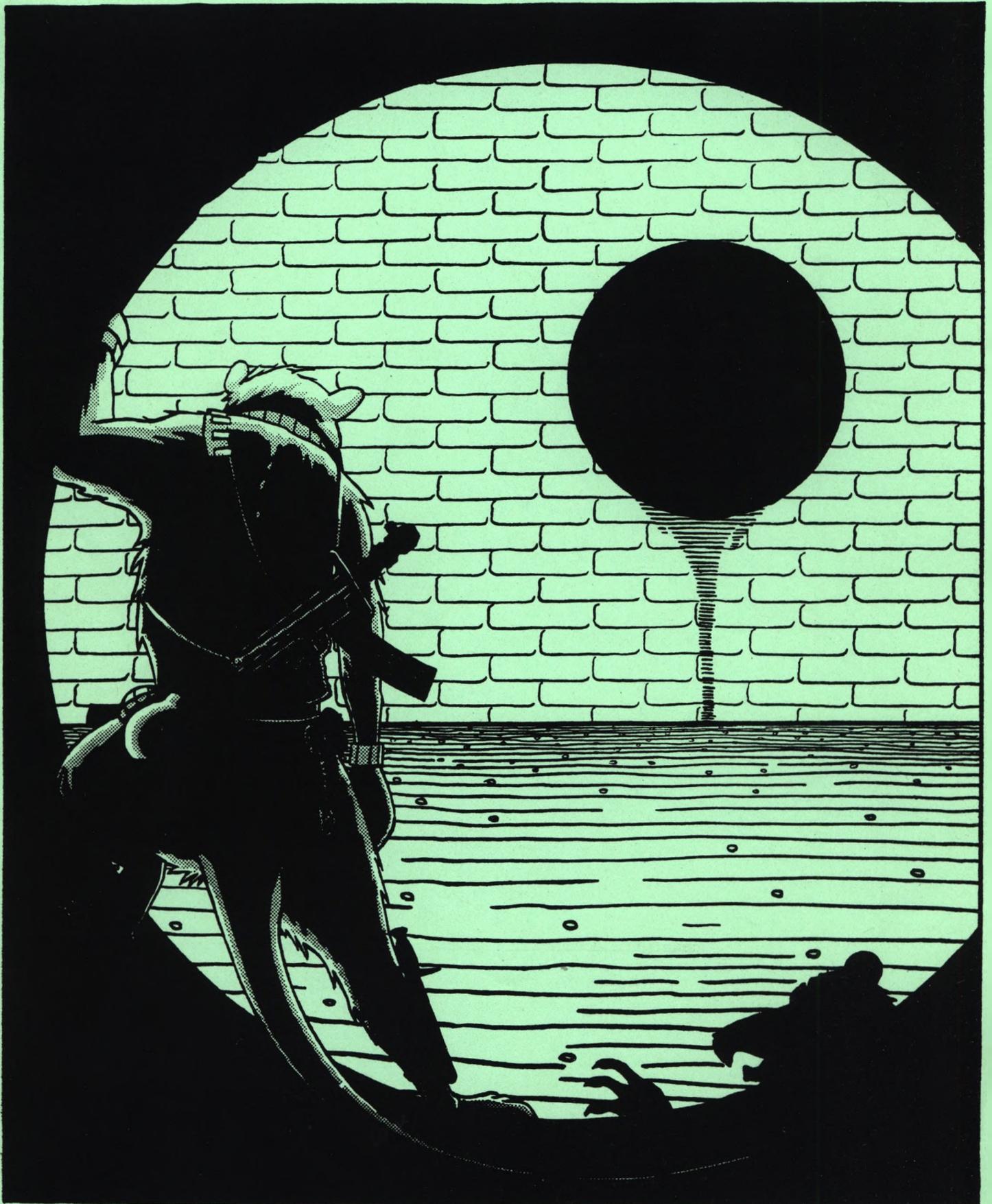


FILE 770: 114



Headline News of Fandom



Surgery Successful: Willis Moves Faster... and Farther!

Walt Willis sent *File 770* a letter in early August announcing the good news: "I am out of the hospital just under a week now, and the operation was a complete success, having almost completely removed the pain from walking. My only remaining problem is the muscle wastage resulting from several months enforced immobility. I'll have to see what exercise can do to correct it, though my GP is not optimistic."

Earlier this year, Willis entered the hospital expecting surgery to correct

his spinal stenosis, a narrowing of the gap in the lower backbone through which pass all the muscles and nerves which operate the legs and the lower body. This constriction causes acute sciatica and numbness. However, physicians decided not to do the difficult and dangerous operation after observing that bed rest halted the worsening condition. Willis wrote to *File 770* upon his release, "I can now get up the stairs on my own two feet, whereas before I had to go up on my hands and knees, and down on my bottom, and as you see I can now hobble over to the Amstrad."

Wondering why the surgery had been done after all, I contacted Geri Sullivan who explained: "Communication difficulties led to [Walt's] long hospitalization earlier this year. After he got

back home, he wrote a letter to the consultant, which seemed to do the trick and they scheduled him for surgery to widen the aperture."

Willis' latest letter included a surprising change of address, to **9 Alexandra Road, Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 0QD**. He writes, "Please note and publish this change of address, our first for 31 years. You are the first in fandom to be told of it, except of course for James White. It's only about 100 yards from our former house, as you might guess from the marginal change in our post code. It's a modern bungalow, and we are still trying to adjust to its various newfangled inventions, like a computer controlled security system, a halogen stove and a garbage destruction sink."

Walt and Madeleine must also adjust to a smaller place. Walt ends his letter: "This is my first attempt at fanac since long before my operation and I consider myself lucky to have found your letter among the debris involved in trying to get the gallon of detritus from 32 WR into the pint pot of 9 AR."

TAFF Winner Martin Tudor On The Way

England's Martin Tudor and his bride Helena will arrive in Las Vegas on August 22 to start their TAFF tour of North America at Toner, a gathering of Vegrants, zine fans, and fannish types in general. When the weekend's over, Martin and Helena plan to cadge a ride to L.A.con III.

They're arriving loaded down with auction material to sell on behalf of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. Martin promises, "My touting around for auction material has paid off with a

File 770 114

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File 770 is available for news, artwork, arranged trades, or by subscription. Subscriptions cost \$8 for 5 issues, \$15 for 10 issues, mailed first class in North America or surface mail rates overseas. Air printed matter rate is available for \$2.50 per issue.

Fanzine Therapy: I'm finishing this issue on Tuesday, August 20. Takumi and Sachiko Shibano arrive tomorrow morning, and when I meet their plane it all begins. Lights! Camera! Hugos!

Art Credits:

Craig Hilton: Cover
Alan White: 3, 5, 8
Brad Foster: 2
Bill Rotsler: 4, 7, 18, 22

pile of very good stuff (*23rds*; *Second Hand Waves*; Eric Bentcliffe's 1960 TAFF trip report; a hand-colored, framed and covered Don West Print; plus various others). In addition to these I've donated my entire fanzine collection (16 years worth) so there should be plenty not only for the auction at Toner, but L.A.con, and even enough left over for Dan Steffan to sell later." There is a "united fan funds" auction planned for L.A.con III on Saturday, August 31 at 4:00 p.m. in the convention center (C1), with the proceeds benefitting TAFF and DUFF. Participants include Tudor, DUFF winner Perry Middlemiss, Andrew P. Hooper and Spike Parsons. (Earlier the same day, John Foyster, Perry Middlemiss, Len Moffatt, Martin Tudor will talk about fan funds in general.)

Anyone interested in donating fanzines for auction should bring them to Martin at Toner or L.A.con III, or contact him at home: 24 Ravensbourne Grove, off Clarkes Lane, Willenhall, West Midlands, WV13 1HX U.K. "I'm particularly interested in tracking down copies of the rarer British fanzines, such as Phil Palmer's *Chocolates of Lust*; fanzines of the Sandy Brown/Jimmy Robertson/Alan Ferguson period; Pickersgill's *Rastus Johnson's Cakewalk*; Ashley's *Saliromania*, etc."

Martin and Helena will head for San Francisco on September 2. If you can volunteer to drive them from Las Vegas to Anaheim, or from Anaheim to San Francisco, contact someone who can get the word to Martin -- which includes me (72557.1334@compuserve.com).

The Tudors will fly on September 5 from San Francisco to Seattle; on September 9 from Seattle to Washington DC; and on Friday September 13 they'll fly home. "This date strikes me as a bit dodgy, but them's the breaks," says Martin.



GUFF Race on Hold

GUFF is (depending on the direction in which the winner is being sent) the Get Up-and-over Fan Fund or the Going Under Fan Fund. Fund officials Ian Gunn, Karen Pender-Gunn, Eva Hauser and Joseph Nicholas are waiting on the 1999 Worldcon site selection vote to see whether Australia or Croatia wins before announcing the next GUFF race. In their April flyer they explained:

"Should Australia win, then it would clearly make sense for the next southbound race to be timed accordingly -- but that would mean either leaving matters GUFFish in abeyance for another two or three years, to the possible detriment of fundraising and other publicity for the Fund; or trying to fit another northbound race between now and then, which could leave the Fund too impoverished to pay more than the basic travel costs of the eventual southbound winner in 1999. Of course, if Australia loses the Worldcon bid this August then these problems will promptly disappear, and we can get on with organizing a southbound race to (say) the 1997 Australian National Convention."

L.A.con III Preview Pages



An Interview With The Chairman

When I hear a Worldcon chairman say, "Things are fine, people are working their tails off to make this the best Worldcon ever, it's great when a plan comes together," it makes my nose wrinkle up. Chairmen try to sell me this story every year when I ask how the Worldcon is coming along. Any more, the last person I expect to get real news from is a Worldcon chairman. Will L.A.con III's Mike Glycer change my luck by giving me some juicy tidbits for publication?

File 770: (Note the highly professional technique of deleting the interviewer's name and inserting the name of the magazine.) We know the road to every Worldcon is strewn with controversy. Tell us the truth.

Mike Glycer: Controversies? You bet. Something anyone would find interesting? Before I became chairman, I used to assume that any Worldcon controversy was inherently interesting. Instead, practically all of the things that have gotten my committee upset would bore your socks off. They're conflicts we needed to deal with, intensified by stress.

File 770: What good is a behind-the-scenes interview if you won't describe the scenes?

