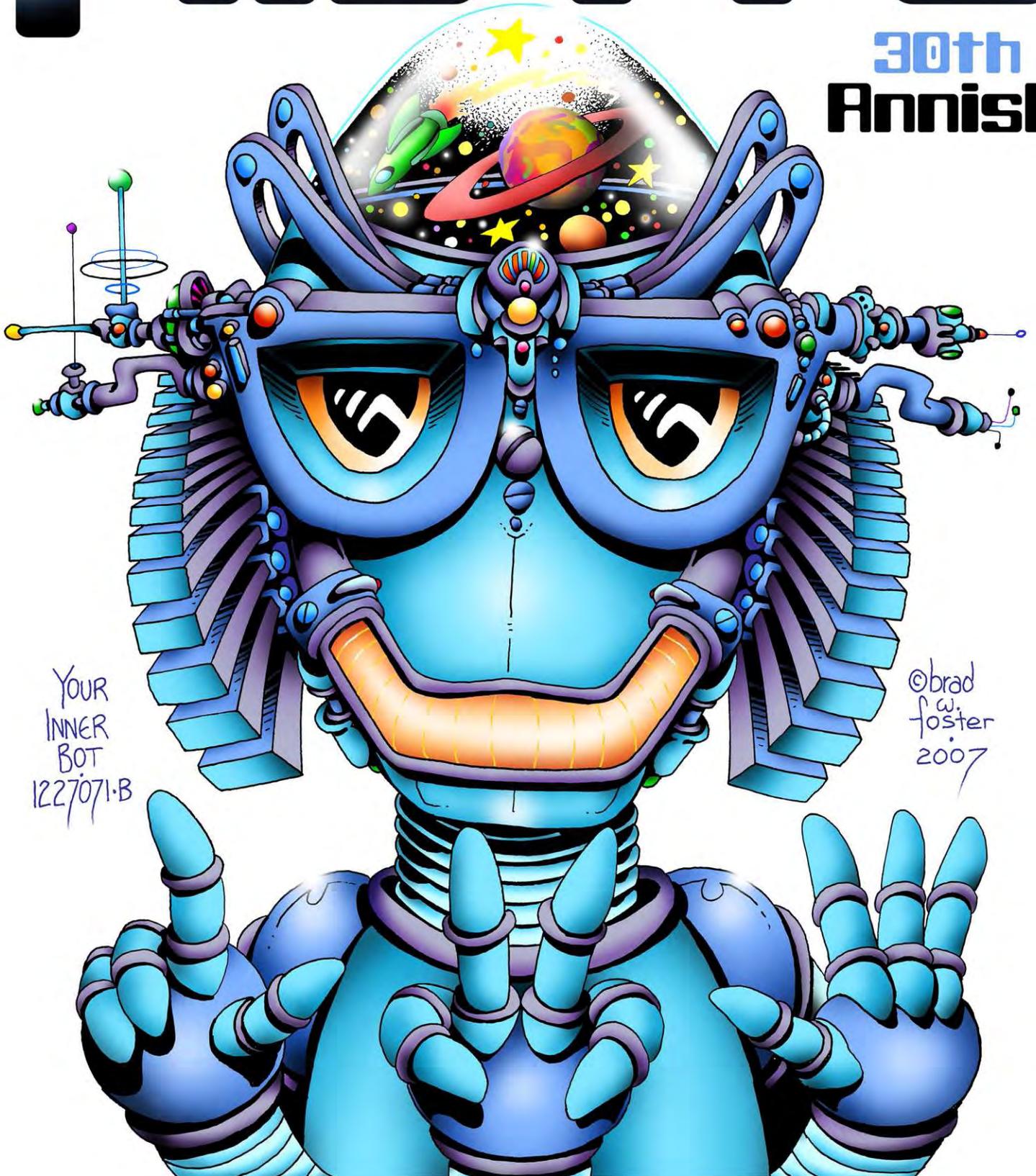


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Editorial Notes by Mike Glycer

Do you think you're living in the Prime Timeline? Here's proof you're living in a slice of alternate history. This is the 30th anniversary issue of *File 770* and, as everyone knows, fannish newzines never last.

File 770 #1 came off the mimeograph in January 1978. In 2008, I kicked off the 30th anniversary celebration by scanning that issue for eFanzines promptly attracting a fresh review by Chris Garcia and a brief loc from Mike McInerney. There's nothing to beat the energy that surrounds a newzine. Egoboo is better than royalties.

When Linda Bushyager was about to retire *Karass*, the leading fannish newzine of the mid-1970s, she encouraged me to take the baton. My interest was high, and has stayed that way ever since, and I give the credit for that to everyone who has participated over the years.

Thanks to the hundreds of you who have sent news, articles, letters and art over the years. Thanks to fans who devotedly LoC

nearly every zine they get, not only this one. Thank you subscribers, including the fans still receiving *File 770* that began as Austin in '85 NASFiC bid supporters and subscribed in order to ballot-stuff the *File 770* survey. I'm glad you stuck around: we had fun, you guys ran a great con, and I can say there was one year I didn't lose money on the zine (because I was still \$25 ahead at the end of 1983).

I have been lucky enough to publish every type of material on my original wish list, from a Worldcon GoH's speech (Race Matthews, 1985) to fanartist portfolios, and a chapter from a TAFF trip report (James Bacon granted that wish in 2005).

There also have been wonderful opportunities and surprises. Richard Bergeron gave me pre-publication sheets from the famous Willis issue of *Warhoon* to distribute in the zine. *File 770*'s first 85 issues were mimeographed -- #42 on luxuriant Twiltone paper courtesy of a NESFA publishing party in

1983, when members collated and mailed the whole thing while I was in Boston for IRS training. Now that's hospitality. In 2002, Alan White celebrated the birth of my daughter, Sierra, by publishing and sending me *File 770*'s first color cover. Thank you!

The zine has paced the changes in publishing technology since 1978. My hand-crank mimeo lasted as long as it did with the help of a mimeo repairman located by Marty Cantor, who staved off the inevitable 'til my Gestetner finally became more proficient at spewing ink than printing it. Then Gordon Garb did me a great favor by giving me his late father's motorized mimeo equipment so *File 770* could keep going.

In the dawning age of computers I discovered how to cut stencils with a dot-matrix printer. The late Irene Danziger created *File 770*'s first true desktop publishing layouts in 1991 to take better advantage of the cheap photocopying Gavin Claypool clued me onto at CalTech. (It didn't stay cheap for long. They must have worked the math.)

Once I made the transition to Xerox, fanartists no longer had to take a deep breath before peeking at their art inside the latest *File 770*. This is the 71st issue to feature art by Brad Foster. There are artists I have been publishing since before this zine began, including Alan White, Taral, Grant Canfield, Sheryl Birkhead and Bill Rotsler.

Diana, my wife, has been the muse and sometimes conscience of *File 770* (reading drafts and asking, "Did you really mean to insult this person?" Actually, I didn't...). She has been behind two big developments this past year, the color cover on #150, and my new *File770.com* blog (her Christmas gifts to me included the domain name and the hosting service.) You are a jewel beyond price.

Warner's FAPAZINE chugged along for decades. So did Tackett's and the Coulsons' genzines. Fred Patten's APA-Lzine is still appearing weekly after 44 years. Never a fannish newzine. If they *did* last, we could be celebrating the 35th anniversary of my short-lived fannish newzine *Organlegger* which lasted a few months in 1973 (more on this elsewhere). As it is, I'm very glad I got a second chance.

File 770
152

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available for news, artwork, arranged trades, or by subscription: \$8 for 5 issues, \$15 for 10 issues, air mail rate is \$2.50.

E-Mail: Mikeglyer@cs.com

Art Credits

Grant Canfield: 30, 42, Bacover
Alan White: 3, 5, 10, 12, 29, 31

Brad Foster: Cover, 8, 13, 40
Bill Rotsler: 2, 5, 7, 9, 10, 14, 17, 21, 28, 41, 43, 44, 46, 47

Terry Jeeves: 38, 39

Chaz Boston Baden: 4

Tim Kirk: 6

Bill Higgins: (photo) 11

Alan Stewart: (photo) 19

Steve Stiles: 4, 32, 34

Stu Shiffman: 33, 36

Tim Marion: (photo) 7 (1974)

Thieves Go First Cabin

Frank Denton discovered his cabin near Mt. Rainier had been broken into when he arrived to prepare it for a New Year's gathering of friends. Someone using bolt cutters had sliced the Master lock off the back window shutters to get in, leaving the curtains ominously blowing in the breeze. A number of appliances and lots of blankets were taken.

Frank has published *The Rogue Raven* for many years, a name he also uses for his blog. I always remember him as the first person to ask me onto a convention program (at that same 1973 Westercon where Elst and I pubbed *Organlegger*).

Higgins Scores Landslide on Super Tuesday

Illinois fan Bill Higgins became the envy of every big-name candidate in the Super Tuesday primaries when he polled 100% of the Democratic votes cast in Naperville's 23rd precinct. He was running for precinct committeeman. Higgins can expect a call for advice from Illinois' U.S. Senator Barack Obama, who polled merely 68% of the Naperville Democratic vote. Also, the 204 votes for Higgins was 60 more than the precinct's Republican voters cast for his counterpart. That's an encouraging sign on the road to November, for as Bill wrote in his blog, "The Democrats have, let us say, a lot of room for growth in Dupage County."

The fan who styles himself "W. Skeffington Higgins" (when sharing deep thoughts online) answered the call of the Naperville Township Democratic Organization's recruitment drive. He contributed to the largest increase of any township in the county -- from 6 precinct committeemen in 2006 to 25 in 2008.

Higgins will be expected to walk the precinct, canvass the voters, pass out information on the party's candidates, encourage people to register to vote, and find out on election day who hasn't voted yet so calls can be made to get out the vote.

Bill is a well-known panelist at Midwest conventions who often speaks about science, spaceflight and planetary exploration. Bill joined Fermilab in 1978, famed for its giant accelerators and particle beams, to work on issues including radiation safety. His fanac covers the spectrum: fanzines, filksinging, art, conrunning.

Be on the Lookout for a Chocolate-Covered Manhole Cover

After almost 40 years there's something new to say about a chocolate-covered manhole cover. It's missing.



News of Fandom

Tom Digby, the wildly inventive fanhumorist, originated the line Larry Niven used for the title of his popular story, "What Can You Say About Chocolate Covered Manhole Covers?" Tuckerized members of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society are featured in a romp that begins at a fictional version of the 1968 party where Bruce Pelz and Dian (now Crayne) celebrated the finality of their divorce. (Yes, there really was a

cake with a little bride and groom on top facing in opposite directions.) During the story "Tom Findlay," the character based on Digby, was revealed to be an alien — and to this day LASFSians haven't entirely ruled out that explanation.

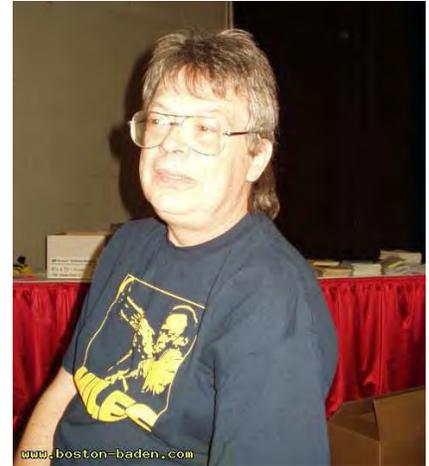
LASFS holds a gift exchange during the Christmas season. It's always leavened with gag gifts. I got the Flatbed Mimeo one year. I still have on my bookshelf one of the many copies of *Zotz!* that cycled through the exchange.

Another traditional gag gift I held for a year was the genuine chocolate-covered manhole cover. The real-life version was made by chocolate-coating a pancake-sized steel lid from a natural gas main, rather than a full-sized manhole cover. The winner was supposed to stash it in his or her freezer and put it back into the next year's exchange. Except, it never reappeared in the 2007 gift exchange.

"This is like the swallows deciding not to visit Capistrano this year," wrote Milt Stevens in his appeal to readers of the LASFS newzine *De Profundis*. "It's very disturbing. Several fans are going to have anxiety attacks if it doesn't return. So check the clutter around your residence pod just in case you have the Chocolate Covered Manhole Cover. If you do, please give it back."



Bill Higgins strikes a stfnal pose in this photo from the 2007 Moonbase Con-Fusion website. He was their Fan GoH.



Samaritan Medal: (L) Obverse; (M) Reverse. (R) Designer Steve Stiles (photo by Chaz Boston Baden).

Stiles-Designed Samaritan Medal Goes to Shimon Peres

Steve Stiles’ dramatic new artwork is unlike any he’s done before.

He writes: “Ages ago I was commissioned (thanks to the efforts of Michael Dobson and his contacts in the Lutheran Church) to design a medal, intended to further the cause of peace, for the Samaritan community in Israel. Recently it was finally cast and Shimon Peres has agreed to accept this Samaritan Medal Sunday, February 17 at the President’s House in Tel Aviv.”

The Samaritan Medal for Peace and Humanitarian Achievement is awarded for distinguished service, the only one of various Samaritan medals actually awarded by the

original Samaritan people of Israel.

The Medal is made of pure silver, two inches in diameter, with a scene from the parable of the Good Samaritan on the front, and the sacred Mount Gerizim on the reverse.

Recipient Shimon Peres, now Israel’s President, was its Foreign Minister when he shared the 1994 Nobel Peace Prize with Yasser Arafat and Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin.

Steve Stiles has worked in virtually every medium, from comic strips to modern abstracts, but this is his first medal design. He is a frequent Hugo Award nominee, and a past winner of the FAAn Award and the Rotsler Award.

Datclave Redux

One more sign of the Millennium? The Washington Science Fiction Association now holds Datclave more often than Disclave.

The very first Datclave was held Leap Year weekend of 1980 according to a club rule that a con be held whenever there is a fifth Friday in the month of February. This can happen only once every 28 years. And while Datclave II just took place, the club stopped holding Disclave, its big Memorial Day convention, in 1997. (WSFA now sponsors Capclave in the fall.) That’s why the proverbial turtle is going to win this race.

The fellow who chaired the first Datclave, Kent Bloom, claimed a prior conrunning commitment this year, so Bob McIntosh was

TAFF Tally Five Star Final

Candidates	Europe votes	North America votes	Rest of world votes	Total
Chris Barkley	0	13	0	13
Linda Deneroff	4	26	0	30
Chris Garcia	41	66	0	107
Christian McGuire	4	14	0	18
Hold Over Funds	0	2	0	2
No Preference	5	5	0	10
Total	54	126	0	180

Fans learned weeks ago that voters picked Chris Garcia to be the 2008 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund delegate. Now the administrators, Suzle Tompkins and Bridget Bradshaw, have released the final voting tallies and a brief financial report.

The final ballot count increased to 180 because the administra-

tors discovered more valid ballots after they originally announced a total of 174. The correct count includes 126 ballots from North America and 54 from Europe. A list of the voters, and a regional breakdown of where votes came from and who they went to, can be found in the latest TAFF report at <http://taff.org.uk/>.

The unofficial TAFF site also has Chris Garcia’s preliminary itinerary: “He reports that so far he is: arriving on the 15th [March] and leaving on the 30th; traveling to various parts of the UK including Croydon on the 15th/16th, North London for the

17th /18th, and then to Eastercon. After the con, he is planning to visit folks in Birmingham, Manchester and Leeds.”

Chris Garcia has been sent \$2,000 to work with and there still remains \$7,982.23 in TAFF’s North American bank account, Suzle says in the report.

pressed into service. Datclave II was, as the flyer says, “the Washington D.C. Relaxacon with the Gettysburg Address., held at the Hotel Gettysburg on Lincoln Square, February 29-March 2.

Samuel Lubell commented online, “We had about 40-45 people including Kent Bloom who chaired the first Datclave. The highlight for many was the tour of the Gettysburg battlefield conducted by WSFA’s own military historians Bob MacIntosh and Lee Strong.

“As for Datclave ever catching up to Disclave, the turtle will eventually catch up yes, but I believe there were 44 Disclaves. We hold Datclave every 28 years so that means catching up in the year 3184 (or maybe 3212 depending on whether 2400 is a leap year or not). Unless of course the singularity happens first. So I wouldn’t hold my breath.

“Of course, by then Capclave (www.capclave.org) will have long since won the race, so come join our GOHs James Morrow and Michael Dirda at Capclave on October 17-19, 2008.”



Steve & Sue Francis Win DUFF

Steve and Sue Francis of Louisville won the Down Under Fan Fund and will travel to the Australian National Convention.

Administrators Joe Siclari and Norman Cates tallied 218 ballots: Sue & Steve Francis, 163; Murray Moore, 48; No Preference, 2; Other, 5. Two people received 3rd place write-in nominations: Andy Hooper & Dick Spelman.

James Bacon wrote me when voting began “DUFF has gone all electronic,” so I immediately had to try that. “All electronic” has been a siren call to fannish ears since the days of reel-to-reel fanzines.

I found Jean Weber’s electronic DUFF ballot easy to use. It was equally convenient to make my required donation through her PayPal connection. Privacy was preserved because data entered on the electronic ballot was transmitted to an e-mail address at Jean’s domain, and automatically forwarded to Norman Cates, Australasian DUFF Administrator, without Jean seeing it.

North American administrator Joe Siclari’s voting analysis shows where all the

votes came from: USA, 185; Australia, 15; Canada, 8; UK, 7; New Zealand, 1; Holland, 1; Sweden, 1.

Judkowitz Recognized by Workmen’s Circle

Ruth Judkowitz, long-time LASFSian and “chairmentsh” of the Workmen’s Circle of Southern California district, forwards a link to an article in the January 25 issue of the *Jewish Journal* about Edward Asner delivering the keynote address at the Workmen’s Circle Centennial Gala:

“See the attached story for a reference to *moi*. I wrote the parody lyrics for ‘California, Here I Come’ as well as the musical arrangement and I was named Member of the Year — these facts are conspicuously absent from the article, but Ed Asner is the one who sells the papers.”

That’s a mistake we won’t repeat.

Fancy Fanac

Laurie Mann has started a FANAC community LiveJournal <<http://community.livejournal.com/fanac>>. Its first posting featured a photo from a ‘70s LASFS meeting, with a few fans they’re still trying to identify.

FANAC has handled the fan and Worldcon history exhibits at most Worldcons. They plan to exhibit at Denvention. FANAC was created and funded by the Florida Association for Nucleation And Conventions (F.A.N.A.C.), Inc. which sponsored Magi-Con, the 50th World Science Fiction Convention in 1992. Laurie adds, “We’re always eager for more help!”

Jim Caughran, too, is always looking for writers to work with the online Fancyclopedia, <<http://fancylopedia.editme.com>>. He reports it has added a piece about the Knights of St Fantony, by Peter Weston (from *Prolapse* 11), and an entry by Frederic Gooding about the Langdon Chart, adapted from Rich Lynch’s outline of 1960s fanhistory.

Perfect Pitch

What’s the best route to success in Hollywood? Cary Grant made it going *North By Northwest*, now LASFSian Ed Green is having luck with the opposite direction. Ed worked on a spec commerical used in a pitch to Southwest Airlines and the director has posted it on *FunnyOrDie.com* <<http://www.funnyordie.com/videos/83a1fae273>>. Ed offers the link “for your amusement (or horror).”

WHERE “770” COMES FROM



Mike Resnick brings fanhistory alive for readers of his “In My Opinion” column in the February 2008 issue of *Jim Baen’s Universe*. Along the way he explains:

“Even Mike Glycer’s Hugo-winning fanzine, *File 770*, is named for the most famous fannish party of all, held in Room 770 of the 1951 Worldcon hotel in New Orleans.”

Entirely true. See, it has nothing to do with cell phones at all...



A photo from the 1951 Worldcon of the famous **Room 770 party** in progress. The fan with the glasses is Lynn Hickman. The seated fan on the right may be Roger Sims. Lee Hoffman is in the foreground.

Diana Glycer Wins Imperishable Flame Award

Diana Glycer's *The Company They Keep: C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien as Writers in Community* has won the Northeast Tolkien Society's 2007 Imperishable Flame Award for Tolkien/Inklings Scholarship. Her book tells the story of the Inklings, the writers group that met in Oxford through the 1930's and 1940's to read their work aloud and offer feedback. The group's 19 members included Tolkien, author of *The Lord of the Rings*, and C. S. Lewis, author of the *Chronicles of Narnia*.

Nominees for The Imperishable Flame are named by the Northeast Tolkien Society. This year, the winners were chosen by readers of the *Journal of the Northeast Tolkien Society*, participants in the NETS Yahoo online group, and visitors to the Herenistarion.org website.

Northeast Tolkien Society chairs Anthony S. Burdge and Jessica Burke told winners, "We see your work as an inextinguishable light amongst the rest, guiding future generations to further understanding and education, leaders in community functions and creativity."

The Company They Keep has received enthusiastic reviews from the *Times Literary Supplement*, *Green Man Review*, *Mythlore*, *Mythprint*, the SF Site, and Tolkienlibrary.com. It was named a Core 1000 book by Yankee Book Peddler, and a recommended title by the American Library Association's *Choice* magazine.

Diana Glycer's exploration of the Inklings shows how many ways that the members of this group encouraged, critiqued, and on occasion, even rewrote each other's work. For example, after Tolkien asked for feedback on a long poem Lewis not only criticized it but actually re-wrote several sections of it for him. When Tolkien abandoned all hope of finishing *The Lord of the Rings*, Lewis took him to lunch and made him promise to write more of the tale. And unforgettably, Charles Williams, another Inklings, once wrote a poem that prompted Lewis to write him a letter saying that his work was getting to be so good, "I've a good mind to punch your head when next we meet."

A SALUTE TO TIM KIRK

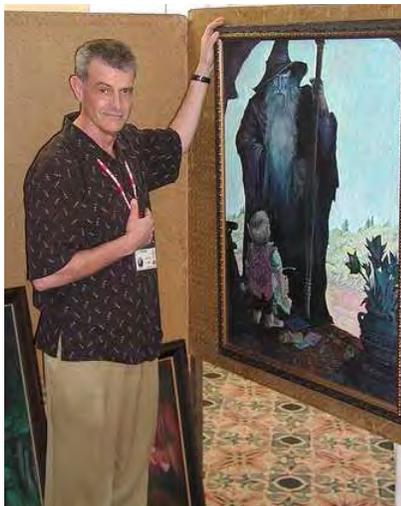
How good a fanartist is Tim Kirk? So good that in the 1970s he won five Hugos during the greatest era in the history of fan art, running against a field including George Barr, Alicia Austin, Steven Fabian, Bill Rotsler, Grant Canfield, Steve Stiles, ATom and others.

Tim drew the signature Geis-and-Alter-Ego logo that ran above the editorials in *Science Fiction Review*, the dominant fanzine of the late 60s/early 70s. He did lots of terrific fanzine covers. With paint and canvas he brought vividly to life all kinds of rumpled gnomes and alien creatures, including "Mugg from Thugg."

Tim made a huge splash at the 1972 Westercon art show with a display of 26 Tolkien-themed paintings he'd done for his thesis project, earning a Master's degree in Illustration from California State University, Long Beach. Thirteen of the paintings were selected for publication by Ballantine Books as the *1975 Tolkien Calendar*.

Tim's stunning entries in art shows included vast pen-and-ink drawings that were busier than any scene by Hieronymous Bosch and infinitely more entertaining. Whenever they could, the Nivens would top all bidders at auction and take these drawings home to make them centerpieces on their living room walls. This was lucky for visitors to the Nivens' after-LASFS poker games, like me. Once I gambled away my \$5 limit I had plenty of time to study in detail all the lore Tim stuffed in every corner of Merlin's workshop and other pictures 'til my ride was ready to leave.

Fandom still had a bit of an inferiority complex in those days about the mainstream's disrespect of anyone with an inter-



est in sf and fantasy, so when Hallmark Cards hired Tim some of us felt a little bit vindicated to see a talented fan artist applying his abilities to products everyone in America used. Tim was with Hallmark from 1973 to 1980, doing progressively more professional art and, as seemed logical at the time, fading out of the fanzine scene altogether.

Tim was destined to leap from one pinnacle of success to another. From 1980 to 2001 he was employed as a designer for Walt Disney Imagineering, and was instrumental in the conception and realization of several major theme park projects, including the Disney-MGM Studios in Florida, and Tokyo DisneySea, which debuted in September 2001. In 2002 he, along with his brother and sister-in-law (also Disney veterans) founded Kirk Design Incorporated, specializing in museum, restaurant, retail and theme park

work.

Their firm was responsible for the conceptual design of Seattle's new Science Fiction Museum which opened in 2004 and exhibits some of Paul Allen's vast collection. Tim also serves on the Science Fiction Museum Advisory Board.

Tim's work on SFM led to renewed visibility in fannish circles. He was at the 2003 Westercon participating in Greg Bear's SFM presentation by making illustrated notes on an easel. In 2004, he contributed a highly interesting autobiographical essay to Guy Lillian's *Challenger*, accompanied by a beautiful portfolio of his classic pen-and-ink drawings. Since then Tim has been guest of honor at ConDor XIV (2007), the local San Diego convention.

It's great when a fannish giant comes home again!

Lasting Impressions: News from the World of Fanzines

Bwana's in the Organlegger Business

Mike Resnick, best known to the internet's luxury shoppers as Bwana25, always keeps a cargo of vintage fanzines for sale at his outpost on eBay. Every now and then that includes an old zine of mine.

In mid-February Bwana was selling a copy of *Organlegger* #7 from my first foray into fanfash journalism in 1973. The copy looked in good condition (it might be better than my file copy!) That's a pleasant surprise when you're talking about twiltone paper printed with oil-based mimeo ink. If any of the earliest issues are still readable that'll be even more surprising, for reasons that will be revealed below.

Organlegger #7 came out in August 1973. The first issue had been produced just the month before. So was it a weekly? Never. But it had been a *daily*.

Elst Weinstein hauled his ditto machine and supplies to San Francisco in case they'd come in handy for whatever mischief we got into at the 1973 Westercon, a 5-day convention. The Westercon daily newzine had an aloof tone, and was full of official announcements. Elst and I were tempted to parody it until we considered how much real news we knew and that it would be more fun to launch a rival zine and play it straight.

Even though it was a Sampo Westercon in the Bay Area, many of the con's most interesting stories involved Southern Californians. Larry Niven was a GoH and in those days he was also hawking memberships in the highly-amusing parody Trantorcon in 23,309. Marjii Ellers scored a coup in the Masquerade as the "Queen of Air and Darkness." The LA smofs bid for (and won) the right to try their own



(Left) Elst Weinstein in 1974 to right of Mike Glycer and Craig Miller. (Right) Elst's more photogenic "after" picture (2003).



Bay Area Westercon, OakLaCon in 1975. And so on. Elst and I filled several ditto-reproduced issues of *Organlegger* by the end of the con.

The experience also confirmed I'd been bitten by the newzine bug. When I got home I took over the title and set out to print all the fanfash news people felt *Locus* was neglecting (which was plenty even then, in only its fifth year!) *Organlegger* failed to last because I was a college student who simply couldn't afford the project. The zine survived just long enough to report LASFS' purchase of its first clubhouse — indeed, 2008 is the 35th anniversary.

If you're someone who enjoys all the nostalgia brought on by a whiff of twiltone, I hope you didn't miss the opportunity to own a copy.

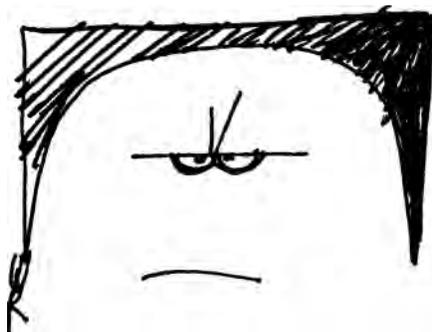
The League of Extraordinarily Selfless Fan Artists

Frank Wu has preemptively announced that he will decline if nominated for Best Fan Artist in 2008.

"This essay is incredibly hard to write. I don't want to be misunderstood, to come across as churlish, arrogant, calculating or ungrateful.... Having won three Hugo Awards for Best Fan Artist, in three of the last four years, I have decided that - should I be nominated - I will decline the nomination [in 2008]," wrote Frank in an editorial published in *Abyss and Apex* issue 24, dated the fourth quarter or 2007.

