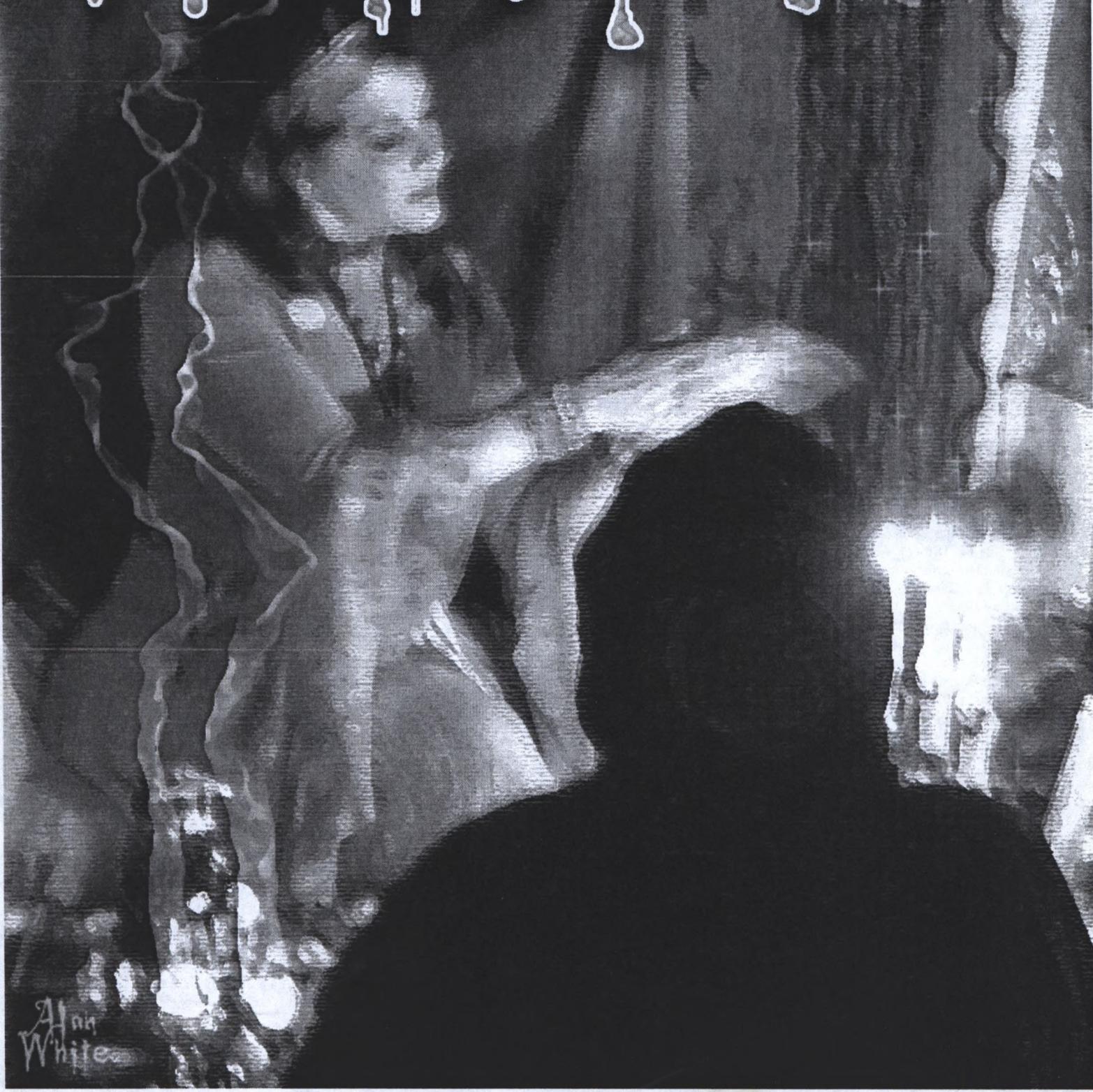


# Wenatchee

OF FILE 770



Ann  
White

# MIKE GLYER'S FILE 770

## 159

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**Alan White:** Cover, 2, 12, 23  
**Bill Rotsler:** 9, 12, 48

## Editorial Notes by Mike Glycer



**Wake-Up Time!** When the last issue came out I was a new father the last time so many months had passed between issues of *File 770*.

The recent hiatus wasn't caused by anything as noble.

I've been in a Hugo-induced funk.

The person who wrote, "Y'know, they're only awards; they're not why we do any of this fan activity" is absolutely right. So, I'm not going to try to justify how deflated I felt after the way things have played out in the Best Fanzine category over the

past two years. I'm just going to acknowledge the fact and move on to a more interesting topic...

**How Did I Not Know This?** *Letters of Note* posted Robert Heinlein's letter to Forrest J Ackerman offering condolences on the death of his brother, Alden, at the Battle of the Bulge on New Year's Day 1945.

*Forry had a brother who died in the war?*

It's hardly shocking that another fan would be ignorant of a friend's mundane relatives who passed away decades before the two of them met. But what if that fan has written dozens of news stories about the friend? What if that fan not long ago spent hours researching the friend's obituary? What if that fan is me (coff coff) and the information is on a page I consulted in Harry Warner Jr.'s *All Our Yesterdays*?

His only brother, Alden Lorraine, was killed in the Battle of the Bulge on New Year's Day, 1945. Ackerman published a memorial booklet in which he spoke with a simple eloquence, like a newly matured person.

Forry evidently had asked Heinlein to contribute to the booklet and the letter conveys Heinlein's answer.

Alden Lorraine Ackerman died at the age of 21 while serving in D Company of the 42<sup>nd</sup> Tank Battalion of the 11<sup>th</sup> Armored Division. It's entirely possible that his death is the subject of this entry on the unit's webpage describing the events of January 1 (the only deaths specified that day) while the battalion was fighting its way to Bastogne to relieve the 101st Airborne:

Between 1930 and 2000, one enemy airplane bombed Rechrival three times scoring a near miss on one tank which was not dam-

aged. However, two men standing near-by were killed. The rest of the night was marked with scattered artillery fire which did no damage.

Heinlein not only said no to the invitation, he took the opportunity to tee off on fandom for a perceived failure to join the war effort.

One of his milder statements was, "I know that you are solemn in your intention to see to it that Alden's sacrifice does not become meaningless. I am unable to believe that fan activity and fan publications can have anything to do with such intent. I have read the fan publications you have sent me and, with rare exceptions, I find myself utterly disgusted with the way the active fans have met the trial of this war."

Of course, it should not be surprising that in 1945 Heinlein would feel that way toward any able-bodied person who was not in the service or doing war work. Therefore, the most remarkable thing about this letter actually is the warmth Heinlein expresses to Ackerman in closing (after attempting to persuade him to request a transfer to serve in Europe): "We are very fond of you, Forry. You are a fine and gentle soul. This is a very difficult letter to write; if I did not think you were worth it, I would not make the effort."

I was really surprised by this. Until now, all the stories I have ever heard were about the friction between them, such as Heinlein's famous letter telling Ackerman to "Keep your hands off my property" written after Forry sold Heinlein's 1941 Denvention GoH speech to *Vertex* in 1973.

John King Tarpinian also tells me, "Ray [Bradbury] was 4F because of his terrible eyesight. Ray tells the story that Heinlein was mad that Ray did not try harder to get enlisted. So to placate Bob, Ray did volunteer work for the Red Cross."

### 2011 Duff Delegates Announced

David Cake and Paula McGrath are the 2011 Down Under Fan Fund nominees reports John Hertz, North American fund administrator. Voting will be open through May 31. The chosen delegate will attend this year's Worldcon, Renovation, August 17-21.

Dave Cake was nominated by Randy Byers, Colin Hinz, Sue Ann Barber, Damien Warman and Grant Watson. Paula McGrath was nominated by Sue & Steve Francis, Melissa Morman, Perry Middlemiss, Rose Mitchell and Julian Warner.

Anyone active in fandom by January 1, 2011 may vote. Ballots must be received by May 31, accompanied by a donation of at least \$5 Australian, Canadian, United States, or \$6 New Zealand. Payment instructions are given in the ballot, which is available at File770.com. Payment and voting may be done via PayPal or by snail mail.