Mike Glycer: Oh, I can tell you some good "behind-the-scenes" stories about things that aren't going to happen at the con. (Let's agree that any surprises we've actually managed to pull off shouldn't be ruined by my blabbing them prematurely.) For example, Gary Louie worked very hard designing the exhibit area around The Large Item one of our connections in aerospace tried to borrow for the con: the DC-X

rocket. It was one of the things James White told us he wanted to learn more about while he was in America. Somebody thought they'd bring the mountain to Mohammed this time. Finally, the company decided against loaning it to us. Just as well -- later then the DC-X tipped over and burned on landing. Maybe Gary will get them to loan us a few scorched pieces.

File 770: Getting the DC-X was a long-shot, for sure. What else isn't going to happen at L.A.-con?

Mike Glycer: Last year Sierra On-Line said they would fly Arthur C.

Clarke to L.A.con to promote one of their projects, if his health permitted. Can you imagine putting him together with James White on a program? People would have remembered that always. Unfortunately, Sierra not only told us Clarke couldn't come, they didn't even arrange the promised alternative -- a live phone interview, as he has done at several Worldcons. There might be a good excuse, but in fact, they didn't tell us what it is.

File 770: Aren't there any surprises you're willing to reveal?

Mike Glycer: Here's one surprise that may or may not come off. The curator of one of these Mars rocks that's in the headlines is talking to Craig Miller about maybe bringing in a sample for display.

File 770: What do you say about charges that this is a stunt to win publicity for an underfunded NASA spaceprobe?

Those rocks were found eight years ago, after all. Isn't the timing suspicious?

Mike Glycer: Do you think so? If it is, I like Matthew Tepper's theory that NASA isn't imaginative enough to have thought of such a stunt. He's sure it's the people promoting the movie *Mars Attacks!* who are really behind it.

File 770: The last L.A.con was the largest Worldcon ever. Will you sell 2600 memberships at the door again?

Mike Glycer: I hope so. But if you ask me seriously, I think the regional economy is too damaged by the defense cuts and people aren't likely to join at the last minute at these prices. I hadn't taken that seriously until the 1994 Westercon drew a thousand less people than we expected.

File 770: So the 1994 Westercon changed your thinking?

Mike Glycer: After that con I never had another conversation with Bruce Pelz about setting a ceiling for number of memberships we'd be willing to sell to the Worldcon. We used to debate: is 16,000 too many? Is 10,000 too few? But for the last two years we've been anxious about the size of our room block in the Hilton. If members didn't take enough rooms, we'd owe a lot more than the \$24,000 penalty we expected to pay. Would you believe that, the end, we almost sold out the Hilton block? Now the function space there is free. We may have to pay the Marriott something, but it'll be a lot less than the Hilton penalty would have been.

File 770: I know that one of your least favorite memories of NOLAcon is the revelation during the gripe session that there were staff t-shirts, and they had been sitting in a box in the chairman's room all weekend. Will L.A.con III have staff t-shirts?

Mike Glycer: There are t-shirts for

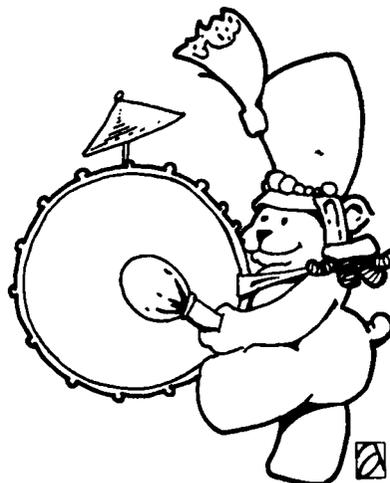
volunteers working the required number of hours, of course. We decided against staff t-shirts. To the extent we have a surplus after the con, we'll be able to refund memberships to the committee and staff. And since that's worth a lot more than the cost of a t-shirt, we're hoping to give them that benefit instead.

File 770: Right now you're breaking even?

Mike Glycer: We're breaking even on the assumption there are no at-the-door memberships. Obviously there will be some, but you can't count on too many. Which in the hindsight of Labor Day weekend may sound ridiculous. But until the end of July we were cutting the budget, trying to break even. Then we got help from a combination of Souvenir Book ad revenue, a surge of July 31 deadline memberships, and enough bookings in the Hilton to freeing up the penalty money in the budget. We're using that money to do more things at the con, like adding \$7,000 back to the Con Suite budget and carpeting the main aisles in Hall A.

File 770: One last question. What piece of advice would you give to future Worldcon chairmen?

Mike Glycer: One thing former Worldcon chairmen love is to give advice. The best advice I've gotten so far is a short and simple promise: **This, too, shall pass.**



L.A. Worldcon Scrapbook

When I was writing the Chairman's Message for our Souvenir Book, Bruce Pelz loaned me program books from the first four Los Angeles Worldcons. I've known most of these pirates, er, characters, er gentlemen, ever since I got into fandom and it was fun to see what they wrote way back when.

Walter J. Daugherty, Director of Pacificon, the 1946 Worldcon, wrote, "Every fan who has sent in his dollar for membership in the 4th World Science Fiction Convention Society has my thanks for his support in making this convention possible. Over 50% of the expenses of the convention were met by their dollars." One dollar Worldcon memberships!

Chairwoman Anna Sinclair Moffatt did not write a greeting for the Solacon (1958 Worldcon) program book. But her editor, Jim Wilson, wrote a long preface about how to navigate the hotel, ending: "Lost? Sit down. The committee and I will join you."

In 1972 the Sixties were fresh in memory, and Charles Crayne and Bruce Pelz, co-chairmen of L.A.Con I, wrote: "As you enjoy yourself, please follow these twin rules: Do nothing which will offend your neighbor -- and do not be easily offended yourself. The hotel will tolerate your unconventional behavior if you keep your cool, but don't flaunt it, and do not break the law. The guards are on our side. They are there to keep out the mundanes -- but please wear your badge so they will know that YOU belong."

And L.A.con II co-chairmen, Craig Miller and Milt Stevens, wrote a message that ends, "Enjoy. Or we'll break your knees and leave you in the desert." And had the greeting translated into four other languages. One of them was Elvish.

How many people actually read a Chairman's Greeting? It may be better not to know. But I'm sure who one of them will be, if there's ever an L.A.con IV!

Editing the Worldcon's *In Memoriam List*

Then there are other features in a Souvenir Book that are too important to leave up to the chairman (he grinned). We're very fortunate to have had George Flynn providing the official WSFS documents (also, proofing *The White Papers*), and Kevin Standlee vetting the Worldcon History List. Any mistakes that in the printed version will be our fault, for George and Kevin worked very hard to be completely accurate.

I personally handled one project that, in this worst year ever for the loss of beloved members of our community, needed extra attention: the *In Memoriam List*. Bruce Pelz, Drew Sanders and I started gathering information six months ago. I circulated later versions of the list throughout fandom, trying not to overlook anyone.

Some of the online discussion prompted me to explain why certain choices have been made in the list's inclusiveness and style of presentation.

It's easy to become ambitious about this kind of history. Instead of just a list of names, I think real obituaries would be a wonderful addition to a Worldcon program book, and I thought seriously about doing them for the L.A.con III book. When I fully considered what it would take to get proper, original obits for everyone on the list, I decided that Intersection's style of one-word labels really was a better choice. Here are my reasons.

If you're willing to run paraphrases or

reprints, you can draw on the major newzines' obituaries for about half of the people on the list. Possibly for the same reason that Gary Farber told me he finds one-word labels "appallingly insulting", I felt that distilling to a usable length the already abbreviated details in these obituaries would produce a mournfully inadequate result in proportion to the time required by the task.

For most of the rest of the people listed, the sketchy details available would yield something like, "Kathy Good, died of cancer in November 1995. Member of LASFS for half-a-dozen years." You all know a lot of death notices in newzines devote as much space to a person's last disease as to everything else they did in their life. This is no great improvement over a one-word label. (And, as the *Locus* version of Curt Clemmer's obituary shows, a short obituary can be a lot worse than a one-word label.)

I think that Ben Yalow's term "science fiction community" truly captures the egalitarian attitude of fans and pros involved in Worldcons and other mainstream fan conventions. So -- I could easily winnow out "major figures" from the list and write about them extensively and leave everyone else on the list looking like a footnote, but that would really violate our values in a context where they should definitely be honored.

An obvious advantage to longer obits is that it becomes apparent why people are on the list. I could explain adding Bessie Delany to the list as an homage to last year's GoH: presumably the same reason *Locus* and *SFC* published her obituary. She was quite a remarkable person. Despite her many achievements, I doubt her passing would otherwise be mentioned in sf newzines. Unfortunately, longer obits will magnify a tendency already present among connoisseurs of Worldcon publications to think it's an important field-defining matter who you put on the list. This is

not the occasion to debate the definition of science fiction. Better to make the mistake of being inclusive than exclusive.

Finally, there's a practical matter of how many pages of a Souvenir Book should be dedicated to obituaries, especially in contrast to the limited space budgeted for other equally worthy subjects as Worldcon history, guest introductions, etc. Think of the space it would take to write five or ten lines about everyone on this In Memoriam list.

More L.A.con III Warmup:

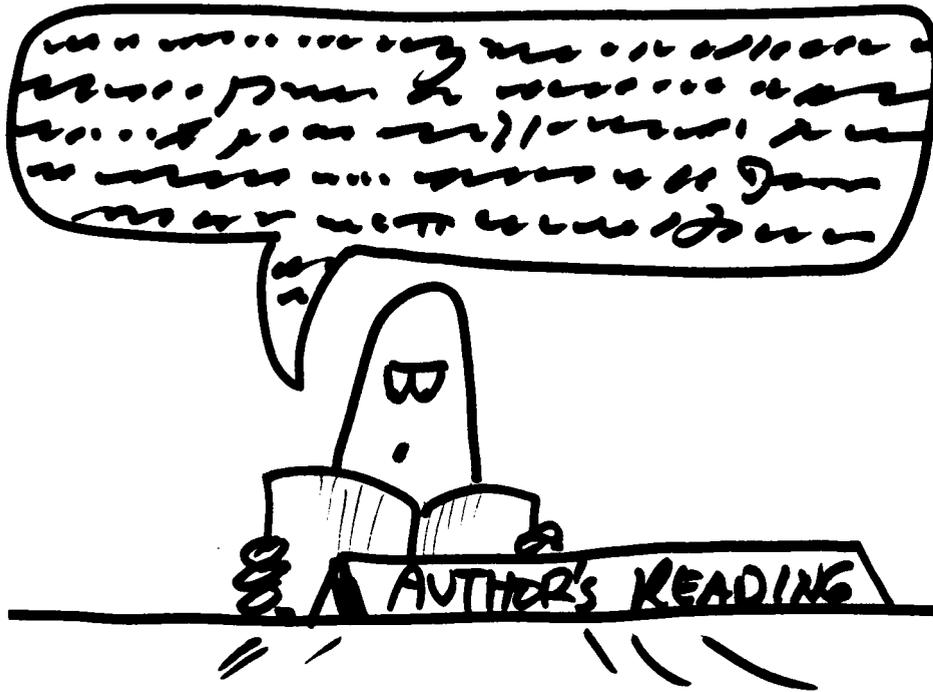
The Fan Lounge

Setting aside a chunk of the budget for the Fan Lounge was one of the first things we did when the committee started making plans three years ago. But money only makes a difference if it's in the hands of superb faanish hosts like Geri Sullivan, Don Fitch and all the other fans they've recruited.