I learned about Frank's decision when his editorial popped up in response to a Google search about another fan artist. Such news must have been reported and discussed long since (though not anywhere Google could show me). Such a remarkable example of selflessness is worth retelling, in any case.

Frank thoughtfully explained that his decision was made for the sake of the vitality of the Best Fan Artist Hugo category. He wants to "break the logjam" for other fan artists like Alan F. Beck, Taral Wayne, Dan Steffan, Marc Schirmeister, Alexis Gilliland,



and Stu Shiffman. (Though Frank surely must know Gilliland and Shiffman have won before.)

To help show that withdrawing is not an ungrateful response to his popularity, Frank lists many other people who withdrew from past Hugo races. He might have added the two most important examples from the Best Fan Artist category itself. There's not another category where serial winners have been so conscientious about sharing the lime-light.

Phil Foglio won the Best Fan Artist Hugo in 1977 and 1978. During his last acceptance speech, Foglio withdrew from future fanartist Hugo consideration saying, "I know how hard it is to get on the list, and once you do

it's even harder to get off." Victoria Poyser won the category in 1981 and 1982, then announced she would not accept future nominations. Foglio and Poyser both went on to professional success.

Frank did explain that Teddy Harvia and Brad Foster declined their nominations in 1997. He speculated, "Apparently they were trying to clear the path for fellow nominee Bill Rotsler, who would pick up his Hugo and then pass away a month later."

Well, no. Just the previous year (1996) Rotsler had won the Best Fan Artist Hugo, a Retro Hugo, and a Special Committee Award. He'd already cleared his own path. The reason Harvia and Foster gave in 1997 is that they had a self-perceived conflict of interest created by their close involvement with the San Antonio Worldcon. Foster had drawn the covers for all the Progress Reports, and Harvia contributed other art. They made a highly-principled decision. A past progress report artist had been criticized for having an unfair advantage over competitors for the Hugo — that's fandom for you, where someone demands that our top talents forego Hugo nominations as a condition of being allowed to provide art for free!



The new home of **David Bratman** and **Berni Phillips** is named Minnipin Cottage.

The Barmy Cats Adventures

It turns out to have been a mystery only to me, that nagging question I've been pondering for several weeks: Why did C*****s D*****s pen "A Corflu Carol" (*The Drink Tank #158*), lampooning Cheryl Morgan with such rich humor I was embarrassed to admit how hard I'd laughed? Mainly because I didn't know who really threw this barb, or

whether Cheryl would find it funny (it might remind her of blunt comments made by trufen in past years). Now that I've learned the full context, I expect she had no problem with it at all, if it turns out she didn't write it herself (I haven't stumbled across that answer yet).

"A Corflu Carol" soars from its opening lines:

"Fanzine fandom was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatsoever about that. The register of its burial was signed by the costumers, the filkers, the conrunners, and the furies. Emcit Eljay signed it, and Emcit Eljay's name was good for a fan Hugo. Fanzine fandom was as dead as a doornail."

Had I not (evidently) slept through January 3, I'd have already known this was either the answering salvo to, or perhaps a tangential development of, Cheryl's

comical new series of "Barmy Cats Adventures," launched by the appearance of "The Clubhouse Affair" in *The Drink Tank #157*.

My encounter with "The Clubhouse Affair" waited 'til March, when I caught up reading Cheryl's personal blog. She'd publicly explained the whole project weeks earlier, on January 20, giving verbal snapshots of all the characters.

Cheryl concluded, after reading the recent

debates about Core Fandom, that it would be "quite funny to imagine a world in which the brave freedom fighters of Core Fandom really were engaged in a bitter struggle against the greedy capitalists of WSFS." And in her hands, it is funny.

Egoscanners Don't Live in Vain

Brad Foster, the multiple-Hugo-winning fan artist, likes to keep track of where all his work has appeared. And after three decades, that list is very long. Brad says, "I've done a lot of art for a lot of weird publications over the years, not to mention posters, flyers, decals, patches, logo designs, cards, t-shirts, and a little of everything else. And I kept a list of all of them as they were published."

Now he's distilled the pages and pages of notes into a searchable list on his website. This news might have been important to Brad alone but for one fact: Faneditors love to egoscan. You think I didn't enjoy seeing *File 770's* name 70 times on that list? So I can confidently predict <http://www.-jabberwockygraphix.com/-inprint.html> is the next link you're going to click if you ever published a single Foster cartoon.

Who's Been Naughty or Nice?

Jerry Pournelle: "By the time I sit down at the keyboard to work, Orlando has logged in to my local wireless Internet access, and I can tap into web resources. I need that: *Inferno II* has a lot of people in it, and I need to look up details of their lives before I put them in Hell." *[[Chaos Manor Reviews, Column 325 Pt. 3]]*

Why Spock Can't Grok

Spock.com showed up as a result while I was running searches with Google. I decided to find out what the site had going for it besides the eye-catching domain name.

It's a new people search engine. Making the obvious test, I typed in my own name. Spock.com came up with a hit, with great confidence displaying a picture of "Mike Glycer" beside the text — who to my surprise appeared to be an identical twin of George R. R. Martin, right down to the green Archon 25 badge that read "George R. R. Martin."

Now I was even more curious. I put in "Ben Yalow." Spock.com found him too, sort of: with his entry was a photo of Priscilla Olson. Things were getting worse: at least George and I both have beards.

Still, mistakes happen. So the third time, I gave Spock.com every chance to succeed and typed in the name of the most famous fan I know, "Forrest J Ackerman." Eureka! This time the image returned with the text was Forry, surrounded by his collection.

Why didn't this seem to be working for us lesser mortals? I went back to re-run the "Ben Yalow" search, looking for clues. If nothing else, I intended to read and note down the silly motto on Priscilla's pullover and mention it in this article. But, no. Now, next to Ben's name was the picture of a toothbrush.

I can see why they call this beta software.



Fandom's Tangled Web

People Can't Be Fooled

Cancel the Information Age! A UKTV survey of 3,000 people revealed that 23 percent think Britain's World War II Prime Minister Winston Churchill was made up. And despite the many hours devoted to him on the History Channel, 47 percent believed Richard the Lionheart was a myth.

You probably remember Stewart Robb's satirical "Letter from a Higher Critic" (Analog, November 1966), where intellectuals scoff at the notion that World War II actually occurred, and a scholar argues that the names of the leaders, such as de Gaulle ("of Gaul", which is France) and Churchill ("The Church on the Hill", symbol of old England) are obvious inventions.

As a teenaged reader, I considered it perfectly likely that the future would misunderstand the 20th Century to that degree. But I never expected to be living in that future.

Lou's the News

I was scrolling through SF Signal, a high-energy blog about sf in all media, when the name "Lou Tabakow" leaped off the screen. What was *he* doing there? You see, SF Signal is where I expect to find someone ranting that *Heroes* has jumped the shark, or see capsule comments directing me to the latest blog posts by sf writers. I don't expect to see news about a famous fan of long ago, the patriarch of MidwestCon and OctoCon, a founder of First Fandom.

What was that news? There's a website where you can read for free "Faithfully Yours," a good story by Tabakow that Campbell ran in *Astounding* (1955) and reappeared in a 1986 collection edited by Asimov, Greenberg & Waugh, *Tin Stars*.

Maybe they were told about the Manybooks site and coincidentally one of the current posts is Tabakow's story. But if the folks at SF Signal recognize Tabakow as a newsworthy name, all the better. A tip of the hat to them in either case.

Cons Piracy Hits the Web

Heavy aftershocks were felt for months after the New Madrid earthquake of 1812, and according to a popular joke if you asked a man in Natchez how his farm was he'd run home to see if it was still there. You'll soon be hearing a new version of that story featuring conrunners who've been asked how their websites are doing. The former owners Boskone.com can save themselves the trip: cyber squatters now own the farm.

Cons are often marketed online using



Star Wars Icons: (L) A costumed stormtrooper challenges a suspicious postal employee. (R) Is Darth just full of hot air? Here's photographic proof taken at a ballooning exhibit in Belgium, published by the *Telegraph* (UK).

internet domain names identical to the convention's name. Domain names have finite lives and must be renewed. Several companies thrive by claiming expired domain names and reselling them, sometimes back to the original owners, through a process that costs at least a few hundred dollars.

Cybersquatters are not to blame for the unavailability of Eastercon.org and Eastercon.org.uk, although that was originally suspected when fans noticed the disappearance of Chris O'Shea's sites about the con's history. Both domains are still registered to him, paid through next January, but www.who.is

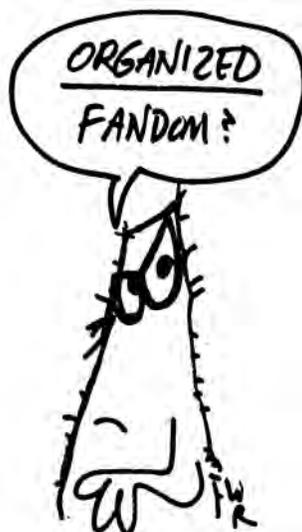
shows the domain as "pending delete restorable, hold" which is not a green-light setting. Kevin Standlee reports "According to Chris, it's not resolving to the correct web site, and he has to figure out how to get back into his provider's system to re-point the DNS."

The New England Science Fiction Association unhappily found its "Boskone.com" address evidently had expired and been re-registered by a cybersquatter. The club is taking action, according to *Instant Message* #796.

That is not the only Boskone domain. Boskone.org still forwards readers to NESFA's official web page promoting the convention. (Although this state of affairs is destined to end in November, according to www.who.is). On the other hand, Boskone.net already talks about nothing but last August's Lynch/Cheshire wedding in Seattle, and for the explanation of that your guess is as good as mine.

Teddy Harvia Sighting

You don't run a "where are they now" feature about fanartists who still have new work appearing, like **Teddy Harvia**, who's cartooning in Denvention 3 publications. Anyway, Teddy is exactly where he said he'd be, writing books. "I am 10% into the second draft of my first novel and have a complete outline on my second," reports this Renaissance fan.





OBITUARIES

Ken Slater (1917-2008)

By Andrew Porter

British fan and bookseller Ken Slater, 90, who was instrumental in the establishment of the British SF Association and for much of modern post-war British SF fandom, died February 16. He and his wife Joyce (nee Joyce Teagle, who predeceased him in 1995) were Fan Guests of Honour at Conspiracy, the 1987 Worldcon in Brighton, England and earlier at the 1959 British Eastercon. Slater received the the Doc Weir Award in 1966 and the Big Heart Award in 1995 at the Glasgow Worldcon. When Forrest J Ackerman was named #1 Fan Personality at the 1953 Worldcon in Philadelphia, he asked at the time that the award should go to Ken Slater.

Britain after World War Two was in dire straits. Although the UK was among the winners of the war, rationing was still on, its cities were filled with bomb sites, the country was all but bankrupt because of the cost of waging war, and fandom was struggling. Slater, who had been a collector before the war, was involved with several efforts to revive fandom in the years immediately after. In September 1947, Slater published the first issue of *Operation Fantast*, whose intent as stated in its 10 pages was “To encourage and promote greater interest and enthusiasm in stf, to complete files of magazines with missing issues.” A second issue appeared the following January, but then Slater was posted overseas, to Germany; conscription and National Service, as it was called, was to continue for more than a decade following the end of the War. With the help of his girlfriend Joyce, he published a third issue in March, which included as a rider another fanzine, Norma Ashfield’s *Alembic*.

Suddenly others started publishing fanzines, and, as Harry Warner says in *All Our Yesterdays*, “The dam broke and the flood that later resulted from the trickle of new British fanzines didn’t ebb until the mid-1960s.” In 1948 he helped spread the word about the Whitcon, the first post-war British SF convention,

now regarded as the first Eastercon. Although he was in Germany, he sent enough money to buy a round of drinks for everyone there.

Operation Fantast had members, more than subscribers. Membership offered people a way to distribute their fanzines as riders, and to contact other fans, to offer want-lists through small ads that cost a few cents or pence, to see what magazines, fanzines, books and other material was available, to hear about upcoming conventions, and most importantly, to see that other people with similar interests existed in their own cities, states, counties and countries. By 1950, membership had reached 800 people worldwide. In its way, the organization became a must-have for isolated fans, somewhere between a club and a newszine and a commercial company. Each member received an annual handbook containing enormous amounts of information. Slater’s *Operation Fantast* evolved over the intervening decades into the current mail-order specialist *Fantast* (Medway) Ltd., which sold books and magazines by mail order, and at conventions.

At the same time that *Operation Fantast* was bringing fans together, Slater had been active in helping to organize a national SF club. His first efforts, with the Science Fan-

tasy Society in 1948, had come to nothing, leaving only the club’s newsletter, *Science Fantasy News*. Writing in the 250th issue of the BSFA’s *Vector*, Slater remembered, “It was around 1948 I started thinking that Britain should have a national science-fantasy society. In terms of fandom at that time, in Britain there were only a few small regional or ‘town’ groups — mostly very small — except for the folk in London. Basically, London’s fans had no need for organisation; anyone who cared could attend a meeting every week, and so could anyone from out of London who happened to be visiting. I had spent a fair amount of time bombarding British fandom with letters, one-shot fanzines, and even physical visits when I was in England on leave. Finally I talked Vince Clarke, Owen Plumridge and some others into forming the society that was called ‘the British Fantasy Society’ which survived a couple of years, and was outlived by the fanzine originally published in its name. At this point I more or less gave up. I had left the army, and was struggling to convert parts of ‘Operation Fantast’ into ‘Fantast (Medway) Limited’.

“This was the time of the Cytricons in Kettering, and at the fourth one of those, in 1958, my dream came true. The formation of the British Science Fiction Association took place. The first I knew about was a letter telling me of the formation, and informing me I had been made founding member number six, in view of my past efforts. I did not join the BSFA; I was conscripted! I did not take a very active part in the proceedings; I contributed an item to *Vector* as requested which was a sort of catch-all column titled ‘General Chuntering’, and would help out with other things if/when asked. But things seemed to continue on a reasonably smooth course. A very good *Vector* was being produced, and there seemed to be a reasonable number of people joining the BSFA. But then at the AGM [Annual General Meeting]

at Yaron it was revealed that the financial position was far from good; there was a fair possibility that the Association was bankrupt, although the accounts were unclear. The cost of the publications was taking too much of the income, and although there were new people joining, they were not renewing when they expired. The BSFA became ‘BSFA Ltd.’ so that officers had a legal responsibility, we produced some duplicated (and self-typed) *Vectors* as a stop gap and information line, and then I resigned — not for any particular reason, except that I felt I had done enough — and was made Life member Number Four.”

Through the years, although Slater became known to thousands as a book



and magazine seller, he also got hundreds of people interested in SF fandom. In the last few years he attended a convention in Poland and still had a dealers table at Novacon. In the last few years he reluctantly conceded that he needed a bit of help carrying boxes. The BSFA notes on its website, "His influence on British science fiction fandom is incalculable and he will be missed by many, many people within the science fiction community."

Walter Willis, writing in the 1987 Worldcon program book, stated, "One may speculate that we would all have become active fans anyway ... but for myself, I had been reading SF since 1934 ... but never thought for a moment of being involved in such fanciful goings-on. I believe it was Ken and Joyce who changed my life, and very much for the better."

Jim Linwood writes, "Ken Slater is a major name in British Science Fiction Fandom. Between 1953-1959 he contributed a regular book review column for 'Nebula Science Fiction' which covered most of the hardcover SF books published in the United Kingdom during that period. The reviews were entertaining, unpretentious and informative from someone who described his reading habits as, 'I like to take a book, a glass or cup of some liquor appropriate to the time and season, a comfortable chair, cigarettes or pipe ... and a few hours'."

Peter Weston recalls: "In my very early years the only thing I knew about Ken Slater was that he wrote the book reviews in *Nebula*. Then, in 1963 I learned he was also a science fiction bookseller, and I came to eagerly await his monthly catalogue, which provided my supply-line and usually contained all sorts of news. When I went to my first SF convention I discovered Ken was in charge of the book-room, and was also on the programme running a sort of 'Any Questions?' event. I discovered he was heavily involved in running that con, and had been Chairman the year before. Then, someone told me about Ken's wartime and post-war trading activities with *Operation Fantast*, which for years kept British fandom alive, and in the wreckage of the British Science Fiction Association Fanzine Foundation I came across some of his neatly-printed, half-size journals and yearbooks which, though out of date, were packed with information. At the 1966 Yarmouth SF convention, Ken became Vice-Chairman of the BSFA, and at the end of 1966 together with Doreen Parker,



(1) Ken Slater. (2) Joan Enslinger. (3) Greg McMullan. (4) Joey Grillot.

rescued the BSFA's magazine *Vector* and bailed-out the Association, which would otherwise have gone broke. Much later, I discovered Ken had been one of the original voices pressing for the formation of a national SF organisation. In the 1970s he was one of the first fans to embrace the opening-up of international fandom, with his trips to conventions all over Europe.

"Everywhere I go, Ken seems to have been there first. He started pushing the cause of SF fandom in the year I was born, and shows no signs of stopping yet; he is still selling books, he is still 'reading the rubbish' (to quote his own words) and now he's into electronic fandom where his memory for detail is as good as ever (except for faces!) and his anecdotes are greatly appreciated. He's won the Doc Weir Award, been Guest of Honour at various British SF conventions, and was properly honoured [as Fan Guest of Honour] at the Brighton Worldcon in 1987."

You can read Ken Slater's 1950s reviews in the British SF magazine "Nebula" here: <<http://members.aol.com/nebulasf/kenslater.htm>>.

++ Andrew Porter

Joey Grillot

Joey "Big Reel" Grillot, long-time New Orleans fan, passed away at 4 a.m. on Christmas Day 2007. He had been in poor health for awhile. Heart trouble, and pneumonia in both lungs, finally took his life. He was 62.

Joey earned the nickname "Big Reel" by running the 24-hour movie programs at many conventions. He lived in the Ninth Ward of New Orleans prior to Hurricane Katrina. He called himself a "Yat" – a term I first heard used by George Alec Effinger, who said "Yats" are people living in a particular part of New Orleans who are commonly mistaken for having a Brooklyn accent. The mix of Creole and Southern accents turns "Where you at" into the commonly heard "Where y'at?"

Joey was a member of the Stage Hand Union Local Chapter #39. His obituary in the

New Orleans *Times-Picayune* added that he was a colorful United Cab driver for many years.

I reminisced about Joey in *The Knarley Knews* about a year ago, saying he was a wonderful character I first met when he saved the day at an L.A. Worldcon bid party back in the '90s. I had made the supply run and bought what seemed to me like enough soda, but fans were rapidly drinking us dry. Joey volunteered as bartender, corralled all the liter bottles behind him at the counter, and poured very discreet servings the rest of the night. Everybody got a cup of something on ice and the party continued on without a glitch. When the doors closed Joey even had a little left over and offered to pour drinks for the hosts from a half-full bottle of grapefruit-flavored mixer. (We respectfully declined.) His performance had been as inspiring as Jimmy Stewart's in *It's a Wonderful Life*, surviving the run on the Building & Loan with a pair of dollar bills left over at closing time. Joey sure earned his angel wings that night.

Frank Schiavo's insightful appreciation sums him up very well:

"Joey was funny, giving, smart as a whip, boisterous, lovely and wise. A pretty good slow dancer, so my wife swears, and he had a way with a patriotic tune that would make Kate Smith proud.... Working with him made the many hours of volunteer work at conventions fun and yet we always walked away knowing something more than when we started. Joey was a teacher as well as a buddy...."

Gary Gyax

Gary Gyax, who co-created the fantasy game *Dungeons & Dragons*, died March 4 at his home in Lake Geneva, WI. He was 69. The publication of *Dungeons & Dragons* in 1974 fostered explosive growth in the popularity of role-playing games. D&D also became the cornerstone of a publishing and marketing phenomenon, TSR, Inc. When Gyax and TSR parted ways in the mid-

1980s, he went on to create new RPGs.

Rob Hansen's well-regarded fanhistory *Then* claims that Gary Gyax was an LA fan whose early experiences with role-playing games included Coventry. This was the role-playing universe originated in the late 1950s by Paul Stanbery. Stanbery introduced it to LASFS, and under gamesmaster Ted Johnstone it attracted well-known Southern California fans as players.

However, research shows it is likely that when the co-authors of *Dungeons & Dragons* first met, Gyax lived in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and Dave Arneson was enrolled at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis-St. Paul, and their first meeting occurred at a war-gaming tournament attended by their respective clubs.

Stephen Marlowe
(born Milton Lesser)
By Andrew Porter

Author Stephen Marlowe, 79, died February 22 in Williamsburg, VA after a long illness. Although his name was changed legally to Stephen Marlowe, he was born Milton Lesser to Norman and Sylvia Lesser of Brooklyn, NY, on August 7, 1928. He was the author of more than 50 novels, which were translated into more than two dozen languages.

He began his career as a writer of pulp science fiction, publishing several dozen SF stories under his own name and a variety of pseudonyms — Alexander Blade, Ralph Burke, Adam Chase, Lee Francis, Andrew Frazer, Darius John Granger, Jason Ridgway, S. M. Tenneshaw, C. H. Thames, at least once Ellery Queen — for many of the lesser SF magazines of the late 1940s and early 1950s.

For the Winston juvenile SF series, Lesser wrote the first title in the series, *Earthbound* (1952), as well as *The Star Seekers* (1953), *Stadium Beyond the Stars* (1960), and the last in the series, *Spacemen, Go Home* (1961). His other SF novels were *Somewhere I'll Find You* (1947), *Slaves to the Metal Horde* (1954), *Recruit for Andromeda* (1959), and *Secret of the Black Planet* (1965). He also edited the anthology *Looking Forward*.

He may be best remembered as the author of the private eye series featuring Chester Drum. Marlowe founded the Writer-in-Residence program at William & Mary in 1974, received France's Prix Gutenberg du Livre in 1988 and the Life Achievement Award of the Private Eye Writers of America in 1997.

He is survived by his wife, Ann Marlowe, a sister, two daughters and two grandchildren.

Donations in his name may be made to the Authors League Fund, 31 East 32nd Street, 7th floor, New York NY 10016.

Dr. Christine Haycock
By Andrew Porter

Dr. Christine Haycock, 84, widow of Sam Moskowitz, died after a sudden unexpected illness on January 23 at St. Joseph's Hospital in Wayne, New Jersey. She had been in the process of moving from her home in Newark, NJ, to relatives in the Midwest, and had sold her remaining SF paintings and other collections before becoming ill. An award-winning surgeon and professor, active in cancer research, she was a nurse in World War II, and after becoming an M.D., was the first woman intern at Walter Reed Medical Center. In later years she obtained a Master's in Political Science at Rutgers, was a graduate of the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College, and the U.S. Army War College. She retired from the military with the rank of Colonel in 1984. With her husband, whom she married in 1958, she attended hundreds of local, regional and World conventions, was a GoH at the 1965 Disclave, and was active in New Jersey fandom. She was buried in Arlington National Cemetery in Washington, D.C.

In Passing

Popular filker **Greg McMullan** (1963-2008) died in a fire at his Massachusetts home on January 28. He is survived by Maya, his wife of seven years, and his stepdaughter Faeryn, who both were out of the house at the time. The filk community has rallied around Maya and is collecting donations to help her recover after losing nearly everything in the tragedy.

Joan Eslinger (1959-2008) died February 7. Bill Higgins posted online that he first met her through Champaign-Urbana (Illinois) fandom and the General Technics group. She worked for years in the Silicon Valley. Eslinger was active on Usenet and other online forums as early as the mid-1980s, often using "Wombat" for her handle.

Seattle fan **Anita Rowland** died December 10, 2007. She was involved in running Potlatch and an active blogger.

Margaret ("Peggy") Crawford died June 23, 2007 at the age of 82. Peggy and her husband Bill (who passed away in 1984) were active LASFSians in the 1940s. After World War II, they founded Fantasy Publishing Company, Inc. and were part of the small press boom of that period. They were in-

volved in publishing the magazines *Fantasy Book*, *Spaceway*, *Coven 13* and *Witchcraft & Sorcery*. They also ran a series of small conventions in the Los Angeles area. [Source: *De Profundis*]

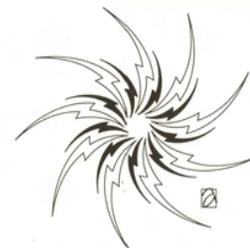
Australian sf fan **Marea Ozanne** passed away on January 13. She is survived by her husband, Ken, and son Alex.

Marea and Ken provided hospitality to some of the overseas fans traveling Australia after the 1975 Worldcon, including Bob Tucker, and also to the Cantors on their DUFF trip in the 1980s. The Ozannes joined LASFS and visited the clubhouse in North Hollywood at least twice. They were part of the Australia in 1999 committee. [Source: *Australian SF Bullsheet 71*]

Derek Pickles (1928-2008), the British fan credited with inventing "The Usual" as the standard method of payment for fanzines, died January 5. *Ansible* reports that he edited a notable zine, *Phantasmagoria* (1950-1955), and he stood for TAFF in 1954. Derek resumed fanac in the 1990s after a long absence following his 1956 cancer operation, attending the 1991 Mexican and the 1998 Leeds Corflu.

NYC fan, copy editor and proof-reader **Robert Legault** died of a massive coronary in mid-February. Legault was found at his apartment in NYC over the February 23 weekend after failing to respond to the phone or e-mails. He was 58. Quite a few detailed reminiscences about Legault have been posted online, including at Making Light and SF Scope. [Thanks to Andrew Porter for the pointer.]

Writer and long-time fan **Janet Kagan** died March 1 at the age of 63 after a battle with a combination of COPD (Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease), emphysema, and anorexia. She had just entered home-hospice care after a period of decline that followed a hospital stay. Her novelette "The Nutcracker Coup" won the Best Novelette Hugo and also was nominated the Nebula.



The Worldcon I Saw

by John Hertz

Nippon 2007, August 30—September 3, 2007, 65th World Science Fiction Convention, 46th Japan Science Fiction Convention, Yokohama

Author Guests of Honor, David Brin, Sakyo Komatsu; Graphic Artists, Yoshitaka Amano, Michael Whelan; Fan, Takumi Shibano. Attendance about 3,000; Art Show sales about \$40,000.

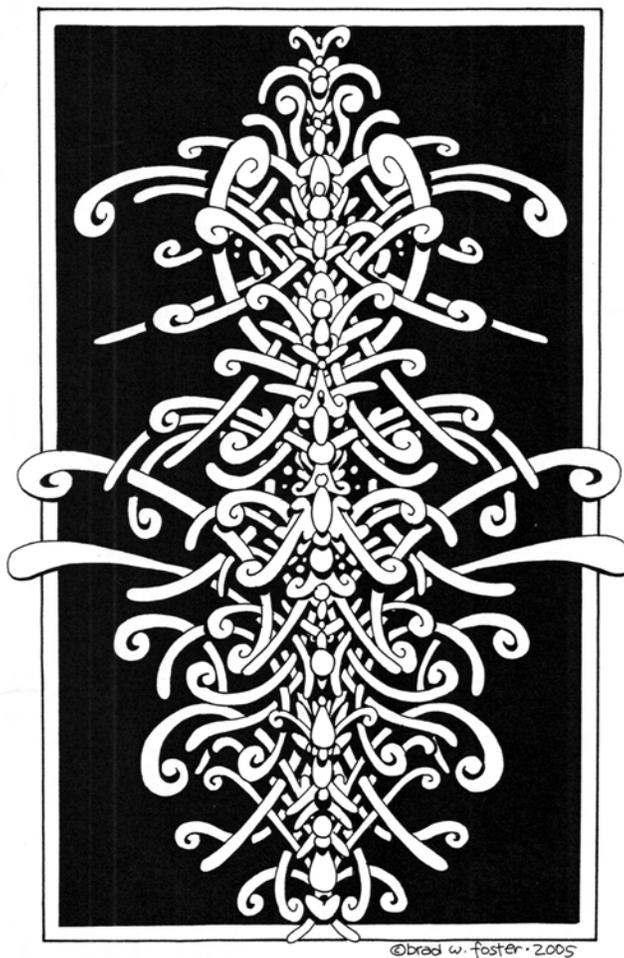
Yokohama, capital of Kanagawa Prefecture, now with 4 million people Japan's largest incorporated city (Tokyo, next door, is not a single incorporated city — in fact it may not really be the capital of Japan — but never mind), and known to history a thousand years ago, soared when Commodore Perry came. It became the Alien Port. Within two decades the first English-language newspaper in Japan started here, the first daily newspaper, the first railway; Phileas Fogg touched here in *Around the World in Eighty Days*.