### Overton Helps Save Arlington Planetarium

When, due to budget cuts, the David M. Brown Planetarium in Arlington, Virginia, faced closure after 40 years of service, the community rallied to raise the \$400,000 needed to keep it open.

Kathi Overton contributed by producing a video "Saving Arlington's Planetarium: Our Story" in support of the campaign. You can find it on the *Save the Arlington Planetarium* website.

Overton explained, "I'm not particularly wealthy, so I can't donate a lot of money, but I thought — hey, I can make a video about it! So I cobbled together a short video to raise awareness about the issue and some people who are trying to fix it. Just say yes to science education!"

On February 25, the *Arlington Sun-Gazette* reported Superintendent Patrick Murphy has abandoned plans to shutter the Planetarium and includes funding in his fiscal 2012 budget proposal to aid refurbishment of the 45-year-old facility. The Save the Arlington Planetarium group expects to finish raising \$400,000 by summer — part of an agreement with the school system to keep the planetarium alive. The group has already raised nearly \$290,000. "Fund-raising has been extremely successful," Murphy told School Board members. "We'll be able to move forward here with a renovation."

### Shaun Tan Wins Oscar

Shaun Tan, AussieCon Four Artist GoH, won the Oscar in the Best Short Film (Animation) category for *The Lost Thing*, based on his book. He shares the award with co-director Andrew Ruhemann.

Tan is the first former Worldcon GoH to win an Oscar in competition. (Roger Corman, who was awarded an Oscar statuette in 2009, received an Academy Honorary Award.)

Tan and a small team worked on the adaptation from 2002 to 2010, using CGI with 2D handpainted elements.

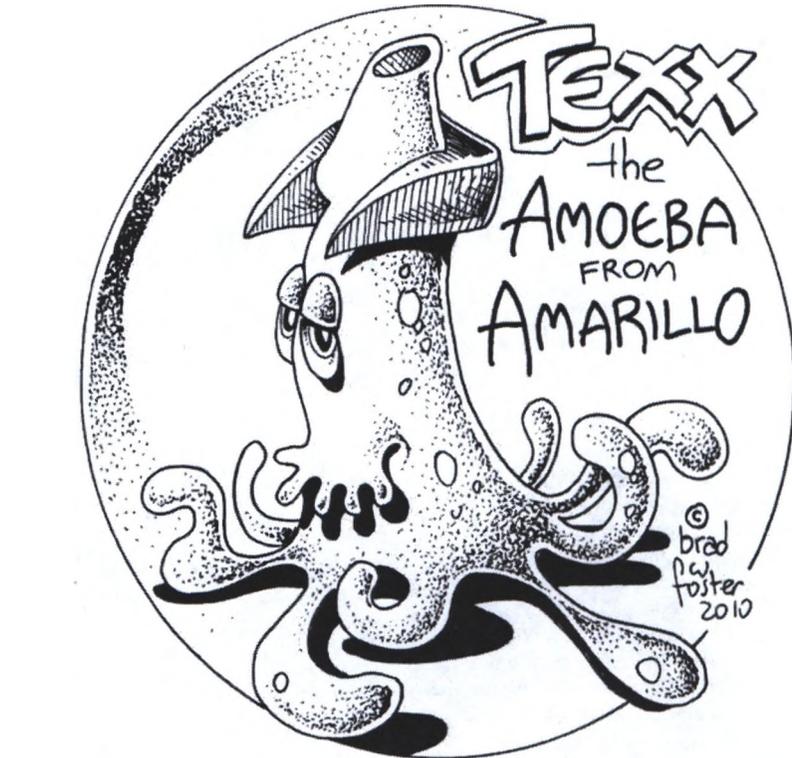
### Kramer Seeks Dismissal

Ten years after being charged with child molestation Dragon\*Con founder Ed Kramer has yet to stand trial. Continuances have been repeatedly granted due to Kramer's health.

The case took a new turn on September 1, 2010 when Kramer's attorneys filed a motion to dismiss the indictment against him.

Kramer, 49, contends he wants to clear his name but illnesses — listed by his attorney Ed Marger as emphysema, narcolepsy and a degenerative spine — have made it difficult for him to participate in his own defense.

"'Since the beginning he's indicated he wants to go to trial,' [Kramer's attorney] told the Atlanta Journal-Constitution, 'if the judge



## News of Fandom

will give him the accommodations his health issues require."

But in September 2007 the Georgia Court of Appeals placed most of the blame on the defendant. "The record strongly indicates that Kramer either sought or knowingly acquiesced in the great majority of the delay and did not want a speedy trial."

The county District Attorney has announced he will fight the motion to dismiss.

The three alleged victims now are all adults; two of them are serving in the Army.

### Bullsheet Scores a Century, Changes Editors

No sooner did *Australian SF Bullsheet's* editors Edwina Harvey and Ted Scribner publish their hundredth issue than they put the zine up for adoption.

Harvey and Scribner started editing the *Bullsheet* when founder Marc Ortlieb ended his 7-year tenure as editor in 2002. At that time they reset the numbering, their first issue being #1.

Now Wendy Palmer has stepped up as the *Bullsheet's* new editor and has already produced her first issue. What number was it?

Who knows? The website where it's posted lists only the month and year, not the issue number.

### 2010 Endeavour Award Winner

Alaska writer David Marusek has won the 2010 Endeavour Award with his novel *Mind Over Ship*, published by Tor Books. The Award is accompanied by an honorarium of \$1,000 and an engraved glass plaque. The award was announced at OryCon.

### Four For TAFF

Four fans have answered the bell for the 2011 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund race, the largest field of candidates in a westbound race since 1993:

- **Graham Charnock**, nominated by Harry Bell, Sandra Bond, Rich Coad, Mike Meara, and Robert Lichtman;
- **John Coxon**, nominated by James Bacon, Claire Brialey, Chris Garcia, Dave Langford, and Steve Stiles;
- **Liam Proven**, nominated by Bridget Bradshaw, Lillian Edwards, Nic Farey, Lloyd Penney, and James Shields; and

- **Paul Treadway**, nominated by Vincent Docherty, Fran Dowd, Mike Glycer, Tim Illingworth, and Maureen Kincaid Speller.

The winner will attend the Worldcon in Reno next August.

Voting is open until April 26, 2011.

### Alyson Wins

Alyson Abramowitz kept her seat on the Democratic Party County Central Committee for Santa Clara County (CA) State Assembly District 22 in a race decided during the California primary on June 8, 2010. Nine candidates wanted the six available committee posts. Alyson collected the second-highest vote total in the race.

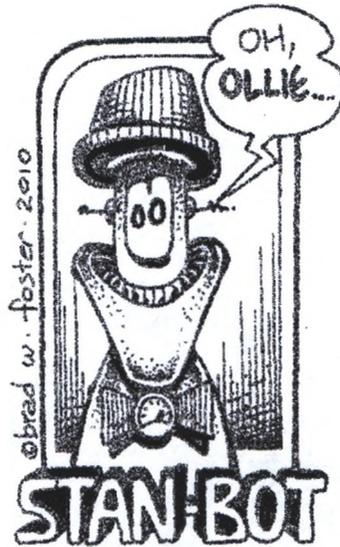
Alyson, known within fandom as a con-runner, also applies these skills as an active member of the Democratic Party.

She enjoyed the best of both in 2004 as the National Chairperson for "High Stakes," a Kerry/Edwards fundraising event that connected donors at local parties in a conference call with Joss Whedon.

California's Democratic Party is governed by the Democratic State Central Committee (DSCC). Members serve two-year terms. She was previously elected to the DSCC in 2000 from the 24th Assembly District and in 2008 from the 22nd District. She ran and lost in 2006.

She was a delegate to the 2004 Democratic National Convention, pledged to Kerry. (And she was an alternate delegate to the 2000 convention.)

Today she's a member of the Finance Committee of the California Democratic Party.



### Changes of Address

John Boardman, E-mail: Boardmans42@gmail.com

Terry Jeeves, Broomgrove Nursing Home, 30 Broomgrove Road, Sheffield S10 2LR, Great Britain

Fred Patten, c/o Sherrill Patten, 11113 Moorpark Street, Apt. 105, North Hollywood, CA 91602

Leslie Turek, 113 Chestnut Circle, Lincoln MA 01773

Henry & Letha Welch, 15290 Upper Ellen Rd., Los Gatos, CA 95033

Dave Rowe supplied Terry Jeeves' new address, saying "Unfortunately, Terry's condition has regressed to the point where he is

unable to write or type, but if fans would drop him a line occasionally and faneds would send him paper copies of their fanzines (even tho' they won't get a reply) it will certainly help Terry who did so much for fandom over six decades."

