Wheaton College near Chicago, for two research projects – one of which, an edition of Charles Williams's *Masques of Amen House*, was published in 2000; the other will soon see print as the appendices to Diana Glyer's study of the Inklings. The Wade Center, like many American institutions, is open to any researcher, even without academic affiliation, who shows serious intent. The staff are efficient and eager to be of help. I spent three weeks there over two summers (fitting in a drive to Midwestcon with Dick and Leah Smith the first year) and came to feel at home in its relaxed, comfortable reading room. After I discussed my further research needs with the Wade's directors, they kindly agreed to sponsor my application to Oxford.

I was planning to go to England anyway, for the Corflu in Leeds in March 1998. It would be a nice, quiet, dreary time of year to spend a week holed up in the Bodleian Library. I made my applications, communicated via e-mail with the curator of the manuscripts I'd be using, and arranged to have some particular folders set out for my use on the first day I'd be there. I reserved a room at a bed & breakfast in Summertown,



a quiet academic neighborhood in North Oxford, and arrived via coach from London early on a Monday morning. I exchanged my credentials at the main university offices for a reader's pass good for any ten days over a multi-year period, signed an ornate pledge promising (among other things) not to set fire to the building, and set off to the library. This set my pattern for the rest of my stay.

Spending a week in Oxford commuting to the Bodleian (or the Bodder as it's sometimes known locally) each day gave me something of a feeling of what it would be like actually to live in Oxford. I'd alight from the city bus at the Martyrs' Memorial each morning, hefting my briefcase, and walk along Broad Street. Commuting along it is a different experience from gaping at it as a tourist: I'd go past Balliol College; past the stone cross in the pavement marking where Cranmer was actually burnt; past the Sheldonian Theatre and the Emperor's Heads that have been gaping ever since Zuleika Dobson went by; past Blackwell's (*past* it, I say: on, on!); around the corner; and into the New Bodleian, a massive 1930s stone block of unutterable drabness. On first

seeing it, Nevill Coghill of the Inklings, comparing it with the classic Old Bodleian across the street, commented, "Bless thee, Bodder! Thou art transmogrified!" If you know your Shakespeare, that'll inform you fully about Coghill's opinion of the building.

Inside the library, the guards would stamp the date on my pass. After entering a small reading room I'd unpack my laptop at a reading desk. The computer has a transformer, so all I needed to use the wall power outlet was a plug adaptor I'd bought at home. Then I spent all day paging through manuscripts.

Working with manuscripts at the Bodleian is not like doing so at an American university, thanks to the extremely antique and rusty rules and regulations, dating from the days when the role of the librarians was to protect the books from the users. There's no stack access in normal cases; there's a ten-item limit to how much material you can order at once; you have to fill out all these little slips, one for each folder; it can take (depending on time of day) up to four hours for the material to arrive; the manuscript indexes are on little handwritten cards in an antique filing desk on the second floor of another building; and so forth. Patience is a real virtue here. Maybe there's a reason they make you promise not to burn down the library.

The older manuscript acquisitions are taped into blank volumes like photo albums. This fact alone will give a heart attack to anyone knowing the basic rules of manuscript preservation. The tape is carefully hinged so that one can turn over the letters to read the flip side. In the more popular volumes there are accumulations of greasy fingerprints in the corners of the manuscripts.

Fortunately they stopped doing that some years ago. More recently acquired manuscripts are filed in manageable sets in acid-free manila folders, as in American libraries. But there still has to be a British twist, to make life a bit harder for researchers. When a new acquisition to old holdings, such as a newly purchased letter by an author whose letters the library already mostly has, arrives at an American university library, it's interfiled with the existing set, or at least put in an addendum folder in that set along with other late purchases of his work. At the Bodleian, they never amend their existing sets. I was looking at a lot of material by C.S. Lewis, whose literary executor, for reasons of his own, has donated manuscripts to the Bodleian in tiny drips and drabs for

many years. Consequently there are scads of Lewis letters scattered through manuscript folders with titles like "Miscellaneous Acquisitions, 1985." I had to order dozens of these. When each arrived I'd open it, paw through to find the single Lewis letter in each, read it quickly, and then put the folder in the returns tray. What with the ten-item-per-request limit and the one to four hours it took for requests to be filled, I was juggling three or four sets of requests at once for a couple of days.

Then there's the printed material. I mentioned that the Bodleian is a closed-stack library, which generally does not allow patrons where the books are. I wanted to look through a long run of *The Oxford Magazine*, a rare journal published by and for the university faculty, in search of articles by the Inklings. Mindful of the ten-item limit, I put in a request for ten years' worth. Two hours later, the request came back unfilled. An attached note informed me that they were mighty big volumes: perhaps I should be more specific as to which ones I wanted.

Rather than waste another two hours twiddling my thumbs hoping that a smaller order would be filled, I decided to ask for help from the curator.

"Look," I said, showing him the slip and the attached note, "this is only the beginning of my request. I need to go through thirty-five years' worth of this magazine." He studied the slip for a moment. "I think we'd better get you a stack pass," he said, his tone making clear this was a rare honor.

The pass was procured. On instruction, I took it upstairs to another reading room. The clerk on duty walked me down the main corridor, unlocked a door virtually invisible against the wall in which it was set, and ushered me into the rows of book stacks. He took me to the shelves where the magazine was kept – I'm grateful that he did: I'd never have found it on my own, as not only are the stacks huge but the classification system was beyond my comprehension, even though I classify library books for a living – and pointed out a couple nearby desks against the wall at which I could work. Then he left me to get on with it. I grabbed the first bound volume – it was indeed huge, containing two years of the magazine – and set to work.