Of course a city can soar. Don't you read science fiction?

In 2004 we were voting Worldcon sites three years in advance. At that year's Worldcon in Boston, Yokohama beat Columbus, and Nippon 2007 was on. I had been with the Japan bid since 2000. Takumi Shibano had been since 1957 — or perhaps 1927, the year he was born.

With Japanese names — as with Hungarian, incidentally — the first shall be last and the last shall be first. In Japanese custom one first states the surname. Some people when using English adopt the English-language custom of first stating the personal name. Some don't. That can be confusing. Since English has capital letters (Japanese doesn't), some people write the surname in capital letters wherever it comes: AMANO Yoshitaka, Michael WHELAN. Like many such arrangements that makes perfect sense if you already understand it. In this article I put surnames last. Elsewhere I promise nothing.

I also continue my practice of generally mentioning people by surname, a literary familiarity. I mean no rudeness to Mr. Shibano, my senior and my teacher, nor others



entitled to honorifics; nor do I explore here the Japanese practice of names for various purposes — everyone knows the translator Kozumi Rei (incidentally a Japanization of “cosmic ray”) is Takumi Shibano, it is not a disguise, and one refers to the great poet Bashō, that being a literary name, not his surname Matsuo nor his personal name Kin-saku.

Also that mark over the *o* back there is for the Japanese long vowel. If you know too little of Japanese, dear reader, to care, or too much, forgive me.

Shibano started the first Japanese fanzine in 1957, which was and is called *Uchūjin*,

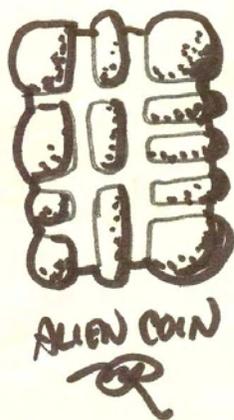
which means “cosmic dust” but sounds like “space man” — punsters, you ain't seen nothin'. Tetsu Yano had already been to the 1953 Worldcon. In the 1960s Shibano met Roy Tackett, who was then a U.S. Marine serving in Japan. Shibano started the Japanese national s-f convention and began contributing to Tackett's fanzine *Dynatron*. A one-time fund (TOFF, the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund) brought Shibano to the 1968 Worldcon. He and Yano received the Big Heart, our highest service award, in 1987. The Shibanos, Takumi and his wife Sachiko, were Fan Guests of Honor at the 1996 Worldcon, whose Program Book showed 132 members from Japan, more than any country but the United States, more than all but four of its States.

In 2000, Westercon LIII was in Honolulu. I've told how the Shibanos and their married daughter Miho Hiramoto helped me get and wear Japanese formal clothes to judge the Masquerade (*File 770 138*). Japan was ready to bid. The year 2004 was not too far away; on the contrary, it was terribly soon. I tried to do my part, which included trying to figure out what that was. I will mention the Nippon 2007 *Haiku* Contest, a bid party at Loscon XXX (2003) co-hosted with

Genny Dazzo, and a bidzine article “The Strangeness”. Of course there were things too fierce to mention.

We knew the con would be strange. Strange for Japanese, strange for visitors. We looked forward to it; are we not fen? We were not disappointed.

Over the next years wonders came. Japanese campaigned throughout the s-f community. The bid won. Chairman Hiroaki Inoue, a special guest at CascadiaCon the 2005 NASFiC (North America S-F Con, held when the Worldcon is overseas), judged that Masquerade with Marie Cooley and me although we had no Japanese and he had



little English (a fine interpreter, Takayuki Karahashi, came too). Even now some don't know Inoue as an *animé* celebrity. North America agent Peggy Rae Sapienza rode atop the ups and downs of an immeasurable

A seasoning of wisdom unaccountably mixed up with the strangest whims

Sterne

and uncertain role with charm, and if she'd been the United Kingdom agent, or this were Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, I'd also say with bottom — I already mentioned strangeness. I was made an Advisor to the committee, the only non-Japanese. I had no notion how I'd get to the con.

My L.A.con IV roommate Murray Moore started a one-time fund, HANA (Hertz Across to Nippon Alliance; Japanese *hana* = "flower", a frequent word in poetry). This succeeded, a culminating wonder, there and back again.

My Nippon 2007 roommates were Mike Willmoth and his wife Jean Godden. We stayed at the Rose Hotel, Chinatown. The rose is Yokohama's official flower. That Chinatown is the largest in Japan. The Alien Port. We went to and from the con site by train or taxi to save money or time. In the first taxi I took alone, the driver returned my tip. I found no tipping in Japan.

On the airplane over I had found Greg Benford. He praised the 800-word s-f stories on the back page of *Nature*. At Narita Airport I failed to find Larry Niven. Our confusion was mostly harmless. Dinner at the Rose with Godden and Willmoth; on the menu four grades of Chinese rice wine, six teas; we talked of skill and talent, and Kelly Freas' big heart.

The con site was in the new Minato Mirai

("port future") complex, the Pacifico Conference Center & Exhibit Hall, and two main hotels, the Intercontinental which was adjacent to the Conference Center, and the Pacific. The "Pacifico" — "Pacific" likeness led to confusion, mostly harmless.

Registration had a Japanese side and an everyone-else side because of the way people's names went. Japanese writing is in three sets of characters, mainly Chinese (*kanji*) which are not alphabetical although the two supplements (*hiragana* and *katakana*) are; also most Japanese have one of a very few surnames. Japanese registration methods would choke on a thousand American-European-Australian folk, like foreign methods on that many Japanese. Attendance was half and half. I had been told it would be impossible to get the Program Book half in English with a Whelan cover, half in Japanese with an Amano cover, like an Ace Books double. But it wasn't.

First of the con was the Aardvark Panel, "about aardvarks or whatever other fancy comes to mind." Last was the Zygote Panel. I never learned how translators managed that. I moderated the aardvarks, Paul Cornell, Susan de Guardiola, Jessica Langer. Langer was named for Jessica Atreides in *Dune*; she was a Ph.D. student from London; it was her first con. She asked about my propeller beanie. We proceeded comfortably to *Little Mosque on the Prairie*. De Guardiola praised *Eifelheim*. Cornell said we were like a Worldcon in miniature. Langer said "Speaking of shoes —" I ruled, "On topic."

The European counterpart of HANA was the Japan Expeditionary Travel Scholarship, not invented for one person but holding an election and choosing Chris O'Shea. In the bustle of Thursday morning Hiroaki Inoue's wife Tamie, the con General Affairs Manager, found me and stuck a ribbon "HANA Delegate" on my name-badge. She had made "JETS Delegate" too. I had gone west, O'Shea east, to meet for the first time in Japan.

That afternoon he and I were on "Fan Funds, What Are They?". Michael Liebmann the Filking chief joined us to tell of Interfilk, which sends filksingers where they could not otherwise go, e.g. Franklin Gunkelmann from Germany to the San Francisco Bay filk convention Consonance in 2004. Alan Stewart of *Thyme*, who was the 1994 Down Under Fan Fund delegate, joined us too. Liebmann proved to be a cousin of Stu Shiffman the 1981 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund delegate.

The Art Show, the Dealers' Room, and our exhibits were down an escalator in the Exhibit Hall. I had to mount the Selina Phanara Sampler and build "Fanzine Art". Jerome Scott had printed color reproductions

of her work, not for sale, on a background sheet with a rod at the top. She reminds me of Hans Arp; he made his "natural shapes" up but they seem to have grown. She's one of our most original artists. "Fanzine Art" too was not-for-sale reproductions. I had been told it would be possible to get three panels, with an overall sign and fanartists' names in English, Japanese, and Klingon. But it wasn't. I got one panel and made labels myself. The hours I had spent picking wordless drawings paid off. Japanese looked.

To the Conference Center. I found Flick in the newsletter office. She had made JETS trading seals, a local fad deriving from the seals Japanese execute documents with; these were colorful stickers to collect in booklets. Also on the ground floor I found the Shibanos, Sachiko carrying her Western-con LIII tote-bag, with its brilliant Jane Den-

Even though nothing noteworthy took place, there was something peculiarly elegant about the entire scene, which makes me feel bound to mention it.

Sei Shōnagon

nis design of a flying saucer watching a Gauguin landscape. Seiichi Shirato, who had helped me with "A Look at Eiji Yokoyama" (*S-F Chronicle* 248), found me and brought me to meet Yokoyama in person. He's one of our most original artists. The Dealers' Room had four of his 2007 book covers, a set of *Illuminatus!* (*Eye of the Pyramid* being in 2 vol.) — whose translator, Takashi Ogawa, I do not envy — in a big blue display from the publisher Shūeisha.

Standing room only at Opening Ceremonies. I'd never seen such a thing. Hiroaki Inoue said his hat (a red inverted frustum — fine word that — and yellow brim, about ten gallons in size, with Mickey Mouse ears) had been sent by Christian McGuire. This was because, at 2006 Closing Ceremonies, when McGuire in his final act as Chairman handed over the official gavel, Inoue in this same hat politely took off the hat, drew a raygun, and killed McGuire. Or so McGuire explained it to me afterward.

Komatsu in his deep baritone joked "The girl in the red shoes was taken away by a foreigner" — actually Baum's book *The Wizard of Oz* gives Dorothy silver shoes — and acknowledged exotic Yokohama, pioneering *Uchūjin*. Brin said "S-F is the literature which represents the possibility that people could be better than we are. You are the people who believe there is a future." Amano joked "It's strange to stand here on land" — the con site was landfill — "this

used to be sea, so Yokohama is suitable” — alluding to Komatsu’s *Japan Sinks*. Whelan said “This is the pinnacle of my career.” Inoue said “Shibano inspired me to bring the Worldcon here,” and as Shibano entered, we rose to our feet. Shibano said “I’m honored that I was given the chance to witness this.” Inoue banged the gavel.

The bid parties, indeed the big parties, were in the Harbor Lounge, a separate hall in the complex. The Montréal for 2009 Worldcon bid served maple stew, and ice cider from apples deliberately frozen as ice wine is with grapes. Kansas City served *mikan saké* flavored with oranges. Japanese fans knew how little of Komatsu’s work was available in English; they had made a helpful exhibit, as I later found. Edie Stern had come to accept a Hugo for *Science Fiction Five-Yearly* in case it won, as she later found. Willmoth said David Nordley’s slide show on interstellar travel, across from the Fan Funds panel, was well interpreted. And so to bed.

The Heinlein panel was at 10 a.m. on Friday. This was Heinlein’s hundredth birth year. Yano had been a big Heinlein fan. The panel was Keith Kato, Kari Maund, Farah Mendlesohn, Nordley, David Silver. No moderator had been assigned. Silver tried. Maund said, Heinlein showed a generous future. Kato said, his writing inspired technical people, including Kato’s Ph.D. dissertation in plasma physics. Mendlesohn said, Heinlein could write stories suitable for an entire family. There came a lot of approval and disapproval of his characters. From the audience I said, he was an artist; had he not been a good one, nobody would have noticed

or cared about them. Mendlesohn said, after Heinlein an “invention story” was about the people around the invention.

In Fanzine Alley not one English-language fanzine. In the Art Show a collaboration by Bob Eggleton, Naoyuki Kato, and Michael Whelan, three hours on half a dozen canvasses to be auctioned for the benefit of the con. The Komatsu exhibit showed twelve novels, thirteen shorter stories, with notes in English and Japanese, posters, color reproductions of book covers, and screenings of *Japan Sinks* (the 1973 Shiro Moritani version). At the Heinlein Society exhibit I ran into Silver. He said “Well?” so I joined. The Intercontinental lobby had a sign “Welcome Worldcon Voyagers”. The Voyager II space probe had just reached the heliosheath, outer reaches of the solar wind. A fan who’d been in the 2:30 p.m. flower-arranging class gave me a lily, which I accepted with joy. There was Sachiko Shibano. Of course I gave the lily to her. At the Art Show reception Lisa Standlee said, Japanese are less disconnected by high tech because they also reach for the timeless.

A message came from Glenn Glazer and Allison Hershey. Of course I went. Outside a

Rational and emotional.

Carlo Maria Giulini

room at the Intercontinental was an hour’s worth of their friends accumulating. Celebritous persons including the con chair ap-

peared and vanished. At length we were admitted. It was a *tatami* suite, with the woven straw mats that are the foundation of a Japanese room. We unshod. A buzz of guests guessing. An inner door slid open, and there were Glazer and Hershey, who had recently been married, in Japanese wedding clothes from Tamie Inoue’s collection. *Saké* appeared and vanished.

I found the Space Force party. It was the 30th anniversary of this Japanese s-f club which included Tamie Inoue, con vice-chair Shouichi (or I could write “Shōichi”) Hachiya, and others who had been very kind to me. Space Force contributed more than anyone else to HANA. In packing for the trip I had pondered gifts. Anything breaky, bulky, costly, heavy, was beyond my power. I turned to Marty Cantor and the Rotsler trove. Bill Rotsler, bless him, was so prolific that even today, a decade after his death, previously unpublished drawings of his keep appearing in fanzines. To Cantor had come so many that even after he showered them upon fanziners at Corflu XXI (2004) no few remained. He welcomed me to pore through a pile. At a commercial paper shop I found silver envelopes for them. Now I began giving them away.

Some Japanese recognized Rotsler’s style, or me as a judge for the Rotsler Award (given by S. Cal. Inst. for Fan Interests, for long-time wonder-working with graphic art in fanzines, see <www.scifiinc.org/rotsler>). To others I tried to explain by likening him to Saikaku, the fluent 16th Century author who — by contemporary report — could compose the 5-7-5-syllable poetry later called *haiku* so fast he once at a festival made 20,000 in a day and a night, scribes unable to keep up and left to count with tally marks.

By 1 a.m. the Australia for 2010 Worldcon party was drained of Cooper’s beer and was surreptitiously dealing with other parties. The Kansas City party had sausages and five kinds of barbecue sauce. Richard Man (Chinese name, rhymes with “wan”), the Nippon 2007 official Masquerade photographer, showed me yellow kiwi fruit. We drank Yamazaki 10-year-old single-malt whiskey with smoked salmon. At the Montréal party Linda Mansfield explained her Mondrian badges were for the Montréal Convention Centre, whose colored-glass windows were like him. The maple stew, and tonight’s maple cake, were by two Montréal cooks opening a restaurant in Japan. James Peart’s Irish face lit when I spoke the magic name of James Bacon.

Translators do writing, interpreters do speech. Regency Dancing (see <www.jophan.org/mimosa/m29/hertz.htm>) was scheduled for Saturday noon. I won-



Paint-off between Naoyuki Kato, Michael Whelan and Bob Eggleton.

dered about interpreters. They were worth their weight in gold, or perhaps unobtainium. The Pocket Program showed when and where the dance was, but perhaps not clearly, so on Friday I went round posting signs. Somewhere that night I ran into Sean Leonard, who said he would be there, bless him. I said “Would you kindly write *interpretation provided* in Japanese on the Regency Dance signs?” He said “Sure thing. Where are the signs?” I said “Everywhere.” In the Hospitality Suite — or was that Saturday? — I found Micki Yamada, bless her too. In the event I had four interpreters. Bless them all.

Japanese cons often produce a newsletter called *The Timely Times*. That’s a good name; it’s hourly. Staff are conspicuous in yellow jackets. At Nippon 2007 it asked for English submissions, but to little avail; almost all was Japanese — one notable exception being Tom Becker. The con’s own newsletter *Changing Tides* was in both languages, headed by a Sue Mason space ship blasting off behind Hokusai’s Great Wave and Mt. Fuji (of which, incidentally, the picture some call “The Great Wave” is a portrait). By Saturday the *Tides* had published five issues, reporting the Chesley Awards, the Golden Ducks, the Prometheuses, restaurants, panels (with photographs!), a dinner cruise, volunteer prizes, and parties. The Business Meeting ratified the Best Pro Artist Hugo eligibility amendment, and struck the “Gaughan Rule” so that, if this is ratified next year, a person may thereafter be nominated for both Best Pro Artist and Best Fanartist.

At eight minutes to Saturday noon the sound equipment arrived. At two minutes to noon it was ready. The strangeness. It was the last day for wearing summer clothes; Japan is season-conscious. I live in Los Angeles, this was strange too. Of several dozen people many were in *yukata* (summer *kimono*). No one could remember the Japanese

No self-respecting science fiction convention would be complete without some silliness.

The Times

word for *regent* until I pointed out that with all the Emperors who had ascended the throne as a boy they had had many. In the United States the hardest thing to learn is



John Pomerantz and George Takei at Hugos.

English Regency formalism. Here the hardest was that its ladies and gentlemen didn’t bow alike. I usually stay afterward for questions, but not if I was to get back to the Rose, change from 1807 costume to white tie, and return for Hugo Night, which began at 6 p.m. for logistical reasons, the strangeness.

Ultraman, the live-action television superhero, is big in Japan. He’s big himself; he’s 100 feet tall. This was his 40th anniversary. There was an Ultraman display in the exhibit hall. Hugo Night began with a live Ultraman display by Bandai Visual, dressed as the various Ultrafolk who appeared in forty episodes, and fighting various monsters. I sat next to Eggleton, who almost burst with delight. George Takei was Master of Ceremonies, which led to interpreter jokes in which he would speak Japanese more or less by mistake, so that Nozomi Ōmori at the other lectern was more or less confused into speaking English. Hugo Night chief John Pomerantz wore Japanese formal clothes, a nice touch.

Sapienza gave the Big Heart Award to Atsushi Morioka and Robin Johnson. Morioka could not attend, so Sapienza showed photos; Johnson was present, and confirmed by his conduct that I’d successfully concealed why I hoped he’d be at the ceremony. I rose to report the First Fandom Awards, as a delegate of that happy band active by at least the first Worldcon (1939); this year’s

awards had been given at the NASFiC (Tuckercon, St. Louis). When I said the IF Hall of Fame had inducted Algis Budrys, author, critic, publisher, who has done so much for so many, the room almost burst with applause.

The *Seiun* (which means “nebula”, a tireless joke) are the Japanese national awards, like the Novas in Britain, the Ditmars in Australia. This was the first Japanese natcon combined with a Worldcon, so we heard them all, not just Best Translated Work. *Japan Sinks, Part Two* won Best Long Fiction. Amano won Best Artist. A Special Award went to JAXA’s M-V rocket (Japan Aerospace Exploration Agency), world’s largest solid-fuel satellite launcher, which had been retired in 2006.

Jay Lake gave the Campbell and its traditional tiara to Naomi Novik — Novik in *kimono*, Lake not — and the Hugo for Best Pro Editor, Short Form, to Gordon Van Gelder. When Lake and his Sweet Siren came home they had, to get forty hours at the con, spent fifty hours traveling. Betsy Mitchell gave Best Pro Editor, Long Form, to Patrick Nielsen Hayden, the first of many 2007 Hugos where the redistribution in our voting system was decisive. The late Jim Baen with the most first-place votes, and the most second-place votes, came in third. Our system counts all the preferences voters express. If you have second through fifth place choices, people, state them. That determined one-third of the Hugos this year. When Edie Stern gave Best Fanartist to Frank Wu, his acceptors Kelley Buehler & Daniel Spector were ready with giant color photos of his head. I’m not sure how many they had, probably not more than two, but from that moment he was all over the con, and in the night’s group pictures he was over the top.

Gay Haldeman’s giving Best Fanzine to *Science Fiction Five-Yearly*, Ben Yalow accepting with Stern, was my favorite moment. Gay has long fanzine connections. If there was a sentimental touch after the death of SFFY’s Lee Hoffman early in 2007, that was not decisive, as we’d just seen; and if it existed, it had to come from voters who knew and cared who she was, a fine rejoinder to gloom. For me personally, I had been in the final issue — not knowing that at the time; though my contribution was short, four *haiku*, I had worked intimately with co-editors Randy Byers and Geri Sullivan; and if you want glory, I was on the back cover, in Jae Leslie Adams calligraphy, writing about and surrounded by a trillion trillion suns.

The Awards booklet was in English and Japanese. The *Tides* printed an Issue H with the winners and a full report of voting, and an Issue N with a full report of nominations. These publications for our greatest and hardest night were further wonders.

Denvention III hosted the Nominees' Party, as the next Worldcon does, its chairman Kent Bloom presiding; the Harbor Lounge had fans for us nominees — paper fans — with Rick Sternbach art. In the Intercontinental, the Scandinavia party had a dozen kinds of aquavit. At the Daicon VII party (the 47th natcon next year, at Kishiwada, Osaka; *Daicon* means both "big convention" and a kind of radish) David Shallcross tried to explain our voting system. As I

Better reasoners, and therefore more disposed to be just.

Louis Simond

walked in, my name was shouted out. Cheering. A cup of *saké* was put in my hand. I cried *Kanpai!* The room cried *Kanpai!* When all were satisfied I felt entirely welcome they returned to conversation, watching *animé*, and singing. As I left, yards of Japanese sitting on their heels in the hall gave three *Banzai!* Then "Next guest!"

Keith Kato had been told throwing a chili party would be impossible. But it wasn't. He had help from Masamichi Osako and a host of others. Whelan spoke of Naoyuki Kato in the collaboration, "the widest imagination since Möbius — space ships I'd never imagined, and they looked like they could fly." Gay & Joe Haldeman spoke of first meeting Takumi Shibano, who'd proved he'd been reading Joe. Whelan said, "Sometimes images come to me in a dream, then I try to paint them; some are intellectual and I have to work them out."

On Sunday in the Art Show I saw a dozen of Eggleton's painting-a-day. "Escape from a Red Giant World" was a ship lifting from vague mountains, a sun four-fifths of the frame. Yokoyama again sold everything he brought. Katsuda Tenada brought an untitled monochrome with a dragon, a tiger, horses, a human baby, in a vortex round a rosebud, like a textile. In the Conference Center, Filthy Pierre's Voodoo Message Board was on the ground floor, "voodoo" because you push pins in, easy and cheap. The Christine Valada portraits were one floor up. Valada, a first-rate photographer, over the years has taken many monochromes of pros, now often shown at a Worldcon. Tom Veal their curator, who could not attend, selected a hundred fifty and shipped them. The labels, not by her or him, had over the years gotten out of

hand, varying in substance, uncurrent, and all too long for our project of translating them into Japanese. Veal had set me to boiling them down by half, which I did electronically, gosh. The photos were posted; labels kept arriving from the translators during the con.

Masquerade that afternoon at 3, the strangeness. Our community invented this artform I know nothing else much like anywhere. The Masquerade Director was Yui-chiro Sakuta; Mistress of Ceremonies, Reina Yoshimura; judges, Suford Lewis, Essai Ushijima, and me; workmanship judges backstage (workmanship judging is optional, entrants need not invite it), Karisusama and Satoshi Shimizu. Sakuta had been at the 2005 NASFiC. We conjoined the Journeyman and Master classes into "Experienced"; we expected and had a lot of Re-Creation entries; earlier I'd met Miki Dennis, who won Best in Show at the 2005 Worldcon with "The Wind Brings Music to the Earth", so we expected something from her too.

There came a boisterous pink alien blob, and attendant, "Welcome to Japan" (Experienced) from *Galaxy Angel*, winning Most Humorous in Class; we never learned the entrants' names. Best Characterization, Novice, was "Kelly the Gremlin" (Original), Diana Vick, using tools well, too well for humankind. "Cosmic Corsair Captain Harlock", Kenichiro Mera (Experienced), won a workmanship award for metalwork and leather design. "Battle of the Flowers", Yuko Niikawa, Mariko Yasu, Kiyoko Katoh (Experienced), won Best Workmanship in Class, a blue stole, red armor and cloak, black armor, a staff, a sword, and a shield. Dennis' "Miss Solar System" (Experienced, Original) won Most Beautiful in Class, also workmanship awards for beauty, attention to detail, and documentation, a paneled gown of planets in purple, blue, red, green, a head-piece of comets. Best in Class, Experienced, also a workmanship award for design, was "Solitude Together" from *Breath of Fire IV*, Sionna & Mark Neidengard, a wing-headed lady and an anthropomorphic dog who quarreled and finally, finely, touched. The show closed with "Dancing Magical Dolls", Haruna Shimakaze, lie_doll, Mikocchi, A3, and Kakkih (Novice), Best in Class and Best Workmanship in Class, larger than life, carefully stereotyped, each personality clear.

Worldcon work is hard. It's exhilarating too. Masquerade judges must compare apples and androids: we have near-limitless latitude dreaming up awards: but we'd better be right. And fast. Here we had the extra of cross-culture complication. Nor, with the awards and applause given, the house emptied, was my part done; the *Tides* waited —



another thing impossible — and just as I thought I'd handed all in, I realized I didn't have *kanji* for the Japanese entrants' names, who'd politely filled out forms in *kana* to make sure Yoshimura could pronounce everything. Back to the theater. Of course Sakuta was still there.

Anticipation was in the Harbor Lounge. Montréal had beaten Kansas City 5 to 3, on 900 votes, and decided to keep the name of the bid as the name of the con. They could have decided on Consummation. Among the write-ins were Minneapolis in '73 (2 votes), which lost to Toronto decades ago but has never been stopped by that, and Peggy Rae's house (1). There was more maple cake. No

If one has to sample every interesting thing that comes along, people are bound to regard one as frivolous.

Murasaki

more ice cider, we drank Canada dry. Strange cries came from the Irish. Outside, two Japanese were demonstrating to Keith Kato, who is a *shotokan* Black Belt, "We call this a strange style of *karate*."

Monday, Monday. The Exhibit Hall had a glider from *Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind*, and Joe Siclari's fanhistory center; biggest display was for the Comiket, world's largest comics market, twice yearly in Tokyo with 40,000 do-it-yourself vendors, 500,000 attendance; Comiket LXXIII was December 2007. In the Art Show, I did not have to take down "Fanzine Art"; the staff knew it was disposable, so gave permission when some-

one came asking for the dozen or so pieces, a request I thought a fine rejoinder to gloom. In the Dealers' Room, Jane & Scott Dennis had sold out of tote-bags. Craig McBride said Program Books for non-U.S. overseas Supporting Members had already been mailed.

Closing Ceremonies with the theater jammed. David Brin was given an anti-*Seiun*. Promising to keep it separate from his two *Seiun* trophies he said, "Thank you for giving me the opportunity to destroy the world. Perhaps California will sink." Amano said, "The work of an artist is in solitude, but it's good to be with friends." Chairman Inoue received a standing ovation. A thousand *origami* cranes, and a few monsters, were given to Denvention III. Upon receiving the gavel Chairman Bloom gave Inoue the coveted Former Worldcon Chair ribbon. Bloom said, "You led us to boldly go where no one had gone before."

Supper with Stewart in Queen's Mall near the Minato Mirai. He had never tried Chinese rice wine. Also in the Mall was Pompadour, a French bakery recommended by Kate Yule. Signposts chimed as I passed. Escalators ran one or two floors at a time. All weekend in the throng fans mostly spotted one another, perhaps by our sensitive fannish faces.

At the Conference Center, the Dead Dog Party was in the Green Room. Both the party, and having a Green Room, were strange to Japan. Chance had made the Green Room very large. Tonight no few remained. Those of us with work still to do drifted in and out. After a while pizza ar-



rived. It had shrimp and curry. Willmoth gave it the seal of approval; I did not ask whether an assimilated seal would have cried "borg, borg". *Nigirizushi* arrived. I ran into Niven and Nordley. Niven said, "We're talking about the ultimate destiny of humankind." I said, "Clarke wrote *Childhood's End* and *The City and the Stars* about it, why shouldn't you?"