The Fan Lounge will be on the 4th floor of the Hilton, in the Huntington Room. It opens at 10 a.m. and stays open late thanks to all the fans who have volunteered to run special events and "The Usual" in the lounge all weekend.

The hosts include: Geri Sullivan, Don Fitch, Jeff Schalles, Robert Lichtman, Chaz Baden, Blars Blarson, Doug Faunt, James White, Tom Becker, Martin Tudor, Karen Schaffer, Mike Ward, William Rotsler, Doug Friauf, Perry Middlemiss, Pat and Roger Sims, Christina Lake, Dick and Nicki Lynch, Bruce Pelz.

The Fan Lounge will also host the launch party for two James White books being released at L.A.con III. On Sunday afternoon, Tor Books, the NESFA Press and L.A.con III will



sponsor a two hour party honoring these milestones. Speaking of *The White Papers*....

The White Papers

Finished copies of *The White Papers*, the James White guest of honor book for L.A.con III, arrived at LASFS last Thursday. A first edition always feels like a new baby in my hands, anyway, as I instinctively look for a way to hold it without hurting it. This baby is delivered by the NESFA Press. It boasts a Rick Sternbach cover showing Sector General as seen from space, sparkling white against a background of inky blue. (The art originally saw service as a paperback cover).

What an excellent collection Mark Olson and Bruce Pelz have prepared as a tribute to our guest of honor, and how well it presents White's contributions as a pro and fan. Some of White's best short stories are included (such as Hugo-nominee "Custom Fitting"), as is some of his finest fanzine writing. The editors have even reprinted illos

originally used with some articles.

Last Thursday was also my first chance to read Gary Louie's commentary about White's alien classification system. I've watched Gary working on the project at his laptop computer at every odd moment for years, even during LASFS Board of Directors meetings. Gary went through all the Sector General stories (including the novel which will be released at the Worldcon) and listed the aliens White had created. I'm delighted that everyone will have an opportunity to learn what he discovered. Here is a list of what's in the book:

Introductory Material: *Introduction* by Mike Resnick, *James White* by Walt Willis, *An Introduction to Real Virtuality* by Bruce Pelz.

Fiction: *Custom Fitting*, *Commuter*, *House Sitter*, *Sanctuary*, *Christmas Treason*, *The Secret History of Sector General*, *Accident*, *Medic*, *Countercharm*, *Visitor at Large*. **Fanwriting:** *The Last Time I Saw Harris*, *The Beacon*, *The Not-So-Hot Gospeller*, *The*

Long Afternoon of Harrogate, *The History of IF #3*, *The Quinze-y Report*, *Fester on the Fringe*, *The Exorcists of IF*, *The Unreal George Affair*.

Other Material: *Sector General Timeline*, and *The Classification System* by Gary Louie

Changes of Address

Snail Mail Division

Gary Farber, 922 East 15th Street, #3B, Brooklyn, NY 11230-3752, (718) 951-6130

Rick Katze, 600 Lansdowne St. #101, Norwood, MA 02162

Jerry and Suzle Kaufman, 3522 N.E. 123rd Street, Seattle, WA 98125; (206) 367-8898

R'ykandar Korra'ti, Low Orbit Publications, 5038 20th Ave. NE Nr. 1, Seattle, WA 98105-3300

Mark and Hilarie Riley, 13440 Uplander St. NW, Andover, MN 55304

Jon Singer, 10402 SE 16th St., Bellevue, WA 98004-7142

Fran Skene, 109 - 8460 Jellicoe St., Vancouver B.C. Canada V5S 4S8; (604) 433-8817

Kevin Standlee, P.O. Box 64128, Sunnyvale, CA 94088-4128

Milt Stevens, 6325 Keystone St., Simi Valley, CA 93063; (805) 527-9097

Erwin S. Strauss, 13107-B Autumn Woods Way, Fairfax, VA 22033; (703) 449-1276

Walt and Madeleine Willis, 9 Alexandra Road, Donaghadee, BT21 0QD, N. Ireland

E-Mail Division

Lisa Deutsch Harrigan, new e-mail address: lisa@harrigan.org

Georges Giguere, new e-mail address (yorg@tic.ab.ca)

"If you don't want to see people bursting into flames, don't look out the windows." — William Rotzler on Las Vegas in August

News in SF



Science Fiction Writer Jo Clayton Ill by Jim Fiscus (circulated online August 2)

Science Fiction and Fantasy writer Jo Clayton was taken to Emanuel Hospital in Portland, Oregon, July 29 after a fall. X-rays revealed a broken hip and multiple myeloma, a cancer of the bone marrow (plasma cells). She is now in Good Samaritan Hospital in Portland.

Clayton may owe her life to the SF community on Genie, a nationwide computer bulletin board. Some days before she entered the hospital, Clayton reported her fall on-line and that Portland's high temperatures were holding around 100 degrees. Los Angeles writer Deborah Wheeler and San Francisco writer Katherine Kerr, realized that Clayton had not posted for several days. Wheeler asked Portland writer Mary Rosenblum to check on Clayton's condition. Rosenblum found the injured Clayton and began the rescue operation.

While it is still too early for a prognosis, long-term remissions of multiple myeloma are not uncommon, and new drug therapies allow repair of much of the damage done to bones by the cancer following successful chemotherapy.

Clayton responded rapidly to treatment of anemia and dehydration and is resting well. She is continuing to plot future novels. She has been delighted by the expressions of love and support she has received from friends, fans, and fellow pros.

Jo Clayton is the author of 34 novels and many short stories. She's written in both the fantasy and the SF genres. She is perhaps her best known SF work is the "The Diadem" series (from DAW), in which the Diadem is an artifact that becomes part of a person's mind. Jo Clayton's writing is marked by complex, beautifully realized societies set in exotic worlds, lyrical prose, and compelling heroines. Not counting sales of her latest book, *Drum Warning*, Clayton's works have sold over 1,250,000 copies. *Drum Warning* was published as a hardcover by Tor in June: it is the first book in the Drums of Chaos trilogy.

Clayton is determined to finish the second book in the Drums of Chaos series, and is planning an anthology and a young adult project.

The Oregon Health Plan, Oregon's greatly expanded Medicaid program, will cover Jo's hospital expenses, but will fall short in providing for vital medium- and long-term care. Donations to help Jo should be sent to the Oregon Science Fiction and Fantasy Emergency Trust to avoid endangering Jo's benefits under the Oregon Health Plan.

Oregon SF&F Emergency Trust, c/o Mary Rosenblum, 9100 SE 152nd, Portland, OR 97236

[[Since Ficus' first online report, Clayton has asked him to post these follow-up points:]]

1. Jo Clayton has been amazed by the support she's received from the on-line SF community and the way it has rallied to her support. She believes that the on-line community saved her life, because some of its members knew she had fallen and took action to get her into the hospital.

2. She believes it important to mention that her situation is a shining example of the benefits of the Oregon Health Plan, in that the plan is covering her basic medical needs, and illustrates the need for civilized health care in this country--for a system like the Oregon Health Plan that actually works, and works for the people who have been unable to obtain health insurance. The Oregon Health Plan expands Medicaid's health coverage to people making up to 100 percent of the federal poverty level. (\$645/month for a single person.) Most states set a eligibility level as a percentage of the FPL -- some as low as 40 percent. The change has provided health coverage to over 100,000 Oregonians who were not previously eligible for Medicaid.

Pat Cadigan Hospitalized by Chris Fowler (posted online July 27)

Pat was admitted to her local hospital, Shawnee Mission Hospital, as an emergency case, on Friday 26 July. She had

been having health problems for some time, recently diagnosed as due to gall stones (a lot!). It is hoped she will have surgery today, Saturday 27 July, for removal of her gall bladder. We do not know at present how long she will have to remain in hospital. It is possible she has some infection, and that her liver function is affected.

I am evaluating the situation over the next two or three days, and may have to fly out to Kansas to take care of Pat when she comes out of hospital. [[Note: *Cadigan*, who currently still lives in Kansas, married Fowler on May 9 at a ceremony in England.]] This is a critical time, as Pat is planning to move to London in late August.

Update on Marcia Workman

LA fan Marcia Workman went into Huntington Memorial Hospital in the Pasadena area for colon removal surgery July 2. Alex Pournelle visited the next day and told her online friends she was doing well and would be back at home in a week. "Then comes the hard part, of figuring out how to pay for all this work, which isn't covered by medical insurance. So, the good news is: she's recovering. The bad news is that this had to happen."

Langford Book Released by NESFA Press

NESFA Press wants you! To buy its collection of Dave Langford's essays and stories, *Silence of the Langford*, slaved over by editors Ben Yalow and Anthony Lewis.

The press release promises, "The essays, reviews, and stories in this book show why Langford has been awarded so many Hugos by the membership of the World Science Fiction Convention." High time somebody investigated that.

Everyone already knows Langford is the most gifted fanhumorist active today, so the sales won't be slowed by witty recommendations like this one from Brian Aldiss: "Deaf maybe, but he's the seeing eye of SF humour. In the Country of the Blind, the One-Eared Man is King." Don't quit your day job, Brian.

Price: \$15.00, plus \$2 shipping and handling in the U.S., \$4 shipping and handling internationally. Massachusetts residents: add 5% sales tax to the price of the book. From: NESFA Press, Post Office Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701-0203, U.S.A.

Real Fanthology News

I always thought *Trap Door* was an excellent fanzine, but is that an excuse to for me to mistake a list of articles in a

forthcoming issue for the Table of Contents of a *Fanthology*? Probably not. Fortunately, Robert Lichtman's letter of comment patiently corrected *File 770*'s flawed attempt to report that news:

"Thanks for mentioning *Fanthology '92* in your latest issue, but it should be pointed out that copies are *not* available from me. Fans interested in obtaining a copy should contact Lucy Huntzinger, 2305 Bernard Ave., Nashville, TN 37212. She was asking \$2 for them at Corflu, but certainly she would need additional money for postage. I would guess \$4 postpaid.