Despite being just on the other side of a thin wall from the hushed corridor, the stacks were an entirely different world. It



Bodleian Library in Oxford.

wasn't just that they were full of bookshelves, something totally absent from the corridor which could have been in any anonymous 1930s office building. No, there was something else in the stacks besides the books, something which made its presence constantly felt.

I was in the New Bodleian, but most library patrons sit in the vast ancient high-ceilinged rooms of the Old Bodleian, where reference books, a tiny part of the collection, occupy the high wall shelves which were the main library stacks for hundreds of years. Meanwhile, most of the stacks are now in the New Bodleian, two buildings away across Broad Street. Since this is not only a closed-stack but non-circulating collection, whose books must be used in-house, there's a lot of movement of books back and forth. This task is accomplished with an application of mighty 1930's technology: a conveyor belt. It starts with a dumbwaiter arrangement running up and down through the floors of the New Bodleian. In the basement books are transferred to a horizontal belt running beneath the street all the way over into the basement of the Old Bodleian.

The dumbwaiter is the other occupant of the New Bodleian's stacks besides the books. It makes its presence felt through sound. *Rattle, bang, crash, clang, chug-gachugga*: pretty much never-ceasing. It

sounded like an abattoir in there. Fortunately it smelled only like a dusty library, but the sound was still profoundly distracting. I worked as quickly as I could. Mostly I wrote bibliographic citations in a notebook, marking the articles I wanted photocopies of, so that I could request the volumes to be paged. (Naturally I couldn't take the volumes out of the stacks with me.) Fortunately this time I only wanted a few, and they all arrived.

Thus began my most dire run-in with library regulations, because at the Bodleian the photocopy machines are no more self-service than the stacks are. The regulations are not only ornate but bizarre: I've heard of books that couldn't be copied because they were too fragile, but never before of ones that couldn't be copied because they were too heavy. And why were they so heavy? Because of the two years of the magazine in each volume, which had of course been bound before the days of the photocopier. And, in a characteristically British way, they hit you with these regulations one at a time. Only after I'd finished filling out all the photocopy forms at the desk, with the vol-

umes piled around me, under the eye of a clerk, did he bother to tell me that the volumes looked as if they'd be too heavy to copy. Back to the reference librarian to plead for a waiver, which I got for some of the volumes. As for the rest I just had to type the articles into my laptop.

The next weird regulation was the discovery that I couldn't pay for my photocopies with cash, but needed to rush downstairs and buy a chit from a machine. Then I had to come back the next day and pick up my copies, packed in little plastic bags, from one of a set of cubicles next to the chit machine. At this point I discovered the last oddity: despite my careful notations on the photocopy request slips, which I inserted into the volumes at the relevant pages, the copies were made of the pages with those numbers from the wrong year in the two-year volumes. I brought this to the attention of the reference librarian. She agreed to resubmit the request at no additional cost to me. And since this was my last day in Oxford, I made them mail the copies to me in the U.S. at their expense. The copies arrived a couple months later. They still weren't all of the right pages, but enough of them were that I decided to leave the matter be.

So that's what I did in the library. How about the rest of the time? The manuscripts reading room kept something akin to bank-

ers' hours, 9-12 and 1-4. During lunch hour I'd stash my laptop in the cloakroom (which was staffed) and head out to a nearby pub.

The Inklings are associated with the Eagle and Child, better known as the Bird and Baby, but they were actually dedicated pub-crawlers known to have met in five different pubs in central Oxford. With five days at my disposal, I had lunch at each of these. The Bird and Baby, whose food offerings in those days were mostly odd sandwiches, was not the best. This honor went to the King's Arms, right across the street from the New Bodleian, a favorite of researchers including C.S. Lewis, who patronized it regularly while reading through the Bodleian's holdings of hundreds of Renaissance authors for his volume in the "Oxford History of English Literature" series. The King's Arms not only serves good hot lunches, but has the only non-smoking room I've ever found in a British pub. (With the impending smoking ban in pubs, this will no longer be unique.)

With my lunch I always had a pint of cider. English hard cider is like nothing you normally get in North America, even the Canadian kind which is pretty good too. I've been fond of English cider ever since I was introduced to it by some drunken Scandinavians at a bid party at the 1979 Brighton Worldcon. I now drink any brand regularly on my visits, though I rarely touch alcohol in any other form. The pint, when consumed with lunch, always gave a pleasant buzz, enough to keep me going through a hard afternoon of research without putting me to sleep.

After the library closed in the afternoon there was a little time to do other things before Oxford finished rolling up its sidewalks for the evening. Of course I went back to Blackwell's. It seems a reasonably-sized shop from the street; the ground floor level runs back a fair ways, which alone would make it a decent-sized bookstore anywhere in the U.S. There's also three upstairs floors of the same size. But the real shocker is tucked behind a tiny flight of stairs leading down. Take this, and opening up before you is a huge two-level basement complex bigger than the rest of the store put together. It's like the secret underground fortress in some spy film, except that it's full of books. Naturally I bought a great deal and hauled my purchases back by bus to my

room.

I also visited Oxford's used-book stores, choice places which alas in the years since have closed down or shrunk. I paid my respects at Tolkien's grave, as I always do when at Oxford, and also visited Corpus Christi College, where the name of Tolkien's close friend from high school, Geoffrey Bache Smith, a budding writer even more talented than his friend, may be found inscribed in the chapel among those of other men of the college whose lives were lost during World War I.

In the evenings I was at a bit of a loss. Oxford communal nightlife is not geared to short-term residents. Even the laundromats close early. One evening I attended a concert by the English Chamber Orchestra in the Sheldonian Theatre. Christopher Wren's beautiful interior architecture made for a visual splendor as great as the musical one. Another evening, at a playhouse on Beaumont Street, I attended a play on its out-of-town tryout before moving to London. We don't get that sort of thing much where I live, so I thought, why not? Because it wasn't very good, that's why not. Titled *Our Lady of Sligo*, it dealt with a slightly dotty old Irish woman, sick in hospital, who reviews in her mind her wretched, tedious life in, alas, a wretched and tedious manner. The other evenings I just went back to my room, wrote letters home to Berni, and retired early.