In the 7th floor elevator lobby of the Intercontinental was a BASFA meeting. "Bay Area S-F Association" is normally understood to mean San Francisco. However, this

was Yokohama Bay. I happen to be an honorary BASFA officer. There was a quorum (Meeting 892; *Science Fiction / San Francisco* 50). Andrew A. Adams confirmed that at the Art Auction, under auctioneer Sandy Cohen, the collaborative art raised \$20,000 for Nippon 2007. Pun tax for the meeting was converted to ¥30, which with voting fees, e.g. Rumor of the Week, raised ¥4,000 for BASFA. My rumor lost; the winner was *Although Brin promised to keep his Seiun and anti-Seiun apart, he will, through fatigue, forget, and they will annihilate each other*, perhaps everything. At another party Spector and I toasted the memory of Gary Anderson in 1977 Rayne-Vigneau. It had tension, like the music of Rameau. An hour later it had mellowed. We shared a taxi as far as the Rose. He said "Give my love to the usual suspects."

I had no notion where or how I was going to live the next week. I was not helpless; HANA had raised enough if I was frugal; I had yet made no firm plans because I hoped, instead of turning mundane, to put myself in the hands of Japanese friends. I had been told this would be impossible. But it wasn't.

One morning the newspaper under my hotel-room door had an interview with Danjuro XII. "Why do *kabuki* now?" he was asked. He is the twelfth-generation actor to assume this famous stage name. The interview ran over a page; at its heart he answered with the Japanese proverb *On-ko chishin*, "Study the old to appreciate the new." It was what Lisa Standlee said. It was the heart of my visit.

Robin Johnson: The Big Heart of Australian Fandom

by Bruce Gillespie

Reprinted from Scratch Pad #68 by permission of the author.

At my first convention, the Melbourne SF Conference of 1968, I knew three people when I arrived. At the convention I met a few more people, including a sixteen-year-old David Penman, who later became Jim Penman, of Jim's Mowing, Jim's Tree Lopping and Jim's Window Cleaning.

During that convention I became aware of a Voice — a very pukka English voice, constantly nattering to lots of members of the convention. A visiting English fan or author, I thought to myself. Why would a bloke with such a distinguished accent ever talk to me?

In August 1968 I joined ANZAPA, with Mailing No. 1. Thanks to the help of John Bangsund, Lee Harding and Leigh Edmonds, I published my first fanzines. I received a friendly, informative letter of comment from a Robin Johnson from Sydney. He seemed to think we had met, but I couldn't remember him.

In January 1970, I travelled to my first interstate convention: Syncon 1, held in the Epping Scout Hall, in the middle of the leafy northern suburbs of Sydney. I met for the first time lots of people with whom I had been exchanging fanzines and letters of comment: Peter Darling, John Brosnan, John Ryan, Gary Mason . . . and Robin Johnson.

Yes, Robin was the man with the pukka English accent, the bloke I had been too timid to talk to in 1968. He was about my height, but seemed a lot older than most other fans. He was already balding, but wore a toupee, and had that round shape that later I would imitate. He was actually in his early thirties. He was very easy to talk to, although it was often difficult to work out where the conversation might lead. Conversation with Robin seemed perpetually baffling but fascinating.

During the days after Syncon 1, I was sitting outside a Sydney cafe on a sunny afternoon. Bert Chandler (famous English writer A. Bertram Chandler, who adopted

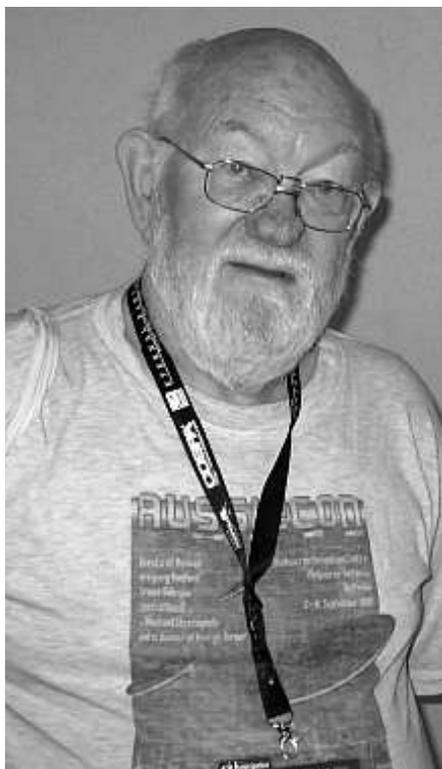
Australia as his home during the 1950s) was sitting opposite me, and Robin Johnson was beside me. Bert told me all about the great restaurants of Sydney. I nodded sagely. In 1970, although I was about to turn twenty-three, I had eaten at a restaurant exactly once. Robin invited both of us to visit his flat in North Sydney.

In 1970, Robin lived in the kind of tower-block inner city apartment that did not yet exist in Melbourne. We took the lift up from street level. The corridor outside the lift door looked like a hotel corridor. From the corridor we entered Robin's flat, which was one huge room. The floor was covered with electrical equipment of various kinds, and books and fanzines. Robin pointed to a couch and we sat down. Right at that moment he was talking on the phone. At the same time the TV was blaring in one corner. In another corner the radio was on. Some music was playing from a tape recorder. A book was open on the floor. So were several fanzines. What exactly had Robin been doing when we arrived?

Robin was always aware of the indirect method by which he interacted with the world. When he joined ANZAPA a few years later, he called his fanzine *The Butterfly Mind*. He knew that his mind seemed to flit from one topic to another, causing listeners sometimes to writhe around the floor in anguish or sometimes in helpless laughter.

Many of us felt that Robin was good company, but too disorganised to organise anything. How wrong we were. He was one of the Sydney delegates of the Aussiecon 1 bidding committee that John Foyster set up in 1970. After Robin moved to Melbourne in 1972, the committee changed rapidly. In late 1972, not long before Melbourne made its bid in Toronto to hold the worldcon, John Bangsund dropped out, and Robin found himself Chair of an upcoming world convention. If Robin felt a bit apprehensive, he didn't show it. He gathered the troops around him, gave us our various tasks, and slowly the convention took shape.

In 1973, I was in Toronto, at Torcon 2, as part of Australia's bid for the 1975 Worldcon. We won. I phoned Ursula Le Guin, who had agreed to be our Pro Guest of Honour. She sounded a bit distressed. She had forgotten about our bid. She was not sure she could get to Melbourne in August 1975, because she would be shifting continents during that month. I phoned Robin Johnson. He phoned Ursula. Robin can be a silvertongue when he wants to be. He persuaded Ursula to remain as our Guest of Honour. Ursula told him that she would attend Aussiecon only if we held a writers' workshop during the week before the convention. Robin agreed. This was the origin of the most permanent benefit of the



Robin Johnson, winner of the Big Heart Award at Nippon 2007. Photo by Alan Stewart, originally published in *Scratch Pad 68*.

events of 1975 — the Le Guin Writers Workshop.

During Aussiecon itself, Robin shed all his apparent signs of dither, and triumphed. He gathered the team that helped to put together the big circus at the Southern Cross Hotel. The blokes from the Magic Pudding Club (a shared household in Carlton) arranged to videotape the whole convention, and John Bangsund, David Grigg and Carey Handfield assembled the Program Book.

Robin remembers that he felt okay until very early on the last morning of the convention. He found himself walking up the middle of the tram tracks in Bourke Street outside the Southern Cross Hotel. He had no idea why he was there, or what had happened during the previous few hours.

Aussiecon 1 changed Robin, as it changed all of us. From then on, we found it a bit easier to conduct linear conversations with Robin. He became increasingly involved in all sorts of fannish enterprises. About twenty years ago he married Alicia, and went to live in Hobart, where he became the main organiser of two Thylacons. After he retired from his job, increasingly he was able to indulge in his lifelong passion — flying around the world. In this way, the man with the impec-

cably pukka English accent became Australian fandom's permanent ambassador.

In 2005, the fans of America and Australia raised the money to send me to two San Francisco conventions that were being held a week apart. As I entered the door of the hotel of Potlatch, the second convention I attended, the first person I saw was Robin Johnson. 'I decided only a week ago to attend Potlatch,' he said a bit ruefully. 'I'd better not shake hands; I've got a terrible cold.' The next two people I saw were Jean Weber and Eric Lindsay, also from Australia. Thanks to Robin, overseas fandom has probably long since decided that Australia is only a few hundred kilometres off the coast of California.

Because Robin now lives in Tasmania, I don't see him often. Each time we meet, the conversation always takes unexpected turns and leaps. Robin himself never seems to change, although he has had some health problems in recent years. He seems to be the one guarantee that there is an entity called Australian fandom. At its centre is the Big Heart of Robin Johnson.

++ Bruce Gillespie, 22 September 2007

Clipping Service

Mark Leeper: General Motors reports that in a decade we will have driverless cars. Like in science fiction these cars will drive themselves.... However, General Motors may be even a little behind the curve on this one. There are, in fact, already driverless cars on the road since the addition of message text messaging and the showing of videos on portable cell phones.

Seth Breidbart posted on Smofs List: One Lunacon, the hotel asked us to be out of the large ballroom (program and 1/2 the Dealers Room) by 4 p.m. We weren't about to agree, until we found out that the reason they needed it was for a retirement dinner for the Fire Marshal, thrown by all the other Fire Marshals in nearby towns. We worked with them; they got most of it at 4 p.m., we helped the Dealers leave, and staged the last couple to rooms across the hall. The hotel bought dinner.

Evelyn Leeper: There is nothing that so destroys the carefully crafted ancient Egyptian feel as a microphone sticking out from under a headdress.

Charlotte Bronte: I know nothing. I understand nothing. And yet, I have dared to write 200,000 words about life! *[[Contributed by Tim Marion]]*

Conventional Reportage

Sing a Song of Worldcon

Denvention 3 is sponsoring a song-writing contest. What do you think would make a good theme song for a Worldcon – “Rocket Man”? “Hijack the Starship”? “Let’s Do the Time Warp Again”?

Well, none of those songs are eligible. No wonder they need your help — can you write them a terrific song?

Entries must fit Denvention 3’s theme, “A Mile Closer to the Stars.” They may be original music and lyrics, or new lyrics set to existing music. Here are the official rules: You can enter the contest in one of two ways:

Send lyrics and an MP3 of your song to filk@denvention.org.

Mail lyrics and a CD or cassette tape to Blind Lemming, c/o Short Planet Productions, PO Box 13092, Denver, CO 80201

Other rules: The contest deadline is May 31, 2008. The winning song will be performed at the convention. Songs will be judged on how well they fit the theme, quality of writing, and how well the music fits the song. Submissions may be original music and lyrics, or new lyrics set to existing music. Submissions won’t be returned. Supporting or attending members of Denvention may submit a song. The winner may, if unable to perform the song at the convention, select an attending member to perform the song. Submission allows Denvention 3 the right to publish the lyrics and perform the song at the convention. Copyright reverts to author. If you have any questions about the contest, please E-mail filk@denvention.org.



Witnessed on the I-210: A California driver has hyper-personalized his license plate by whitening-out the ring finger of the hand....

BayCon’s Founding Fathers, Brothers and Sisters

Victory has a hundred fathers, defeat is an orphan, goes the familiar saying. No doubt that’s why some conventions seem to have no parents, while others need a Solomon to settle the claims about their history.

For example, in *Living in Atlantis #2*, a lavishly illustrated fanzine filled with autobiographical insights about Seventies fanhistory, John McLaughlin analyzes the controversy about who founded BayCon, the San Jose convention which celebrated its 25th anniversary last year.

Just 26 concom and staff, and about a dozen gophers, ran BayCon ‘82. One of them was Hotel Liaison Michael Siladi, identified as one of the convention’s founders in last year’s program “BayCon Trivia: 25 Years Young.” But McLaughlin believes he and Randall Cooper alone are BayCon’s co-founders: “Should, then, those 40 people all be considered ‘founders’ of BayCon? No. Because, before anyone can join a con staff, the convention first has to exist, either as a concept, organizational structure, or business entity.”

There is justice on both sides of the argument. Founder tends to be a pretty elastic term. It may attach to a single individual who conceives an institution, or it may extend to everyone who shares the risk to get a project off the ground. Americans liberally define as Founding Fathers all the signers of the 1787 Constitution – even signer John Dickinson, who before the Revolution opposed the Declaration of Independence. (Kevin Standlee will now rise and sing Dickinson’s lyrics from 1776).

A Brand New Mistake

Once upon a Worldcon Tony Lewis was a panelist at the Spanish Inquisition, fielding questions from the audience about a Boston bid that heavily touted its conrunning experience. A campaign like that can cut either way unless it is handled with the ingenuity and humor Tony displayed. After insisting experience would keep them from repeating the mistakes of the past, he promised with a smile: “We will make only brand new mistakes that no one has ever made before.”

It’s not easy for a Worldcon to make a mistake no one has ever made before. But Mike Kennedy, editor of the Huntsville clubzine *The NASFA Shuttle*, discovered a brand new one on the Anticipation web site.

Mike originally criticized the long distance between the Montreal Worldcon’s convention center and its main hotel, based on the 2009 Worldcon’s web site being linked to the Delta Montreal.

“In fact, the main hotel is the Delta Centre-Ville – a different hotel in the same chain,” Mike eventually learned. “The Montreal Worldcon web site at that time had the correct name of the hotel, but a web link to the wrong hotel. Once your editor discovered the error, the con was informed and their web site quickly fixed.”

Changes of Address

William Breiding, P.O. Box 1005, Tucson, AZ 85702

M. Lee Rogers, 331 Celestial Lane, Hixson, TN 37343

Pat & Roger Sims, 12 Sweetgum Dr., Unit A, Orange City, FL 32763-9023

R. Laurraine Tutihasi, Michael Weasner, 2173 E. Rio Vistoso Ln., Oro Valley, AZ 95755-1912; E-mail: laurraine@mac.com

Pat Sims writes: “In case you haven’t heard, Roger was diagnosed with Early Stage Parkinson’s Disease in May 2006. It was found very early despite no tremors (most common symptom) because my mother had it and I recognized the symptoms and called it to his doctor’s attention. This resulted in our eventual move to John Knox which has independent living (our current status) through nursing home care. We’re about 45 miles north-east of Orlando now, so can still take in some of its attractions.”

Roger Sims was part of the iconic party in Room 770 at the 1951 Worldcon to which this zine owes its name.

Pat and Roger also reported in their Christmas letter, “Our good friend **Dick Spelman** moved to [John Knox] last August and is only a street away. Together, we’ve been getting acquainted with our new life. While different, we feel very positive about our future here.”

Ed Green has now uses only the ewardlgreen@yahoo.com e-mail address.

Laurraine Tutihasi and Mike Weasner have settled into their new home in Arizona. Photos of the house and the view of the mountains down the street appear in the latest issue of Laurraine’s *Feline Mewsings #31*.

Unfortunately, thieves filched Mike’s largest telescope and some other things out of the garage at their old home before he finished transferring everything. That information is now in the hands of the police.

This Old Fanzine

by Chris Garcia

File 770 Issue #7: You might be shocked to see a review of a nearly 30-year-old zine appearing in the pages of that same zine all those years later. It's not only the chutzpah to run such a thing in the same zine, but what zine lasts thirty years anymore? Normally, I do "This Old Fanzine" for *Science Fiction / San Francisco*, but with this momentous occasion, I figured I'd drop Mike this article as a way to celebrate the 30 years of *F770*. Looking back, 30 years ago, I was 3 years old, my Dad a spry 21 and had been hangin' around fandom for 8 or 9 years at that point. I remember reading old, well let's call them classic, issues of *File 770* when I would read my buddy Johnny's old zines. He had maybe a half-dozen issues, but I read them all, trashed them with the amount of reading I did to them. I did that to a lot of his zines, except for the ones that I only got to read when he was around (like his precious *Sniffin' Glue* and *The Comet* issues). Me and the 770 go way back.

You know, I thought I had issue one of *File 770* lying around in one of my boxes and I was excited to be moving because it meant that it might reappear like the Nintendo 64 that has entertained me in these dark days with no cable. Sadly, it did not, nor did any of the early 770s I'd bought at auction at CorFlu a couple of years back. No matter, Mr. Bill Burns had an early issue up on eFanzines.com and I instantly took to that for my subject this swing-'round.

The first thing that hit me as I opened up the site was the header. Rotsler, instantly recognizable, with a fine header of one of his dudes rooting through a drawer of *File 77*'s E. Perfect and memorable as I remembered seeing that one when I was a younger lad. That's how you open a zine: with an icon that can't be forgotten.

I always get a little weirded out when I read mimeoed zines on the net. It seems so different to be looking at the scan instead of the paper itself. You lose that certain smell that only paper fanzines have. This might be the cleanest scan of anything more than 25 years old that I've ever seen as everything is readable and the edges, usually ratty or uneven, are very clean.

The seventh issue of *File 770* featured a lot of talk about Iguanacon, the Phoenix

WorldCon that John Purcell wrote a lovely thing about in *The Drink Tank's* annual This Were WorldCons issue. The detailed breakdown of the Hugo Awards were fantastic, the kind of thing I used to read *File 770* (and *Emerald City* when it was around) to get my head around. I found it interesting that there were far more awards back in those days. I like that the Hugos have more awards (yes, and going longer!) Adding awards like the Gandalf, the Pat Terry and the First Fandom award to the ceremony is a wonderful thing in my eyes. The winners in 1978 were a varied bunch, with Phil Foglio being a personal fave (and the note of Dan Steffan "booing lustily from the back" being a delicious tidbit). When I read the list of votes in each category, I noted that only Pro Editor had more votes cast in it than the Gandalf Grandmaster award, which makes me think that Jay Lake's current call for a Grandmaster-type Hugo to be given is a really good one.

The wonderful part of fanzines of old are the ways in which they look at the fandom active at the time. At that point, the first wave of *Star Wars* fans were just starting to pop into fandom. In fact, *Star Wars* had just won the Hugo for Best Dramatic Presentation. The look at Fannish politics and the business meetings and how various folks were making good use of the timing of meetings, made me realize that fandom hadn't changed that much, but the areas in which fans were interested have. There was a lot of talk about WorldCon finances and how they were tracked, even an amendment to require every WorldCon to hire a CPA for at least a year before a con. That's not an area that seems as important nowadays to fans.

Harlan was the GoH at Iguanacon and the coverage of his antics (coming in a Winnebago?) were smart. Another difference between cons of those days and of today. Yes, there's been an explosion and there are more demands, if that's the right word, but at the same time, the way folks were treated and the way many fans behave around GoHs hasn't really changed much. There was a mention of a fan cabaret, which is something that's been missing from WorldCons for a while now. The look at the damage a 6k person WorldCon can do to a hotel was interesting, and even by today's standards the 14k bill that one of the hotels claimed seems a little high. There was a look at troubles with the con itself, but it all seemed to boil down to the same stuff that's noted about every WorldCon.

The little notes sections of older zines usually provides the most interesting stuff for me personally. It noted that the first *Omni* was shown around Iguanacon, which shocked me as I always thought it had been around longer. Mentions of *The Life of Brian* and the course that Nikki Lynch taught in writing for fanzines made my head spin. All these things I missed by being just a little too young.

The art in it was great and it reminded me with I was such a fan of all this stuff growing up. I absolutely loved the Alexis Gilliland stuff in the zine. It didn't much remind me of the Gilliland stuff I've been seeing over the last couple of years and it felt very fresh. There were a couple of pieces from folks I didn't recognize, which is always nice.

I have to say as much as things are changed, the content's still there. There are photos where sketches or fanart might have had to do back in the day, but now look at it! The issue you're holding in your hands (or on your screens) is thicker, with more devilishly handsome writers and full of art and photos and whackiness. Even with those changes, it still feels like a fanzine. Somewhere there's a feeling called the 770 which describes what it's like to experience an issue, and it doesn't matter when that issue came from.



Introduction: Several friends are contributing some just-plain-fun fanzine articles for File 770's 30th birthday celebration. Chris Garcia opened the dance. Next comes Taral, a fan of the original Man of Steel...

Byline

Taral Wayne



Welcome, dear reader, to my new column for The Mayberry News, North Carolina's 46th largest paper.

By now you have noticed I'm no longer writing a column for the Daily Planet. The fact is, my services there are no longer required. You might say it was my own fault for running afoul of the editor-in-chief, Mr. White, but how was I to know about the "invisible ceiling" at the Planet? Perhaps I should start with my first day on the job.

Mr. White hired me on the strength of a humour column I wrote for a small tabloid, The Vegas Foto Weekly. Working in Metropolis for a major paper was several steps up, all the more so since the Daily Planet was known for its ambiguous connection to the Man of Steel. I wondered how soon I might catch a glimpse of him, and what Superman really looked like up close. But on my first day I'm afraid the only person I met was a Mr. Clark Kent.

Kent, there was a real gent, but I must admit I never did form much of an understanding about just what he did around the Planet. He seemed around all the time, but mysteriously absent whenever needed. He was always working on a story, but never seemed to get the scoop. Miss Lane and Jimmy Olsen beat him to the story so consistently that I often wondered how Kent kept his job. He was mild mannered all right, but he was the sort of man who exuded self-assurance and mastery of every situation, somehow. You felt secure in his presence. I guessed perhaps he was being groomed for the job of editor when White retired. At least he was left in charge of Mr. White's desk from time to time even if he didn't seem to be that ace a reporter.

Kent was there in his conservative double-breasted suit when I arrived, his hand out to offer a warm shake. I had expected to see Perry White. After all, White was my new boss, but Kent said the Chief was tied up. (I later learned that this sort of thing was most likely literally true.) Everyone called Mr. White the Chief, but Kent warned me not to say it to his face. Then he showed me my "office". It was just a room on a

lower floor I was to share with another staff writer whose name I never quite got clear. I think he wrote theatre reviews. Like other offices in the Planet Building, it was just a plain box with a door, a couple of desks with typewriters, and a coat hanger. The one peculiar feature was a wall of corrugated green plastic. I never saw an office without one, not even Mr. White's. At least his made shade for a large picture window with a breathtaking view of the Metropolis skyline. Not a pretty sight, mind you, (what with tarry rooftops, water towers, radio masts, ventilators, and elevator sheds), but breathtaking all the same.

Did I mention that everyone who worked for the paper seemed to have a well-blocked Fedora or a pork-pie hat? Everybody but me. I felt rather out of place with nothing on the hook, so decided to bring a shabby Irish tweed I had. I hung it up on the second day and never took it down, not even when I left work. That first day, though, I felt naked sitting at the unfamiliar Smith-Corona, trying to imagine what I was going to fill up several sheets of paper with. An idea germinated, and it no longer mattered where I was. I was writing.

That is, until lunch. There wasn't a clock in our "office," but you could hear doors closing outside, and people walking briskly by. The theatre-guy checked his wristwatch, and next thing I knew he was off. I finished up a thought, and took my leave as well. The lunchroom was as austere as most of the Planet Building. About two dozen people ate there, in suits of varying shades of gray or blue, and dresses hardly more colourful. I looked around for Kent, but he didn't seem to be eating lunch that day. I sat down with a young man, introducing myself as the new columnist. He said he was a photographer himself. His name was Olsen, but I could call him Jimmy.

Jimmy could hardly talk about anything but the Man of Steel. Superman did this. Superman did that. Did you know he once broke up a hurtling meteor that could have destroyed Metropolis? How about the time he stopped a robot cold by

melting its interior mechanism with his X-Ray vision? Once Superman even replaced a damaged rail on a track and let the Express ride right over him! And did I know what? Jimmy Olsen was Superman's pal! Right about then this cool dame with red hair walks up and my soup went cold. Jimmy, weren't you going to drive me to the old Maxwell place after lunch? Oh, that's right Miss Lane. I'm ready if you are. Like you to meet Mr. ... Uh... But he had already been dragged off.

That was how I met Lois Lane, top reporter for the Daily Planet. I might as well not have been at the introduction. It wasn't the last time I saw Olsen led around by Miss Lane. In fact I think I saw him more often behind the wheel of that convertible Rambler of his than behind the lens of a camera.

I didn't see Superman that day, nor the next. It wasn't until the week following that I saw a movement out of the corner of my eye, a blur of blue and red, but at an elevation no person had any business to be. It was gone before I could look up, so at first I was inclined to think it had been a bird. An escaped parrot perhaps? A minute later I saw it again, this time clearly. It was Superman all right, flying out of a 12th Floor window and streaking off in the direction of the abandoned warehouse district.

It also wasn't until the second week on the job I was called up to Mr. White's office on the 12th Floor. It was actually elegant for the Planet Bldg. A spacious office with a carpet, a large wooden desk, a couple of comfortable chairs, and the ubiquitous green paneling between which slices of the commercial heart of Metropolis could be seen. The interview was a formality. In reality the editor-in-chief had little to say to a lowly columnist just started, he only needed to set eyes on me at least the once. My efforts so far had evidently met his expectations, and they would begin appearing in the coming week. Just about when it was obvious I'd be dismissed, in walked Lois Lane. Have you met, White asked politely? I don't think so, answered Miss Lane. Chief, I think we have a problem... That'll be all, the Chief indicated to me. Gee, I thought. She gets to call him Chief to his face.

On the way out I almost bumped into Clark Kent, who seemed in a hurry. To my surprise he was headed neither to Mr. White's office nor to the elevator, but to a storeroom! I was sure it was a storeroom – it plainly said so on the door. But my elevator had come and in a moment I was on my way down to the lower floors where my kind toiled.

Could it have been just too small for an office?

I only had a couple of other opportunities to visit the 12th Floor, in company of Jimmy Olsen. He was a good lad, who ate with the common herd in the lunchroom. More often than not I found his nose buried in a mystery magazine, and sat down beside him. I don't think he had his own office, but he did have run of the upper floors. One time he brought me up to look at some photos he took, I asked him where Mr. Kent's office was and learned it was around the corner in another direction from the storeroom I had noted. I was able to duck out and peer into it, but it was just what it was supposed to be – a storage space. It was rather large for that sort of thing and

didn't seem to be used to store anything much. More unusual was that it had a large curtained window, overlooking the street twelve floors below. I noticed it was wide open, the breeze fanning the curtain inward. Could it have been just too small to be an office for the senior staff?

By then my column was appearing daily. On my walk to and from work I noticed the open window of the storeroom twelve floors above. I don't think I ever saw it closed, then or later, but didn't have long to consider it odd. One afternoon I decided to try a diner down the block instead of eat in the lunchroom, and saw Superman again. Clearly he flew into the window of the 12th story storeroom. Why on Earth, I wondered, didn't he just fly into Perry White's office if he was on one of his mysterious assignments for the paper? Didn't he want to be seen? I resolved to ask Jimmy.

Superman, he said, came and went unpredictably. A ransom note might appear in the mail or a challenge be issued over the radio. Somehow the Man of Steel always knew and arrived when he was needed. Did Jimmy know about the storeroom. Apparently not, but he supposed Superman had to get in and out of the building somehow. He didn't think Mr. White would like him crashing through the outside walls all the time. Did Jimmy ever participate in Superman adventures. Oh sure, all the time. Like? Jimmy talked, and I spent a very interesting lunch hour listening to the close calls and high points of being pals with a superhuman being from Krypton. What was the chance I might ever meet Superman myself, I asked. Oh, I don't know, he said. Nobody seemed to be able to contact Superman. He came and went, only he knew when or why.

Except Mr. Kent, said Jimmy. Mr. Kent had some means to contact Superman that he had never explained to Lois, or the Chief, or even to Jimmy. It was kind of funny, now that Jimmy thought of it. I resolved to ask Clark Kent.

He lifted the entire back end by its rear bumper!

Before I could, however, matters took a turn I hadn't expected. I'd been working late and took an hour off for some beans and meatloaf. Returning to the Planet I was brought to a halt at the entrance by the sight of the Chief, Miss Lane, and Jimmy being forced into a dark car by a number of gangsters with ill concealed guns. I hung back and watched the door shut on Jimmy's back. The car started up. Then, before I had much chance to think of what I was going to do about all of this, I heard a sound like generator whine changing pitch, and suddenly Superman dropped like a colossus on the Sidewalk only ten steps in front of me. He strode quickly to the gray Chrysler and lifted the entire back end by its rear bumper! Only two words could possibly describe my excitement. Holy. Cow.