Leslie Turek says, "I love my new place. Lincoln is not far from Boston - it's just outside the 128 ring highway and only about 30 minutes from the NESFA clubhouse. But it has a rural small town flavor, with lots of walking trails and conservation land, and a nearby farm where I can buy locally grown vegetables, eggs, and meat. My townhouse condo is nestled in the trees, and a pond with canoe access is a 5-minute hike through the woods. I am told I can walk all the way to Walden Pond having to cross only one major road -- I'm waiting until the heat wave passes before I try that one out. And in the winter I'll be able to enjoy the snow without worrying about shoveling out my driveway."

Fred Patten reports the doctors are moving him to a new hospital, so fanzines will be received at his sister's address.

John and Perdita Boardman have been moved to a retirement community in Maryland. Their children Karina and Deirdre sent out an explanation: "Our father has finally realized that neither his multiple health conditions nor Perdita's dementia can be ignored any more. With professional advice, we have decided to put them into a retirement community that would offer independent living accommodations with home services for my father, and assisted dementia care living for my mother.... They are at the same facility on the same campus, and John will be free to visit Perdita any time he wants....."

## Fans Confront Natural Disasters

*Fans have ridden out earthquakes, storms and floods in three different parts of the world since the last issue of File 770.*

### Japanese Fans Survive Quake

Immediately after a massive quake hit Japan on March 11 fans tried to contact their friends in that country to learn if they came through all right. It has not been easy as limited information has been received so far.

Miho Hiramoto, Takumi and Sachiko Shibano's daughter, told Craig Miller that both she and her mother (and their homes) were fine. Andrew Adams and his wife Tomoko, reached by Martin Easterbrook, were also okay. Nippon 2007 chair Hiroaki Inoue and his wife Tamie Inoue, and Nippon in 2017 bidders Tomoki Kodama and Saori Yamamoto were confirmed fine by Glen Glazer.

LASFSian Tadao Tomomatsu wrote on Facebook that although his parents live in the U.S., 90% of his family lives in Japan and he was waiting to hear how they fared.

### Fans Okay After Yasi

Jean Weber, Eric Lindsay and their home near Townsville, Queen-

sland on the northeast coast of Australia came through Tropical Cyclone Yasi unscathed.

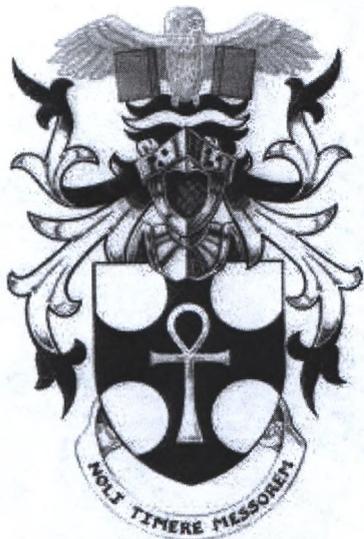
The storm left a trail of devastation and damage elsewhere after striking the coast on February 2, 2011 with winds stronger than unleashed by Hurricane Katrina on New Orleans. Authorities said the force of the storm was the greatest in Australia's history.

### Nashville Fans Spared Flood Damage

Local flooding forced Nashville fans Tom and Anita Feller to evacuate on May 1, 2010. When they came home they were greatly relieved: "We returned on Wednesday and, to our astonishment and joy, found that both our house and garage were dry and there was no visible damage to the exterior either."

Tom Feller is a former President of the Southern Fandom Confederation and a winner of the DeepSouthCon's Rebel Award, and Anita is a past President of the Middle Tennessee Science Fiction Club.

# Fandom's Tangled Web



**Sir Terry Pratchett's coat-of-arms.**

## Terry Pratchett's Coat-of-Arms

The College of Arms, official repository of the coats of arms and pedigrees of English, Welsh, Northern Irish and Commonwealth families and their descendants, granted a coat-of-arms to Sir Terence David John Pratchett of Broad Chalke, Wiltshire on April 28, 2010. A news release gave this formal description:

"Illustrated [above] are the Armorial Bearings granted to Sir Terence David John PRATCHETT of Broad Chalke, Wiltshire, Knight, OBE by Letters Patent of Garter and Clarenceux Kings of Arms dated 28 April 2010.

"The Arms are blazoned: Sable an ankh between four Roundels in saltire each issuing Argent.

"The Crest is Upon a Helm with a Wreath Argent and Sable On Water Barry wavy Sable Argent and Sable an Owl affronty wings displayed and inverted Or supporting thereby two closed Books erect Gules."

The motto means "Do Not Fear the Reaper."

## Ruth Speer Update

Patricia Rogers provided Andrew Porter with an update on Ruth Speer, and the preservation being done on Jack Speer's science fiction memorabilia:

"Ruth Speer is doing well. She has moved into a lovely apartment in an adult living complex. Her room is decorated with several SF paintings and lots of photos of Jack. I took

her to Bubonicon (our local SF con) last year and spent time with her on both her birthday and Christmas eve. The Speer home is up for sale and the family has had many garage sales to finish clearing everything out. Last March I packed up the last of 60 large legal size boxes of Jack's SF papers and sent them out to ENMU (Eastern New Mexico University, home of the Jack Williamson Special SF Collection). It was good timing as they had just expanded the space for the Special Collections and had room to take it all. Even included several mimeograph machines and typewriters."

Patricia will be going out in April for the Williamson Lectureship and may have more news then.

## Bushyager Novels Available

Linda Bushyager reports her two science fantasy novels are being reprinted by Wilder press/Fantastic Books. The first is now available at Amazon.com for \$13.99 – *Master of Hawks*.

As Linda describes them: "The books are in the vein of science fantasy, the sort of thing that Andre Norton or Marion Zimmer Bradley or Anne McCaffrey write. In *Master of Hawks*, the hero is a telepath who can mind-link with all sorts of birds. His kingdom and several neighboring kingdoms are at war, and he is called upon to be a scout, using his ability to see what the enemy is doing. However circumstances send him into a series of dangerous adventures so that he doesn't expect (or want) to accomplish his mission."

By the way, this is the novel in which a certain fanartist was Tuckerized — made the unseen sorcerer presence who rules the Taral Empire with an iron hand.

Linda's novel *The Spellstone of Shaltus* also will soon be reprinted and made available on Amazon.com.

Linda also has an sf novel, *Pacifica*, written with John Betancourt, which is available at Amazon.com, Borders.com, and Wildside Press. She says, "It is set in the near future, when a food shortage causes a major corporation to begin farming a new type of algae as a food-substitute, and like the fantasy novels, is a face-paced action-adventure."

## ConFederation Reunion Is On!

M. Lee Rogers and Ron Zukowski are holding a ConFederation 25th Anniversary Celebration in June. Their press release says:

**Who:** (1) You were an attending or supporting member of ConFederation. (2) You

are known to the organizers. (3) Someone known to the organizers can vouch for you. (The criteria are similar to a fan fund.)

**What:** A party to celebrate one of Southern SF fandom's shining moments: the 1986 World Science Fiction Convention held in downtown Atlanta.

**When:** Saturday June 18, 2011, 12:00 noon to whenever.

**Where:** Embassy Suites Alpharetta, off Exit 9 of Georgia 400 (Haynes Bridge Road) near North Point Mall.

**Why:** Why not!?!?

**How Much:** \$20 per person. Free for members of ConFederation Executive Committee, SFWA, or ASFA. If cost is a problem, talk to Ron or Mike. Any material surplus will be donated to fan funds—this is a not-for-profit venture.

We realize it's fairly short notice, but we are trying to work around Dragon\*Con and other regional conventions.

Suites should be available at the hotel. The current rates are around \$100 per night. For reservations, call 1-800-EMBASSY.

We hope you'll come celebrate ConFederation with us that Saturday. It should be a fun evening.

Please RSVP with payment to: M. L. Rogers, 331 Celestial Lane, Hixson, TN 37343-5810.

## Dr. Demento Coming to Reno

Dr. Demento will participate in opening night celebrations at Renovation, the 2011 Worldcon, on Wednesday, August 17.