But first I had to find supper, always the most depressing part of the day for a solo traveler. In the States one can usually manage this without too much awkwardness at a

coffee shop, but these are few in Europe. One can often order an evening meal at a pub, but as far as I can tell nobody ever does. I had some delicious but lonely meals in Summertown restaurants, because I certainly wasn't returning to the pizza joint I'd tried on my previous trip. English food is often much better than its reputation, but there is one food the English have no idea how to make, and that is pizza, which is uniformly vile, both thin and soggy. One evening I decided to seek out a kebab take-away van. The guidebooks inform you that these are parked on sidewalks throughout Oxford and are very popular, but I could only find one, all alone up the Woodstock Road at Somerville College. I knew food vans from my undergraduate days at Berkeley and from innumerable art-and-wine festivals, but what the guidebooks all failed to explain was what a kebab is. I knew what a *shish-kebab* is, but were kebab purchasers expected to walk down the streets of Oxford munching chunks of meat off a skewer? This seemed unlikely. It turned out that a shish-less kebab is what in America is called a pita-bread sandwich: much easier to carry and fairly tasty too.

When the next Monday rolled around I packed my bags and took the bus back to Heathrow to head home. At my desk, along with other miscellaneous ID, I still have my reader's pass with four days left on it and a few more years in which to use them. I'm trying to think of something else I can research only in Oxford and hope to return there soon.



**Robert A. Heinlein
Centennial Convention
Set for July 2007
in Kansas City, Missouri**

[From the committee's press release]
Plans were announced on May 24, 2005 for a major convention to be held in Kansas City, Missouri to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the birth of American author Robert A. Heinlein. Heinlein's birth on 7/7/1907 will be celebrated on the weekend of 7/6 - 7/8/2007, with a series of major events on the centennial day, Saturday, 7/7/2007.

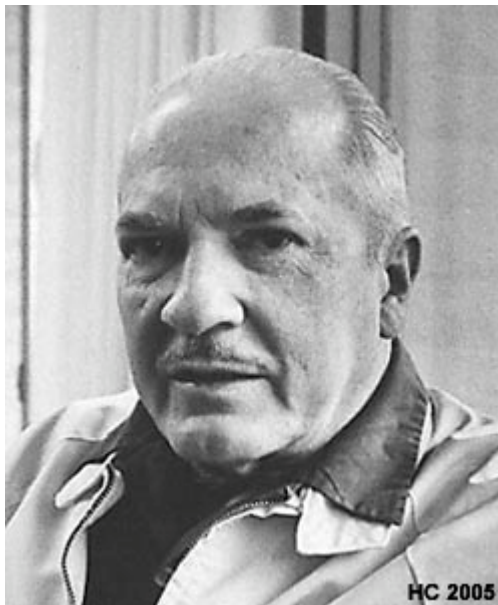
The Heinlein Centennial Convention will be a multi-faceted event celebrating Heinlein's life, works and far-reaching influence. More than 3,000 professional and amateur attendees from throughout the US and around the world are expected to participate in distinct tracks focusing on Heinlein's contributions to science fiction, American literature, the American aerospace industry and commercial development of space, and film and television. Evaluation of Heinlein's overall impact on American culture and politics will be an integral part of all the tracks.

The Hyatt Regency Crown Center & Westin Crown Center hotels, adjacent to the Crown Center complex in downtown Kansas City, have been selected as the site of the Heinlein Centennial Convention. All three venues will host various Convention events. The convention is sponsored and organized by Heinlein Centennial, Inc., a California nonprofit corporation.

Robert A. Heinlein: Robert Anson Heinlein, born in Butler, Missouri on July 7, 1907, became known by the 1940s as one of the premier writers of speculative fiction and was later widely credited as an influence on postwar American literature and the US space program. Heinlein grew up in Kansas City and later attended the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland. He was commissioned with a background in naval engineering in 1929 and served as a line naval officer until his medical discharge in 1934.

Heinlein worked at a variety of trades, including grassroots political work, until 1939, when he turned to writing as a profession. Within two years, he was one of the most highly regarded authors in science fiction. During World War II, he returned to naval aircraft engineering as a civilian, spending the war years at the Naval Air Experimental Station in Philadelphia.

It was in the decades immediately following the war that Heinlein wrote the



works for which he is most highly regarded, including the award-winning and controversial novels *Starship Troopers* (1959) and *Stranger in a Strange Land* (1961), the latter of which introduced the word "grok" to the language and strongly influenced the counterculture of the 1960s. He also wrote twelve novels for young adults that helped redefine and refine the notion of "juvenile literature," and some 40 other important novels and book-length works. Several of his novels have been turned into feature films, with his other works in frequent option for development.

Robert Heinlein died on May 8, 1988 in Carmel, California, leaving a substantial literary and philosophical legacy that was managed by his widow Virginia until her death in 2003, and is now managed by the Heinlein Prize Trust (www.heinleinprize.com), among whose aims is to continue Heinlein's lifetime championing of space progress by presenting the US\$500,000 "Heinlein Prize" for advances in commercial space development. Heinlein also left millions of readers and admirers worldwide, with his works translated into most of the world's major languages. Seventeen years after his death, the majority of his published works are still in print and selling briskly.