"Also, you got it wrong about what's in the fanthology. The list you printed is what's in the next issue of *Trap Door* (although I'm holding over Langford and Brandt because the lead item came in at 10 pages; their material is timeless, but the lead item is Gary Hubbard's Corflu Vegas report and is late enough already.) The fanthology has material by Jae Leslie Adams, Michael Ashley, Gregory Benford, Richard Brandt, William Breiding, Avedon Carol, Abigail Frost, Andrew Hooper, Gary Hubbard, Linda Krawecka, Luke McGuff, Nigel Richardson, Carrie Root, Steve Stiles, David Thayer, James White and Ted White. Well, a somewhat overlapping list, but indicative that some people go on producing top-rate fanwriting year after year. Cover is by Dan Steffan, all interior art by Rotsler."

Blue Pencil Awarded To Leah Zeldes

I have in hand a press release sent to me by Lerner Communication telling me that one of their employees, Leah Zeldes, has been promoted to Managing Editor of a group of community newspapers in the Chicago area. In the fifth paragraph, it even mentions her Hugo-nominated fanzine, *Stet*. Maybe I'm working for the wrong company, because I don't remember a press release being sent out to announce my last promotion.

Geis Stops The Presses

Richard E. Geis notified editors trading for *The Geis Letter* and *Taboo Science Fiction* that he'll no longer be publishing due to "medical, personal and financial problems."

It's a shock when a landmark fanzine editor like Geis removes himself from the landscape, and I admire the class he showed in notifying people about the change.

HarlanWatch

DreamWatch magazine associate Kathleen Toth writes about covering the Chicago ComiCon, and the magazine's interview with the latest pair to write a history of classic *Trek*, Robert Justman and Herbert Solow. A forthcoming issue will feature

the "Babylon 5 musings of J. Michael and Harlan -- although, in truth, Harlan says little about B5. He enjoys acting as counterpoint to Straczynski at these affairs but offers no independent comment. I did enjoy having our table lectured by him at dinner for our unhealthy indulgence in pizza -- which he admitted was prompted primarily by the fact that he was now denied such pleasures after last Spring's little mishap. I was standing in line to get some things signed with a friend who was trying to screw up her courage to ask Harlan to sign a Trek card for *City on the Edge* when he lambasted the guy in front of us for trying to get him to sign a *Babylon 5* card! My chum quickly did a disappearing act. I never once saw Harlan in conversation with Justman or Solow, who claim to be friends with him and insisted (Justman at least) that they expected him to get a kick out of the chapter on him in their book. Somehow I doubt that, but you never know with these guys how much is theater and what goes to the bone."

Births

Congratulations to the parents of these brand new fans:

Amy Fallon Miller was born May 16 to Julie and David O. Miller. David is a former Huntsville, AL fan and a well-known sf/fantasy artist.

William Robert Ketter, was born to Lisa C. Freitag and Greg Ketter on March 24.

Edwin Luke Grace was born to Joyce Carroll Grace and Peter Grace on August 16.

Jesse Yeala Shattan was born March 13 to Ariel Shattan and Phil Jansen.

Douglas Adams Producing Interactive CD-Rom (c) 1996 by Francis Hamit

Douglas Adams, author of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, and other comedic works of science fiction and fantasy, has set up his own multimedia production company called Digital Village. Adams, in Los Angeles for the Electronic Entertainment Expo (E-3) on May 16, said that he will create an entirely new work of fiction that takes advantage of the unique storytelling properties of interactive CD-ROM. Entitled *Starship Titanic*, it will be released during the 1997 Christmas season by Simon & Schuster Interactive, a unit of Viacom. Adams also attended the Apple Developer's Conference in San Jose the next day to give a speech. Adams was careful to praise the other members of the team he has assembled for the Digital Village enterprise. He said that the move to multimedia was a natural progression of his desire to

tell a good story. *Starship Titanic* will have his usual light, ironic touch.

Mythopoeic Awards

The Mythopoeic Society has announced the winners of the Mythopoeic Awards for 1996. The awards were given at Mythcon XXVII, at the University of Colorado, Boulder, on July 28th.

The Mythopoeic Fantasy Awards, for excellence in fiction "in the spirit of the Inklings" (J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, and Charles Williams), are given in two divisions, for Adult Literature and Children's Literature. The award for Adult Literature went to *Waking the Moon* by Elizabeth Hand, and the award for Children's Literature went to *The Crown of Dalemark* by Diana Wynne Jones.

The Mythopoeic Scholarship Award in Inklings Studies, given to a work of scholarship on the Inklings published during the previous three years, went to *J.R.R. Tolkien, Artist & Illustrator* by Wayne G. Hammond and Christina Scull. The Mythopoeic Scholarship Award in Myth and Fantasy Studies, for a work of scholarship in these fields (excluding specifically Inklings studies) published during the previous three years, went to *From the Beast to the Blonde: Fairy Tales and Their Tellers* by Marina Warner.

The Mythopoeic awards are small statuettes of a seated lion (intended to evoke thoughts of, but not officially named after, Aslan from C.S. Lewis's Narnian books), inscribed with a plaque on the base.

The nominees and winners are chosen by committees formed of members of the Society who choose the finalists from a long first ballot, and vote for the winners by a point system. Next year's awards will be given at the annual Mythopoeic Conference (Mythcon) at Pepperdine University in Malibu, California, August 8-11, 1997.

The Mythopoeic Society is a nonprofit educational organization of readers, scholars, and fans of the works of the Inklings and of the related genres of myth and fantasy studies. It publishes three magazines as well as sponsoring local discussion groups and the annual Mythopoeic Conferences. For further information, contact: The Mythopoeic Society, P.O. Box 6707, Altadena CA 91003.

Nebula Awards

Here are the winners of the 1995 Nebula Awards, voted by members of SFWA, the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America:

Prix Aurora Awards 1996

The 16th annual Canadian SF & Fantasy awards (Prix Aurora Awards 1996) were presented in Calgary, Alberta this past weekend. Con-Version XIII was this year's hosting convention. The Aurora Awards honour Canadians in 10 different categories.

Best Long-Form Work in English

The Terminal Experiment, Robert J. Sawyer

Joel Champetier and published by Les Compagnons a temps perdu.)

Best Long-Form Work in French

Les Voyageurs malgré eux, Elisabeth Vonarburg

Artistic Achievement

Jean-Pierre Normand

Best Short-Form Work in English

"The Perseids", Robert Charles Wilson

Fan Achievement (Fanzine)

Under the Ozone Hole, Edited and published by Karl Johanson & John Herbert.

Best Short-Form Work in French

Equinoxe, Yves Meynard

Fan Achievement (Organizational)

Jean-Louis Trudel, For work on SFSF Boreal and the Prix Boreal.

Best Other Work in English

ReBoot (an animated TV series produced by BLT Productions in Vancouver, BC)

Fan Achievement (Other)

Larry Stewart

Best Other Work in French

Solaris (Solaris is a Canadian SF magazine edited by

Best Novel: Robert J. Sawyer, *The Terminal Experiment* (HarperPrism; serialized in Analog as *Hobson's Choice*).

Best Novella: Elizabeth Hand, "Last Summer at Mars Hill" (*F&SF*, August 1994)

Best Novelette: Ursula K. Le Guin, "Solitude" (*F&SF*, December 1994.)

Best Short Story: Esther Friesner, "Death and the Librarian" (*Asimov's*, December 1994.)

Grand Master Nebula: A.E. Van Vogt

SF Hall of Fame Inducts First Members

The Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame, which has been established by the Kansas City SF & Fantasy Society (KaCSFFS) in conjunction with the J.Wayne and Elsie M. Gunn Center for the Study of Science Fiction at the University of Kansas in Lawrence, recently announced their first set of inductees -- A.E. van Vogt, Jack Williamson, John W. Campbell Jr., and Hugo Gernsback.

Williamson had been expected to attend the ceremony, held

July 12 at the Campbell Conference awards dinner where the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for best novel of the year and the Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award for best short story of the year are announced. But Williamson fell on the street outside his house when returning from a walk. He suffered a broken nose and facial cuts requiring numerous stitches.

Obituaries

Redd Boggs

Report by David Bratman

[[Redd Boggs died May 9 of an inoperable stomach rupture.]]

One of the greatest and most respected of fanzine fans, though curiously forgotten in recent years, Redd Boggs has unreservedly gotten little of the honor that has gone to some of his distinguished contemporaries such as Walt Willis and Harry Warner Jr.

His real name was Dean W. Boggs and he entered fandom in

Minneapolis in 1941, becoming very active after service in WW2. He was known as a brilliantly polished perfectionist, both in the physical production of his fanzines (Willis once wrote of Boggs's "pellucid mimeography") and in the care he brought to his writing. One of his largest projects was co-editing the *Fantasy Annual* of 1948, a yearbook of the year's events in fandom and prodom, which was so impressive that nobody ever dared follow up on it.

At about the same time Redd began his best-known fanzine, *Skyhook*, which was one of the principal fanzines of the 1950s. Here he published the first installments of "The Issue at Hand", James Blish's pioneering column of sf criticism (later collected into a book of the same name). Redd wrote regular columns for many other fanzines himself, including zines edited by Robert Silverberg, Lee Hoffman, and Richard Bergeron.

In recent years, Redd's principal fanac was a tiny personalzine called *Spirochete*, run regularly through FAPA (of which Redd was a member for 49 years - he had very much wanted to make 50!). It was beautifully stencilled and consisted of tiny jewel-like, if often grumpy, personal essays. Issue no. 76 was Redd's last publication, for the May 1996 distribution of FAPA mailed the weekend after his death.

I met Redd a couple times at FAPA collations in the mid-80s. He was taciturn and reclusive, preferring to express himself on paper, and I never got to know him well. In the last few years Dave Rike acted as Redd's link to the world, helping him find a new home when he had to move out of his Berkeley apartment, and bringing his zines to collations.

It's hard to quote from Redd's writings, but here's a snatch from one of the last issues of *Spirochete*, describing listening to the andante of Mozart's K.387 Quartet:

"It happened that last night I had massaged the 'repeat' button of my Malaysian infrared remote to listen twice to that andante cantabile -- for what can be more holy than a double sprinkle of such an asperges of glory? Alas, then I dozed off (sorry, Mr. Mozart!) and I suppose I heard that marvelous melody over and over in my gentle nap till it was laser-grooved into my subconscious. When you play great music, the music plays *you*."