He will appear during Music Night, a festival of music and science fiction that will also feature the band Tricky Pixie, and a performance of *Godson*, a musical with lyrics written by Roger Zelazny.



## John Hertz Travels to the Ends of the Earth



**Past Worldcon Chairs at Aussiecon 4:** (Standing) Kent Bloom, Dave Clark, Tony Lewis, Vincent Docherty, Patty Wells, Mark Olson, Leslie Turek, Michael Walsh, Rose Mitchell, Dave McCarty, Kevin Standlee. (Sitting) Karen Meschke, René Walling Perry Middlemiss, Roger Sims, Joe Siclari. (Photo by Helen Montgomery)

### NASFiC Notes

by John Hertz  
from *Vanamonde* 898

“Reconstruction” was the 10th Occasional North America Science Fiction Convention, 5-8 August, Raleigh, North Carolina, at the Convention Center and nearby Marriott and Sheraton hotels, the Marriott adjacent with a connecting passage; the NASFiC is occasioned by the World S-F Convention being overseas, as this year (Aussiecon IV, the 68th Worldcon, Melbourne, 2-6 Sep), so that we’ve only had ten since inventing them in 1975; Author Guest of Honor Eric Flint, Graphic Artist GoH Brad Foster, Fan GoH Juanita Coulson, Toastmaster Toni Weisskopf; attendance about 650; chairman Warren Buff, who assured me the name was jes’ fine for a con in the South and I should have seen the others proposed. If London wins its bid for 2014 we’ll need a NASFiC then; hearing mutterings of Cincinnati, I proposed “Consul.”

Weisskopf’s fine conviviality was everywhere. Foster and Coulson, whom I rarely meet in person, were welcome sights; she is herself a Londoner – London, Ohio. James Bacon, whose friendship with Chris Garcia is a frightening fruitful fact, masterminded a United

Kingdom party – actually, there were no parties, the Marriott didn’t permit any; this was a reception or “meet and greet” – over two nights, with U.K. cheeses, biscuits, drinks, fans, and a London in 2014 film. Garcia hosted the Fanzine Lounge. I led three Classics of S-F talks: J. Campbell, “Who Goes There?” (1938); R. Heinlein, *Farmer in the Sky* (1950); M. Shelley, *Frankenstein* (1831). Mary Robinette Kowal had phoned during June to see if we could associate Regency Dancing with her reception to launch a new fantasy set in the Regency; we managed to put both on the same night, dancing first, after which I found her in the Marriott wearing period clothes and having sold all her books.

Kowal was on a panel discussion I moderated, “Editing, the Necessary Evil”, Dan Hoyt, Chris Jackson, MRK, Stanley Schmidt, Lawrence Schoen. I had objected to “Evil” and offered “Editing, the Necessity”, for which I was made moderator. Kowal said “Maybe I like a proposed edit because it shows I didn’t get something across.” Schmidt told of a response “Thank you for your comments, I made the changes you suggested and sold the story to Gordon van Gelder.” Another panel I was given to moderate, having argued it shouldn’t be done at all, was “Butchering the Sacred Cows” (i.e. at s-f cons), on which were Jennifer Liang, Dan Reid, Jim Stratton, Alex von Thorn; at previous cons I’d found this a ranting place for people with a peeve, the Art Show, autograph sessions, the Dealers’ Room, exhib-

its, the Masquerade, panels; we managed a little better; I suggested *If you're trying to grow wheat, a rose is a weed*, and we talked of directing traffic. There are also Hertz' Corollaries to Sullivan's Law, *That which is perceived, rightly or wrongly, as having no function, will come to have no form, and if you grieve some form is in disrepair, find and point out its function.*

The weekend was jolly, the many errors were outweighed, the fifteen pizzas which appeared at the Dead Dog Party [after the con has formally ended and until the last dog is –] promptly disappeared, and Weisskopf at Closing Ceremonies said it was "a lovely proof of principle for NASFiC."

## What a Worldcon

by John Hertz

from *Vanamonde 901*

I've come from L.A. to the Worldcon,  
To the Aussiecon-Four's-hopes-unfurled con.  
All its meeting and such  
With s-f friends, as much  
As we can, makes it September's Pearl con.

Flick said this limerick wasn't bad enough for the newsletter, *Voice of the Echidna*, of which she was editrix. Alison Scott in the London office contributed several drawings of echidnas. The Aussiecon III newsletter was *The Monotreme*, which might have been all right except for a mascot drawing of a platypus, with sunglasses and a lapsize computer (do platypuses have laps?), so that in one issue (duly sent us Supporting Members) an irritated echidna complained "*The Monotreme? THE Monotreme?*" and something had to be done.

Robert Silverberg said "This is the first time I've had a propeller beanie tipped to me." I said "There's always a first time." On Hugo Night, I presented Best Fanwriter, which he accepted for Fred Pohl. The Laurie Mann photo on Pohl's Weblog shows James Daugherty co-head of Hugo Night holding the trophy, me having stepped back, Silverberg speaking, Garth Nix the Master of Ceremonies. A few minutes earlier I accepted Best Fanartist for Brad Foster. Pat Sims and Robin Johnson gave the Big Heart to Merv Binns, whom Johnson in his Fan GoH speech had called the center around which Melbourne s-f had agglutinated for forty years. Right after the ceremony there were Flick and her folks with the vote analyzed on one sheet of paper, the nominations on the other side, and copies for all.

In the Art Show, Kyoko Ogushi the con's Japan agent had brought prints by Nawo Inoue, Naoyuki Katoh who was in the 2007 Worldcon paint-off with Bob Eggleton and Michael Whelan, Masaru Ohishi, and Eiji Yokoyama who again sold everything he sent. In the Masquerade, the Masters of Ceremonies were Nick Stathopoulos who designed this year's Hugo trophy base, and Danny Oz; my co-judges were Lewis Morley who engraved the Hugo trophies, and Marilyn Pride who was Four for Four i.e. attending each Aussiecon; Morley, Pride, and Stathopoulos were the 1986 DUFF delegates, so we were DUFFers together. On Thursday night at Beverley Hope's party for her and Roman Orszanski's new fanzine *Straw & Silk* I learned Orszanski too was Four for Four. There were ribbons. I'd left early, about 1 a.m., and there in the

street peering at my name-badge – I'd put my hat in my shoulder-bag – was Sharee Carton wondering if I knew any good parties, so I sent her to Hope.

Panel discussions are the stomach of our cons. Everything deemed fodder goes into them, some digested. On fanhistory panels Chris Nelson showed fine videos using the Convention Centre's high-tech lecterns. He had gathered images of contemporary fanzines, prozines, and people, and had made graphs, including maps with colored circles for how many letters from which cities appeared in prozine letter-columns. On the Forties panel Alan Roberts and Art Widner traded stories about trading letters sixty years ago. I moderated the Fifties panel. Justin Ackroyd conducted the crowded Fan Funds auction, with intermittent help including mine. He took off his shoes and worked in his socks.

It was grand making new acquaintances and meeting fanziners in person, including Renaldo the Party Sheep. The Program Book treated generously the Fan Funds, DUFF, and me. Karen Babcock did wonders for disabled access and by the end had a Hero badge. Alan Stewart collated the annual edition of WOOF (World Organization Of Faneditors, invented by Bruce Pelz). There was not one drinking fountain in the Convention Centre. But Australia had Mars bars.

**Jack Vance** receiving his Aussiecon 4 Hugo from Dick Lupoff in California after the con.



# Capclave

## Rockville Hilton, October 22-24, 2010

### by Martin Morse Wooster

Read the pages of the *WSFA Journal* and you'll come across a portrait of a club that is struggling to deal with membership declines caused by high dues (which none of the other area clubs charge), an aging membership, and membership losses caused by periodic expulsions in the club's fratricidal battles. Nonetheless WSFA manages to produce a small and entertaining little convention.

Membership figures haven't been released, but it wouldn't surprise me if Capclave once again was in the 350-person range. Substantial discounts were offered to students and active-duty military. It seemed to me that there were somewhat more young people than last year, and it was hard to tell if any soldiers were present. (As one friend of mine reminded me, off-duty military wouldn't be in uniform.) There was a panel on military sf, which I didn't attend.