Much more than a "science fiction writer," Robert Heinlein was an important and influential American philosopher and thinker. His impact can be discerned in postwar through present-day American fiction, current political circles, and perhaps most importantly, on the US space program. His writings from 1945 through 1960 are credited with influencing a generation of engineers that went on to build Mercury, Gem-

ini, Apollo and the Space Shuttle. Near the end of his life, he was still involved with space policy, contributing to discussions on the military uses of space.

Heinlein Centennial, Inc. Heinlein Centennial Inc. is a nonprofit organization formed to help further understanding and appreciation of Robert Heinlein's contributions to literature, aerospace development, politics and society. The Heinlein Centennial Convention is the keystone of its initial efforts, which also include plans to develop documentary material about Heinlein's life and work, and to help scholars and researchers build on the existing legacy of understanding. Press and all interested persons are invited to add www.HeinleinCentennial.com to their regular browsing lists, as information and content will be updated and expanded continually over the next two years.

Board Chairman William H. Patterson Jr.

(Bill.Patterson@HeinleinCentennial.com) is in his second term as Heinlein Scholar at University of California, Santa Cruz, where Heinlein's working materials are archived. He is the co-author of *The Martian Named Smith: Critical Perspectives on Robert A. Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land* (Nitrosyncretic Press, 2001), and the official Heinlein biographer, with the first volume of the work now in press. He currently resides in Santa Cruz, California.

Board Secretary/Treasurer James Gifford:

(James.Gifford@HeinleinCentennial.com) has been involved in the study of Heinlein's work for more than a decade. He is the founder and principal of Nitrosyncretic Press (www.nitrosyncretic.com) and the author of the Hugo Award nominee *Robert A. Heinlein: A Reader's Companion* (Nitrosyncretic Press, 2000), the definitive annotated bibliography of Heinlein's works. He resides in Sacramento, California.

Also on the Convention Executive Committee, which is responsible for shaping the Centennial Convention's events and content, are Alan Koslow, M.D., of Des Moines, Iowa

(Alan.Koslow@HeinleinCentennial.com) and Peter Scott of Victoria, British Columbia

(Peter.Scott@HeinleinCentennial.com). An extraordinary array of support people, celebrities, scholars and engineers are involved with the development of the Heinlein Centennial Convention. An expanded list of involved parties, chairpersons and speakers, as well as a preliminary schedule of events, will be released soon.

The Fanivore

Gregory Benford

I really liked 770 this go. Rich!

Fred Patten's gift was a true turning point for the Eaton Collection. I've been the fan mole on the UCR Eaton Board for decades, and it took Fred to teach them that alternative media need attention. It will take years to digest his gift--grad students work slowly; undergrads more so! Now if I can talk them into a complete set of Donald Duck Comics, my first love...

The Pelz collection is in process. I leafed through his set of Void--better than mine, natch.

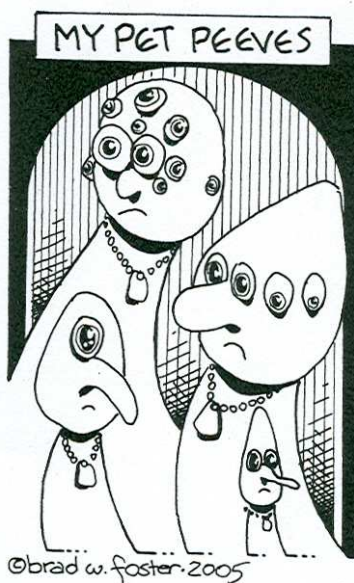
Steve Stiles is our greatest living fan cartoonist--thanks for tipping me to his website. I like to bust a gut (as we said in ole Alabam) reading his older work.

I was horrified by Mike Resnick's report. How terrible! Perhaps he can use Via Voice software, and its inversion, that reads text aloud? I hope he doesn't stop writing!--I just got his latest novel today. He is a treasure.

I liked the conreps, esp. John Hertz--he is our Boswell, catching the full flavor of fandom at its best. He always makes me regret not going to the cons he depicts with such warmth.

Yet cons seem different to me now. Maybe it's the zeitgeist? For example, four out of the last five Hugo awards were won by fantasy. Fantasy has very, very cleverly managed to capture the apparatus erected by science fiction fandom and pro-dom, and they now dominate the Science Fiction Writers of America. They've taken over the Hugo awards--which I thus usually don't attend--but will at next year's worldcon, since it's run by friends of mine.

I think this move to fantasy has led to a core lessening of what I value in the larger genre, with a lot less real thinking going on about the future. Instead, people choose to be horrified by it, or to run away from it into Medieval fantasy. I see all of this as a retreat from the present, or rather, the implications of the future. I don't think it's an accident that fantasy novels dominate a market that once was plainly that of Heinlein, Clarke, Asimov, and Phil Dick. I think it's to the detriment of the total society, because science fiction, for decades really, has been the canary in the mine shaft for the advanced nations, to tell us what to worry about up ahead. Phil Dick was a genius at this. He could see the implications of the technologies, and what they would lead to, and peo-



ple's responses to them. But now, most of the readership is running away from these problems, perhaps terrified by them, in order to pretend that they're really wielding swords in defense of the king, or something-- which horrified people like Isaac Asimov. He saw this as just an old intellectual cowardice. But of course, people do it for emotional reasons. They like to pretend that they're really the prince from another land. But they're really corporate serfs.

In some ways, the watershed event was the Star Wars movie, number one--a fantasy plot with a technological backdrop. That genre, so-called, is bigger than all of conventional science fiction now. To me, this is a progressive failure of the advanced societies. It's true both in Europe and the US that fantasy outsells science fiction by at least a factor of ten, if not twenty or thirty. It's a bad signature for the West, that the very idea behind Western civilization, that we could master the universe and create a better society. But who can create a better society when your big problem is cutting up dragons? Of course, part of this is that these are people who never worked on a farm. They have no idea what life was like even a few centuries ago. It was almost entirely grunt labor. Growing up in southern Alabama, I quickly realized that the best jobs were indoors. I determined that I wasn't going to do an ordinary manual-laborer job, because I found it boring. You can see the detriment. My grandfather died in his forties of lockjaw, for example.