Charles Burbee

Charles Burbee died early on the morning of Memorial Day, May 27 at the age of 81. He was taken by pneumonia. Burbee lived his last days on the Temecula Indian Reservation of California. He is survived by his wife, Cora, and three children.

Burbee became famous among fans for a sense of humor that contrasted delightfully with the button-down culture of the 1940s and 1950s. It wasn't until the 1960s that the rest of the culture caught up to him, so the stories of his outrageous fannish adventures never seemed dated. His prolific, funny and trenchant fanwriting made LASFS appear a Mecca of fannishness, and under his editorship its clubzine, *Shangri-L-Affairs*, stayed at "the top of the heap" (to borrow Rotsler's phrase.)

Few fans depart with such a reverent sendoff by their family and friends as Burbee received. Arnie Katz' outstanding article "To Your Scattered Burbee Go" (in *Wild Heirs* 15.5, the Burbee tribute issue) supplied the details. Before Charles Burbee died, he asked his son to scatter his ashes near Amboy Crater then go have a party. Arnie and Joyce Katz, Bill Rotsler, Robert Lichtman, Ben Wilson and Ken Forman drove to the site in the California desert where they joined wife Cora, sons Ed and John Burbee, and other relatives. It was a heartfelt time, but it's clear Burbee's wishes were also honored, quoting Arnie:

"After we scattered the ashes in defiance of federal and local statute, which is the way Burb would have wanted it, Ben and Ken gave a unique tribute. 'We want to share a beer with Burbee,' they said as they opened a Bud and each took a sip. Then they poured the rest of it out on the same lava flow where we'd tossed what Rotsler called 'The Incomplete Burbee.' What a sensitive tribute!"

And so Burbee passes into fanhistory, like the echo of Cy Condra's old jazz records suffusing the atmosphere of a rare Petards meeting attended by Burbee, or the click of poker chips around the table as Elmer Perdue dealt hands to Cora Burbee and others of us who'd just finished assembling a 1970s FAPA mailing.

Ethel Lindsay

Ethel Lindsay died June 16, heartbreakingly even sooner than predicted. Lindsay's claims to fame included being the 1962 TAFF winner (she wrote a trip report), a worldcon runner, publisher of such fanzines as *Scottishe*, and UK agent of Andy Porter's publications for over thirty years. (Rob Hansen has taken over the assignment of agenting *Science Fiction Chronicle* in the U.K.)

She told Porter in a letter last May that she had terminal cancer and expected to live less than a year. She hoped to hear from as many of her fan friends as possible in the time remaining to her. Fortunately, she did. In a letter to Dave Langford, Ethel said:

"Could it be possible for you convey my heartfelt thanks to all the good people who sent me cards and letters. They meant so

much to me and I was quite overwhelmed by the number of people who took so much trouble -- and so quickly! ...Assure everyone their good thoughts have been warmly welcomed and appreciated."

She passed away at the age of 75 in the hospice where she'd been staying, not long after sending that thank-you via *Ansible*. Also according to *Ansible 108*, messages of sympathy can be sent to her cousin Alison Paterson, 54 Spencer Cres., Carnoustie DD7 6DZ, U.K.

Ed Wood

Ed Wood, a bombastic fixture at Worldcon business meetings for many years, co-founder of Advent:Publishers, and major sf collector, died of a heart attack on May 12 while vacationing with his family in Las Vegas.

Advent:Publishers, founded by Chicago fans in 1956, published many important sf reference works, including *In Search of Wonder* by Damon Knight and *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Fantasy* by Donald Tuck. Most of these books remain in print.

Wood's fannish legend includes making one of the largest moves of a book collection to a new home. Ed moved 6 tons of books from Chicago to Texas, according to Buck Coulson in a recent *NASFA Shuttle*. (Even larger was Billy Pettit's 7-1/2 ton haul from Canada to Arizona. Who actually holds the record? Well, the NESFA Displacement Authority measures its members' moves against the standard of Drew Whyte's massive collection. For example, the Rick Katze move -- note COA in this issue -- was a mere .01 Drew. Maybe NESFA scribe Mark Hertel will send in a conversion table for comparison.)

Mike Resnick organized an Ed Wood Memorial Party at Midwestcon. At last year's Midwestcon, Wood stirred up the TimeBinders like a hornets nest. As Dick Smith remembered in an online post, "We were talking about trying to preserve various older fan's collections. Ed insisted that he wanted *his* collection to be burned when he died... that he had collected it, and that nobody else needed to enjoy it. We spent the rest of the con making jokes about Ed's pyre, except to JoAnne *[[his wife]]*, who we told several times 'Don't do it.' Ah, yes. He certainly was a fan."

Larry Johnson

Larry Johnson, better known as "Ernest Mann", frequent Minicon attendee who published zines for 28 years at the Little Free Press, died at age 69 on March 13 as a murder victim. *[Source: Einblatt]*

Ern Binns

Merv Binns' father, Ern, died on July 21. Ern was a popular attendee at Melbourne conventions and helped Merv to set up Space Age Books.

Richard Day

Richard Day died May 14 when he was crushed while doing repairs on his car. *[Source: Australian SF Bullsheets]*

Convention News

ConFrancisco Rides Again

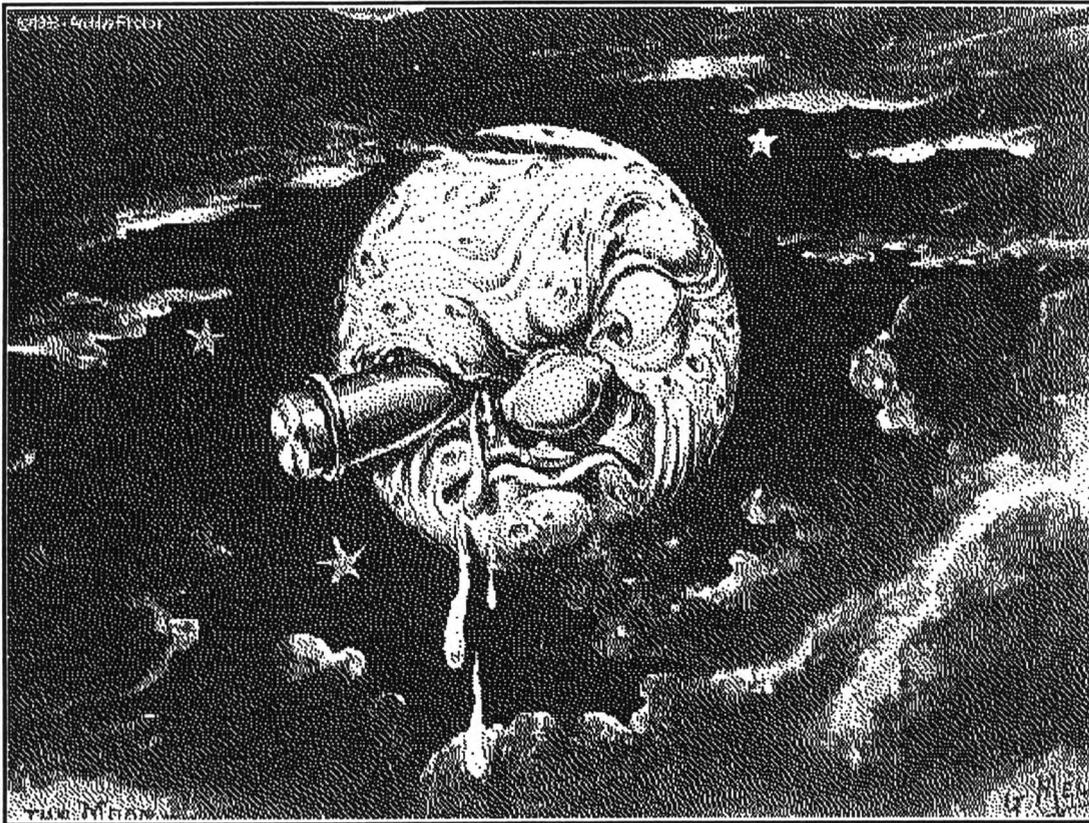
The Board of Directors of San Francisco Science Fiction Conventions, Inc., met July 20 officially chartered the San Francisco in 2002 Worldcon Bid (ConFrancisco02) and appointed Kevin Standlee to chair the bid.

Kevin announced, "We will have a presence at L.A.con III; current plans (subject to change) may have us sharing a room party with SFSFC's other active bid, that being the Westercon bid for Hawaii in 2000."

The proposed facilities are the Moscone Convention Center Halls D/E, associated function rooms, Esplanade Ballroom (same facilities as CF93), plus the 750-seat theater built as part of the Moscone Expansion, as well as the San Francisco Marriott (including a ballroom larger than the Esplanade Ballroom at the Moscone) and the ANA Hotel. Standlee assures, "The facilities situation looks somewhat better this time than it did last time, especially now that the Marriott has a better idea of what our convention should actually be able to bring to their property."

The following people have joined the bid committee: Kevin Standlee, Raymond Chuang, Tony Cratz, James Daugherty, Kathryn Daugherty, Greg Dougherty, Crickett Fox, David Gallaher, Craig K. Howlett, Barbara Johnson-Haddad, Mary Kay Kare, Eric Larson, Patricia Ney, Richard Ney, Jim Partridge, Julie Porter, Michael Siladi, Michael Wallis.

Standlee reports that "The Chairman of ConFrancisco, David W. Clark, is graciously attending as an advisor to the Chairman of this Bid. (Advice to have my head examined and my life insurance increase have already been received.)"



Disclave
Washington, D.C.
May 24-27, 1996
Report by Martin Morse Wooster

Well, once again Disclave (or, more specifically, Disclave Program Director Joe Mayhew) decided that I wasn't worth putting on the Disclave program. But *my* loss is *your* gain, since this means that I paid for my membership, enabling me to file this Disclave report.

The biggest news about this year's Disclave was the attendance of 604, making it the smallest Disclave in at least 20 years, and possibly 25. There was lots of speculation about why attendance was off so much. The con was at its fifth hotel in five years, though this year's hotel, the Hyatt Regency on Capitol Hill did sign a two-year contract. (Last year's hotel, the Renaissance, decided that they preferred filling the hotel with Promise Keepers.) The Hyatt has nice facilities, but charged over \$100 a night for rooms as well as \$16 a day for parking. In addition, the GoH Michael Swanwick is not a major draw. Other factors cited for the attendance drop

included the lack of a film program and WSFA's refusal to advertise the convention.