Capclave is understandably cagey about its finances. As I understand it, the con barely breaks even but WSFA Press provides the profit margins that keep the con going. This year WSFA Press issued two small books: *Fire Watch* by Connie Willis, and *The Three Quests of the Wizard Sarnod*, by Jeff VanderMeer, both in 500 copy limited editions. These books sold well during the convention, and Subterranean Press purchased most of the remainder for national and international distribution.

The three guests of honor, Connie Willis, Jeff VanderMeer, and Ann VanderMeer, were quite different. Willis was as funny and charming as she has always been over the years. Saturday afternoon Capclave hosted a "Titanic Tea" for Willis, complete with crustless sandwiches.

Willis spent an hour answering questions from the audience. She said that she's asked all the time about what her ten favorite novels were, however she can't answer the question. "But I could name 500 short stories that worked for me." (For starters: Theodore Sturgeon's "The Man Who Lost the Sea," Shirley Jackson's "One Ordinary Day, With Peanuts," and Bob Shaw's "Light of Other Days.")

She also talked a lot about movies. Her "writing hero", she said, was Fred Astaire, "because to get that effortless look you have to work *really* hard behind the scenes."



Astaire, she reminded the audience, would often show up on sets six weeks in advance of production to make sure the dances were right.

At a Sycamore Hill writing workshop, Willis said, the women relaxed after a hard day of critiquing manuscripts by talking about which movie actor they would abandon their husbands for. The winner, the women determined, was Frank Langella in *The Twelve Chairs*.

Willis said that Harlan Ellison then walked in and announced that Langella was gay. Willis and Ellison argued. She explained that they weren't talking about flesh and blood people, but fantasy performances on the screen. Ellison wouldn't listen.

"Well," Willis said, "I'd abandon my husband for John Barrymore in *Prince of*

*Fools*, and Barrymore's dead," Willis said.

I found the VanderMeers less interesting. Jeff VanderMeer, author of *BookLife*, a very good guide to promotion, seemed far more interested in Advancing His Brand then connecting with the audience. If you think that steampunk was the greatest form of sf ever written, you would find the VanderMeers enthralling. I'm not a fan of steampunk, but dutifully sat through their panel.

Most of what the VanderMeers talked about were their projects. There were at least six books in progress, topped by *The Weird*, a forthcoming 700,000-word anthology from Atlantic Monthly Press. The VanderMeers are also the authors of *The Kosher Guide to Imaginary Animals*, and once talked to an interviewer from Swedish public radio who asked, "Are wookies kosher?"

It is far from clear how many steampunks there are in the world, but the VanderMeers seemed to know every one of them. Steampunks seem to me like women who liked to wear extreme clothing, but Jeff VanderMeer said the culture had already divided into the more militant East Coast crowd and the Seattle steampunks, who "have more of a social viewpoint and use their clothes for ordinary wear."

The VanderMeers were also in constant contact with sculptors and artists who create steam-powered thingies. The most extreme was someone who had allegedly created a steam-powered motorcycle. Jeff VanderMeer found that the motorcycle was a fraud; the exhaust pipes were doctored "so that it looked like steam was coming out. The steamcycle polluted even *more* than a normal motorcycle."

Saturday night was for the WSFA award ceremonies. Unlike past years, no one dressed up.

The winner of the WSFA Small Press Award was Tanzy Rayner Roberts, for her story "Siren Beat," in the October 2009 issue of the online zine *Twelfth Planet*. Twelfth Planet's Australian editor announced that Roberts wished she could attend, but she lived in Hobart, Tasmania, "and have a baby strapped to my leg."

Jeff and Ann VanderMeer then announced the Last Drink Bird Head Award,

which are personal awards given to people they feel have done good things for sf. The winners were:

- Gentle Advocacy: Ay-leen the Peacemaker, a blogger
- Tireless Energy: Leslie Howle, Clarion West organizer
- Promotion of Reading: Colleen Cahill, Library of Congress recommending officer for sf
- Expanding Our Vocabulary: Matt Cheney
- International Activism: Lavie Tidhar
- Neil Clarke Special Achievement Award: L. Timmel Duchamp, Aqueduct Press

After the VanderMeers left, Heinlein biographer Bill Patterson announced that

Connie Willis had been elected to the board of the Heinlein Society.

The guests of honor then received their prizes. The VanderMeers received a copy of *The Encyclopedia of Immaturity* and a set of buckyballs. Connie Willis received a full-size portrait by L.W. Perkins of scenes from several of Willis's novels, most notably *To Say Nothing of the Dog*.

"This is just perfect," Willis said about the painting. She then added, "This has just been a wonderful convention. I'm amazed at how many people came to the programming."

Connie Willis's husband Courtney's birthday was on October 24, so everyone who attended sang "Happy Birthday" to him.

Then I had some more cake and left for home.



### 2010 Sidewise Awards

The winners of the Sidewise Awards were announced at Reconstruction, the 2010 NASFiC.

**Short Form:** Alastair Reynolds, "The Fixation", from *The Solaris Book of New Science Fiction, Volume 3*, George Mann (ed.) (Solaris)

**Long Form:** Robert Conroy, *1942* (Ballantine)

## A Pre-Historical Pre-History of the Pre-Bid

START HERE



[Jeff Orth writes about how he, Diane Lacey and Ruth Lichtwardt caught the vision for a KC in 2016 Worldcon bid.]

**By Jeff Orth:** We have worked as a team for several projects since forming for the Anticipation Hugo Administration. Diane was the ConSuite Department head for Anticipation and Ruth and I helped her where we could, both in recruiting staff and taking shifts as needed. It was one of the best consuites I have

ever seen. Not that I am at all unbiased. We also recently worked on-site con registration for the Raleigh NASFiC.

We all worked on ConQuesT 2010, Ruth in Facilities and Diane and me in programming. It was this venue that spawned the idea of a Kansas City Worldcon. (Well that and somebody else trying to thrust \$20 at me. And of course a Worldcon Bid not inspired by late night, drunken conversations would be just wrong. We can, and probably will, make up more stories as we go along.)

After Diane had headed off for Toronto to continue working on SFCOntario, Ruth and I approached Margene Bahm and asked her to look into facilities downtown. She happily agreed and contacted the Kansas City CVB (called VisitKC [visitkc.com]) Margene made arrangements to tour the hotels and convention center, Bartle Hall, with a representative from VisitKC named Becky. I unashamedly invited myself along. We spent a wonderful day in June touring some of the most wonderful hotels I have ever seen. I don't recall if you were at the KC Smofcon at the Hotel Phillips. It was a great hotel and yet it was not the most impressive of the five we saw. The Hilton President and the Holiday Inn Aladdin, both within 2 blocks of the Convention Center, were at least equally impressive.

Bartle Hall is slightly too large for us, but not so large that any other event of any size could occupy the space we would not use.

Becky referred to us several times as a "City Wide" meaning that we would consume all of the available Hotel Space downtown, thus again precluding any other group from utilizing that space. We would be a big deal in Kansas City, indeed.

We judge the existing hotel space to be more than adequate. If we need to resort to overflow hotels, (the Hyatt Crown Center, where ConQuesT is currently held) it would be a very successful Worldcon. The other two hotels, the Marriott Downtown (which incorporates the old Muehlbach) and the Crown Plaza Downtown are within a block of the convention center, as is the Holiday Inn Aladdin. The Hotel Phillips and the President are two blocks away.

I came away from the tour stunned and more excited about a Kansas City Worldcon than I had ever been. (Margene came away vowing to never take me anywhere, ever again. I think I behaved like a farm boy in the big city for the first time, which isn't far from the truth.)

All of this is, of course, subject to the normal ebb and flow of negotiation. Numbers will be crunched and spreadsheets will be drawn up and disposed of. We expect to have facts for people to chew over and not just the goshwow of a Kansas farmboy. And we do have lots of time to get our ducks lined up.

Which brings me to the non-announcement at NASFiC. We realize that it is too early to bid for a Worldcon in 2016. We believe that fandom has a limited amount of resources (as do we). But, we wanted to get the word out that we are very serious. We actually have fans excited here in the KC area and elsewhere. A bunch of them are likely to be in tow in San Jose in December. (And "in tow" is almost not an exaggeration. Some of them are worried about finals that week. Just where did all these kids come from? Don't answer that, just keep 'em off my lawn.)