So I think we should be seriously worried about where the West is going. We can distract ourselves with our fantasy novels, but not the Chinese and the Indians and the Japanese... (Ok, Fred--there's anime...) I think what we're seeing now is the beginning of the next major stage in the development of all humanity. The West has reached a very high level, and these benefits are spreading. The advanced technophilic cultures are developing elsewhere, becoming major players on the stage. In Europe they are terrified of the competition of the Chinese and Indian markets, but that's just the beginning. What will come next is the domination of their take on technologies. The advanced physical, biological technologies will spring from those societies. It's not crazy to think that a hundred years from now, Europe will be a complete backwater, a place that is essentially seen as a living museum, and the hot, big, where-it's-happening cities in the world will be Lahore or Delhi, Bangkok, Singapore, and just possibly maybe Perth, or even Darwin.

Whoosh--didn't mean to lecture! Though I've decided to write no more sf novels for a while, concentrating instead on nonfiction essays. I'm writing reflections on our time and science with Michael Rose, a UCI biologist, for amazonshorts.com, promoted on the website benford-rose.com. It seems better than fiction, somehow, in the gathering dark of our time.

Mike Resnick

I know this is going to sound like a broken record, but your boy H. L. Drake, whoever the hell he is, has misrepresented what I said again, this time in his Millennium 19 report.

I have never made any secret of the fact that I wrote a couple of hundred "adult" novels during my starving-writer days. His report states, or at least strongly implies, that I am still writing them, and that I am writing all kinds of crap under pseudonyms. To set the record straight, I have not written or sold an adult novel in 30 years, nor have I used a pseudonym in 29 years. It is also true that at various times I ghosted articles for Mamie Van Doren, Jayne Mansfield, Jesse Owens, and others. The most recent such occurrences, all Mr. Drake's implications to the contrary, were 38 years ago.

He credits me with saying that if an author's genre books aren't selling well, "he'd better use pseudonyms to make sales in

other genres." Nope. I said that some authors believe that. I do not, and have said so in print half a dozen times. I will have something like 15 books out in 2006 -- novels, reprints, collections, non-fiction, and anthologies -- and I'll be using my own name on all of them, as I have for the past three decades.

See you here next issue, after he screws up what I say yet again.

[[Sorry File 770 was guilty of leading people in the wrong direction. Knowing you left that work behind long ago, I hadn't stopped to think that other readers might come away from the conreport with an impression that you still write adult novels after all these years as a leading figure in the sf field. Rereading the report, I see it was left for the reader to supply the context. That's a problem because a number of File 770 readers have never heard about your career firsthand. My apologies!]]

Brad Foster

File 770 #145 came in last week, and even if it arrives out less often than in the past, still just as packed with good reading as ever.

Loved that back cover piece from Canfield! Appeals to my background of combination architecture and goofy cartoonist.

The opening notes on new homes for the zine collections of Patten and Horvat were good to read, but bring up the question of something I've not heard about in a while -- any update on what happened with Harry Warner's zines, books, etc?

[[I'm following the story, but for the time being there isn't any substantial change that needs publication.]]

In your medical updates, if you want to put a short good notice along with the surgeries and such of graying fandom, I had a full physical a few months back on hitting 50, my first full physical in quite sometime, and seem to be in pretty good shape, so hoping I can continue to bug people with my weird little doodles for a few more decades. (Keep the weight down, get at least a little exercise, don't smoke, keep the alcohol intake low... it's worth it!)

Stevestiles.com was a fun visit... and just another poke-in-the-eye to get my ass going on getting something of my own up on line. As per the last few locs, I am working on it...really, I am!

I do have a bit of a correction for you with regards to one small part of your Noreason 4 report. You pass along a story by Teddy Harvia about a bet he and I made about doing cartoons with cute aliens versus nudes. It is a great little story, but I couldn't recall any of that stuff at all when I read it.

There was so much there to forget, I was a little worried I was indeed getting older faster than I thought, so asked Teddy about it. He pointed out I was okay, no memory loss (at least no extra memory loss!), and that he had been talking about B. Ware, not B. Foster. (I might add I am surprised at the result of their little test, as if I had been debating this point, I would have thought humor would win over nekkid every time. Of course, there are too many extra variables to control which piece of art gets into print first beyond the actual art itself to call it all into question as a valid experiment. But, as you say, an excellent fannish story. Just got to get the cast right.)

Phil Castora

Well, I'll start at the beginning -- the cover. Beautifully drawn and delightfully silly. (And the furry on the left and the statue on the right are a little sexy, in the bargain.)

Next is your Editorial Notes, with two more pictures of Sierra. Whatever you and Diana have been doing right, keep it up!

In your (excellent) Noreason report you mention Teddy Harvia's saying that faneditors prefer artwork with cute aliens, while Brad Foster said they prefer nudes. So you used a drawing that included a cute alien, or at least non-human, certainly not dressed for an audience with the pope, and also a nude, if only a statue. Your mommy didn't raise any dummies!

Mention of Frank Kelly-Frears's interior illos for Robert Heinlein's Double Star reminds me that he also did a cover painting for the first installment -- and another for the third! I have a very vague memory of reading another story with two cover illos, but I have no idea of where, when, or by whom.

So Anne McCaffrey is a Grand Master? Well, to quote Ted Johnstone when the first landing was made on the Moon, "We're living in the future." Yes, I understand that the word "mistress" has some inappropriate connotations, but when there are separate masculine and feminine forms of a word, I'm left to wonder why feminists and other Politically Correct persons always pick the masculine form to become "gender neutral". And why are college graduates still given "bachelor's" degrees???