The shrinking attendance affected the convention in many ways. Mid-price dealers did all right, but high-end dealers reported very low sales. In addition, most of the attendees seemed to be from Washington, Baltimore or Philadelphia: most of the New York fans, and nearly all of the New-York-based pros decided to skip Disclave.

People who did show up in large numbers, however, were the members of "alt.fan.-bondage" or AFB. The most reliable estimate of the number of S&M advocates present was

150, though this number may not be reliable because there were unconfirmed reports of members of this group swapping convention badges and/or forging them. I didn't go to the AFB party because I thought that it was closed, while I learned later that the party was open to anyone who knew about it (mostly from the net.) I did hear that the party closed each night when the host uttered a password to tell the members to stop whipping each other. The password on Friday night, for example, was "squid."

There were some rumblings heard about the massive size of the AFB party, since the bondage advocates do not appear interested in sf in any way whatsoever and do not buy anything in the dealers' room. It may well be that in a few years there might be a confrontation with them comparable to Disclave's expulsion of punks in the late '80s. If nothing happens, it's certainly possible that in a few years Disclave could become a weird sex convention with vestigial sf elements.

There was a fairly substantial program, with Program Director Joe Mayhew managing as many as three tracks of programming at any given time. Most events, however, were lightly attended, with the panelists often outnumbering the audience. One panel that did succeed spectacularly, however, was

devoted to the memory of Lee Smoire, the legendary Baltimore fan of the 1970s and 1980s last known to be surviving on the edge of Western Australia. Panelists Ray Ridenour, Jack Chalker, Ted White, Steve Stiles and Mike Walsh recounted tale after tale, showing how a combination of obtuseness and innocence made Smoire an international legend. The high point came when local fan Lee Strong revealed that Smoire hadn't raised enough money to go to Australia when she planned to emigrate in 1985. "I loaned her the difference," Strong said. The crowd gave him a standing ovation, but Strong was not done. "And," he added, "*she paid me back... with interest!*" The panelists agreed that this was unprecedented.

Other innovations at Disclave were a fanzine room, sponsored by Dick and Nicki Lynch, and a newsletter, edited by Mike Nelson, which put out at least four issues.

I had a pretty good time at Disclave. But I've come to accept that Disclave is now a big relaxation and is no longer a major regional convention.

The Early (Late) Returns From Westercon

Look next issue for John Hertz' detailed report about the El Paso Westercon held over July 4 weekend. Less than 400 fans attended, a surprising number compared to Westercons of the last two decades which ranged from 1300 (in 1994) to 2600 (in 1986) members. It's less surprising if you recall that on a journey between Houston and Los Angeles, El Paso is the halfway point: the convention was equally remote from Westercon's traditional core membership in California and the bulk of Texas con-going fans in the eastern part of the state.

San Diego Wins 1998 Westercon

In the closest race for which results are officially available, Ron and Val Ontell's bid for San Diego beat Bruce Pelz' bid for Palm Springs by four votes in a runoff.

"Officially available" is code for: when Portland and Phoenix ran for the 1984 Westercon, and bid for different (consecutive) weekends, a humorous campaign was launched to write in "both." The resulting chaos forced a back-room solution, the official count was never released, and the ballots were destroyed.

Las Vegas in '99 Bid Goes Away

The Las Vegas bid for the 1999 Worldcon is officially over. Bid chairman Joseph "Uncle Vlad" Stockman posted online in April that he has decided to end his campaign. He will not be bidding for the NASfiC.

Suddenly Last Summer:

1995 Westercon Report by John Hertz

It's zesty and zingy,
Is the name of Vinge,
And a cheerful ring
Attaches to Vinge.
But something's so dingy
In the sound of Vinge,
And surely they cringe
At the mention of Vinge.

Bob Shaw, *requiescat in pace*

Westercon in 1995 returned to the Red Lion Jantzen Beach and Red Lion Columbia River, two hotels with a large parking lot between them, built to compete with each other, later both in the same chain. The joke of Westercon 43, on the same site, was "It's in the other hotel". Westercon 48 made it a slogan. Blow-ups of the day's schedule were posted as big wall charts, in pairs marked "Here" and "There", which thank Ghu no joker switched. In round numbers, membership was 1,800 -- and interestingly there were 1,800 pieces in the Art Show, where sales were \$19,000 (essentially the same number x 10; numerology to the nearest significant figure, anyone?) of 450 pieces from 100 artists.

We had a writer Guest of Honor, Vernor Vinge; a fan Guest of Honor, Elayne Pelz; an artist Guest of Honor, John R. Foster; and a science Guest of Honor, Ray Villard. All worthy, but who can love a list that begins "including" and ends "and more"? Let's have a pro Guest of Honor and a fan Guest of Honor, and if one of them is a fannish pro like Larry Niven, or a published fan, or an artist who writes -- in fact, don't we hope writers are artists? -- let's lump it.

In 1996, Portland helpfully published a last-words "regress report", with finances, Art Show and Masquerade awards, membership analyzed by geography, and recipes for some of the marvelous food served in the Club House, one of two hospitality suites. Every big con should publish a closing report. I do wish this one had been better proofread; I don't rely on it here, since e.g. my notes of the Art Show suggest that a few misspellings slipped through. May angels and ministers of grace defend me from such errors of my own.

I like covering the Program Book with something by an artist GoH. Foster contributed a glowing nebula with swags of light

over a pocked moon. Biographies of program participants had pictures, mostly, which I think helps people use the book as an index to whom they might like to hear or buy a drink for. The Pocket Program fit in a hip pocket, which was ~~no help for the squares~~ better than some, and if it had to be spiral-bound, at least the spiral was nice soft plastic, unlike ConFrancisco's wire that kept stabbing me in the hip.

On Friday night after Regency dancing I went to find the Eastlakes at the Boston in '98 party. There was talk about substantial film programs, once a feature of cons; now obsolete? Was it ever a good idea? The sociability of watching films in a crowd is obscure. At the Philadelphia in 2001 party Drew Sanders worried about participation in Masquerades. The success of big entries left people feeling that costumes needed big money. That can't be the essence, I said; it takes art, focus. Gary Feldbaum said people need applause for trying. We fans would boo Santa Claus. Costume programming has helped. People begin to think how they might build things they imagine.

Saturday morning I watched Steve Barnes teach T'ai Chi. Rotate, he said; rotary momentum, a cycle of expansion and compression. The body only creates an illusion of straight lines. At "Why Do People Write for Fanzines?" David Levine said that after he left TAPS, pressure built to diarize. *Bento* is small, he can carry it in his pocket, like wampum, to trade. Westercon 43's Fan GoH Art Widner said from the audience that apa writing is no challenge; it's facile; there's no editor: when he sent in a big article that *Blat!* requested, they answered "Here, can you do this part better?" In apas, said Janice Gelb, people bring up things you haven't thought of. This introduced the Internet, which Cliff Wind degafiated onto. There it seems people can't back down; the rapidity leads to flame wars. With no physical artifact, said Levine, there's less sense of craft. We adjourned to the Fanzine Lounge, a big room on the river, with its own dock. Too bad there was no sternwheeler cruise this time. None of us sawed Courtney's boat.

At the Club House I found elk jerky, two-year-old local cheddar, and Dick Pilz's home brews: a bright fruity beer he called Dayo, plum mead, ginger mead, a rich brown barley wine called Old Propeller Head, and a non-alcoholic ginger ale perhaps best of all. (Quoth the Regress Report: put 6 sliced lemons, 2 sliced limes, 1 1/4 lb. peeled chopped ginger in a fine-mesh bag; boil in 6 gallons of water for 30 minutes; remove bag, stir in 6 cups sugar, chill to 85°F; add 6 table-spoons vanilla extract, 2 packets dry champagne yeast; bottle, age 1-3 days, drink cold; "natural carbonation pressure becomes ballistic after 4 days".) To this the coffee shop was as naught, but Glycer was there. He said "You have the gift of exhortation."

At "Books I Give Mainstream Readers" everyone on the panel

for some reason wore white. Ben Yalow said "I tell them, this is just like what you enjoy, but different." Jon Gustafson's workshop on art and book appraisal was thronged with people asking him how to appraise *their* art and books, but he managed some general discourse. Our art is more often resold now; an ideal market is fluid. We lack galleries. Some have suggested he publish a newsletter. He told of Harlan Ellison at a Los Angeles auction egging on two bidders. That isn't quite how it happened, said Martin Levita, who was one of them. I love fandom.

By half past six I still hadn't seen any hall-costume rosettes. Was there no judging? You commission a handful of judges to prowl the halls and pin rosettes on the good ones. I look for deftness and verve. Once I saw a Pro GoH in a fantastic outfit of spangles and fur; I put on my best Hall-Costume Judge manner, scrutinized her politely, asked "Would you turn around, please -- oh, thank you, that's wonderful," which it was, handed her a rosette, raised my beanie, and left. Later, on a bulletin board, I saw a Polaroid photo of her, exultant. Westercon 48, I learned, gave out sacks of chocolate, tasty but not helping winners to exemplify.

Tom Whitmore, whom some of us know as Itinerance and who had just moved to Seattle, was Master of Ceremonies for the Masquerade, also in white, his Morris-dancing clothes. Pat Kennedy, a noble fan and among many other things one of the finest MC's, had died a few months before. His widow, "the sacred and profane Dr. Peggy Kennedy", as Bill Rotsler wrote in the year Rotsler gave binomial badges, bravely stayed as Workmanship Judge. House judges were Betty Bigelow, Bobbie Gear, and Bruce Pelz. An island stage projected costumes farther into the room, but strained the pace. Among the children ("Novas") was Patty Wells' daughter Elizabeth as a vampire -- "Looking like a small child was amusing, for the first few hundred years." Best in Show was Susan Taubeneck's "Batteries Needed" (Master), after-hours with a toy robot and a doll made into a lamp. The best headpiece was Mike Shkolnik's "Great Horned Frog" (Honorable Mention, Novice), greater for its tongue. A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. took Best Journeyman with "Superhero Wedding", Bruce Briant a blazing True Blue, Bridget Landry a sweet old-fashioned girl, Kate Morgenstern a Scarlet Woman stopping the show with a prior marriage certificate. Not to be outdone, David Tacket and a host of others, as the "Mighty More-Fun Flower Arrangers" (Best Master) -- "they ain't no pansies" -- overcame a one-eyed weasel cross-bred with a Roto-Tiller -- "oh no, another monster based on a farm implement" -- by parasols, posies, and posturing. Kathy Sanders, always striking, was "Death Becomes Her" (Master), a 16th Century study in stark white from gown to flesh, and a gold mask which she turned to reveal, sable, a death's head argent; music from the 1993 Sally Potter film *Orlando*. Pierre Pettinger, "All Worlds Kristkindl" (Most Beautiful, Master), in a crimson robe, a candelabrum, and great angel wings, was indeed beautiful, but

like Sanders lacked a clear sfnal element. Robert Verde & Co.'s "Anarchy Players" (Best Group, Novice) made a drama of fog, fronds, and a wizard, who called a demon, sent it after a maiden, but was seized himself. Wizards of the Coast closed the show with a not-in-competition group of the Magic cards "Natural Selection", a bird-man with fine head movement, and "Serra Angel", an angelic woman, winged, midriff bare, sword in hand.