Our primary challenge here in KC for the next two years will be keeping the fire stoked. You can judge how well we have done when we start throwing parties for keepsies at Chicago in 2012. We might sneak a few in here and there, just to keep our hand in, look to SFCOntario and Reno for example. We do like throwing parties, but, we won't be actively soliciting pre-supports until our official announcement two years before the vote. Planning, organizing and having fun for now, and keeping an eye on the fannish landscape are our priorities. Oh, and looking for people all across that landscape who might like to join us in the craziness..

# The Annual Fanzine Fans' Get-Together

## The 2011 Corflu in Sunnyvale, California

### Report by Marty Cantor

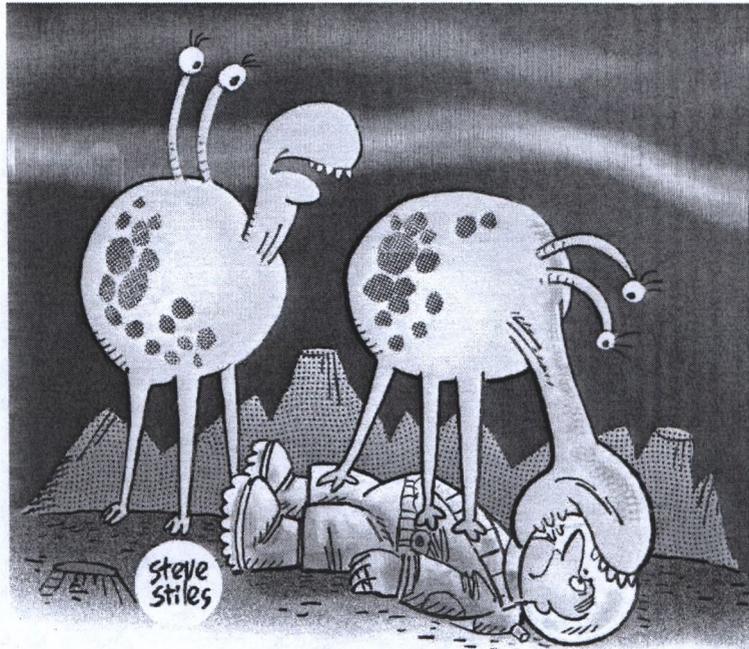
For a hot-house plant like me, even Los Angeles can be cold in February. But a sweater, jacket, overcoat, gloves, and a hat can take care of that whilst the interior of the car warms up. Even over the Grapevine, that gateway to a fast drive on the I-5 north from Los Angeles to the Bay Area. Or, to be more accurate, to Sunnyvale, in the heart of Silicon Valley.

Even in Buttonwillow, 100 miles north of my North Hollywood starting point, where I stopped to put gas into my car, and thence to grab a bite to eat in the rest stop just north of that burg, the cold was barely tolerable when I removed my gloves to remove money from my wallet to pay for the fuel at the gas station and to hold the sandwich I consumed at the rest stop.

But what really warmed me up was the listening to some of my favourite music on my way north. CD players built into automobiles are a boon for people like me, people who like music at least a bit out of the mainstream.

See, I started out listening to two CDs of the secular music from the Renaissance, wonderful sounds from 400+ years in the past. I then moved up 200 years and listened to a CD of Ludwig von Beethoven's overtures – and then got all modern listening to *Catulli Carmina* and *Trionfo Di Afrodite* by Carl Orff, modern music only 100 years old. I was listening to Orff's *Carmina Burana* when I pulled into the parking lot of the Domain Hotel in Sunnyvale, the venue for this year's Corflu, a con celebrating a part of science fiction fandom which started in the 1930s and sometimes feels like it has barely left that time despite the embrace of modern zine-creating technology.

And almost the first thing I did after reg-



*“Good Grief, Frnbq, that’s no way to ask for foreign aid!”*

istering at the hotel and moving things to my room was to take three other con-goers in my car and drive to the Winchester Mystery House for a tour of same. This weird and wonderful 160-room, Victorian mansion which was continuously a-building for 38 years (until the owner died) seemed a fitting start to a con dedicated to the ideals of what started our hobby. (Unfortunately, we were not allowed to take photographs of any parts of the interiors of the mansion but photos aimed outward from porches and balconies were apparently not forbidden – and I shot some from those viewpoints.) Fandom does, of course, adapt to the new technology to continue producing fanzines, usually much easier to create than it was in bygone days; and, sometimes even showing better repro and other technical niceties.

The Corflu concom — tech-savvy as they were — did not keep their web site updated. It was a decided shock to see some people

showing up who were not listed as members. Make that a “pleasant shock” in many cases, as non-listed Pat Virzi walked into the hotel lobby. The totally unexpected appearance, walking down a hotel corridor, of Victor Gonzalez (with his wife, Tamara) was another “pleasant shock.” Out of the past walked Gary Farber – or so it seemed. At the time I wasn’t sure, as I didn’t think that I had seen Gary since the 1984 Worldcon in Los Angeles. And, even though the day before Graham Charnock was sending messages from London, awaiting the birth of his first grandchild, there he was in the hotel bar when I walked in!

One new person I met was Kat Templeton. On one or another of the e-lists I infest, it had been mentioned that she was going to

be producing a fanzine. I asked her about it and she told me it was half-finished. As, maybe, a spur to get her to do more fanzining, I handed her an envelope of Rotsler illos. I had used all of these illos during 2010 and I was originally going to give these to Earl Kemp for use in his on-line zine. But, with Earl not at the con this year, I saw no reason why I should not help a relative newcomer by giving her the Rotslers.

And one of those wonderful, unplanned happenings of cons are the totally unexpected connexions and meetings which spontaneously happen. I more or less slightly overslept on Saturday morning – but I was still the first person down for breakfast. I had just finished eating and was starting my second cup of coffee when Michael Dobson walked in and joined me. He told some interesting anecdotes about some people (non-fans) he knew in DC (where he lives) and we traded some anecdotes about Australia, a

place we had both visited. At the time, I had been planning to take my second cup of coffee and walk up to my room and begin typing this con report on my computer, but it was really more interesting, talking to Michael, so I started working on this account about an hour later than planned. As cons are one of those things which are usually so interesting there is relatively no time during them to do any writing, the only time for typing is either before or just after breakfast for an early riser like me.

Friday night's opening ceremonies were, well, opening-ceremony-like, with the only difference being me taking photographs with my brand-new camera. And, also, taking the microphone and announcing that I had copies of Len Moffatt's fannish autobiography for sale, all proceeds to TAFF and DUFF. (A sudden weird thought – why is it always TAFF and DUFF rather than DUFF and TAFF? Probably it is because TAFF was here first rather than a more usual alphabetical listing. Still, some phrases always bother me because they are so backwards – like the phrase “back and forth”. I mean, how can one come back before one has gone forth? Et bloody silliness.)

As is the protocol at cons, at least for those of us who have been in fandom for awhile and who have attended some cons, almost more important than the usual official starting ceremonies are the individual greetings of those whom one has not seen since the last iteration of the con – especially at Corflus as this meeting of fanzine fans is often the only con attended by those of us who enjoy this part of fandom. Of particular enjoyment are the first meeting with fans with whom one has been corresponding in one or another milieu, often for some time, but with whom this is the first ever face-to-face meeting, such was the case in my meeting with Mike and Pat Meara, over from Old Blighty to experience the American iteration of Corflu and to see how it differs – if at all – from the English version of the con which they attended the previous year. Indeed, I met them almost as soon as I arrived at the con hotel. And they (along with Milt Stevens, the other Angeleno at the con) were my passengers as I drove them to the Winchester Mystery House, theoretically a 10-minute drive from the hotel – according to the map I downloaded before I left North Hollywood – but local traffic made that more than a bit of a joke. But get there we did, and I must say that we all enjoyed the tour of a house with cabinet doors which opened to blank walls, an outside door on a higher floor which opened up to open air and no stairs, a stairway up to a ceiling, a window in the floor, and many other strange constructions. Anybody interested in this over-large anomaly of a building can probably read about it in many places. Needless to say, join-

ing with the British Sandra Bond and the three passengers she drove over from the hotel, we had a fascinating tour of this architectural pile.