Millennicon "Space Opera" panelists and their audience agreed that the stories in the Ace Double Novels were "excellent examples of space opera." Weren't most of them reprinted from Planet Stories? I'm reminded of a review by P. Schuyler Miller in Astounding. He was great -- he never gave away an ending, and he loved space opera, but after reading his review you'd know

whether you'd like the story or not. Once he reviewed a space opera by Gardner F. Fox, which he said was very good despite the "comic bookish science" -- he was probably unaware that Fox made most of his money writing comic book scripts.

Old acquaintance (how long has it been?!) Robert Lichtman seems to think I meant few readers were aware how long ago Walt Willis wrote *The Improbable Irish*; I must not have made myself clear (for which, alas and woe, there is more precedent than I care to admit); in fact, I meant that the book, written a third of a century ago, was not likely to be known of by fans, and that of those who were familiar with it some might not have known it was by Willis. But I thank him for the e-dress from where it's available; as soon as I can afford the \$5 for a copy, I'll order one.

Overall, just another of your superb jobs. Oh, and the art was at least as good as the writing. Thanks bushels! Please keep it up!

Alexis Gilliland

The local news, of course, involves a fan feud in the club. Enclosed is a flyer handed out at last night's [November 4] WSFA meeting which describes the background. Not included in the flyer are Ted White's charges, made on the WSFA list and on his usual internet forums, that my wife, Lee, is seriously crazy, a madwoman who banned him from our house because he, Ted, had joined WSFA. This demonstrable falsehood acquired some transient credibility when Lee made no answer on the internet. However, during the meeting, Lee asked Barry Newton, the trustee who signed off on Ted's application for membership, and Bob McIntosh, the treasurer who accepted the ten dollars proffered in his behalf (from Walter Miles), if they knew that Ted had been banned from the club when they accepted him into the club. Barry and Bob both said no, and with that, the fan feud vanished into air, think air, along with any support the club had for Ted. It is obviously far more persuasive that Ted would have joined WSFA after Lee banned him from our house than that Lee would ban Ted because he had joined WSFA. Next day, on the WSFA list, when Barry asked Ted why he had not mentioned the fact that he had been banned from the Gilliland's on his application, Ted replied that then he might not have been accepted as a member. Tsk tsk. I understand Barry was not pleased.

[[Before I decided to keep this is a loc instead of working it into a news item, I checked the Washington SF Association meeting minutes. Those for October 21by

secretary Keith Lynch mention that as a result of his own conflict with Lee he would immediately resign as secretary, Journal editor, webmaster and from the club itself.

[[The minutes of the November 4 WSFA meeting had this to say about the events that are the subject of Alexis' letter: "Lee Gilliland made a statement regarding Ted White's actions which had upset her, and which resulted in her deciding that he would not be welcome at their house thereafter. She also pointed out that this was the 28th anniversary of the club's meeting at the house. Alexis asked that anyone who had questions about the propriety of meeting at their house please let him know, but there were no takers. He also offered copies of a statement he's prepared about his and Lee's issues with Ted. Some discussion of what to get the Gillilands for the upcoming thirtieth anniversary of the club using the house for meetings followed. Depleted Uranium was suggested. Courteously."]]

[[It's apparently taken three fans to replace Keith Lynch. Ernest Lilley is the new editor of The WSFA Journal (he has already posted his first issue online). Paul Haggerty and Gayle Surette will run the club website.]]

Joseph T. Major

Cover: Where are Vorenus and Pullo [from the HBO series Rome] when you need them? Though Caesar would agree that using that barbarian stuff "soap" only proves his point about Asterix, Obelix, and the rest of the Gauls.

Disk failure: The version of WordPerfect I am using will convert a lot of formats, but someday there is going to be a valuable document done in XYWrite or ElectricPencil or something of the sort, and then even I will be stumped.

Katrina: Guy Lillian is doing a special issue of Challenger which will feature memories of New Orleans. That's <ghliii@yahoo.com>

Resnick: Good luck. Besides all that as happened to you, my weeks of half-blindness due to neuritis are nothing.

Noreascon: When two of the fanzine panels were on opposite each other, and the Opening Ceremonies to boot, one wonders. Attendance at fanzine panels was horrifyingly low.

Why did we split the Best Dramatic Presentation Category? So Buffy could get an



annual Hugo.

[[So now we can repeal it?]]

Actually, it wasn't the Heinlein Society dinner I'd been to. That's getting way too expensive for the likes of me (\$75 a head). They had a suite and Bill Patterson read a chapter from his forthcoming biography of Heinlein, which I hope comes out in January. Some of the admirers may not find it the most welcome. The chapter also had how Heinlein had blown his opportunity to get a Rhodes Scholarship (which couldn't go to a married man then) and interesting information about his life in New York in 1930. (He could have sold to the Clayton Astounding. Hm.)

That was where I met the only person who knew what the point of being a Herbangelist was. What is fandom coming to when our traditions are slighted so?

A Neofan's Guide, of Sorts: This has the interesting definition:

Fanzine: A not-for-profit amateur publication with original stories, art and poetry written by fans. Based on a pre-existing universe such as Star Wars, Star Trek, Babylon 5, or Ring World. Generally from a visual media such as movies and TV but not always. Fanzines are published without the creators' written permission, usually without their knowledge, and often skate the grey area of copyright infringement.

What universe is File 770 based on? [[One that was intelligently designed, of course.]]

What makes it even more confusing is that right below this is a link that says "(See The Enchanted Duplicator)" and links to a copy thereof, on their very own site no less.

The rest of it is very good and I wish I had had something of the sort available when I started congoing thirty years ago . . . ulp.