For all my criticism of Chaz Baden's *Baby Steps*, he's a hospitable man, I like his taste in hats, and he makes Jameson's-flavored Jell-O. Drifting from the L.A.con III party to the Jantzen Beach hospitality suite, I found dried lemon in rice paper, and Jon Singer, who finally chose an American Beauty rose: available from a Texas firm, it matches the 1925 description. I gave Becky Thomson a *Fancyclopedia III* draft topics list and a copy of *Button-Tack*. Vicki Ellett talked with me about people who contribute to APA-L from a distance -- watch out, Jenny Glover, the overseas ones have become Worldcon chairmen.

Sunday in the Art Show I asked Gustafson about docent tours. He likes to lead them; they are certainly well-attended. With the rise of modern art we no longer believe taste is objective, and a subject to be taught, but art appreciation can still be sharpened by honest critics who, instead of hiding a secret attack, notice what is in front of them, and point out what they see. There's a lot of busy drawing in Art Shows. Compare, say, Kelly Freas, who understands using shadow to focus. Foster won First Places for "Starlight through Skyline Arch", a night of rocks and stars, and "City of Two Suns", its towers rising through clouds, two disks, and two deltoid flyers. Oneta's "Polar Bear", one of a series in acrylics on feathers, took a First. Mark Roland took a First for Body of Work; one color etching was a Byzantine palace on water, gilded by sunrise, facing its town across the bay. In Corey Wolfe's "7th Veil" (a Judges' Choice), angel's breath blew a stream over "our true heritage as we come to Earth"; fine modeling of the face, the wings oddly flat; her left hand, from which smoke emerged, was a claw. Ray Faraday Nelson lent a Frances Nelson pencil of him as a cat, panther-like, his face, propeller beanie, mouse under foot. Adrienne Martinez showed a set of masks, imaginative, impersonal. The Popular Choice awards, omitted from the Regress Report, went to (professional) "The Sentinel" by Dorothy Boyle, a bronze griffin with a cocked head and a jewel eye -- the judges gave her a First for "The Hatchling", limp tail, one claw out, and remarkably wet feathers -- and (amateur, tie) "For Love of Briar Rose", Roberta Rice, and "Horus", Karen Thompson. Freddie Baer, who showed four pictures that had been silk-screened for Tiptree Memorial Award covers, won a First for Body of Work, and Best of Show; in the Victorian sfnal mood of *The Difference Engine*, rooms of pipes and gears were decorated with flower sprigs, while maids served sweetmeats on silver trays to ladies with sausage curls and books. I love fandom.

In the evening Pippin Sardo was in the Columbia River lobby with a fuzzleball. I felt I had found Eric Frank Russell's offog, which fortunately had not come apart under gravitational strain. Various phone calls revealed that the dog was probably Lynn Gold's. Maybe she was at the L.A.con III party. Maybe she was in the Art Show. John Lorentz, who seemed to be everywhere, like a chairman should, reminded us she was a filker. A posted schedule said she was singing. In the audience were Lee and Barry Gold, no relation. Lynn sang "I'm gonna buy me a whale, I'll pet the flukes on his tail." Barry sang "Miss Piggy's in the Captain's cabin, the ship's on Red Alert; the Captain should be on the Bridge, but how that pig can flirt." Also "I build worlds with words alone."

I sighted David Hartwell for the first time at eleven. In a radioactive shirt over Astro Boy, he vanished into the SFWA suite as I went to Keith Kato's for chili, and Vegemite songs started in the Australia in '99 party. Yule and Levine strolled the halls singing variations on "*O Fortuna, velut Luna*" like Tom Lehrer's variations on "Clementine". The El Paso party closed at three.

Monday at "50-year Horizon Novels", Vinge said *Moving Mars* and *Red Mars* were like the Fifties and Sixties; how has the near future changed? Kristine Kathryn Rusch said there's more hope. We're writing more of what we want to see, instead of what we fear -- if we don't, we shan't get it. Frank Catalano said the world didn't end, so writers thought "Oh no, now we have 50 more years!" I said we never imagined a cultural preference for wood instead of metal. Vinge said hard-SF writers knew how easy it was to get details wrong. At "Preserving Fanhistory", Yalow said nomenclature must have a date assigned to it, like "sercon". Leah Zeldes Smith said today "I left the party because it was getting too sercon for me" could mean "I didn't feel like smoking dope". Bruce Pelz pointed out that when "sercon" was coined, as a compliment, for "serious and constructive", Karen Anderson suggested "voldes" for "volatile and destructive", which never caught on -- unfortunately. Lynn Gold threw a Dead Cat Party because her dog was alive.

Tuesday at breakfast Hartwell argued about subjectivity. Art must ultimately satisfy both artist and viewer. Where does subjectivity go? What if Orson Scott Card inveighed against Henry James for sentences that were too long? Two mundanes asked about the beanie. One asked for book recommendations. I watched two fans with children. We try to impose truth on others, so they rebel; like our mundane parents, with new wine in old bottles. Sharon Sbarsky and Stuart Hellinger talked about gofers. People now seem more likely to come for entertainment. Dealers say "I never leave the Dealers' Room, why pay for a membership?" I said concoms should sit on panels, dealers should sit on panels. Con flyers might advertise that we are participative events. I asked Lorentz if he thought the concom had improved on Westercon 43.

The Fanivore



HE FELL FOR
THE LOC TRAP
NOW WE HAVE
HIS FINGERPRINTS!

Buck Coulson

The desire to meet authors is hardly unique to science fiction: it's why publishers send authors on tours, after all, and why the really popular authors of general fiction are now and then interviewed on tv. Science fiction fans are unique in that they *do* get to meet most of their favorite authors, and get to say more to them than just "I liked your book" while getting an autograph. The line between fan and pro is much thinner in science fiction, as well. I consider myself a fan, but I've managed to sell a few novels, been paid for book reviewing, and now I'm reporting on unsolicited manuscripts for a publisher; there isn't an absolute demarcation between reader and author that there is in most writing fields.

Allan Burrows does have a point; fanzine fans are sometimes their own worst enemies. (And when called on it, they frequently respond that they are "only joking", which implies that the part of fandom fully devoted to communication doesn't communicate very well.) Actually, their responses are more in the nature of circling the wagons at the approach of barbarians. Fanzine fandom used to be *all* of fandom,

and some members can't get used to the idea that it's now a minority group. Though Harry Warner is hardly one of the extremists in the group. And, of course, the rest of fandom is "just a bunch of spinoffs" as far as fan history is concerned.

Fandom is aging; I'll be 68 in a couple of months. Harlan Ellison has been an "angry young man" for so long that he's in his 60s now. Ted White may be, as well; I never knew his age because I was never very interested. Harry Warner is still older. (And kindlier than the rest of us, as well.)

Sheryl Birkhead

I've known RoyTac since way back (ahem) in my N3F days, and was pleased to learn he was the LoneStar-Con fan guest of honor -- then taken by surprise at the news of his stroke. Hopefully future issues will report 100% recovery.

Teddy Harvia

Have you ever felt that chairing a Worldcon is like jumping off a bridge without a parachute? Some fans think you're suicidal. But grab a parachute and oth-

ers will say you're not fannish or SMOFish enough.

[[Jump off without a parachute and they either think you're suicidal, or Dr. Richard Kimble. Grab a parachute and some will say you're not fannish enough, while others say, "As long as you're heading that way, would you please deliver this anvil to my friend?"]]

I understand the decision of some fans to withdraw support for TAFF because of the politics and opinions of other participants, but I disagree. Encouraging contact between Europe and America by exchanging fans is a good idea. The only way to keep a small group from claiming sole control of it is to continue participating. They can't win forever.

[[Do you think TAFF is controlled by a small group? I disagree. I believe, instead, the results are quite democratic. It just so happens that the active core of voters want the winner to be an active participant in fanzines. And they campaign strongly against the rare exception to this rule. Would that all fannish institutions enjoyed such devotion, if only we could dispense with the silly kiss-TAFF-goodbye, twilight-of-the-ghods rhetoric that flourishes whenever someone like Samanda Jeude makes a serious bid to win the fund.]]

If fans and pros could put their hands on all the weapons written in science fiction, the genre would be a dangerous place. But it is all words. The only violence I sensed at the Intersection Hugo ceremonies was the sound of anxious nominees knocking down drinks.

Adrienne Losin

Thanks for *File 770:112* -- a sad task to be printing obituaries of so many magnificent sf people. Death in my own

family has meant that I've had to spend a lot of time interstate and have done very little artwork and correspondence. Lopping, etc. have had to be put to one side. Currently I'm in Australia' Far North, in the tropical city of Darwin -- at the request of an elderly, ailing relative. She's recovering, but I'm having to get chiropractic treatment following this long 4-wheel drive journey from Melbourne. (My cousin who drove wants to explore the remote far west coast.)

Thomas A. Endrey

Re: Elsie Wollheim. We indeed have lost a gracious, nice lady, who was always willing to stop and answer questions by any fan. I, being a New Yorker, had many encounters with her. She and Don were true fans, devoting their life to the propagation of sf&f literature. Since you were looking for stories, here is one:

The Chair: In my younger years I traveled overseas frequently. In 1985, I decided to spice my Paris-London trip by attending the British National Con in Leeds. I have found British fandom weird and disagreeable sometimes. The convention was attended by many VIPs, including the Wollheims. (I believe their daughter, Betsy, was GoH.)

There was an event after the banquet, I no longer remember if it was the masquerade or the pork pie race. I got in early and got myself a chair right behind the banqueters. There were no seats allotted for VIPs. I was not really surprised. At a point in time I looked around and saw the Wollheims standing near to me, so I offered Elsie my chair. She graciously declined, partly because being short, she would not have had a view anyway. So I sat back, somewhat embarrassed. A little bit later they disappeared. They were never offered a VIP seat.