After which we all returned to the hotel or went for a meal or did something before we went to the Opening Ceremonies. In my case, even though Milt and I shared a table in the hotel restaurant before going to the opening ceremonies, nothing much which happened on that Friday evening compared to the sensory overload of viewing the Winchester House. At the Opening Ceremonies I remember Carrie Root's name being pulled from the box, therefore making her the Guest of Honour at this Corflu, but not all that much of what else happened at that event – except me making an announcement of the Len Moffatt autobiography which I had printed upon hearing of Len's death. (This autobiography was a compilation of 9 episodes which Len wrote and which I had originally pubbed in nine different issues of my zine, *NO AWARD* (starting over 10 years ago).

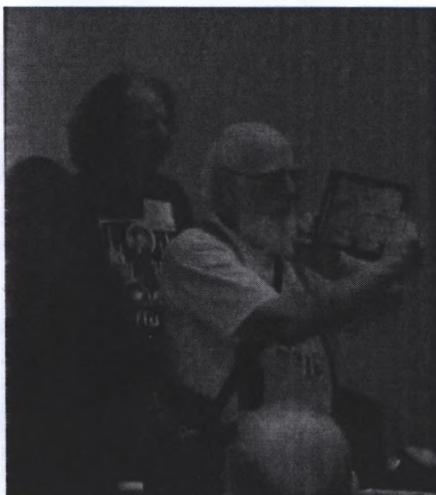
Tired from all of this, I went to bed even earlier than usual. So, if anybody is interested in what I did at the room parties and such like at the con, please note that I am an early riser and rarely stay up until midnight at most cons. Indeed, even were I to stay up past midnight, I would be asleep anyway. A night person I am not – unless it is at the tail end of the night, as I awaken before sunup.

Programming at Corflus is always single track. Granted, there are not all that many people at these cons compared to, say, Worldcons, but these are all the sort of people with whom other fanzine fans love to hang around. And talk. And talk. And talk. So, even though whatever the programming at the con happens to be, tailored as it all is to the interests of

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**Art Widner deciphers his Lifetime Achievement plaque, while Tom Becker looks on.**

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fanzine fans, sometimes many of the attendees do not much bother the programming which is put on for their enjoyment/edification.

So be it.

This means that I missed the fannish trivia contest where four teams squared off to see which team knew the most useless information. The results, though: the Mike McNerny American team of John D Berry, Milt Stevens, and Gary Farber beat the Sandra Bond English team.

One item of interest was a slide presentation by Dave Hicks, a fanartist brought to the con by the Corflu 50 group. Dave is a fanartist whose artwork I would dearly love to showcase in any genzine I was putting out. If I was putting one out ...

In my case, I was only interested in the Fanzine Auction, put on at 8 on Saturday evening, given that I had brought items to auction off for DUFF. All of the items put up for bid at Corflu auctions are meant only for the support of various fannish charities, usually (and mostly) the various travel funds: TAFF, DUFF, GUFF, and the like. I have participated in fannish auctions before – as an auctioneer – and it turned out that this was to be no exception as Chris Garcia, the con chair, had not made arrangements for anybody else other than him to do the auctioning. As more and more fans straggled in from dinner, the auctioning got more spirited as more people began participating in the bidding. At the end of the scheduled hour, with only a few items left to auction, we called an end to the bidding so that those who had won items could pay for them and the next programme item could commence.

This was a fannish play, written by Andy Hooper. I always seem to enjoy reading them after the fact as I usually have conversations drag me away from the live productions – and this time was no different from the usual.

I went up to the con suite and got into some conversations, including a bit on the virtual con suite, a connexion to interested parties via the internet. This was most ably handled at the Corflu end by Kat Templeton.

Sunday morning saw Jack Calvert arriving for breakfast as I was going in for same. Yeah, I slightly overslept today, too. Jack is a member of LASFAPA, one of the two APAS I run, and he is also a member of Inthebar, the e-list founded by fan artist Harry Bell. As is all too common, I remember that Jack and I had a fine talk during breakfast, with me not remembering any of the details.

Sunday mornings at Corflus usually start slowly as the only scheduled programme item is the Banquet. Of course, eating food is only one of the things we do at the Banquet. The food at this Corflu's Banquet was a brunch – in name, even though it was mostly breakfast

food along with exceedingly spicy chili. Some of us who had already eaten breakfast at the hotel were slightly put out that essentially the same food for lunch. (An aside: a free, full breakfast was included in the price of our hotel rooms. Personally, I find that a wonderful change from the sweet roll and coffee combo called a free breakfast at some hotels. And, as a breakfast, it was very good.)

The food part of the Banquet was served in a room off the lobby of the hotel. So, when we finished our meal we moved to the room we used for Corflu functions, on a hallway in back of the elevators on the second floor. This is where the "business" of the con was then held. Starting with the nominations and voting for the Past President of FWA, Fanzine Writers of America. As explained by Ted White (who ran this part of the meeting), what the members of the con produce are fanzines, and whether drawn or typed, we are all writers, and no matter from whence we came, we are all Americans – at least for the purpose of FWA. And we always vote for last year's President as there is never any current President of FWA. (Ted explained all this better than me but I was too busy taking photographs to write down any details.) Anyway, after some very spirited voting, Spike was voted Past President of FWA.

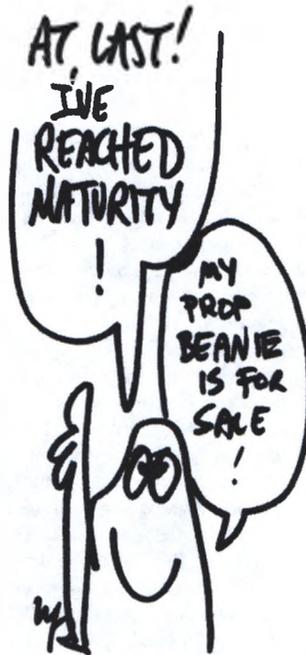
Then came the time for Spike to announce the winners of the FAAN Awards, with said Awards being carved on bronze plaques (by Tom Becker). First, though, there was a Special Lifetime Achievement Award given to Art Widner. Art got up to take the award and then sort of hesitated as he attempted to read the words on the plaque. Some wag – not me, this time – wondered, aloud, if the words on the plaque used Art's spelling. Art mentioned something about them being in "dumb English."

Below is a list of the FAAN Awards as voted on by fans:

Artist: Steve Stiles  
Letterhack: Robert Lichtman  
Fanzine: Robert Lichtman's TRAP DOOR  
Writer: Roy Kettle  
Website: eFanzines.com

Carrie Root then gave her Guest of Honor speech; which, in her case, was a slide show of a visit with relatives and Andy Hooper to northern New Mexico. It was well received.

There was then a discussion of where Corflu would be held in 2012, with Ted White presenting a bid for Las Vegas as none of the Vegrans were able to appear at this year's con. Many of us have good memories of the Corflus previously held in Vegas, so it was with good heart that Las Vegas was awarded the 2012 Corflu.



The end of the Banquet is traditionally the end of the programming at Corflu. The Con Suite will remain open until around midnight or so and there are still get-togethers and fannish food expeditions afterwards, but many people leave for home on Sunday afternoon and evening. Being theoretically retired – well, I run the apartment building in which I live as a supplement to my Social Security check – I usually stay at the hotel an additional night and start my drive home early Monday morning. As I did, this time, except I had the "pleasure" of having rain or drizzle as an accompaniment to my driving all the way south until I arrived at the Grapevine. From the beginning of my ascent into the mountains – and for the remainder of the day – the Sun was shining brightly. A fitting end to a fine con.

### 2011 FAAn Awards Stats

Here is Spike's report of FAAn Awards voting. The winners are in italics.