Westercon: Junk DNA: didn't John W. Campbell once pose a question about preserving a message over several thousands or even millions of years? We may be carrying a signal from Trafal-madore to an intelligent race over on the other side of the Galaxy. "Hello."

The one problem with the various flavors of CSI is dramatic parsimony; the main actors have to be the main actors; i.e. the star has to do all the things in real life that would be devolved to subordinates in order to carry the story line. It also raises the expectations of juries, who have already been expecting the defense lawyer to make the real killer blow up and confess on the witness stand ever

since Perry Mason went on the air. Now they want to see the full armamentarium of technical expertise deployed, and turn against the police when it isn't.

The Fanivore: I'm surprised no one said something like: "One hundred and forty-four issues? That's gross!"

[[Yes, thank goodness nobody remembered to make that joke!]]

Joy V. Smith

Another interesting cover that makes me wonder what's happening. Did she just toss the guy with the laurel leaves? Why?

[[Because that's what heroes and heroines always do to Roman big-shots in Asterix comics!]]

I know you hear this all the time, but Sierra is so cute! And I especially loved the story about how she played chess and her names for the caterpillars.

I always enjoy the fan news, including how collections are being preserved. Yes, now's the time to cull and make decisions. Thanks for the CUFF, TAFF, etc. updates and reports. And I loved James Bacon's fandom article! Your Noreascon report, with photos, was thorough and fun, including the mention of Joe Major carrying two canvas bags of paperbacks, which "would just about last him till he got home."

And don't the Noreascon rugs make great souvenirs! It's fantastic that the con is available on DVD.

Thanks to H.L. Drake for a very interesting Shevacon report. John Hertz's Noreascon masquerade report really makes me wish I'd seen it live, especially the Terry Pratchett entries and the Cthulhu entry. I hope it's on the DVD.

I also enjoyed your Taking Hugos through Customs tidbits with the photo!

And, of course, the Nebula Awards Weekend 2005, Millennicon 19 (I'm glad H.L. Drake finally got to hear some funny filk; Tom Smith is good, but I also like Michael Longcor & I have his Rudyard Kipling CD, btw; and the David Drake background was interesting), Technicon 22 (focus on Lois McMaster Bujold, one of my favorite authors), & Westercon reports. (I always enjoy the panel reports, btw.)

I also enjoyed all the photos, illos, and cartoons, including the cartoon at the end (End of fanzine * Do not remove staples) and the back cover.

Tim Marion

Just received the latest *File 770* today and am relieved that I have not somehow fallen off your mailing list again. I'm so out of touch with fandom now that I wouldn't even know if I had. Only you, Robert Lichtman and Bruce Gillespie still have the patience to keep me on their mailing lists.

Just wanted to write and tell you when I received it and to note that, Wowie, Zowie -- 50 pages! 50 pages of this impeccable layout, scintillating news, and oh, that art!

So far I have only had time to peruse/scan, but wanted to tell you quickly that I think you were a mite mistaken in your write-up about Mike Horvat. I don't know that he ever did *South of the Moon* --- if he did, it was no doubt during the time I was (even more) out of fandom (during the 80s and 90s). But he certainly didn't start the apa listing fanzine in the 70s --- that distinction goes to Larry Nielson, whom I understand has long since passed. Then, Richard Small did it for one impressive issue before he succumbed to cancer (in 1975) and passed it along to me. I did several issues before becoming frustrated and passing it along to another party.

I think the biggest problem with doing the apa index zine was that people who weren't members of the apas they were writing about would nonetheless guess about or give me old information. If such a person wrote me after a person giving me accurate information, the more recently received (i.e., false) information would take precedent. As I didn't know which was the accurate information and which was old or incorrect, not being a member of every apa, this had a tendency to make me look incompetent. I think a future editor stated that he would take information only from those who were actually members of the apa they were writing about, and that he preferred to have an actual copy of the official organ to the apa.

I do think something like that should be done today, even if only as a web listing.

The last I knew, someone in Florida was doing something called *The New Moon Directory*. I doubt that he is still doing it, and he swallowed without response my inquiry or two regarding same.

But anyway, that's all I have to say for the moment. Thanks for printing the (bad) news about Fred Kuhn, as well as the other obituaries. Darrell Schweitzer's letter was funny and a good response.

I didn't understand Craig Miller's joke in your Noreascon 4 report, unless he was referring to Edward G. Robinson and the movie *Soylent Green*. (Sorry! I am actually trying to, in a smartass but gentle way, point out that you had typoed the actor's name as "Edgar G. Robinson." May seem like a trivial thing, but it can (potentially) drive crazy someone like myself who has a perfect memory and keeps getting disbelieved by those with poorer memories...)

I guess I should add that I really appreciated the amount of detail in your Worldcon report --- very entertaining, and the vivid descriptions of the art were interesting. (I know, my nose looks brown, but I mean it sincerely.)

The "Retro Hugo" for Chesley Bonestell is confusing, as I seem to recall (and I never get tired of telling people this, even when they act like they don't believe me) reading in one of the first fanzines I ever received, back in the early 70s, that he had received a Hugo and a visitor to Bonestell's home saw that he kept it on the back of his commode. I thought that indicated a rather disrespectful attitude toward fandom in general and his fans in particular, but perhaps the rest of his abode was filled with artwork and that was the only space he had left to display? Just a thought.

[I checked back - Bonestell got a Special Committee Award, but he received a Hugo rocket for the physical award. Since then tradition and the rules have changed to keep Worldcons from giving the rocket for anything besides a Hugo.]

Martin Morse Wooster

I'm glad you published excerpts from James Bacon's *Worldconicon*. That was one of the better TAFF reports in recent years. In fact, all the energy that the British are putting into TAFF deserves our respect. Perhaps maybe an American will publish a trip report? I'm really looking forward to reading Vijay Bowen's....