Re: TAFF, DUFF, huff and puff and might as well include the fannish Hu-

gos.... Why not publish in the Worldcon PR's what you guys consider the best writings, drawings of the nominees, so people can make an intelligent vote on them? Also it might generate more interest in fanzines and more funds for TAFF, DUFF, etc.?

[[There are three main reasons for not doing that. First, Worldcon publications are quite a drain on the budget already. It would not be a wise financial choice to enlarge the Progress Reports. Second, it's an unfortunate fact that only a minority of the Worldcon's members nominate and vote for the Hugos -- and that's starting with the fiction and dramatic presentation categories, the ones with the broadest appeal. With all the demands on a committee's time and energy, creating a mini-Fanthology that goes unused by most members isn't the best use of those resources. Third, this kind of project lacks the crucial thing that attracts people to fanzine fandom, personal contact with fans. The fanzine lounge and at-con activities produce infinitely more response.]]

Teddy Harvia

When the latest issue of *File 770* arrived so closely on the heels of the last, I thought perhaps you'd slipped in to an Andy Hooper alternate universe!

The wedding of Amy Sisson and Paul Abell sounds better than half the *Star Trek* movies. I can hardly wait for it to come out on video.

The quote attributed to Jim Satterfield about cons being burned by unbuilt buildings made me wonder. Has an unbuilt building ever been burned by fans in revenge?

Lloyd Penney

I'd been looking forward to meeting BoSh at a Michigan convention some time down the road, and I know I wasn't alone, and now, that won't happen. I haven't received many British fanzines

lately, but in *Ansible*, the grief in Britfandom is very evident. A great friend has gone, and the vacuum can't be filled. Our local convention has a policy of having two author GoHs, one up-and-coming and one established, and the reason was that you never know when time might take away our older, established GoH, as it did to Roger Zelazny, two days before the con last year. We've got to tell those older writers we grew up with how much they're read and appreciated while we can.

Wonderful letter from Mr. Ellison, a victim of his own press, mostly bad and undeserved, I'll admit. I just saw/read his interview in a recent issue of *Blender*, a CD-ROM magazine, and I share some of his feelings about modern technology, about how great it can be, but about the negative aspects of it, too. The constant negative rep no doubt contributed to the quad bypass in April. I can also agree somewhat with Mike Glicksohn in the local, though. The LDV project has been on the go far too long; let's wind it up, and read those great stories.

Yvonne and I were at a charitable event produced by Roberta van Belkom, when her husband, horror and erotica writer Edo van Belkom announced that Robert Sawyer won the Nebula for Best Novel for *The Terminal Experiment*. Now, he's been nominated for the Hugo and Aurora in the same category. That would be a unique achievement. I talked with Rob recently, he can't get the smile off his face. Through that charitable event, I will be tuckerized in a future Sawyer novel. I expect to die a horrible, gruesome death from an unexpected and imaginative source.

Craig Hilton

I've just received the latest issue of Steve Gallacci's comic, *Albedo*. I had it at my side just as I have your *File 770*. I think Messrs. Gallacci and Korra'ti must have gone to school together, as when I saw the cover of *File 770:112* I

could have sworn it was Steve's handwriting. But it wasn't, it was Dar's. Which is odd, because in every other way the illustration had nothing in common with the creator and the most prominent fan bar the wry sense of fun, except for the fact of the temporal coincidence of my rediscovering the output of these two folk at about the same time. I've been talking about them on the net, and to them on the net, and from them instead of the net.

Henry L. Welch

Thanks for File 770:112. The squirrel situation has resolved itself quite well. The morning after doing the final set-up on TKK we managed to catch the beast. It turned out that bait was not an issue with the squirrel. In fact, I'm not even certain that the squirrel ate anything (except part of one floor joist) while it was in residence. Rather we managed to trap it by putting one of the cages on a window well ledge with a window opened slightly behind it. The squirrel, in its desperation to get back outside, entered the trap, set it off and took the 7 foot tumble to the floor. The real bait thieves in the trap were the three mice which had taken up residence in the storage room (method of entry unknown). They were the corn eaters, etc. and have since been removed less humanely than the squirrel. The only real damage we found was that they'd pissed all over the car seat they were living in. (It could have been worse, they could have taken up residence in one of the boxes of clothes or mattresses.)

I've gotten fairly tired of reading about Harlan Ellison's latest whatever. He is certainly an individual with a strong opinion of things which makes him a candidate for these types of rumors and problems. He doesn't always help his cause when he inflames situations and his track record with *The Last Dangerous Visions* is always going to result in questions about his capabilities and intentions. In general, though, I don't really find it worth my time and effort

to keep up and current. I've more important things to worry about.

Dennis Virzi

Gosh Mike, today's mail was a surprise. Seeing another ish so soon after not reading the previous one got me worried for a moment.

Surely Pat hadn't kept it **that** long. Got me wondering what **else** was in that stack of ignored matter next to the computer. Hmm, house insurance policy, Axfords of Brighton catalog, REI dividend check, some junk mail and the missing 770.

Read both issues while munching on a cheap pizza. Can't say I was overjoyed to see all those nasties (Beck) resurface. That's where I came in.

Hey, I like the layout of *File 770*, though I miss the cute headers. Thought the "Nola Frame-Gray" a nice pun until I figured out you weren't kidding.

Dick Smith

Thanks for using my letter in re DUFF vs. TAFF in the recent *File 770*. You managed to edit me in such a way to make me sound calm and reasoned, which is not the way I usually sound about TAFF.

One side comment, though. I think that you should print the paper ("snail mail") address for those people whose eLoCs you quote. This is still a world of mostly paper fanzines, and fanzine letter columns are how we check our address files.

Tom R. Feller

You might print a notice that Nancy Tucker Shaw is looking for audio and video tapes of her late husband Bob. You already have her address.

George Alec Effinger sold his first story

to Harlan Ellison for *The Last Dangerous Visions* and uses that fact to needle Harlan. He tells people he would prefer that the story never see the light of day, because he considers himself a much better writer now.

In my duties as President of the Southern Fandom Confederation I have had more contact with both Ed Kramer and Samantha Jeude. I must give Ed Kramer credit in one area, publicity. Via e-mail, he asked for the deadline for ads for the SFC Bulletin. I e-mailed him back and forgot about it. On the exact day I specified, there was an ad for Dragon*Con and a check in my mailbox.

I had actually softened my position on TAFF until I read Ted White's letter. I have to question whether his kind of fandom is one I want to be associated with.

Henry L. Welch

I'm sorry to see the KC 2K WorldCon bid fold. In spite of my proximity to Chicago I would have been happy to see either bid win. The inability to sign for convention and hotel space until three years out seems to be more of a problem every year. On one hand we could extend the lead time for the bidding and voting process, but I think that would place too much of an extra burden on the committees. The other option would be to develop some sort of central professional organization for handling most of this, but I fear that is doomed to political failure. In the end it may come down to very few cities which can host the convention and the burden on the local fan infrastructures may ultimately prove to be too much.

Buck Coulson

Thanks for *File 770*. I don't have much news to send, except that Birmingham won the DeepSouthCon for 1998, and Juanita and I will probably be among the guests.

Well, there's the fact that I'm now doing some editing for a stf publisher; which one I'm not saying until I know the company's stand about revelations. Reporting on unsolicited manuscripts, actually. So far, I haven't read anything by anyone I know. It sort of rounds out my career; writing, reviewing, now editing. And bookbinding.... I should try agenting for someone and get a job with a printer to complete my expertise, but I don't plan to do either one.

Lessee. Marcon was **huge** this year. Our son Bruce, who is part of the Columbus, OH group, estimated 2000-3000 people. Since I heard all the arguments over whether the 1952 Chicon did or did not reach 1000 attendance, getting two or three times that many fans to a regional boggles my imagination. Of course, having a fair number of *Babylon 5* people there as guests helped the attendance considerably. Our huckster table produced more income than we'd ever had before at a regional, and not much less than we took in at the last Chicago worldcon; about the same, if you round it off. Since we spent a total of five hours in programming between us, there was only one person manning our tables for those hours, and things got very hectic. But we're paying off bills now.

I agree with Branimir Zauner that the streets of Zagreb may well be as safe in 2000 as the streets of Chicago, but since Juanita and I got drafted into the Chicago committee (or at least, we were handed badges) I can't agree that Zagreb is a better place to hold the con. For one thing, we can get to Chicago. Juanita can't fly, which ends our attendance at any overseas bids.

I just got an invitation to the 50th reunion of my high school graduating class in June. It will be a small party; there were only 13 of us to begin with, and we're now scattered from Indiana to Texas to California. I'm debating on whether it will be worth a 70-mile drive when I was never that fond of some of my classmates to begin with. The 40th reunion was for the entire school which

was consolidated out of existence a good many years ago. I'm not sure if this invitation is also for the school, or just my class. (The most interesting part of the 40th reunion was seeing my third-grade teacher again. And having her remember me.)

At Marcon, tentative arrangements were made to donate the complete set of *Yandro* that Juanita's mother received -- and kept -- to Bowling Green, but no specific details were agreed to. We want to get them off our library floor (actually the floor of one of our library rooms....) Bruce will inherit the file copies.

Robert Lichtman

Sad to read all the obituaries. I hadn't known about Aubrey MacDermott. Also, although he wasn't addressing his comment directly to me, Bill Donaho was overheard (by me) commenting to someone who was reading your latest issue at a party a couple of weeks ago in honor of the visiting Kim Huett that Danny Curran didn't smoke. I never met Elsie Wollheim in a fannish context, but was introduced to her at an ABA back in the '80s.

It was astonishing but enjoyable to see Harlan's letter. While a part of me gets off a little bit on some of the more clever anti-HE rhetoric, in fairness I must say that all my (limited) interactions with Harlan over the years have been on entirely friendly terms. Most but not all of them have been in a non-fan context; we used to run across each other now and then at various demonstrations and marches in Los Angeles.

Robert Whitaker Sirignano

The spelling checker for this machine requests to change "Glyer" to "Gluer". My wife's name "Giani" is often changed to "Giant".

Commenting on not meeting John W.

Campbell in *F770:112*. I did meet him at the last SF convention he was at. He tried to manipulate me into an argument citing an essay as a story. I tried to suggest it was an essay, since it didn't have any character or people in it. He shrugged and insisted it was a story. I gave up trying to change his mind, feeling a little foolish to argue with him. I found out later he did this with nearly everyone -- prompting an argument -- in order to feel out his own thinking and the thinking of others. Unwary people got shot down unexpectedly.

I never got to spend much time with Bob Shaw. He was just too popular. That is, there's not enough of him to go around to please everyone.

I see Ted White still has not lost his ability to alienate people with his highly selective memory.

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