The gunsels bumbled out of the car like so many circus clowns, falling over themselves to form a line of fire. They emptied their revolvers in a hail of bullets that bounced harmlessly off Superman's chest. One, I noticed, creased the car roof, leaving a trail of bright metal. Another spent round spat itself on the sidewalk near my shoes. Suddenly it didn't seem altogether safe to be around the Man of Steel. It was all over though. Superman bounced a pair of heads together, slammed

another gunman against the side of the car, and chopped the last on the back of the neck. All the while Superman wore the most peculiar smile. It was as though he knew it was all a harmless game, even if we didn't, and he bore no one ill will. Then he helped Miss Lane, Jimmy, and Mr. White out of the back seat of the abduction vehicle.

He brushed by me, and leaped into the air. I actually felt the fabric of his cape with one hand as he went by, and my heart slammed in my chest. For a moment I felt like a little girl in the presence of a teen idol. Did the presence of the Superman always have this effect, I wondered? I had to meet this man, to speak to him, and have him crook that beatific smile at me!

Mr. White was brushing himself off, as though soiled, and missing the one piece of lint there actually was. Miss Lane was staring as mesmerized as I into the air at the departing speck of blue and red. Jimmy came over to say, did you see that! Did you see that! Gosh, what a swell guy!

It was as though he knew it was all a harmless game, even if we didn't, and he bore no one ill will.

Yes, Jimmy, I saw it all. Was it always like this, I asked? No, sometimes Superman stayed long enough to ask if everyone were all right or to suggest we call the police right away. You never speak more than that? Oh sure we do, Jimmy went on. He comes to the Planet sometimes to plan things, or ask us favours. Other times he seems in more of a hurry, though he never says why.

Just then Clark Kent steps out of the door of the Planet, adjusting his already impeccable tie.

Lois! Jimmy! Mr. White! Is everyone all right? What did I miss?

Oh, Clark, said the suddenly frigid Lane, rounding on him. You only missed Superman. Again. You're never around when there's trouble. Kent looked aside and spotted me a few feet away. Nice to meet you again, he said, though I wish it were under better circumstances. Were you a witness of the incident? Yeah, I said, I was right here when Superman swooped down right out of the blue. Do you think I might see Superman up close like that again, someday? You never know, he said.

Then he gave me a warm smile I thought I'd seen before.

Of course. It was when he met me on my first day of work. So much had happened in the past few moments it was hard to think back over such an immense period of time as the three weeks that had passed since I started at The Planet. Kent was husbanding the others through the entrance when I heard police sirens up the street. The thugs at my feet would soon be in lock-up. I called after Kent to ask if we could have a few words.

He looked a little perplexed at this. Yes... I suppose. But right now I'm rather busy, you understand. Then he was gone inside. Having nowhere else to go myself, I followed him in a moment later. But I was headed to my "office" and only saw the indicator over the bronze elevator door already crawling upward to twelve.

I didn't have that talk with Kent anytime soon. He was

always busy, poking at his typewriter upstairs according to Jimmy, or away somewhere on unknown errands. I saw him go by my "office" door many times, not exactly rushing but covering ground with a determined pace that spoke of purpose. If I hadn't had a chance to speak with Kent again, though, I did see Superman on other occasions.

It was almost difficult to avoid him. Superman smothered a bomb in the lobby the Friday after the kidnapping attempt. Thursday next he was at The Planet to present an award for Good Citizenship in Mr. White's office, and most of the staff was invited to applaud from the hall outside. Four or five days later Superman confronted a robot duplicate of himself that tried to rob the payroll. My favourite appearance was during my second month at The Planet when, for charity, Superman actually played against the Metropolis football team in the parking lot. Kicking off to himself, catching his own forward passes, he won by a hundred and forty points to zero. Fortunately the game was only for one quarter.

After the parking lot game, Superman happened to pass my way. He tossed the ball to Jimmy who was standing next to me. But then he did the most surprising thing. Superman winked at me and said we meet again. Then it was up, up, and away, and I was left with Jimmy who was predictably enthusing over the game ball. He looked at me and suddenly pressed it into my hands. Jeepers, you know what, I have enough trophies of Superman, why don't you keep this one? Maybe he was really throwing it to you anyway. As if. But I didn't turn down the ball.

I wish I had that ball now, but my doctor persuaded me that if I was ever to get over my obsessions it was best if I got rid of it. The last I saw of the football that had actually been thrown by Superman it was in the hands of the very lucky young boy I gave it to. It might pay his college tuition someday.

When I finally had that talk with Kent, it was almost as though he were looking for me. Jimmy speaks well of you he began. Kent looked a little awkward for a moment. He shrugged up his jacket and reached both hands into his pants pockets, then rocked on his heels. Then in a man-to-man voice he said, sorry I couldn't find a minute for you earlier, but how can I help you?

Was there a reason why he chose Metropolis to protect?

I wanted to ask about Superman, of course. Why did he seem so close to The Daily Planet but no other paper? Was there a reason why he chose Metropolis to protect and not some other equally worthy city? Did Kent have a special tie to Superman, as some believed, that gave him alone the power to reach the Man of Steel in case of need?

Kent went awkward again. Why, I really don't know he said. I guess he can't be everywhere. I know he's saved the country, and even the entire world numerous times. Yes, I suppose that's so, I replied. But according to Jimmy, whenever Superman is needed, you somehow get word to him. I don't suppose it's anything as mundane as a phone number, but maybe a ham radio whose frequency Superman's ear is attuned to? A secret signaling device you have in your watch,

or in the glove compartment of your car? Or perhaps even a telepathic link.

Well, now, he said, even if I did have some means to communicate with Superman, do you think it's something I could discuss with people? It wasn't really like that anyway, he continued. I just know that if I mention things in certain places... um... Superman seems to hear about it. Kent sounded oh-so reasonable up to that point, but now I knew that behind that warm manly smile he was concealing something.

Kent knew how to contact Superman all right. Not just be overheard when it was convenient. He had a point about not revealing such an important power, but I unreasonably felt *he could trust me*. Sorry, I said to Kent, I really shouldn't be asking. I guess everyone would like to know how to contact Superman when they wanted, especially people who meant him harm.

And people who want to hurt Superman's friends too, don't you think? I agreed. Well, no harm done then he said. You know that whatever he does, Superman has your best interest in mind.

Superman had my best interest in mind. It was a sobering yet exhilarating thought. Kent and I shook hands and he was off. I have to meet a Professor Pepperwinkle about a shrink ray, he called from the door. He flashed me his smile.

The next few weeks were very much of an anticlimax I'm afraid. I wrote my daily columns and they appeared in print, day after day. Superman came and went too, but by chance I was never in the right place or the right time to catch even a glimpse. It was becoming Fall in Metropolis.

When I moved here I had pictured seasons more like back East, but the weather scarcely changed. I thought about how generic a big city Metropolis was. It wasn't really like New York, with its rains and gray inheritances of another century standing all in rows like tombstones. Nor was it like Los Angeles quite, with that city's dazzling face, all angles and flat surfaces, slumbering under red tile sombreros in eternal noon. Metropolis was both and neither, as you liked. Its gashouses and factory sheds could be any city, but was curiously unable to be a home. Although my job went well enough, I was restless, unsatisfied.

I suppose that was why the idea came to me.

It took some doing, and for a time I thought I had put myself in serious jeopardy. Some of the people I had to make deals with don't like to be kidded. But it all had to seem real,



and it did because up to a point it was real.

No purpose in dwelling on how I made my preparations, just how I dealt with Mikey G. (otherwise known as The Liar), or what sort of offer I made him. Perhaps he really believed I could knock off Superman. Strange how gullible those adept at falsehood themselves can be.

My scheme swung into operation on a Monday, a day I never had use for in any case. When the others came in for work that morning, they found a reception waiting – armed gangsters. They waved each newcomer up against the lobby wall and told them to clam up. Before 9 a.m. almost the entire staff of The Planet was trembling with hands raised over their heads. I was among them of course. That was part of the plan.

Some of the people I had to make deals with don't like to be kidded.

Kent was absent, but I counted on that. He had a knack for avoiding this sort of pickle and somebody had to fetch Superman.

I wasn't disappointed. It wasn't five-after when I heard the familiar swooping sound and Superman filled the doorway. When he saw the Planet employees all held at gunpoint, some in a state of funk close to total collapse, his smile left him. It was the first time I had seen Superman actually angry, and a shiver ran up and down my spine. This man wasn't just a helpful boy scout – he could be dangerous!

Back Superman, ordered the gang leader. As I had suggested during the planning sessions, they didn't waste their ammunition trying to put the slug on the Man of Steel. The bullets had better use threatening the hostages, and that alone could keep Superman at bay.

You can't stand there all day, holding your guns on those people, you know, said Superman. He took a step forward and the chief hood waved his gun at Lois. Mmm! Mmm! Superman dropped back. All right then, what's your next step? We had it all worked out. You! You! You, and you! the hood barked at Lois, Jimmy, Mr. White and myself. Yer coming with us! Don't try to follow us Superman, or they get it! Got it! The smile came back on the Man of Steel's face, but it wasn't a friendly one.

He could be dangerous!

We were hustled through a door in the back of the lobby, through a service passage, and out another door that led into an alley. One of The Planet's delivery vans was gassed up and waiting, a thug at the wheel. In a moment I and my fellow hostages and my hired gangsters were racing down Central Blvd. at high speed. The top-heavy van nearly tipped as we took the corner onto Observatory Rd. at sixty, and a sudden rumble of wheels twenty minutes later as we hit the washboard surface of the old Rte. 6 to Smallville told me we were close to our destination. Of course Superman was flying high above, following our every move with his telescopic vision. I had anticipated that.

The chairs we were tied to were not particularly comfortable, but we were nearly at the end of this charade so that did-

n't matter. Exactly as I'd hoped, Superman made a terrific entrance. He crashed through the brick wall of this old abandoned power station as though it were sponge toffee! I felt the electricity of his presence and was so mesmerized that I almost forgot to appear in danger.

A voice from a dark corner of the room spoke. Just a moment Superman, if you please. Mikey G. stepped out of the shadows, his large bulk elegantly clothed in a well tailored, pinstripe suit. Last time I saw you, you were in Metropolis Penitentiary said our rescuer. Time off for good behavior I suppose? No, good lawyers, said the criminal kingpin, his walrus mustache bristling with barely controlled annoyance. I swore I'd get you for sending me up, Superman. You're walked right into our trap. With a theatrical flourish, Mikey G. whipped a tarp from a floor-mounted object that bore a strong resemblance to one of those gizmos you drop a nickel into for a closer view of Niagara Falls. Actually, that's what it was, but Mikey G. didn't know that.

Behold! My kryptonite powered death ray canon! One blast from this will reduce the Man of Steel to a quaking blob of Jello!

For a moment Superman's brows knitted together in concern. He looked intently at the mechanism of the "ray gun" for a moment, and a relieved grin broke out on his face. Do your worst Mikey. Of course, the cheap prop I had cobbled together didn't work. It was hard not to laugh at the succession of comical expressions that played over The Liar's face when he realized he'd been lied to.

Superman waltzed over and almost gently thumped him on the head with a fist that could bend horseshoes. Mikey the Liar collapsed to his knees and fell face forward, cushioned from serious harm by his multiple chins. The Man of Steel turned to the other gangsters, and demolished them just as easily. Then it was only a matter of snapping ropes to free us, and he asked are you all right Lois, Mr. White, Jimmy... and then Superman called *me* by my name! He smiled on me, bathing me in his benevolence just as he did his older friends!

Behold! My kryptonite powered death ray canon!

I had taken care to demand that the van be driven away as soon as our abductors pushed us out the back. With no other way to get us home, Superman flew us in pairs the entire forty miles back to Metropolis.

Mikey G. and his gang sang like canaries to the cops later, of course. But I had been careful to keep them in the dark. Dealing only with a crooked lawyer, they had no idea who was back of the plan to kidnap the Planet reporters and kill Superman.

It had been the perfect crime. I was radiant.

My state of mind didn't last long, that's the truth. The next day at work I was brought to a stop in the hall by the sound of sharp footsteps just behind me. It was Kent, and he had me pinned like a bug to a card. I want a word with you he said.

Did you think Superman was so stupid he didn't see through that little charade yesterday? What point was there to holding up the entire staff of The Planet when all those criminals wanted in the first place was a few hostages? And why

did they keep looking at you as though they needed to reassure themselves you were in the right place and wouldn't be harmed? You knew something from the start, didn't you?

I tried to explain, but Kent couldn't be stopped.

Then at the power station, you were the only one who didn't seem surprised when Superman broke through the wall. That was suspicious enough, but who does Superman find is supposed to be behind the whole scheme? A second-rate mastermind whose usual capers involve stolen art and smuggling, not kidnapping or newly invented death rays. A death ray that didn't work, I might add. What was that "kryptonite" powering it? Was it an ordinary steel-bearing roller from a printing press? You set Mikey G. up. Why?

A second rate mastermind

Superman had seen through the whole set up and told Kent. What could I do but deny everything? As long as no one could prove I hired the Mikey the Liar or faked the kryptonite ray, I was safe. The kryptonite... That reminded me of something. How did Kent know the silvery rod of kryptonite was just a steel roller from one of The Planet's presses? Did Kent use x-ray vision to analyze the metal?

As it happened, Kent had taken his glasses off and was polishing them with a cloth handkerchief from his pocket. I looked at him hard. He suddenly noticed my scrutiny and put his glasses on again in a hurry. You look just like Superman, I said. It was noticeable even wearing the glasses, but since nobody seemed to question it, I gave it no thought. But just now, angry and with his glasses off, the resemblance was unmistakable.

You are a fool, Kent said to me. If I were Superman, why would I waste hours of every day in an office in The Daily Planet when I could be saving lives or stopping wars? I didn't know how to answer that.

Kent walked away from me with unmistakable finality, and we never spoke after that day.

At lunch I found Jimmy as usual with his nose in a magazine, absent-mindedly consuming a baloney sandwich. I asked him if he'd ever noticed that Superman and Kent looked alike. He thought about it a moment, and said he never had. Clark wore glasses. But Lois had sometimes suspected they were the same man. One would disappear when the other was around, and vice versa. Lois always came to her senses, though. Mr. Kent was such a timid man – reliable and intelligent to be sure, but far too timid to be the Man of Steel. Besides... why would Superman need to work? He could make diamonds by crushing coal in his hands.

I saw Superman from time to time still. He flew in and out of that 12th. story room regularly, but his business was only with White, Miss Lane, or Jimmy. He passed me once on the street, carrying a floor safe that must have weighed half a ton, but he looked at me like dirt under his fingernails.

It occurred to me that if by chance Kent *was* Superman, it might not be the smartest thing to go around telling people.

The foul mood I sank into persisted right into Winter. If Fall in Metropolis was like no season in particular, Winter was worse in that it was cool, cloudy, and wet but not in the least

like the transformation a Northern city like Cincinnati or Boston goes through when it snows. I began to find my work tedious, repetitive. I wasn't interested any more in poking fun at stuffed shirts, politicians, celebrity causes, hen-pecked husbands, popular fads, or TV quiz shows. I wanted to break new ground. Satirize something no one had thought of before. A superhero for instance...

Not the smartest thing to go around telling people.

The words struck the page like a line of machine gun fire. Then another line, and another. The piece was writing itself. Long before three o'clock when the copy boy came around for our columns, I had finished what seemed at the time to be the most brilliant performance in my career. I handed it over to the boy with no qualms, expecting to see it set in Times Roman in the morning.

It wasn't. But I was on Perry White's carpet in the morning. What was I doing, biting the hand that feeds this paper I worked for, he shouted. Didn't I know how much good Superman did for Metropolis? What did Superman ever do to you to provoke a crude, scurrilous attack on his dignity by a third rate, venomous, muckraker with a broken down typewriter?

I wanted to explain, but in a moment of brutal candor I realized that first I'd have to explain it to myself. Last night that piece had seemed a masterpiece of satire, and next day I couldn't understand what had possessed me to write such a thing.

Well, I was fired of course. I didn't blame Mr. White one bit, though I would have appreciated a less robust vocabulary.



I thought he was going to have a fit. Yet he was hale enough to practically fling me through his office door when he was done reaming me out. I left the 12th floor for the last time. Then, having cleaned the things out of my desk, I removed my tweed cap from its hook and walked the last mile.

On my way to the elevator I met Jimmy. Jeepers, he said, I just heard. Perry wouldn't let anyone read the copy – what did you say to get fired? I said it was just something poking a little fun at Superman. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea. Golly no, he said. People sometimes say I have screwy ideas, but that just doesn't sound funny at all.

My epitaph at The Planet. A Humorist. R.I.P. Doesn't sound funny at all.

I saw Kent at the door on the way out. He just shook his head, and for a second I thought I saw pity in his eyes for someone gone so horribly wrong. I don't know if he was Superman or not. Probably not. He had the same strength of character. I'd thrown away any possibility of friendship with Kent as well as well as Superman, and too late I realized that one might have been as valuable to me as the other. The best I could hope now is that perhaps they didn't actively despise me.

I found work eventually. It wasn't easy to find another job as a journalist after it got around that I'd been fired from a prestigious paper like The Planet. I set my sights on smaller and smaller papers, until finally I found one that wasn't particular enough and took me on without asking for recommendations. The News, as you know dear reader, is the leading daily of Mayberry. It is also the only newspaper in Mayberry, if you don't count the one the coloured folk read.

The climate is hot and sultry, as befits a sleepy little town in the foothills of rural North Carolina. Everyone speaks in a Southern drawl but me, and wears a panama or straw hat instead of a fedora. But its my new home, and will remain my home as long as Perry White has anything to say about it.

Pity in his eyes for someone gone so horribly wrong

I think I may learn to like it here, though. With Spring the Magnolias blossoms fill the air with perfume. Everyone is friendly here. The clerks know my needs in the stores so I never have to ask. I've begun driving up to Mt. Pilot to see one of those Freudian analysts to resolve certain issues that I reluctantly came to believe cost me my last job. I'm determined not to let that happen again. But anything I see in the air in Mayberry is likely to be *only* a bird or a plane, and there are times I regret it.

(Dedicated to the only Superman I ever believed in, George Reeves.)



The Dubious Accuracy of Ridley Scott's Film

by Mark Leeper

I am a long time fan of Ridley Scott, going back to *Alien* and retroactively to *The Duelists*. I think he tells a good story. My problem with him is that sometimes he tells too good a story. When he is writing in the realm of fiction at some distance from reality, generally that is not a problem. *Alien* did not have any truth to stay close to. Nor did *Blade Runner*. (I just wish there were not five versions of the film, or however many there are.) *Blade Runner* is his movie, in spite of being based on *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* by Philip K. Dick. He took large liberties with the novel. The world he described is not the world Dick wrote about, but I do not really have a problem with him doing that. I suppose what I am finding bothersome is that his historical films take the same liberties with real history. Frequently they misinform about that history. Dick's estate owns Dick's work and it is their responsibility to make sure that films represent it correctly. I consider that world history is the heritage of the people of the world and I feel a little squeamish about his misrepresenting that. Even in history films if one writes about folklore it is one thing, if one misrepresents serious hard history that is a different matter.

What brings all this to mind is that Scott is being sued for the huge sum of fifty million dollars. What did he do? He fictionalized large parts of his film *American Gangster*. (That is history even if it is recent history.) The Drug Enforcement Agency did indeed raid gangster Frank Lucas's house as was shown in the film. Well, sort of "as" it was shown in the film. In the film they treated him with the barbarity usually shown by police in fascist states. They shoot his dog, beat his wife, and steal money. It was very dramatic in the film. It told a good story. It just did not happen that way. This was Ridley Scott telling another story. The story was good at portraying the Drug Enforcement Agency as corrupt goons, but for some reason this bothered the agents of the



Drug Enforcement Agency. I cannot imagine why. According to Gregory Korniloff who was the agent in charge of the raid, "It's a total fabrication. I did not shoot his dog, beat his wife, or steal his money. Mr. Lucas greeted me at the front door in a bathrobe. He was not in a tuxedo. At the same time, his wife and maid were climbing out the back window with \$26,000 in cash in brown paper bags." (See <http://tinyurl.com/yvk2uv>.) This was not the image of Frank Lucas that Scott wanted to show, even if it was true.

Of course, Scott's big history film was *Gladiator*. The film really covers the same story as Anthony Mann's somewhat more accurate film *The Fall of the Roman Empire*. But the soldier Livius is replaced by the soldier-turned-gladiator Maximus. The concept of the film is roughly like suggesting a popular star baseball player topples the American government. Ironically the film grossly under-dramatizes the Emperor Commodus, whose actual wacko quotient rivaled Caligula's and Nero's. The real Commodus renamed the months of the year to be his twelve titles so that he might be worshipped each month. He renamed Rome "The Colony of Commodus." He identified himself with Hercules and he would dress for the role in

lion skins and would beat prisoners to death with a large wooden club. He would fight in the amphitheater as a gladiator, but would give his opponent a nearly useless lead sword. Commodus would slaughter animals in the ring, including elephants and giraffes. He would behead ostriches with arrows headed with crescent razors. All this could have been shown in *Gladiator* and would have been quite cinematic. Instead he is reserved and almost dignified. As Roman Emperors go, Commodus as portrayed in *Gladiator* might almost have been respectable. The truth would have made a bizarre history story, but not the one that Scott wanted to tell. So *Gladiator* was a misrepresentation of history, but not one that seems germane today.

On the other hand *Kingdom of Heaven* constitutes a gross misrepresentation of the truce at the end of the siege of Jerusalem. This is much more serious since much of the conflict in the Middle East in general and in Jerusalem in particular is seen through the filter of the area's history. Distorting that history to tell a good story can be a very bad thing to do, particularly if Scott's version is believed. Saladin (the Muslim leading the siege of Jerusalem) and Balian (the Christian

defender) make a truce: The Christians will leave Jerusalem and will be taken to a Christian country. Scott's version of Saladin wants just the city and no bloodshed. He is presented as an almost saintly man. In fact, history does record that Saladin's terms were more generous than expected, but what was expected was a total massacre of the Christians. Instead he allowed many to buy their way out and those who could not were enslaved.

These were the real conditions. "Saladin had taken counsel and laid down these ransom terms for the inhabitants of Jerusalem: each male, ten years old and over, was to pay ten besants for his ransom; females, five besants; boys, seven years old and under, one. Those who wished would be freed on these terms and could leave securely with their possessions. The inhabitants of Jerusalem who would not accept these terms, or those who did not have ten besants, were to become booty, to be slain by the army's swords. This agreement pleased the lord Patriarch and the others who had money. On Friday, October 2, this agreement was read out through the streets of Jerusalem, so that everyone might within forty days provide for himself and pay to Saladin the tribute as aforesaid for his freedom. When they heard these arrangements, the crowds throughout the city wailed in sorrowful tones: 'Woe, woe to us miserable people! We have no gold! What are we to do?' Who would ever have thought that such wickedness would be

perpetrated by Christians?" Source <<http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/source/1187saladin.html>>

Saladin is remembered not because the settlement was generous, but because he accepted something short of slaughtering all and taking the booty by force. Actually he got more ransom because of this strategy and some of the lucky escaped. (Not that the Crusaders deserved much in the way of sympathy. The innocent paid a heavy price and the richer Crusaders did not.) Scott presents the view that the Muslims were virtuous and the Christians were the real barbarians. He distorts the story to make that case. In fact there was plenty of barbarity on both sides.

When I point out historical errors in films I frequently get the question from fans loyal to those films as to whether film accuracy really matters. More than once people have told me, "I do not get my history from movies. I get it from history books." In fact, it is true that people should not rely on filmmakers like Ridley Scott to accurately portray history. Scott's first priority is for his films to make a profit. Accurately educating the public is well down on his list of priorities. It is good that he is getting people interested in history. But one frequently finds people with false impressions of history that came from films they had seen. Even if people know they should not trust so-called history films, they will accept attitudes they got from films.

Suppose you have a beautiful filled swimming pool in your backyard surrounded by

"no trespassing" signs. If that pool entices someone to use the pool and drowns as a result, you are legally responsible. The pool is an "attractive nuisance." If people believe what they see in a Ridley Scott film in spite of knowing it is really only a movie, is it Scott's fault or the fault of the person misinformed? It is not an easy question to answer.

I suppose it is better that Scott make historical films that interest people in history. I hope they later find out the truth of the history. I find that a lot of my interest in history comes from films I have seen, mostly prior to Scott's time. *The Last of the Mohicans* is one of my examples. It is not really accurate, but after seeing it I could picture the French and Indian Wars and they became a lot more interesting. A lot of my interest in ancient Egypt came from seeing *The Land of the Pharaohs*.

But I once gave a long and exciting account to my junior high school history class of the Battle of Marathon. The teacher was impressed. Years later I discovered that my discourse was very faithful to the movie *The Giant of Marathon* but was not a whole lot like what actually happened at the battle. I now don't remember what actually did happen at the battle. But I do remember the movie pretty well.



Marie Rengstorff



Enterprise Destroyed

All that dominates my brain lately is the mess UPN / Paramount made of *Star Trek*, *Voyager* and *Enterprise*.

Enterprise first aired on UPN, then became

harder and harder to get on cable. I actually called Paramount during those series initial airings and asked UPN to make a contract with a satellite. Paramount told me that every city had UPN on their cable. Not true of the last two places I lived before Maui. The city of South Lake Tahoe did not have UPN, (although Myers and Stateline did). The wilderness of the Big Island did not carry UPN either. Maui had it during the last year of *Enterprise*, but Friday nights were pre-empted by high school sports, especially women's sports. I was proud that Maui played the local sports. What a stupid

contract for UPN to make.

I found the end of *Star Trek* to be sad. I started teaching college the year *Star Trek* began, almost to the day. Basically, it ended when I retired. *Star Trek* is over.

In my mind, there is no way Paramount can launch another series and run it on UPN. They destroyed *Enterprise* with their lack of organization.

I bought the *Enterprise* series and was delighted with many of the stories. That series should have completed the intended five years. The best of the story lines were from new authors to the series and appeared toward the end. I think the producers were tapped out a bit.

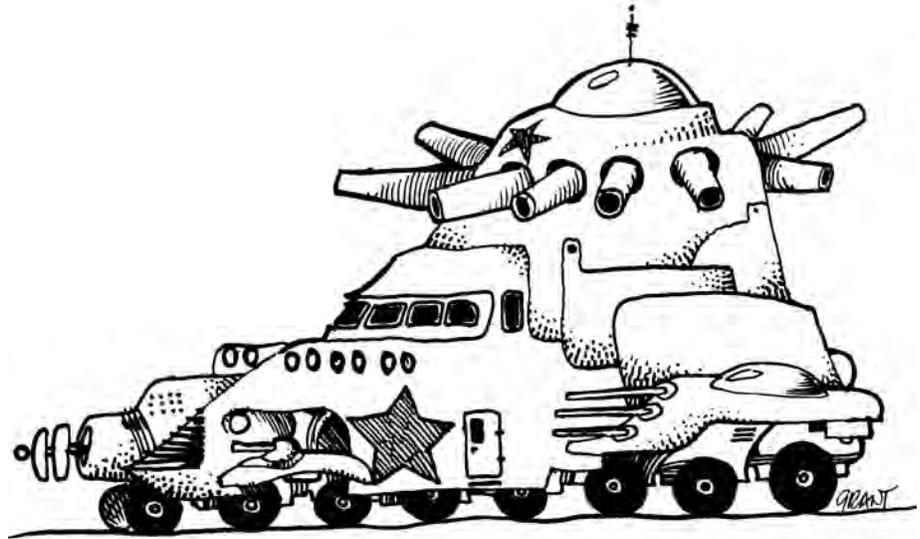
With tired producers and a network many of us could not get at all, Paramount was begging for the series to fail, and it did.

If I have any other grand insights, I'll send them. I know most "real" SF readers will not be sympathetic to the issues above. But my first published fiction, including a ST novel during the "between years," were in the ST universe. I was not the only author to start there. Aloha, Marie

Red Dawn

The day the commies come to the US

by James Bacon



Red Dawn is an odd favourite movie for me personally. It's strange to begin with that I like this picture, as the main hero and star is one Patrick Swayze whom I have never held any like for as an actor, and ever since *North and South* have held him in sort of weird disdain. Never saw the dancing one either.