I suppose I should say Something about Capclave. I didn't go last year, since the con that year was held in a distant suburb in Virginia. But in 2005 Capclave moved to the Silver Spring Hilton, which is the closest

hotel to my house. So I went, and had a pretty good time. Howard Waldrop was an amiable GoH, although the promised limited-edition Waldrop chapbook (which led at least one Australian collector to buy a Capclave membership) has not yet been published. WSFA Press did publish *Future Washington*, an original anthology of stories set in Washington. There were a great many high-powered pros in attendance, and a well-stocked dealer's room. There were also three Worldcon bidding parties. Official attendance was 337.

Capclave is scheduled to be at this hotel for at least one more year, and possibly longer. The con was certainly an improvement over 2003.

John Purcell

Many thanks for continuing *File 770*. The 145th installment is the only one that I have actually taken the time to download and read (I even printed it out doublesided to get that old, dead tree fmz feel again), and I am glad I did. Some comments are in order, though.

I absolutely love the cover! Taral has long been a favorite fan artist of mine, and I know that he had been nominated for the Hugo before in that category back in my more active fanac years. Has he ever won the best fan artist award? I'm still pushing Ken Fletcher for best fan artist; a most deserving and unsung fannish mind who needs to be recognized for the talented artist that he is. But I have been so long out of the fannish loop that I don't know who's been nominated and won since the late Eighties. Onward to the Internet to look up a listing of Hugo winners over the years...

The various con reports were a welcome read, and reminded me why I rarely attended actual programming items (mostly boring) unless I either knew the people on the panel or was really interested in the subject being discussed (such as a display and discussion of Hannes Bok's artwork or the scandals of 5th fandom). If I remember correctly, DavE Romm had the brainstorm of planning spontaneous instant non-programming items that would occur randomly at all hours of the day and night in hotel hallways during Minicons. Surgical Glove Fandom was born of one such non-event in the now-defunct and razed Hotel Leamington. Those were great years. I must get back up there again one day for a Minicon, which I cannot believe is now at number 41! Unreal.

As always, the obituaries and health notices of long-time fans and writers made me keenly aware of the graying of fandom and of my own mortality (knock on wood). Just this past week I learned of the death of

Linda Ann Moss, a long-time Midwest convention and apa fan who had moved to Minneapolis during the late 70s, and Bill Bowers. *Outworlds* and *Xenolith* were awesome zines, and I am so happy to see that they are available through Bill Burns' site. Well, I know *Xenolith* is. Great stuff. The list man lives on. These notices sadden me, but it's a fact that all of us oldpharts are facing with our usual grace: we write about them and remember their contributions. This is one of the wonderful aspects that I enjoy about fandom -- our ability to look back, reflect, read, and still laugh at the work of our compatriots. I hoist my coffee cup in their memory.

Well, thanks for the ish, and I look forward to the next fannishly well-timed, Real Soon Now effort.

Henry L. Welch

There are a number of outlets for free PDF printers. The Mac, for example, provides that as a default printer option. In terms of the PC there is always Ghostscript. It has an annoying habit of inserting a last page that is a two-line ad for Ghostscript, but it is certainly better than nothing.

Sierra looks like she's doing great. I always like to see the progression of children. I kind of miss following Brian Earl Brown's daughter who much be at least 10 or 12 now, and Tom Sadler's granddaughter.

Lenore Jones

I was glad to read all the con reports. Lately I've been finding myself kind of hiding from the action at worldcons, working long shifts at Reg or Treasury, then hiding out somewhere quiet. I have more fun now at Wis-Con, my other main convention each year, maybe because it's smaller, maybe because there are an amazing group of funny and smart women and men there. Probably both.

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Jeff Schalles writes with his good news: "Marjorie Magidow and myself were married [in February] and have moved into the new house we bought... She already has three kids, and we do not plan on having any more!"

Robert Lichtman passed along the story behind **Ben Zuhl's** exotic new address. As Zuhl told him, "Thornwald Park was an estate that couldn't be kept up so they donated the land and buildings to the city. The city of Carlisle made a park out of most of the grounds and kept the gatehouse to rent out. (There is always a large transient population due to Dickinson College and the U.S. Army War College both in Carlisle.) We saw the gatehouse on the internet when we were looking for a place for a year and it tickled our fannish fantasy to rent it."

Janice Gelb sent her change of address effective December 15, adding the note: "Condo has sold, still waiting for word on the job."

Ken Keller moved two years ago, but it's news to me (and maybe to you?) Ken explains how we got reconnected:

"My old next day neighbor called the other day to say that my old postman had delivered into my neighbor's hands what sounds like a new *File 770*! (Something from that Glycer fellow anyway...) Nice of him to do that since mail forwarding from there to my new place has expired. Why, I haven't seen an issue of *File 770* in what

seems like years. The last one I remember receiving is the one with the color cover--or perhaps the one after that. (Memory fades.) I'll be dropping by soon and picking up what I hope is a new issue.

"Anywho, I apparently didn't send you my CoA when Terri and I moved to nearby Independence, MO in early July of '04. One CoA always seems to slip thru the cracks--or perhaps it was just a 'senior moment' as George R.R. Martin wise-cracked to me on another matter a few months back. (Yeah, like he's such a young whippersnapper!) I left a lot of local fan and KC worldcon history in my old White Avenue house. 32 years worth."

Robert Lichtman had a similar story: "I guess I forgot to tell you that I retired and moved to Oakland back in August. I checked my mail in Glen Ellen today (my box is still good until next July, and I don't trust postal forwarding) and found *File 770* #145 there. Herewith my new address."