Red Dawn is an American Eighties teen movie, it was the decade of the teen movie surely and there was no shortage of really good ones, *The Breakfast Club*, *The Last Starfighter*, *Heathers*, *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, *Back to the Future* and of course *Platoon* – hey come on – Charlie Sheen and Johnny Depp. Anyhow, to me it was a teen movie. Sheen played a teenager and it was brutally brilliant. Anyhow, I was born in 1974, so I was fodder for the marketing men's machinery.

There was something cool about these American teen movies, when I was a pre-teen and stars were people to look up to. Usually the geek or downtrodden and bullied guy not only became the hero but also got the good looking American girl.

Crikey, I love American girls. It's a tremendous generalisation, but if you get one on her own, as opposed to in a posse or obstinacy (plurals for American chicks) you can just slow 'em down a bit and get them to say things with those various accents, whether it be a Mobile, Alabama drawl, a tight talking New Jersey New Yorker, sharp smart, or that just sweet middle America gentle accent from a Midwestern city like Minneapolis. I always say 'Where you from then?' they always respond, 'America' and I go, 'Yeah, but I am wondering are you from Chicago?' the eyes sparkle and they say 'No, Detroit.' But you know, an Irish Boy in London guessing that close always gets a damn fine smile and that sudden realisation that actually I may not see America as just one

country, but as regions. Or perhaps it's my own Irish accent.

Anyhow, being a youngster in Ireland, hot American teenage chicks and boys who could drive when they were sixteen was a real entertainment. We got all the movies, some of the TV, and lots of the cultural desire to be part of something a bit more – what later fashionable types call cosmopolitan, personally I call it American stuff.

But *Red Dawn* is decidedly different. This is a post apocalypse story, but unlike the nuclear devastation of the *Day After*, we are offered a more complex and exciting story. It deals with the supposed invasion of America by Cuban, South American and Soviet forces.

It was the height of the cold war, 1984. I remember people being worried and granddad having a special government leaflet about where to go in case of fallout and what one should do with cattle. We lived in a city, but such useful items were *de rigour* by the Irish Government. It should be noted that in 2002 every household in Ireland was issued with special iodine tablets, to help prevent radiation poisoning in case a plane flew into Sellafield nuclear reactor plant, across the very small Irish Sea. This was brought on due to the Iodine-gate controversy.

The concept of World War Three was not an anathema in 1984, and of course countries being invaded have been the basis for many fictional works. *Red Dawn* does its best to initially portray a realistic world setting. The shape of central Europe has changed, nukes are removed from Germany, something absolutely unthinkable, given at the time the abundance of Long Johns and Pershings and the British Army on the Rhine.

One could barely imagine, even today there are over 20,000 British soldiers still in Germany, with no sign of them leaving or

being asked to, not to mention the 150,000 Yanks.

So communism spreads across various hot spots in the world, Cuba and Nicaragua build their armed forces to half a mill each, they take Honduras and El Salvador. Mexico has a civil war and ends up as a Soviet ally.

The first we see of the war are parachutes descending on a small Colorado town of Calumet. These South American forces, with Soviet advisors, assert their presence with some considerable brutality and we see one group of high school kids escape and make it to the mountains. They are led by the older ex-quarterback, Jed, played by Swayze, whose brother Matt is played by Charlie Sheen. The paratrooper scene is reminiscent of the similar moment in *Ice Station Zebra*, but the reference is for the viewer only: surprise is portrayed on screen

On the way to the mountains, they stockpile weapons and food and camping gear, inadvertently sentencing one of the character's own father to death. Initially they just try and survive in the deeply wooded mountains. They go back to their town to find family dead, imprisoned in a concentration camp and generally the community under the domination of South American led forces. A chance incident leads to the group killing some Soviets, and as civilians are killed in retaliation, so the situation escalates and the kids start a real guerrilla war.

Though young, they are quickly aged by the situation. Girls join the group, but they are equally as hardened and desensitized by their struggle against the invading oppressors.

They name themselves the Wolverines, and graffiti their exploits, whether it be burnt out vehicles, or wrecked buildings. The violence is vivid in its brutality. One member of the group, Robert who is badly damaged by

the murder of his father has an almost psychotic approach. When told that his anger will burn him up, he quips, 'it keeps me warm' as he etches a fresh kill onto his rifle stock.

The Wolverines learn how to fight and take no prisoners from word go. The scene of them wandering amongst a mown down troop and obviously shooting wounded is quite harrowing in any war picture, worse with these teenagers.

The viewer learns more of the backstory by a nicely placed info dump. An Air Force colonel who ejects in a dog fight and is found by the Wolverines provides the information.

Omaha, Washington D.C. and Kansas City are nuked, ICBM bases are likewise dealt with, but there is a limit to the use of such weapons. Cuban fifth columnists from Mexico raid strategic air command bases, and commercial traffic deploys paratroopers. Mention is made of tactics in Afghanistan.

A southern front is opened up, with an invasion by Mexican and Soviet forces from the south into the Great Plains, they are eventually stopped and a front exists at the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi. Similarly a Soviet invasion force crosses the Barents Sea, takes Alaska and sweeps south but is held once they get to the US Canadian border. One can imagine the forces attempting to join in the Midwest, effectively splitting America.

Denver is also in some sort of trouble, and seems to be either surrounded by enemy forces or at least their populace is in dire straits.

One comment is quite interesting. When the colonel is asked who is on the US side, he says '600 million screaming Chinese men' which elicits the response, 'aren't there a billion screaming Chinamen' which gets the enticing reply 'there were.'

The Soviets want to conquer and not destroy the US, so it's now a conventional war, what with the reasonable reluctance of US forces to use tactical nukes on their own territory.

The guerrilla nature of the fighting is very believable. Images of Cork Flying Columns with young IRA men, barely with seats in their breaches, shooting weapons at organised columns of regular soldiers and slipping away is emulated by the Wolverines.

Booby traps, rocket propelled missiles and sniping seems to have a wearing effect up on the Soviet forces. The months go by and there is attrition in many ways.

The colonel adds some strategy to the Wolverines attacks, and they release and arm political prisoners in a camp and also destroy some realistic looking V/Stol Yak-38 Forgers. The attention to detail is quite impres-

sive.

Later we see T-72 tanks engaging with M1 Abrams near the Rocky Mountains in one tremendously realistic scene, with tanks using rises in the ground to hide behind.

T-72's are not the only Soviet weapons we see, and there is no shortage of BMP and BTR armoured personnel carriers, as well as anti-aircraft platforms. The only time the deception slips is the disguised Aerospatiale Pumas don't seem to have the menacing look that a real Mi-24 Hind helicopter has, but they do a good job, a far cry from the disappointments of M-3 half tracks with an Iron Cross to depict a SDpkz half track.

With the retaliation failing to deter the Wolverines, only building up their network of underground support in the populace, a crack Soviet unit is deployed to the sector. These troops seem to be airborne specialists, and despite use of technologically advanced tracking equipment they are outflanked by the Wolverines. This leads to one of the saddest moments.

One of the guerrillas, Daryl had been betrayed by his own father, and forced to swallow a locator during a visit to the town. Daryl's father is the town mayor and we have come to see him as accepting of the Soviets and greasily squirming his way through the situation. A man of Vichy one would think.

The traitor Daryl is dealt with as one would imagine, a summary execution is arranged. Jed cannot kill his friend, but Robert has no such hesitation. This is a poignant moment. The stress and upset throughout is apparent, but this is a terrible turn of events.

Subsequently the group are tricked into a trap, and the numbers whittled down. The group are all fought-out. They are wrecked, physically and mentally with only four of them left, they are at an all-time low ebb.

Jed and Matt decide they will attack the town, creating a large diversion, to let the last two attempt to escape through the lines to their own side, known as Free America. The importance of informing Free America of their struggle and ensuring people know what has happened is worth the obvious sacrifice.

Thus our story ends, brothers in arms, dying or dead after their final sacrificial offering with our two final Wolverines making it to Free America. With a final voiced over epilogue, we learn that the rock that the Wolverines wrote their dead upon is known as Partisan Rock and is now a monument to the early days of World War III.

Surprisingly, with Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey, there is no romantic twist, save for a strange relationship that exists between one of the girls and the older colonel, which is mostly a crush, and does not

proceed to anything more meaningful than words. It's perfectly placed though and eminently shows how screwed up the lives of these youths now are. When they distraughtly cry, Jed extols them to try and turn their tears into 'something else' which we see as portrayed as close to pure cold blooded hatred as anything could be.

The alternative historical aspect is interesting to me, I list *The Man in the High Castle* as a favourite and have a strange penchant for military and dystopian divergences. I recently found *Invasion: Being an Eyewitness Account of the Nazi Invasion of America* by Hendrik Willem Van Loon and also enjoyed Roth's *The Plot Against America*. The cold war of course is equally fertile ground and I know there are such books as *Warday* by Whitley Streiber and Eric Harry's *Arc Light and Invasion*. I will get to them eventually I hope, once I pick them up.

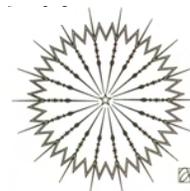
I must also admit I am not deterred by a bit of ultra violence in my movies. I do love war movies anyhow and there is something about the timing of this picture, that gives it an authenticity that although is no longer vogue in today's political climate, was a picture that doesn't hurt the brain to much as it stretches the imaginative synapses to take in a story that needs to be believable to work.

The theme of a town fighting back is obviously based on John Steinbeck's *The Moon is Down*, which although appears to be a Norwegian town invaded by German troops although that in itself is a supposition, as it is never identified, I understand originally that Steinbeck was going to set his novel, which was a wonderful piece of allied propaganda and resistance boosting material, in America, but this would be seen as too defeatist.

There is something special about teen movies, more recently I have really enjoyed *Dazed and Confused*, *Elephant*, *Jar Head*, and especially the really wonderfully weird *Donnie Darko*. I really connect with teenager films.

I like the rebel in teenagers, and sometimes fear that I have not matured beyond that age group, but I know that it's just a momentary escapist conjuring trick to avoid meaningful consideration and full acceptance of my normal and life.

Nothing like the commies to give you the willies. And I never even mentioned 1984.



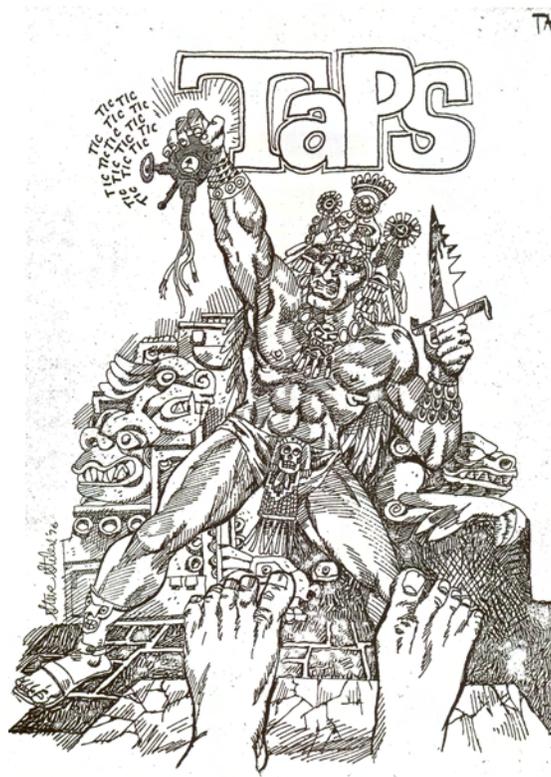
Fannish Archiving Blues

by Tim Marion

I've frequently been very discouraged by the piles of fanzines, magazines, and, most predominantly, comic books that have been piling up in the apartment for the last several years. I haven't archived the comic books in over five years. I was in the midst of plastic bagging and boarding my comic books in May of 2002 when my bestest cat, Wickie, had a heart attack and perished. Since I had known at the time he was ailing, I felt guilty about not spending the time with him instead of taking care of the piles of paper. Consequently, the comic books had piled up ever since.

Worse, I never bothered to properly archive my fanzines. At one point I decided I had Had It with fandom and hid out in my roommate's apartment for many years, venturing forth only to work or to shop. The fanzines people sent me in my youth stood like books, filed alphabetically by title inside of cabinets until I decided it would be better to utilize that space for storing duplicate action figures still in their blister packs (yet another collection). These fanzines, bagged in plastic and standing upright in magazine boxes, now went on top of what my long-suffering roommate refers to as "the Breakfront" (a rather large China cabinet that has served as the repository for my overflowing hardback book collection). This was not the ideal way to store the fanzines, as none were rigid enough to stand unless I packed the boxes very tight, rendering it problematic to file or find anything in the future. I figured I had to devise a better way for storing these. Someday. In the meantime, collections that were either sold to me or given to me by Dan Steffan, Michael Dobson and Arnie Katz, along with fanzines I received at the apartment, lay in undignified piles, unprotected, and in inappropriate boxes.

Boxes of unread magazines and fanzines began to dominate the living room. My roommate, Jeff Kleinbard, told me I had to Do Something with them. "Find some place to store them," he said. "And not in the living room." In another conversation sometime, about a totally different subject, he let slip the phrase, "your side of the living room closet." From there, I couldn't help but start thinking. Hmm. My side of the living room closet. That's a huge closet, which already



has the remnants of those other collections that were passed on to me, as well as the mailings of many apas in which I was involved in my youth. The closet is dominated mainly by Jeff's boxes of Stuff, that over the years he has shuffled around with boxes of mine like some giant Rubix cube.

I took a good look at the closet. If I cleared out Jeff's stuff from "my" (presumably the right-hand) side, and got rid of a lot of the useless junk of my own I had stored there, how many "banker's boxes" could I fit into that space? Quickly I calculated I could store around 30 boxes there (which may, repeat, may comprise everything, fanzine-wise), if I really had the courage to part with that much other stuff of mine.

When Jeff complained again about the space taken by my boxes, I started getting desperate to clear out the space. I excavated deep into the dusty bowels of the closet and quickly brought ol' Rex downstairs and left him outside the laundry room. This immediately freed up a good bit of space. By "Rex," of course, I am referring to an electric M4 Rex Rotary mimeo machine given to me by

Brian Burley. Considering Brian's recent passing, parting with the mimeo was especially difficult. But I had to remember I really I had no use for it. If I ever do a fanzine again, it's going to be photocopied, like the last issue of *So It Goes*.

I had to remember that somewhere along the way, I had, perhaps fakefannishly, completely lost my mimeography skills. Once I could get sharp, crisp results out of my M4, both for *So It Goes* and for my FAPazines (late 1970s). But, as my talent for dittography (using ditto machines) failed on me, so did my talent for mimeography. The last few times I attempted to use it, in the copies looked incredibly faded, like I just couldn't ink the pages thoroughly enough. When I realized in 1980 that I was going to be gafiating (partly because of this diminishing talent), I mentioned in passing conversation to Moshe Feder that I should get rid of it. Moshe had the good grace to suggest to fringefan/TV fan Barry Gilham that he buy the mimeo. Barry came over to the apartment where I

was staying with Hope Leibowitz and I showed him how to operate it and he seemed satisfied. Meanwhile Barry's mother bonded with Hope in the kitchen, and since I didn't have a bank account at this tender point of pioneering in my life, Hope told Mrs. Gillam to write the check to her. It didn't make it any easier parting with the mimeo when I heard Mrs. Gillam loudly and pointedly say to Hope, while looking at me, "If the thing even works!" I didn't say anything at the time, and just looked away, and let my baby go. A month or two later Barry sent me some of his efforts --- a listing of upcoming genre treats on TV. It was rather well-reproduced with blue ink on light green paper, both of which I had given him. From this, of course, I concluded that it really was my talent at mimeography which had faded and not the mimeo's ability to reproduce.

I carried downstairs the Rex which Brian had given me, using both hands. With one of the hands I also carried a huge plastic bag full of cat litter. Carrying something like 60 pounds was both difficult and awkward to me, since I hadn't been working out like I had in the past. Fortunately in this "new"

building where I've been living (for the past 27 years) there is an elevator. With some degree of regret, I recalled when Brian had first given me that mimeo. I brought it "home" to Hope's apartment in the Bronx. With me were Elliot Shorter and a friend of Brian's. Both she and Elliot were amazed when I picked up the mimeo with both hands and promptly started running up three flights of stairs, taking three steps at a time.

Back in the present, I left these heavy things in front of the laundry room, a place where tenants leave bulky items to be disposed of. With some degree of difficulty, I squatted all the way down to the floor. At the same time, a tall fellow with shoulder-length gray hair, a native Indian, perhaps, gestured to me to hand the mimeo to him. Since he wasn't wearing a uniform, I thought he was another tenant. Since he wasn't speaking, or perhaps could not speak, I mistakenly thought that he was mistaken in asking for the mimeo; surely he could have no use for it. I ignored him and continued to set it down on the floor. To my surprise, he found a finger purchase underneath the paper tray, lifted it up easily in one hand, and the huge bag of cat litter in the other hand, and strode off easily with them. Obviously he was a custodian of the building, which was part of the reason why he wasn't in uniform (only the maintenance people wear uniforms, apparently).

As the tall fellow strode away confidently with my mimeo dangling off of one hand, I had time to say only a brief but sad (and silent) goodbye to Rex.

Another item I disposed of, with only a minor degree of difficulty, was a set of crystal goblets from Tiffany's. A friend of my boss had given these to me as a Christmas present when I worked in barter advertising. I had never had any use for them; I never entertain. The only person who I thought might have use for them was Sheba (also known as "She Who Must Be Obeyed"), my present boss at the legal firm where I work. Since I didn't bother unwrapping the goblets, I can only hope they were intact at the time I turned them over to her.

I started boxing the fanzines along with many apa mailings that were available. Fortunately I had prepared well for this project. Knowing I would eventually have to Do Something more proper with all the fanzines, and integrate all the different collections and piles, I had, for many months already, been accumulating letter file boxes as well as expanding "accordion" file folders, both manila and redwelds (the latter which can also fit the manilas, if need be). This way the fanzines would have more organization and have something to keep them straight. Also, of course, on some fanzines I would actually use some of the magazine-sized backing boards I had purchased from Bags Unltd.

And now I would, more sensibly, be filing the fanzines by the editor's name and not by the fanzine title.

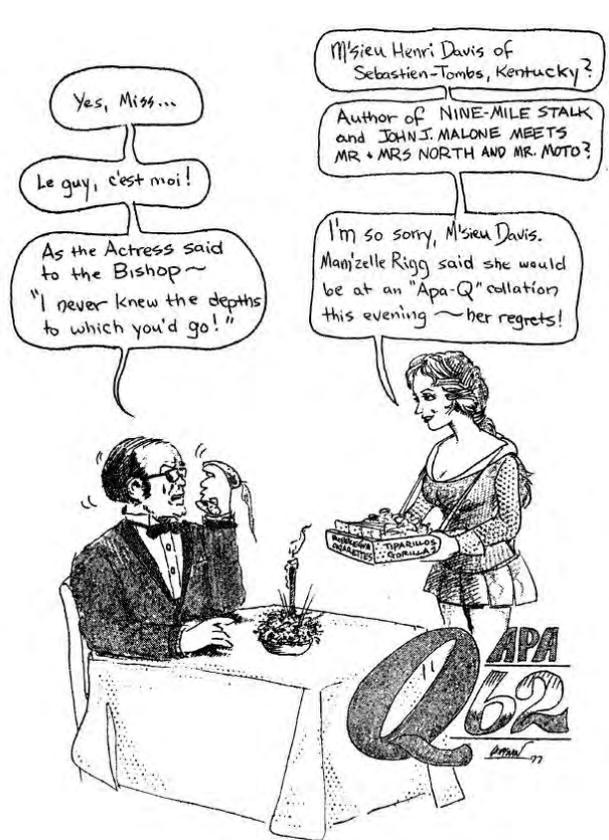
It was somewhen around this time that Jeff decided to go visit his half-brother Harold. Harold is much older than Jeff and has a family of his own in Florida, and was anxious to see Jeff after a lapse of several years. Neither he nor Jeff are getting any younger, so a trip seemed appropriate.

Jeff told me that Harold wanted pictures of both Jeff and the neighborhood. Jeff and I live in the Lower East Side, the site of the Henry Street Settlement --- an important Jewish landmark.

"I could take a picture of you exposing yourself in front of the synagogue!" I suggested helpfully, if not irreverently.

Jeff laughed at the obvious joke but then assured me firmly that he would most certainly not be needing my help. I, in turn, assured Jeff that when he returned, he would see a totally different living room. It will, I told him, be infinitely worse than he ever remembered. Which was true, as it turned out; like many hurts, it has to get worse before it gets better.

Now that I was set up for the project, the actual process of doing it was intimidating. Not just due to the amount of work and time involved, but due to the painful, sad and sour memories associated with many of the fanzines --- remembering all the feuds, betray-



als, controversies, etc. In many cases, a fan editor may not have considered me good enough to receive an excellent zine he may have done, but here I have all the issues, nonetheless, *bah-ha-ha* (diabolical laughter). And of course, there were many pleasant memories involved too, and much beautiful art.

On initial digging through one of the piles that Arnie left me, I was startled to discover two small, art-oriented fanzines. One was called *Popular Topography*, or perhaps that should be *Typography*, depending on where you look and whom you believe. I quickly recognized the logo as being one of my own, and indeed, this was obviously a fanzine started at a convention, during a room party. I must have thought we were working on a one-shot and was then disappointed when I never got a copy, not even after the convention. Here at last I had a copy, only to discover that most of the issue is devoted to Don Herron artwork; indeed, it's almost a portfolio of his drawings. If I had known that, I almost certainly would not have done the logo, as Herron seemed to bear me an incredible amount of resentment at the time. The other problem with it was that it looked like a vast vat of grease had been dumped on this copy, making some of the pages almost transparent, and ruining the representation of Herron's (admittedly good) art. I sure am sorry that the editor never thought to send a copy to the guy who did the cover logo, and sent it to Arnie Katz instead.

The other fanzine I came across was called *Voyage*, and was several full white pages of elaborate Bill Rotsler doodlings. I had seen good art from Bill before, but I was truly amazed with what he seemingly so casually scribbled across those pages. This is surely the most beautiful art I have ever seen by Rotsler. I was overwhelmed.

Since all this was taking a good time of time, I decided to have some musical accompaniment. I carried my huge CD player into the living room and played Kate Bush, John Barry film scores, and especially, Pink Floyd. When I was a teenager, I mainly played Steeleye Span records while my friends who went to the alternative high school with me played Pink Floyd records. As I played their album *Dark Side of the Moon*, many of the lyrics seemed especially poignant with what I was going through emotionally while strolling down memory lane with the fanzines.



From "Breathe":

"...smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry
And all you touch and all you see
Is all your life will ever be"

From "Time":

"...then one day you find [30] years have got
behind you
No one told you when to run, you missed the
starting gun...
"The sun is the same in a relative way, but
you're older
And shorter of breath and one day closer to
death.
Every year is getting shorter; never seem to
find the time
Plans that either come to naught or half a
page of scribbled lines..."

The latter could very well describe fanzines that were never finished. As it turned out, most of the apa mailings which could come to hand easily were apas of which I had never been a member! I was especially and immediately impressed with APA-F. This was a local NYC weekly apa in the mid-1960s, and these mailings were no doubt passed along to me by Arnie Katz. I was surprised both by how thick these weekly mailings (or "disties"?) were, as well as by the quality of the membership. Steve Stiles contributed wonderful colored ditto covers.

Besides him, members included Ted White, Jon White, Marion and Walter Breen (Marion, of course, being better known as "Marion Zimmer Bradley"), and other famous luminaries. Even Dave van Arnam was a member! Gadzooks, I had completely forgotten that Dave van Arnam used to be a fan. In the late 60s, before I discovered fandom (and when I was ten years old), I knew him only as the author of a "barbarian novel" I had picked up (this was before I had discovered the phrase "sword and sorcery"); one which to my young mind seemed a little more sophisticated and sensitive than the usual Conan-clone fare (I am referring, of course, to van Arnam's novel *Star Barbarian*, which had a stunning Jeff Jones cover).

Then I came across the next NYC local apa, TAPS. Well, actually, TAPS was not a NYC local apa, it just sort of metamorphosed that way.

TAPS stood for the Terrean Amateur Press Society and was a rotating letter apa (meaning each editor took a turn at being editor/publisher) started by Arnie Katz in 1963. (Just don't ask me what a "Terrean" is.) When I first decided that I wanted to get into apas in A Big Way in 1972, I came into contact with a West Coast fan named Larry Nielson, since deceased, who edited an apa-index zine called *South of the Moon*. Larry was also someone who was accumulating apa memberships, and suggested my name for "Speculation" in TAPS. Speculation, of course, meant that I would receive one or two mailings in the hope that I might decide to participate. However, I didn't really care for the idea of joining. I didn't like the fact that no one gave titles to their contributions; they were all uniformly introduced as letters. "Dear TAPS," each members' contribution would begin. Friendly, but it didn't feel valid to me, in terms of the Complete Apa Experience (whatever that was). Moreover, I really didn't want someone else reproducing my contribution each time --- what if they couldn't do as good a job as I could? And the membership didn't really offer me anyone whom I was not already in an apa with; all these guys were apa veterans who were not really contributing anything inspired, just passing time. Not only all that, but there weren't really any membership spots open. There was a full complement of 12 members, plus several contributing WaitListers, and at least one complimentary member, Harry

Warner. With the exception of Harry's and maybe Larry's contributions, I really didn't feel like the apa had anything to offer me I couldn't miss. (And Larry was leaving, as it turns out; one of the reasons why he suggested my name for Speculation.)

A couple of years passed and the membership comprises mainly fans in New York City. Moshe Feder, Hank Davis, Mark Blackman, Jon Singer, Norman Hollyn, Gary Tesser, Susan Palermo...even my roommate, Jeff Kleinbard, was a member. I had so much fun reading through these mailings which were written by people who, in a year or two after these writings, would become my friends (if many of them weren't already). Somewhere along the way I imagined what it would be like to go back in time and try to fabricate some sort of identity for myself and join TAPS and the fun. Seems like this was an area of fandom I missed out on during a time in which I was active.

And what joy! A disassociated page from a mailing (a back cover?) is a photo page of current members, circa 1976! Here we get to see the BAP himself ("Bedford Avenue Pro", or Hank Davis) on the phone (1), Morris Keesan looking off and talking (5), a fully bearded Lou Stathis (6) with his arm around, and being somewhat familiar with, Susan Palermo (7)? (Can't be sure; sometimes have a hard time recognizing her in pictures.) While a separate photo of Gary Farber (8) seems to look on. In the lower left corner, Gary Tesser (9) is easily (and typically?) captured asleep on film. Then there's a short-haired guy (10), maybe in a military uniform, is that Bruce Arthurs, who was temporarily stationed near me when I lived in Virginia? And someone else, who? Barry Smotroff (11), maybe? And in the middle of the page are Jon Singer (3) and Moshe Feder (4), sitting together, trying to look natural (Jon succeeds). I'm sure at the time it was put together it was a lot of fun, but these people surely didn't realize what an important, fan-ish historical document they made! (And yes, I'm being serious.)

Then there were the APA-Q mailings. This was, and still is, in a fashion, the NYC local apa that started in the later 1970s. If I ever wanted to go back in time just to contribute to an apa, it was this one. Profusely illustrated by Stu Shiffman and contributed to by many of the brighter lights of the New York City fandom, it had an ineffably fan-ish feel to it that is still, in retrospect, irresistible. Unfortunately, one of the very first mailings I came across I had to mutilate in a minor way. It had a charming Ross Chamberlain cover printed on crisp, stiff paper, and the first contribution was Moshe's. Not a problem, except that Moshe very carefully taped a Q-tip at the top of his zine as a goof. Since I saw that the hard, wooden Q-tip was

fraying through the stiff paper stock of the cover, and since I knew they might be tightly packed in the banker's boxes, I very carefully and delicately took a pen-blade and cut through the tape and removed the Q-tip, which I probably disposed of. A subsequent call to Moshe to inform him of my perfidy went unreturned. Perhaps he didn't approve.

Around this time Jeff came back and freaked out over all the boxes all over the living room floor. He told me that if it was going to take so long to complete, then I never should have started the project; but of course that didn't make sense because I started the project not just to better archive the fanzines (and comic books and magazines...) but because he was complaining about boxes all over the living room. He

ended up giving me some impossible deadline to clear out all the boxes.

During a later, saner moment, Jeff waxed enthusiastically about his visit with Harold and Harold's family. Jeff told me about the huge volumes of archival photos that Harold had kept of this neighborhood. In particular, Harold gave Jeff an 8x10 blow-up of the shoe store that their grandfather used to have. "Goodman's Shoes" it was called, as a huge sign proudly proclaimed. Many years later it became, for a year or two at least, the site of Moses de Figueroa's Wonderworld (comic book store).

I was plastic bagging the TAPS and APA-Q mailings when I thought to read some excerpts to him. From an APA-Q zine dated June 15, 1979, I actually have a second issue of an apazine --- it seems I became active in



APA-Q just as it was slowly starting to decline. I start the zine whining about how there's no need to introduce myself as everyone already knows me and my life is boring anyway. Then I write about taking Eric Mayer and his wife to their first showing of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. "Then on Saturday there is Jim Frenkel's party and *Saturday Night Live* with Eric Idle as the Guest Host and *****KATE BUSH!!***** as the musical guest. Sunday I may see Jeffrey Kleinbard and play Frisbee. Maybe life isn't so empty after all," I concluded on a somewhat positive note.

From TAPS I read aloud to Jeff the following: "This is my resignation letter to TAPS. I am resigning because at this moment in my life I am moving around so much that I can't seem to get ahold of the latest mailing in time to comment on it for the next. I could keep giving you an update on my trip but without my feedback to you I feel this is egoizing. However, before I vanish into the haze here is a thumbnail state-of-my-union undress." That was the first paragraph of Jeff's last contribution to TAPS.

At this point Jeff really seemed to Get It. "I think I understand now," he volunteered one day after I read him the above. "Harold archives the neighborhood and family history. You're archiving fans and fannish history." And he also dropped his pronouncement about having to get rid of the boxes in just a few days.

So everything was going fine, as detailed above, but then... Disaster struck. My beautiful, white, fluffy Turkish Angora cat, who had kept me so much good and faithful company while bagging and filing these fanzines, never begging for too much attention, was finally starting to decline. This decline was even more inevitable than it usually is for cats as I had already been told by my vet that Casper had kidney cancer. Twice a day, for several months, I was giving him both a steroid and thyroid medicine, and once a day an antibiotic. Although it was a lot of trouble preparing special little meals for him (containing the medicine, the easiest way of giving it to him) twice a day while fending off all the other cats, I treasured those times, as I knew it was keeping Casper healthy and happy.

But now he finally started showing less and less interest in eating his special little meals...or any other meals. I immediately stopped filing fanzines and started devoting all my time to him. I would come home from work and be so glad to see him still alive. I would turn on *Dark Side of the Moon* and

play it (not too loudly) for both of us.

From "Breathe (Reprise)":

"Home, home again.

I like to be here when I can.

When I come home cold and tired

It's good to warm my bones beside the fire..."

I was dropping the pills down his throat but he was still uncomfortable physically; it was difficult for him to even find a place to lie down. Apparently his kidneys had become larger, tumorous, and literally inflamed. He was burning up, and couldn't



find a cool enough place to sit. Soon he was, to his shame, losing control of his bladder. Seeing how uncomfortable he was, I took him to the vet and gave him the gift of The Great Release. Now Casper really is a "friendly ghost" --- one I see only in my dreams.

And of course afterwards I have just been so damn depressed that it's really hard doing anything. The litters still have to be changed, but it's hard to motivate myself to file the fanzines. At least this time I don't feel like I've neglected my little furry buddy for the love of inanimate paper. But I guess much of that guilty memory is resurfacing, as well as sadness for my current loss.

Jeff, in turn, has understood. "Do you think you'll have them out by May?" he asked, a couple of months after Casper passed. Now May has passed, and the cats

are starting to use the sides of the unfolded banker's boxes as a scratching post.

Wish me luck! Writing this has helped.

From "Time":

"The time is gone, the song is over...thought I'd something more to say..."

[Postscript: Tim wants readers to know two more things before we finish. (1) Bruce Gillespie originally published this article in the January 2008 issue of his ANZAPazine. (2) And Tim says, "Could you please mention that I have actually FINISHED the project?" Congratulations, Tim.]

Clipping Service

Mark Leeper [answering one of Isaac Asimov's sermons about environmental and health issues in *The Gods Themselves*]: Sugar is bad, so we don't cut back on sweeteners—we invent cyclamates, and saccharine, and Equal, and Splenda. We want sugar with[out] the bad effects. Fat is bad, so we don't cut back on fat -- we develop Olestra. But why not? There is nothing inherently wrong with cigarettes or internal combustion engines. If one could make an internal combustion engine that ran on grass and did not pollute, why not? People used to get sick drinking water until they figured out how to purify it -- should they have just given up on water?

Mark Olson [on the Smofs list]: That's it! New section 3.3.15: "Best Vague Website. Any website related to Science Fiction or Fantasy that was vague and unspecific during the previous calendar year." Or, I suppose, we could deal with Ben's point by writing it as "Best Vague Website. Any website related to Science Fiction or Fantasy during a vague and unspecific calendar year." In fact, we could go further "Best Vague Thing. Anything vaguely related to Science Fiction or Fantasy during the previous calendar year." Or, perhaps, following Roman Hruska, "Vaguely Best Website. Any website related to Science Fiction or Fantasy that was pretty good during the previous calendar year."

This has vague possibilities.

Peter Glaskowsky: Which illustrates the common collary to Sturgeon's Law-- 90% of everything is crud, but 100% of crud is crud.

Crossing the Con- vention Century Mark Reflections on 30 years in Fandom

by Francis Hamit

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The 2007 Westercon was my 100th science fiction convention and the Bubonicon that followed was my 101st. ("You mean you keep track?" Well, it's not hard. Sentimental fool that I am, I've kept all my badges. It was easy enough to count them.)

That Westercon was in San Marino at the infamous "Escher Marriott" where, by the time you master the geography, the Con is over and it's time to leave. It is possible there to move from the second to the third floor without using stairs or one of the two elevators that moved fans around the structure. The ConCom, made up of most of the people who had done that year's BayCon only weeks before, did an excellent job, but there was an air of fatigue present.

Westercon the year before also seemed to be sinking into a curious malaise. That was at the San Diego Marriott, which was spread out but nowhere as near to things as was advertised. I walked to the local shopping center and back and got drenched in sweat for my trouble because of the heat, the humidity and the fact that the distance had to be navigated on concrete in hundred degree plus weather. I looked like hell when I returned and caused more than one person to ask, rather urgently, "Are you all right?" The venue was not suitable for pedestrian adventures of any kind. Southern California is for people who have cars and drive. There are places where you can be arrested for simply being on foot, although this was not one of them. But it was lonely out there. Like a bad end-of-the-world science fiction movie.

The fatigue that seemed to set in there was caused by the fact that Marriotts are expensive and younger fans are still poor, skewing the demographic upwards towards the geezer factor. So it was in 2007 as well.

I am not sure that Marriotts are the best venue for our kind of events. The chain's religious history aside, they are rather strange in the way they deal with our conventions. Presumably we have room blocks to fill. Why then did they limit our stay to four nights at the con rate in San Mateo? They could have had two more nights from us since we had other business in the area. Instead, we went to the Comfort Inn in San Jose half an hour away and closer to the Bay 101 Casino where we played poker. I was at

pains to point this lack of enterprise out to both the ConCom and the hotel staff, that they lost business because they wanted double the money for those two extra nights.

Marriot also has a feather fetish. They pride themselves on providing feather beds and pillows for the comfort of their guests. Not much of a comfort if you're allergic to the damn things, as my roommate Leigh is. We played hell getting rid of them in San Diego, so much so that we got a free room night off the bill, and in 2007 we were able to keep them from the room we were in only with great difficulty. The maids kept trying to put them back. That room was one of the deluxe ones, undergoing remodeling, so we had two flat screen televisions and not enough drawer space, nor any kind of refrigerator.

The splendid isolation of Marriotts also means you have to eat there or get in a car and explore for other venues, and it's not just the rooms that cost. Even when you have a bit of money, the food prices are eyebrow raising.

Programming is usually the best part of a Con. In San Diego, I was on programs, but in the interests of getting back to my roots and actually trying to enjoy fandom, I simply skipped that in 2007. Since we no longer do LASFS events, we're down to about two or three Cons a year now. (Starting out in the Midwest in the 1980s I used to do 12 or 14 a year, mostly on the summer circuit.)

There were very few younger fans at either of these Westercons and most were the children of older fan: bored, resentful, and not up for most of the programming or other events. Tweens, but no teens, and very few college age.

Programming aside, the main reason for attending a Con is the people you meet and the conversations you have. At the 2007 Westercon, I had a foretaste of hell in the form of two loud-voiced middle aged male fans arguing very loudly about an obscure point of fannish lore that not even they cared about. This was in the ConSuite, which was small and offered no escape except fleeing the premises, which I did, several times. I get why the kids are staying away. Not only are we "old", we're boring.

We even bore ourselves.

It wasn't always like this. I came into Fandom in a very odd way. I was working a part time gig as a hotel security officer with my old Army buddy, Pat Donlea, at what was then the Arlington Park Hilton near Chicago, when they had a WindyCon there. Neither of us had ever seen anything like it, especially the hall costumes and general licentiousness, which would have given a Shriner's Convention pause. They still served hard liquor in the ConSuite back then.

"This is a gas!" Donlea said, "Next year we're coming!" And we did. Donlea and I are Army Security Agency veterans and have problems finding what we consider intelligent conversations, so the level of discourse was a major attraction. Hundreds of people as smart and geeky as us. But let's be honest, saying that is like saying we read *Playboy* for the articles. We also look at the pictures. There were all kinds of attractive, scantily clad women wandering around, and they were also geeky enough to talk to us! Paradise found! Back then it was a candy store...and then AIDS made everyone think again.

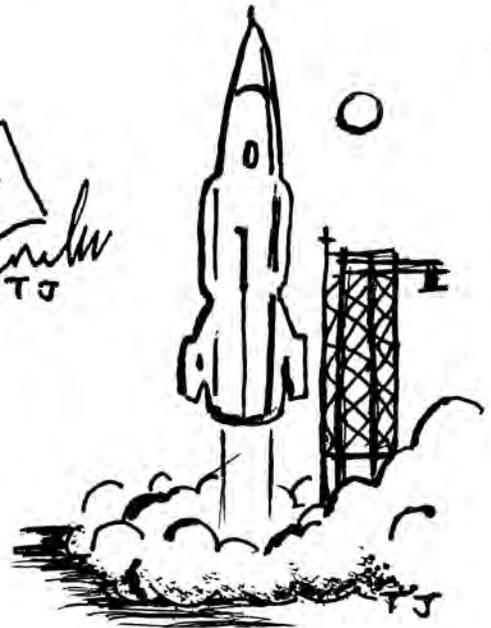
But even then it was fun. Great times. These days, not so great. Of course with an all-volunteer staff results will vary, and maybe we just haven't been to the right ones.

Bubonicon 40 was a return to the Cons of old. Just three tracks of programming and lots of writers to trade notes with. New people to meet and a refreshing lack of agendas. Vernor Vinge was the Pro GOH. He's one of my favorite writers and one of my favorite people. We are almost the same age. There was a wild party with fans in some of the most elaborate costumes I've even seen, and it would have been a good thing had it not been in the next room. I met and talked with John Maddox Roberts, author of many books including the SPQR mystery series set in ancient Rome. I hadn't read any of these, but was sufficiently intrigued that I now have read the first ten. The art show was very interesting, and I was able to hire an illustrator for the new cover of my new print edition of "The Shenandoah Spy".

The week before had been a rough one, physically and mentally, but we ended up enjoying this one more than any within recent memory. It ran like a clock, for one thing, and no one seemed interested in promoting anything but a fannish good time for all.

Fandom needs SMOFs to do the heavy lifting on these events, but many of them get so caught up in the job and their personal power that the fun can go away very quickly for the rest of us. SMOFing should never become a vocation or a profession, which is why I have avoided it all these years. People sometimes find me a little intense. (My own father thought so, and he was no slouch in that department himself.) The great fannish tradition of genial incompetence and muddling through is not one I care to partake of. Con Cadre are often the best of us, but far too often also the worst. Fans, so many of whom are engineers, tend to a disease of that profession. They think that anything that can be done should be done. And that way lies madness. Private agendas should stay just that.

TERRY JEEVES 2007 ROTSLER AWARD WINNER





On these pages John Hertz shares the display of Terry Jeeves' artwork he prepared for Loscon 2007. It begins with a placard:

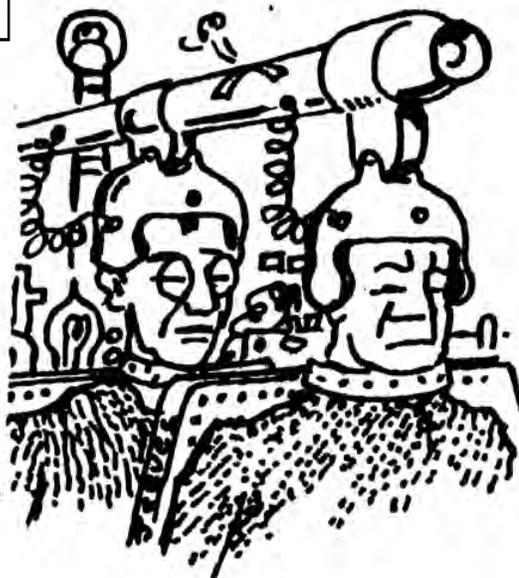
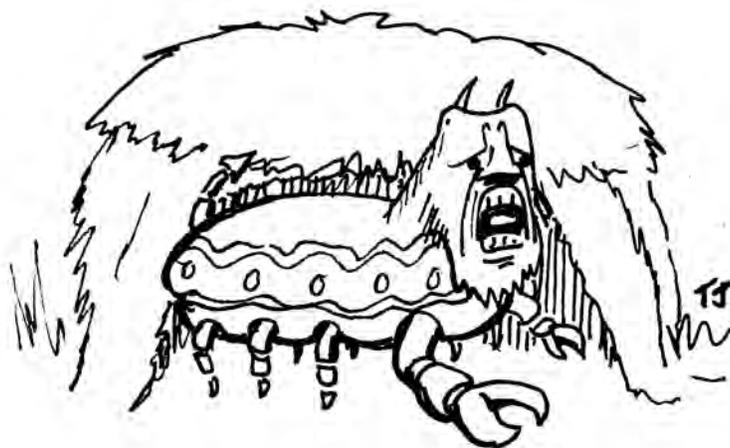
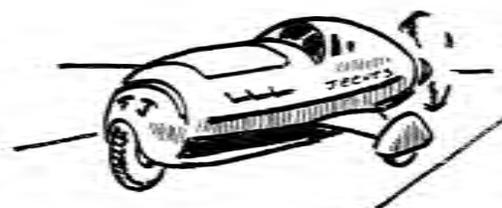
[By John Hertz:] Terry Jeeves, the 2007 winner of the Rotsler Award, has long enriched amateur publications of the sf community. He is of First Fandom, that happy band who became active fans at least as early as the first World Science Fiction Convention (1939). He writes for fanzines, he sends drawings to fanzines; for over forty years he published his own fanzine *Erg*.

Jeeves has a way with people, creatures and machines. They may appear together. Some are the humanoids we have come to know as Sog-gies. Al Capp fans say these resemble Shmoos. Perhaps.

As with many fanartists Jeeves' work has a whimsical touch. He can be comical, satirical, poignant; often understated. He is an Englishman.

His memoirs of World War II currently run in Henry "Knarley" Welch's fanzine *The Knarley Knews*.

Here are a few samples of his drawing.



The Fanivore

Kevin Standlee

Thank you for the reports on the SF Awards Watch site and the new official Hugo Awards web site. You are right that the latter is not intended to be a “community” so much as a place where you can find official news. SFAW, on the other hand, should indeed be a place where discussions about awards in the community are welcome.

And speaking of the Hugo Awards, Jerry Kaufman writes “The Worldcon rules are written with the assumption that works will be in English (aren’t they?)” In fact, they are not. The first two sentences of the Hugo Awards rules read “Unless otherwise specified, Hugo Awards are given for work in the field of science fiction or fantasy appearing for the first time during the previous calendar year. A work originally appearing in a language other than English shall also be eligible for the year in which it is first issued in English translation. “While non-English works get special treatment in the form of a second chance at nomination, the Hugo Awards themselves are open to works in any language.

Turning to the Fan Writer Hugo: One of the challenges of award definitions is that fans want clear-cut definitions in places that are so subjective that it’s impossible to write a technical definition. Accordingly, with the Hugo Awards, we have an analogy with that of a court of law, with a judge (the Hugo Awards Administrator) and a jury (the voters). The judge (administrator) rules on “matters of law” – in our case, was the work published in the correct time, is it the correct length, were the ballots valid, and so forth. The jury (voters) decide matters of fact -- in our case, is the work in question SF/F, or is this person worthy of a Best Fan Writer Hugo Award and therefore is what that person doing “fan writing.” Because it’s not really possible to write a technical definition of fan writing, we say, “the voters will know it when they see it.” Personally, I’m content to let the voters decide this. I know what I like; I don’t always think I’m the Sole Au-



D-R-O-O-L C-R-E-E-K

thority of What Is Right. In this I seem to differ with those people who appear after every Hugo nominee list and final award list appears, announcing what a travesty it is that [INSERT WORK/PERSON HERE] didn’t win, because of course that person knows they deserved it and no other sensible person could possibly have selected anything/anyone else.

I agree with Chris Garcia, however, that if a Fan Writer nominee believes that s/he is being nominated primarily on the strength of his/her professional writing, s/he should decline nomination. That doesn’t mean that pros can’t be fans, just that they have to be ethical about taking undue advantage of their professional fame in a category designed to honor fan work. However, for what it’s worth, I’d say Scalzi’s blog writing is fan

writing of a sort, and so is Dave Langford’s.

John Purcell writes that he doesn’t think people should be eligible for Best Fan Writer if they’ve been paid for writing professionally. This goes directly to what I said above about people wanting so much to have a firm technical rule rather than having to deal with subjective judgment. I have been paid professionally for my writing: I wrote technical documentation for an insurance company and a pharmaceutical company in the 1990s. Does this make me ineligible? If you say, “Oh, I only mean paid work in the field of SF and F,” then what about those of us -- including you, Mike -- with stories published in the *Alternate Worldcons* collections? *[[That isn’t even sufficient to disqualify me from entering the N3F Short Story Contest (if it still exists): two pro sales were the bar when last I looked.]]* What about your reports published in *Locus*, for which I assume you were paid. What about people who put donation tags on their web sites or affiliate with Amazon to collect a few cents here and there? See what a slippery slope it is to try and firmly define such things. I call this the toothpaste-tube problem: “The harder you squeeze the tube, the less control you have over its contents.”

What I’d be sorry to see is Langford to withdraw from Best Fan Writer as long as he continues to do fan writing. That would definitely taint the subsequent awards as “Best Fan Writer who isn’t Dave Langford.” I’d ask anyone advocating that a “defending champion” withdraw in this way whether they really want that statue so badly that they’d want it under a cloud of “But of course you wouldn’t have won if Langford was here.”

[[The “Best People” Hugos are often won repeatedly, that’s a fact. Experience shows it’s not all that easy for a nominee to gain the decisive number of supporters necessary to win, but once the person has won, those supporters don’t suddenly turn in another direction like a school of tropical fish

looking for a different meal. Voters tend to keep liking whoever they liked (though never before for 20 years consecutively...) Sometimes the winner breaks the streak by withdrawing permanently, as fan artists Victoria Poyser and Phil Foglio did. It's sheer business meeting rhetoric to suggest anybody will talk about a subsequent winner as the best *except* for somebody who withdrew. I made that argument myself trying to dissuade fans from dividing off the semiprozine category in 1982. But really? Nobody ever bothered to tell me, "Well, you wouldn't have won if *Locus* was still in the category." And I never heard anybody say the next winner of the Best Fan Artist Hugo following Poyser or Foglio was somehow diminished by the absence of their competition, either.]]

John asks, "Why is Teddy Harvia nominated for Best Fan Artist Hugo of 2006 if he didn't produce any original fan art in 2006?" That's easy. (A) Work produced in a prior year was published in 2006 (technical eligibility) and (B) enough people nominated him (jury's decision on worthiness) and (C) he accepted. If he *really* doesn't think he's eligible, he has a duty to withdraw. Note that in the Professional Artist category, WSFS is wrestling with trying to confirm that nominees have done *something* in their eligibility year. During the debate on this subject, there were occasional calls to extend this to the other "people" categories or at least to cover both Artist categories the same way, but they did not get very far.

John then says, "I have no real idea how various Hugo committees and the WSFS work together in regards to the nomination procedure...." Well, that's easy enough to fix: 1. WSFS (by way of the Business Meeting) makes the rules in the WSFS Constitution. 2. The individual Worldcon committees appoint a Hugo Administration Subcommittee that manages the Hugo Awards for that year under the rules in effect at that time.

John continues "...each WorldCon's Hugo Awards committee needs to enforce some kind of 'quality control' to ensure that a nominee for an award does, in fact, meet the eligibility criteria." Oy, this makes my head hurt. If he's advocating that the Hugo Administrators make subjective decisions as to the "worthiness" of a nominee in a given category, then I ask him what his response will be the first time a nominee he likes is ruled "unworthy" of nomination?

Taral Wayne

Actually, Arnie didn't have to encourage me to rib the Hugo by doing the Astroboy

version. For that matter, the montage of the Japanese Hugo with a screen shot of Ultraman was also something I did spontaneously. Arnie "seized the day" and asked to use them. Why not, sez I? Although putting my glass Hugo idea to paper finally was at the urging of Frank Wu. The thought had been in my mind for a couple of years, but I hadn't had enough juice to sketch it until Frank asked about it during the course of the *Drink Tank* interview.

At my suggestion, of course, Montreal will be presenting a Hugo in the shape of William Shatner (who is Canadian after all) swiveling on the traditional rocket ship.

Joseph T. Major

Cover: Clever, very clever. Canfield can field a very wicked pen.

Editorial Notes: Regarding the lack of Japanese nominees for the Hugo, they have the Seiun, and perhaps the Hugo doesn't have any "local" cachet. But then, I was surprised when neither of the recent Canadian WorldCons saw any Canadian nominees in the fan categories. Winnipeg, for example, should have recognized any of several good zines.

The Joy of Book: Why won't anyone play with Kallie Kitten? Could it be that they are all friends of Travis Tea? (As you know, the publisher of Joy's book, PublishAmerica, does not have the best of reputations.)

Medical Updates: First the demise of *Chronicle* and now this. 2007 was not Andy Porter's year, and we wish him good look in 2008.

Heinlein Archives Online: "Ginny Heinlein's strongly negative feelings about the De Camps." So that was why when Sprague mentioned RAH's former liberal attitudes, someone whose ear was had by Ginny

declared, "That accusation is a LIE." We learn much about the works by seeing the context in which they were created.

Fancy That: But the history of Fandom in the sixties has been underway in a similar nature for about ten years. With no progress for the last few years.

Obituaries: Joe Hensley used to come down to speak to our club. He was a very friendly guy and told us stories about Claude Degler.

2007 Hugo Award Winners: A lot of people are going to be telling Langford that they were the one vote that made his victory. Perhaps he will even get the idea.

Mythcon XXXVIII: "Orson Scott Card introduced Mythcons to the fun of readers' theater in 1997." I think that was about the time Greg Sullivan started doing them at the Sherlock Holmes/Arthur Conan Doyle Symposium in Dayton. Seeing the "curious incident" passage actually read instead of merely reading it seemed to me to heighten the point. (But then, listening to an audio version of *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress* played up the liveliness of the work; I was reminded of how good it is.)

"Words That Should Be Repealed from the English Language": What will that do for Johnny Eponymous? (Also known as Chris Garcia.)

The Fanivore: *Greg Benford:* I had a couple of reasons for not reading the Tiptree bio, and I'm grateful to Greg for adding another. The bit about CIA officers with dementia not being allowed to go to nursing homes because they might spill something secure sounds straight out of a spy novel. Unfortunately, these days most people's ideas of the workings of intelligence services come from spy novels and movies, and as they need to build one on another, this escalating perception diverges more from reality over time.





I was under the impression that Silverberg did an apazine. Which would make him eligible for the Best Fan Writer.

[[Lest the point be lost, there's neither any doubt that he's eligible, nor that he regards himself too much a professional to be interested in the award. Note his reaction to winning a Retro Hugo for fan writer several years ago.]]

John Purcell

Great cover by Grant Canfield! He's a deserving candidate for a Fan Hugo, if there ever was one. Grant has produced wonderful work over the years, and I can't recall off-hand if he has ever won the award. I may have to Google in Fan Hugo Awards and the FAAn Awards to see if he's been a recipient of either artist honor.

[[Canfield never won a Hugo, and I will have to excavate my early FAAn Awards documentation to tell for sure, but I don't recall that he won that either. Of course, his period of greatest activity was just before the FAAn Awards were invented.]]

Speaking of awards, your editorial musings over the Lifetime Achievement Hugo are well thought through. Personally, I don't think an annual award of this nature is needed since, as you noted, Special Committee Awards are presented every so often. If anything, I would like to see this latter bestowment continue on an "as appropriate" basis. Chances are that the WorldCon membership wouldn't mind such an award being presented as part of the Awards night festivities. If I was there, I would certainly appreciate it. There are certainly many authors still living who are most deserving of special

recognition. For what it's worth, having the occasional Special Committee Award is a good idea that does avoid many of the problems you foresaw.

By Godfrey, but Minn-stf has certainly grown since I moved away! On page 4's news bit about the Minneapolis bridge collapse last August 1st, Geri Sullivan noted that over 185 fans reported in safe and sound. Geez, that's a large fan enclave! I have no real idea how many fen were active when I moved to Iowa in 1992, but I am sure there were well over 100 fen active at that time. As far as size goes, LASFS must still have the largest membership, and actual numbers for LASFS may be indeterminate at best. Only Ghu knows this kind of information.

It is pretty impressive that Doris Lessing won the 2007 Nobel Prize for Literature. It has been many years since I have read any of her writings, but congratulations are most certainly in order.

Thank you for running that follow-up correction to my interview with James Halperin regarding Harry Warner, Jr.'s fanzine collection. Shortly after the first of this year I e-mailed Mr. Halperin to get his impression of the collection thus far, and he confided that he hadn't the time yet to dig into it. Other commitments had priority, y'see. In fact, Halperin said that Jerry Weist was to visit Dallas to begin brainstorming/organizing that fanzine history mentioned in the interview in *Askance* #3. Stay tuned.

As for the rest of your zine, lots of information (naturally) and it was greatly enjoyed. Hopefully there won't be as much of a gap before the next issue of *File 770* comes out, and I know it will be very much worth the wait. With any luck, it will be out before Corflu Silver. Maybe I will see you there. In any event, take care of yourself and your family, and may all be well with you.

David Bratman

Thanks for the roundup of the news about fans and the San Diego fires. This is the kind of compiled report that's hard to get anywhere else. They're one of the things I find valuable about F770.

Another is those long, chatty con reports. I especially appreciate yours on Mythcon: the fresh perspective, the appreciation of what went well and the advice on what could have been better. A couple of name corrections: walking with Berni in the photo on p. 22 is Autumn Rauscher, rather than her sister

Emily. (Autumn, along with Cat Lenander, provided welcome perspectives of articulate, well-read teenagers on a panel discussing fantasy for that age group.) And the second back-up singer on "Lord of the Ringos," along with Anne Osborn, was Ellen Denham.

Just about the only thing not mentioned in Hope Leibowitz's Ditto/Artcon report was the farmer's market across the street one morning, where a number of us bought local artisan cheeses and delicious apples of rarely-seen varieties with intriguing names like Ashmead's Kernel and Spitzenberg. One potentially significant event that no spectators witnessed was the moment when I surrendered the FAPA rubber stamp to Robert Lichtman. This device, whose inked image used to be affixed to all mailed FAPA envelopes, gave FAPA's full name and announced the printed mailing class. It came into my hands when I was briefly Emergency Editor after Seth Goldberg's death, but was then misplaced. It turned up recently, but with the change in postal regulations its text is now obsolete. So Robert plans to contribute it to the Corflu auction, where perhaps someone will be interested in this piece of fannish history.

In your commentary on the Hugo awards, you write, "my one vote may have provided Langford's margin of victory" over Scalzi in Best Fan Writer. May have? It certainly did! This one-vote margin is an excellent opportunity to point out the importance of each and every Hugo vote. Each and every voter who ranked Langford higher than Scalzi provided the margin of Langford's victory, because if any single one had ranked them the other way around, the one vote victory would have been Scalzi's. And that's true regardless of whether that person's first place vote was for Langford, Hertz, or anyone else, because the votes for Hertz and all the other nominees were distributed in the process of creating a majority. So even somebody who ranked Langford fifth and Scalzi sixth, at the bottom of the ballot, provided that margin for Langford in the final count. So the conclusion is: be careful who you vote for, even at the bottom of the rankings. You may get them.

Robert Lichtman

In comments to Chris Garcia you write that after you were unable to take your DUFF trip after winning in 1979, "a former DUFF winner used to look me up and personally veto any idea I might have of running again whenever fans were canvassing North American candidates." This makes me curious to know who that might have been and what was his or her rationale behind this one-

person anti-Glyer campaign. If in the interests of protecting someone's reputation you'd rather not divulge the name, it would still be interesting to know what was behind his or her efforts against you.

[[Marty Cantor used to think it was an irretrievable breach of fannish etiquette to win DUFF and forego the trip, although I believe he has forgiven me by now.]]

Tara notes that a house the size of Harry Warner Jr.'s in Hagerstown, valued at the time I wrote about its value at \$200,000, would cost \$350,000 to \$600,000 depending on neighborhood" in Toronto. The difference is, of course, that Toronto is a much more desirable place to live in most people's view than Hagerstown. That same house would cost anywhere from \$800,000 to well over a million here in Oakland's more desirable neighborhoods. It's all relative. (And a check on Zillow.com today shows Harry's house now down to \$188,000 thanks to the nationwide housing price depression.)

In my letter I note that I was listed as a contributor to *Brave New Worlds* and that I was writing its author to see just what I contributed and to ask for a contributor's copy. I came up blank on both scores in his response—he had no idea what information I'd provided and had no free copy to offer me. Oh, well!

I also mention the Rotsler.com Website as being full of dead links. It's gone beyond that now, having been shut down some months ago. A person I met on eBay who's an avid Rotsler collector has written to me of his wish to create a new Website, but nothing has come of it so far.

Lloyd Penney

Thank you for another hefty *File 770*, and issue 151 looks good. Neat cover illo, but not sure of the combination of a dingo and a merman. Still, neat artwork, Mr. Canfield, and same goes for the bacover.

I'm not in favour of the Lifetime Achievement Hugo, but I can see why someone might raise that idea. There are a number of great authors who haven't won a Hugo lately or at all. Perhaps the Hugos need something like the Grand Master designation to honour an individual without making others look or feel bad, the opposite of what's really desired.

I only relayed that report about Jean Weber's operation...I believe that by now, Jean will be bionic in both hips. As to my own medical condition... (isn't this an indication of aging in fandom?) My ophthalmologist has decided that my retinas will be staying in place for some time, but that a cataract is starting to develop in my right eye. As Linda

Bushyager and many others have said, it's an easy operation, not even day surgery, out goes the old lens, in goes the new, and all done.

Good on you and John and Claire for remembering Terry Jeeves with the Rotsler Award. I know his health is poor, and he has always been an unassuming man, so this recognition must be heartening to someone in poor health as he is.

Yvonne and I hadn't seen Liz Gross and Bob Hillis in years, not since we attended a couple of Smofcons many years back. A shame to see she's gone. You must hate the obit column; it gets bigger all the time.

Because the Auroras are handed out at the CanVention, and the CanVention is held as part of a host convention, they can be handed out at any given time of the year. The Auroras listed here were given out at VCon in Vancouver in October, and the ones coming up will be handed out at the CanVention hosted by Keycon in Winnipeg in May. So, this all means that the 2008 Auroras are nigh, and the request for nominations is now out.

With the ability of Worldcon committees to design their own Hugo bases, we've gone a little overboard these days. I'll show a little bias and say I think the Torcon 3 base was great, but I think we could go retro and return to a polished wooden block base. Some of these recent bases, IMHO, have taken away from the silver rocket, the actual award. I wouldn't have minded Ultraman on the Japanese Hugo base if he hadn't been as tall as the rocket. An outsider might have thought Ultraman the main part of the award, and the rocket his vehicle.

I think Chris Garcia and crew are out to make the fez/tarboush the successor to the propeller beanie. Perhaps I should get a white suit, and I can show up as Sidney Greenstreet at an upcoming convention. The more I read about Baycons and other California cons, the more I want to go.

I remember talking to someone about the NASFiC/Tuckercon, can't remember who...they said that the con was a good time, but the vast majority of the people there had no idea who Tucker was, and that the convention did a poor job of telling them. Perhaps we all have done a poor job of explaining why fanhistory is important, but we have done what we can. At least some remembered him, and that may be all we can expect.

After reading Hope Leibowitz's Ditto report (she was very happy to be published!), she asks the question many of us ask...will there be another Ditto? Has anyone stepped forward to say they will? Was there any quasi-business meting at the Gualala Ditto to discuss this?

Chicken! (Hi, Sierra!)

James Bacon writes a very good con report. I think we all get to the point that if we're going to a particular con long enough, we'll be going to chat with friends, and the advertised guests become a secondary attraction. We have few fannish traditions here, but it is good to see that some old St. Fantasy items made the rounds at Novacon. A sense of, um, fantiquity?

As the TAFF delegate, Chris Garcia will be going to Orbital, the Natcon in March. If Chris and James link up, I predict they'd cut a swath through the con we'd be talking about for years. And James, congrats on your impending nuptials. Does Simoné know what she's getting herself into? I can wag my tongue about this because Yvonne and I are coming up on 25 years this coming May 28.

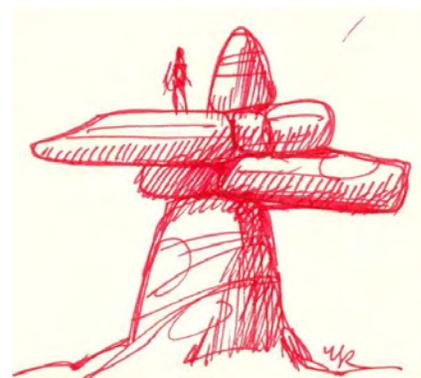
What's this Garcia guy talking about with gimmicky loccing? Is that what's he's doing? Hey, if that's his gimmick, who am I to complain one way or another? More locs, Chris, there's not enough feedback out there for all these zines.

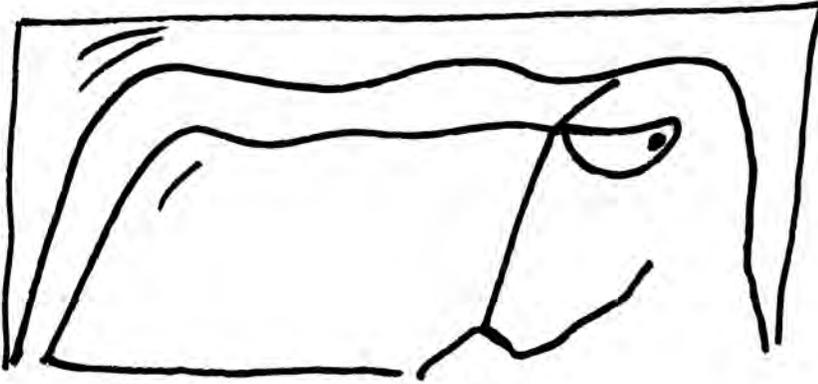
I can tell that Joseph Major has been scanning icanhascheezburger.com, mostly because it's a guilty pleasure of mine. I LMAO from time to time, too. Nothing wrong with cats and teh kittehs, acting up for the camera.

Behind the efforts of previous winners, CUFF sent a delegate to VCon this past October, and that delegate was Torcon 3 chairman Peter Jarvis. Now to see if he will produce a trip report. Peter was appointed the delegate because the previous CUFF winner failed to do anything after his attending the CanVention for that year.

The 2009 Worldcon...Yvonne and I and many others were surprised to see Montréal win, and after some discussions, we decided to go, and to offer our assistance. We weren't interested in being division heads, but Yvonne is working on space and science programming, and may also be working in finance. I've offered to run their fanzine lounge, but I'm not sure what will happen. Maybe I could work on the convention newsletter.

I haven't had much luck in the voiceover





sweepstakes lately, but I keep looking and sending out my voicework resume and voice samples. There might be the opportunity to narrate a new series of nature documentaries...I hope I get the chance.

Fold...I'm writing this up on my PDA and keyboard, taking a page from the Plokta Cabal's book. Many thanks for a paper copy, and I'll see you next issue. Think you might come to Corflu in the spring?

Sheryl Birkhead

Thank you for using the Canfield art. I tend to forget that there are several fannish generations that have no recollection of the wonderful artwork Grant gave to fandom.

It is always a wonder (so I should quit being surprised!) that fans who fill out their Hugo nomination ballot don't fill in **all** the blanks – spread the egoboo. You've got those blanks – use 'em! I have not seen the statistics for the professional awards, but I suspect more people fill in more blanks in those categories.... C'mon fans, use your power and nominate!

Hmmm, lifetime Hugo. There is a myriad of jokes about that, but they all boil down to what constitutes a lifetime? Obviously, waiting to make such an award posthumously would deprive the winner of any enjoyment in the presentation. True, the sentiment **seems** noble, but along with the problems you mention (especially insuring the presence of the winner in the audience) maybe we can be more inventive and come up with some other title or category. I cheerfully admit I have absolutely no idea how to go about this, but that is what committees are for!

Wow – looking at all the medical updates. All I can say is I am wishing us all a healthier year. Here's hoping that all the tests and rests mentioned come back negative.

I can't think of any other fanartist more deserving of the Rotsler Award than Terry Jeeves.

Kudos to Chester Cuthbert on finding a safe haven for his collection, while he can control its location.

The only sf award site that I have visited is the new Hugo site – and found it informative. Thanks to the caretakers (or whatever the appropriate term is) of this information.

Then there is the obituaries listing – we all have the same feelings of loss, but thank you for printing out the list.

My personal feeling about the Nippon 2007 Hugo is that it exemplifies the award...as a unique symbol for a unique convention. I liked the images I saw, but have to allow that maybe the actual base (in the "flesh") might not live up to the paper image.

Ah, seeing the mention of Denvention – I have their PR right here and need to slowly page through it to see what I should do. Nominate. Offer to send fillos. Only time will tell.

Capclave sounds enjoyable. I hesitate to do the math to figure when I attended my last con, but as one of the "local cons" it sounds as if (aside from the politics) it would be the easiest one to attend.

Tuckercon – a smooth type of convention. I hope this name will be attached to some annual event to remember the fan/man/author/friend.

John Purcell: About the Fan Artist Hugo (or often the fanwriter too!) read the description of qualifications for nomination. For the fanartist, it does not require that any of the artwork appearing has to be new, which is one reason that Bill Rotsler has continuously qualified every year since his death solely because his artwork continues to be published. Interestingly, fen did not nominate him even though his work continues to be a mainstay in some zines – and I like it that way. There was a similar case way back when, Tim Kirk. He even said he had not done any fan art after a nomination (and subsequent win, if I remember correctly) but his work appeared widely and he was qualified – if nominators wanted his name on the

ballot, then...

Every year after Worldcon there is a flurry of comments about the terrible choices made (frequently by those who do not nominate and/or vote) – but I tend to focus on the idea that if you don't like the outcome, figure out why and if it's a "problem" with the stated requirements, then focus on discussing that area and hope for changes to plug whatever loophole you think you've found. There is always the possibility that a potential nominee, who really does not feel qualified, would decline a nomination. As far as the fanartist award goes, without doing any heavy lifting, I think I can remember two times when a nomination was declined, primarily on the basis of competition (if that is the right terminology) where the fanartist was doing artwork for a local Worldcon (i.e., Worldcon members who saw only the PR's and nothing more would be exposed to their artwork, but not of any other fanartists.) I guess it boils down to trusting that nominators will understand the categories and the spirit of the awards. Please note that this is all subjective and my understanding is probably not what you understand and my feelings about the spirit of the awards is likely *not* the same as yours. It all comes down to meeting the qualifications as they stand for any year. Teddy Harvia has and does continue to meet the current requirements for nomination, and there can be a lot said for name recognition.

Tim Marion

I was really impressed with the covers, both before and after I realized (by reading the credits) that Grant Canfield did them. If Grant Canfield does art for only one fanzine a year, I'm glad it's File 770.

Also wanted to compliment you, believe it or not, on your new address sticker with the Chuck Jones cat --- I have only recently (and coincidentally) put a magnet (which has that cartoon cat image on it) up on the refrigerator. I like your sticker enough to actually remove it from the envelope and attempt to find some place to keep it!

I'm sorry you didn't print the item about Brian Burley being the first to generate computer address labels for fanzines in the late 60s / early 70s (*Locus*), but I acknowledge that there were many more important items that deserved to be mentioned (seriously). I will try to put this information into *So It Goes*, which I still have pipedreams about doing again.

William Breiding

In Hope Leibowitz's Ditto/Artcon report she

mentions “A guy no one knew” showing up on Friday night and returning again on Saturday. I give Steve Oliff credit for his courage at engaging the ingrown Ditto crowd. Steve Oliff, Steve Swenston and William Church are all artists who lived in Santa Rosa in the 1970s; they were all fans, but more involved with the “small press” side of horror and fantasy fiction, rather than fanzine fandom. Steve Oliff and crew were all really nice guys and very generous with their art. I used quite a bit of Steve Swenston’s and William Church’s stuff in *Starfire* #7, and some of Steve Oliff’s work as well. (Robert Lichtman, reach for your archives for wonderful examples!)

Joy V. Smith

I like Augie, the doggy from Australia (on the cover), but I’m always curious as to what the breed is. And the merman reminds me a bit of the alien in *Hellboy*, whom I really like.

Thanks for all the news, including the Hugo background, the fans in the California fires, the Terry Jeeves win (2007 Rotsler award) and other awards, plus all the other news in the SF and fandom worlds. I’d love to see *Li’l Abner*, btw.

Congratulations to Diana on the success of *The Company They Keep!* (I’m impressed. Marketing isn’t easy and reaching librarians really helps.) I enjoyed the background in the excerpt; that was really interesting about Lewis and Tolkien.

I enjoyed John Hertz’ Westercon report. Among other things, the Masquerade and Art Show sounded like a lot of fun. I enjoyed the other con reports and news also. The location of Mythcon sounded lovely, and thanks for including the incident with the squirrel “waiting for the next Fortean downpour of nuts.” Oh, and I liked the quote from the Harry Potter panel, “Of Draco Malfoy, someone said that by the end of the book ‘he has figured out that evil was not as much fun as he thought it would be.’”

And thanks for mentioning *Why Won’t Anyone Play with Me?*

Sheryl Birkhead

[Loc on Issue #150] Ah my, how nice it looks to see the gently colored cover – thank you. Slick, so to speak. Of course, also my thanks to Jennifer Gates and hoping to see more of her work in the future.

I am glad that Harry Warner Jr.’s collection is safe, at least for the time being. I look forward to seeing whatever books (etc.) come from their use the current owner,

James Halpern, and perhaps, Jerry Weist. I think what interests me most, at this point, is seeing what use non-active fen will have for these zines. Please correct me if I am wrong about Mr. Halpern’s fan status. Someone asked me where Harry’s Hugos were, but I have absolutely no idea.

In an ish of her zine Laurraine Tuihasi showed the tentative floorplans of their retirement home. I asked her what the scale was since it looked to be huge – and she said she was working on scaling it down a bit. I hope to see what the finalized version looks like!

Your comments about Scalzi might also be extended to the fanartist category, albeit it a little less dramatically. As long as the output (be it written or artistic) meets the letter of the description, then the nomination is valid. It doesn’t matter what we *think* – if it’s valid, the nomination stands. They key here is to locate the loopholes and patch them. Contrary to the Scalzi quote you give, my personal opinion is that nominating well-known pros for the fanwriter category makes it *less* competitive (i.e., more name recognition for those who have not read fan “stuff”) rather than more so. *[You are right, of course.]*

Brad Foster’s little *LOCSzine* project is now a *fait accompli* – he mentions that getting a group of fanartists to do something is akin to herding cats. He did a fine herding job.

I think Brad is right about attempting to preserve the original look (said to say, not necessary feel) of the zine. In light of some crashes at sites that showcased fan-important information, I can only hope there was a second copy – or at least there were some tough lessons learned. Maybe “we” need something similar to a Library of Congress where a reference copy of any item of interest (and who would decide that?) is housed, in case there out-there-web-copy has a problem. Just an idea.

Personally, I just enjoy any and all Canfield art – whether it has been seen before or not. It also means that some fen who have never been exposed to his genius will experience it for the first time. Thank you for printing (or reprinting, as the case may be) Grant’s art!

I may have mentioned it before, but during the years at the farm address we actually had seven (I think) address changes – first rural route number changes, then RR box number changes, then a plethora of zip code changes as the area’s population mushroomed. I don’t think that anyone ever actually asked if we had physically moved – just duly made note of the alteration.

Robert Lichtman – yeah, house prices (at least the assessed value) here are ridiculous.

My brick Rambler/Rancher (whatever the current term is for one story – this one plus basement) was just reassessed (total to kick in two years from now to soften the tripling of the property tax) at \$504,000. Sheesh – a 37-year-old, away from the mainstream population, on a well/septic house – ya gotta be kidding!

WSFA Wind-up

[Last year I carelessly opened the door to WSFA political controversies in the File 770 letter column. I’m sorry about it. I have been looking for a fair way to close the subject without arbitrarily refusing to print letters of comment people have sent in good faith. Someone made a suggestion that will finally let me wind up the topic in these pages. I copied everybody’s latest round of WSFA-related comments to the people involved and set a deadline for receiving any more comments. Now I will excuse File 770 from further exchanges about past matters. In the future when anything controversial comes up about WSFA which really needs to be published, I will do what I should have done in the first place, vet any comments with the help of whoever is involved.]

Alexis Gilliland

Thank you for *File 770:151*, which appears on Grant Canfield’s cover is what, 14 point type? You could have at least used bold face on it. Grant’s back cover probably misrepresents the hunting style of the velociraptor, who appears to be tiptoeing up, cat style, on the unsuspecting tourist. More likely it would have come charging out of the bushes to deliver a disabling stroke with one or both of its powerful hind claws. Nicely drawn, but the velociraptor is way too static. Given that none of Canfield’s stuff has been dated, might it be current, as in, have you talked him out of retirement? *[Alas, no. All the Canfield material was sent at the time he won the Rotsler Award, with permission to exhibit and publish. I believe nearly all of it has previously appeared in other fanzines.]*

And speaking of fan artists, it’s nice to see Jeeves getting the 2007 Rotsler Award. He’s been doing good work since, uh, since time immemorial.

My current medical update is that on December 5th my psa tested 0.1, which is excellent, and my next appointment is in June. So far, so good. I enjoyed the con reports, which I read after the obituaries. One hopes that the Harry Warner Jr. collection of fanzines will wind up archived somewhere. My own web-



site is moving, but slowly, slowly, as Lee is using Photoshop to clean up the images cut from fanzines. It might be substantially complete by the time Lunacon rolls around. Did I mention the discovery of another five boxes of fanzines (29 boxes just became 34) in the attic? Lee thinks we could end up with maybe 10,000 cartoons. Well, better to have them up on the web that moldering in some library's archive.

In the Fanivore, Keith Lynch refutes Martin Morse Wooster's claim that he, Keith, "loudly rejoined WSFA," by saying that (a) he resigned, (b) he has not rejoined, and (c) he has not attended any WSFA meeting since 2005, all of which I will concede to be true. However, I don't think Martin made anything up, either. So Martin and Keith can perhaps be reconciled by the careful definition of "WSFA meeting." Martin evidently defines it as the whole Friday get together, while Keith explicitly defines it as the gavel to gavel meetings in which the club's business is conducted. Perhaps what Martin heard was Keith celebrating the fact that he was enlivening the otherwise boring après WSFA meeting party with his genial presence. How about it Keith, have you been going to parties after the WSFA meeting proper? To Tim Marion I submit that (a) *File 770* is not a proper forum for discussing WSFA politics, and (b) you are a kibitzer rather than a player. If you were really interested you could write me a letter. That should do for now.

Ted White

It appears that WSFA nonsense has a lot of staying power in F:770's lettercol. I see Alexis Gilliland (who has never responded in your pages – or elsewhere – to my letters or

Keith Lynch's debunking his statements), now has the following to say:

"Martin Morse Wooster has taken it upon himself to be your correspondent in resident on the subject of WSFA, even though my sources tell me he hasn't been to a WSFA meeting for quite some time. I don't doubt that he is quoting what Keith said on Keith's so-called WSFA list, but if Martin had taken the trouble to check his facts, he would have learned that Keith is not currently a member of WSFA, and that the club is considering legal action to make him stop using WSFA in the name of his list."

Let's start at the top. Martin Morse Wooster has not attended a WSFA meeting for almost as long as his vow not to speak to me (for which I thank him), which he says dates back 25 years. Not since some time in the '80s, at any rate. So "quite some time" is almost an understatement. And it makes Martin's pronouncements on anything having to do with WSFA suspect. At best, they are based on second-hand gossip.

Just in passing, let me say that I renewed my WSFA dues this month, making this the fourth year in a row that I've been a paid-up member of the club. Nyah, nyah, Alexis.

Alexis himself has never been a member of either Keith's "so-called WSFA list," or the new official (Yahoo-hosted) WSFA list, which was created after Keith left the club. Neither is Martin. Neither one of them has any idea what has been said on either list, their lofty pronouncements to the contrary notwithstanding.

That said, it follows that Wooster did *not* accurately quote what Keith said, and Alexis is correct that, as Keith also points out, Keith did not rejoin the club, "loudly" or otherwise. However, Alexis is flat wrong about the notion that "that the club is considering legal action to make him [Keith] stop using

WSFA in the name of his list."

In fact Alexis's letter here was quoted and discussed on that list, and there was complete agreement among the club's members and officers that there has been absolutely no consideration of any such action. The club still uses Keith's list (some members post simultaneously to both lists), and has no objections to its name, since participation on the list is restricted to past and present WSFAns. I believe you have received or will receive a letter from the club to this effect.

Alexis's pronouncements and broadsides (selectively circulated both inside and outside of WSFA – he's never sent them to me, despite attacking me in them for pages at a time) have earned him a lot of condemnation in WSFA. People who liked and respected him for years just shake their heads about him now. People are a sorry to have lost him, but regret his departure less and less as he continues to spread disinformation and venom about the club. No one appears to regret his wife's departure from the club.

His insistence that he be "invited" to local conventions like Capclave and Balticon is of a piece with his treatment of the fanzines from which he scanned his art for his website, which he cut up with X-acto blades (rather than unstapling them or just folding them over to do the scans): a general contempt for the things of fandom and an elevated sense of his own importance relative to them.

Like me, Alexis is a pro has-been. He hasn't had a book published in years. He has several Hugos for his fan art, but none of them recent. He thinks he's some sort of celebrity in the SF field, but the current crop of readers and fans has never heard of him. His activity in fandom in recent years has been minimal. He has never been any part of on-line fandom and has resisted all efforts in that direction from well-meaning friends.

"Invitations are necessary, but not sufficient," he says. Why should *anyone* invite him to a convention? Don't most of us go to see old friends and make new friends? Does this require an invitation? Does Alexis see himself as some sort of Heinlein-esque Grand Old Man, upon whom we should all be waiting, hand and foot?

Time for the man to wake up.

Keith Lynch

In *File 770 #151*, Alexis Gilliland writes, "I don't doubt that he [Martin Morse Wooster] is quoting what Keith said on Keith's so-called WSFA list, but if Martin had taken the trouble to check his facts, he would have learned that Keith is not currently a member of WSFA, and that the club is considering

legal action to make him stop using WSFA in the name of his list.”

Nobody has asked me to shut down or change the name of the email list I established for WSFA six years ago. WSFA's vice-president, and several other members, have confirmed that the club has never considered legal action against me. Nor is there any mention of anything like that in the club meeting minutes, which are online for all to see at wsfa.org.

I kept the list running after leaving the club as a personal favor to several WSFAns who prefer my list to the new official YahooGroups list which was established shortly after I resigned from the club in 2005. Ted White, who is on both lists, says my list gets more usage than the official list.

Neither Alexis nor Martin has ever been a subscriber to my list (though both, being former WSFAns, are welcome to subscribe). Needless to say, I did not claim on the list, or anywhere else, that I was rejoining WSFA. And no, I have not been to either WSFA meeting place since I left WSFA in 2005, either during a meeting or at any other time. If Alexis wants to know where Martin got the idea that I was rejoining, he should ask Martin, as I have no idea.

In an upcoming letter, Alexis says, “*File 770* is not a proper forum for discussing WSFA politics.” If he thinks so, and doesn't want non-WSFAns to comment, why did he start, with his (grossly inaccurate) letter in issue 146? This was not only the first mention of WSFA's recent “politics” in *File 770*, but the first anywhere outside of WSFA that I know of. Others responded in the same venue only to correct his many misstatements in that letter and in his letters in subsequent issues of this fanzine.

Martin Morse Wooster

In response to Alexis Gilliland, I haven't attended a WSFA meeting since 1998. WSFA used to say that people who bought Disclave memberships were non-voting WSFA members. In 1998 they changed this rule and I haven't been to a WSFA meeting since. I know WSFAns respect the fact that I have never crashed their exclusive, members-only meetings. I don't see myself as a “WSFA reporter,” I write about the conventions I go to and since Capclave is the local convention that's the one I write about.

I don't know how many issues of *File 770* it will take to end the thread about Alexis Gilliland's secret 2006 WSFA-bashing fanzine. But since Tim Marion brings it up, let me state as clearly as possible that I was shown the zine by a source and read all of it. Gilliland did not give me his fanzine. More-

over, I chose not to write about the conventions of the zine because I thought Gilliland's charges were silly and not worth repeating.

What White calls “second-hand gossip” I call reporting. And for the record, since I'm not a member of WSFA I've never seen any statement on any WSFA internal list. I do read the *WSFA Journal*, but that's posted online.

Greg Benford raises charges about Julie Phillips that seem unfair. It takes between 3-5 years for the CIA to declassify documents. You can't just call up and get someone in Langley to make you a copy of something. Maybe Phillips filed a Freedom of Information Act and is still waiting for a response. If I were her, I wouldn't change her book just because Greg Benford passed on unconfirmed rumors. (And Phillips won a National Book Award, not a Pulitzer.)

We Also Heard From

Mike Rogers: Want to wish Andy Porter the best on fighting the liver cancer. As he says, in that kind of situation you are well advised to live for the present. I have sometimes told myself I should live like that. On the other hand, it is difficult to worry only about the present if you do not actually have that kind of health issue.

The Lewis and Tolkien articles are especially interesting since I am now a conservative Anglican and like to read Lewis when time allows. One wonders if modern society still has giants such as these men. If so, they do a fair job of hiding themselves.

Henry Welch: Thanks for the latest *File 770*. I am still amazed at all the fannish news you report that I never hear about any other way. I am not really that well connected, but still...

As usual a fine selection of con reports

and the unfortunate set of obituaries.

Michael J. Walsh: You mentioned in the just arrived *File 770* of meeting your first descendent of one of the Mayflower families. You're probably incorrect if you've ever met Ed Bryant.

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