#### BEST FAN WRITER (53 nominees)

*Roy Kettle* 72  
Claire Brialey 61  
Mark Plummer 56  
James Bacon 51  
Tara Wayne 38

#### BEST FAN ARTIST (31 nominees)

*Steve Stiles* 115  
Dan Steffan 100

D West 74  
Brad Foster 52  
Harry Bell 31

#### BEST FANZINE (40 nominees)

*Trapdoor* (Robert Lichtman) 100  
*Banana Wings* (Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer) 87  
*Chunga* (Randy Byers, Andy Hooper, Carl Juarez) 54  
*Challenger* (Guy Lillian III) 37  
*Sense of Wonder Stories* (Rich Coad) 37

#### BEST FAN WEBSITE (22 nominees)

*eFanzines.com* 140  
Ansible 32  
file770.com 29  
Fanac Fanhistory Project 26  
fiawol.org.uk/FanStuff/ 25

#### Harry Warner, Jr., Memorial Award for BEST FAN CORRESPONDENT (46 nominees)

*Robert Lichtman* 78  
Lloyd Penney 43  
Jerry Kaufman 40  
Mike Meara 39  
Claire Brialey 31

There were 47 voters: Andy Hooper, Audrey Trend, Barbara Johnson-Haddad, Bill Burns, Bob Sabella, Bruce Townley, Chris Garcia, Claire Brialey, Colin Hinz, Curt Phillips, Dave Hicks, Dave Locke, Eric Mayer, G T Trend, Greg Benford, Guy Lillian, Ian Maule, Jack Calvert, James Bacon, Jay Kinney, Jim Linwood, John Hertz, John Nielsen Hall, Katrina Templeton, Kim Huett, Lenny Bailes, Lloyd Penney, Mark Plummer, Mike Deckinger, Mike McInerney, Mike Meara, Murray Moore, Nic Farey, Pamela Boal, Pat Charmock, Randy Byers, Rich Coad, Rob Jackson, Robert Lichtman, Roy Kettle, Sandra Bond, Spike, Steve Stiles, Tara Wayne, Ulrika O'Brien, William Wright, Yvonne Penney.





Pirates **Tim and Serena Powers** at Mythcon 41, where Tim was guest of honor.

### **Mythcon 41**

At Mythcon 41, Diana, Sierra and I all participated in a reader's theater organized by David Bratman. We reprised one of Charles Williams' Amen House masques. Sierra, then age 8, did a great job as The Manuscript. Emily Rauscher, who took that role in David's first production at a long-ago Mythcon, this time played the Master Librarian. (How long ago was that Mythcon? Well, Emily was probably in high school then, and this year she's a newly-minted Ph.D.) Bernie Phillips Bratman and David were stellar as those rival managers Alexis and Dorinda. Diana took the narrator's role and I played gruff Colin.

### **At the Pasadena Westercon**

I arrived at the Pasadena Hilton on the first day of Westercon 63 to find a big graphic appealing for people to support the Tonopah in 2012 Westercon bid set like a jewel in the midst of the fan table area. The poster showed a brilliant blue sky with a mushroom cloud towering heavenward, and Kuma Bear posed beside a cactus in the foreground. It looked like the place Indiana Jones' refrigerator rolled to a stop. (Of course, doesn't most of Nevada?)

A second poster declared the Tonopah bid

is NOT A HOAX. It just happened to be a bid that didn't file (wasn't eligible to file, as Kevin Standlee was eager to explain to anyone who'd listen). The only way it could win was through a series of events beginning with the filed Seattle in 2012 bid failing to outpoll write-ins for Tonopah or None of the Above.

But the next night Kevin had to interrupt his own *Match Game SF* show to let teller Sharon Sbarsky "unofficially" announce that fans had voted for Seattle to host the con in 2012. He took the defeat surprisingly well. In fact, he briefly did an ecstatic dance, shouting into his microphone as he spun "You know who was going to have to chair if Tonopah won...!"

Westercon boasted several excellent fan-nish panels, like "The Modern Fanzine." How rarely fanzines are explained with the contagious sense of fun that Kevin Roche, España Sheriff and Jason Schachat, the *Yipe!* editorial staff, brought to the subject. They expanded my horizons about editing a digital fanzine on multiple platforms and fired me up to get back to work on my next ish. (Heaven knows when I'd have finished if I wasn't fired up, eh?)

The secret masters also tried to fire up interest in future Westercons. There's a growing anxiety that this series of cons doesn't justify its continued existence. The question was even asked out loud on a program

### **2010 Mythopoeic Award Winners**

The winners of the 2010 Mythopoeic Society Awards were announced on July 11 at Mythcon 41 in Dallas.

#### ***Fantasy Awards, Adult Literature***

Jo Walton, *Lifelode* (NESFA Press)

#### ***Fantasy Awards, Children's Literature***

Grace Lin, *Where the Mountain Meets the Moon* (Little, Brown)

#### ***Scholarship Awards, Inklings Studies***

Dimitra Fimi, *Tolkien, Race, and Cultural History: From Fairies to Hobbits* (Palgrave Macmillan, 2009)

#### ***Scholarship Awards, Myth and Fantasy Studies***

Marek Oziewicz, *One Earth, One People: The Mythopoeic Fantasy Series of Ursula K. Le Guin, Lloyd Alexander, Madeleine L'Engle and Orson Scott Card* (McFarland, 2008)

Also presented at the awards banquet was the first Alexei Kondratiev Student Paper Award. Named for the popular Mythopoeic scholar who passed away prior to the convention, the award is given for a paper read at the conference. The winner was Michael Millburn for "Art According to Romantic Theology: Charles Williams' Analysis of Dante Reapplied to J.R.R. Tolkien's 'Leaf By Niggle'."

"Should We Retire the Westercon at 65?" with Ben Yalow, Kevin Standlee, Glenn Glazer, Bobbie DuFault there to answer.

When fans created Westercon in 1948 as a traveling convention there was no other regular con on the West Coast of the United States. Now every major city in the region has at least one fan-run sf con, often several other commercial cons, and perhaps even a major anime or comics event. There's no vacuum that anyone needs a roving Westercon to fill.

Meantime, Westercon has dwindled in size. Some years it has been run as a kind of oversized party at a resort hotel in Hawaii or Las Vegas.

This panel drew enough fans who believe Westercon should continue to deter anyone at the subsequent business meeting from moving to abolish the con — although such a motion was anticipated.

Con chair Christian McGuire told me Westercon drew over 600 attendees. If one stops thinking about Westercon as a mere shadow of its formerly glorious self (the 1989 con had 2,500 attendees) and just thinks about it as an event that provides a good time on a holiday weekend for several hundred fans, it's not hard to imagine it going on indefinitely. The only question is whether the loose community of conrunners who shepherd it from year to year will find that idea sufficiently inspiring to keep doing the work.

# FILE 770

## Obituaries

### *He Was a Lion:* **Len Moffatt** (1923-2010)

By John Hertz (reprinted from *Vanamonde* 913): I gave him a gilt bottle of mimeograph correction fluid for his 50th birthday. I dressed as Auguste Dupin for him in a presentation at the detective-fiction convention Bouchercon the year he co-chaired. I drank Chivas Regal with him. Len Moffatt was of First Fandom, that happy band active among us at least as early as the first World Science Fiction Convention in 1939. Born in Arizona, by his teens he was a founder of the Western Pennsylvania Science Fictioneers, doing fanzines – a word not yet invented – and corresponding with fans around the United States and United Kingdom. In World War II he joined the Navy like his ancestors and served as a hospital-corpsman with the Marines; he was in Nagasaki after the atomic bomb. In 1946 he joined the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. He always pronounced *LASFS* to rhyme with *mass sass*. He did a lot of rhyming, sometimes as the clown Pike Pickens, sometimes clowning himself.

Some fans sell s-f, some become quite active as pros. In 1949 the LASFS began a yearly Fanquet honoring the member who sold the most words in the previous year. Moffatt tied for that honor in 1951. In 2004 the LASFS gave him its Forry Award — named after Forry Ackerman — for lifetime achievement in s-f, putting him in the company of Ray Bradbury, Kelly Freas, and C.L. Moore. In 2008 his poem “What a Friend We Have in Sherlock” appeared in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*. Detective fiction has long been our next-door neighbor. Bouchercon, of which Len and his second wife June were co-founders, was named for Tony Boucher, a top and — if I may say so — tony editor and author there and here. It gave them its Anthony Award for lifetime achievement in 1999.

Len was probably Rick Sneary's best friend. Both were active in the Outlanders, one of the many s-f clubs outside the LASFS — often overlapping the LASFS membership



**Len Moffatt** at a LASFS party in the Sixties. Photo by Bruce Pelz.

— that have flourished from time to time. Sneary lived in South Gate. In 1948 he began, first as a joke, the slogan *South Gate in '58*. It caught on. The Worldcon moves around so as to be each year in someone's back yard. In 1957 the con was in London. It voted for South Gate. Be careful what you wish. Luckily the mayors of South Gate and Los Angeles by joint proclamation constituted the premises of the Hotel Alexandria as South Gate for the duration and purposes of the Worldcon. The con was called “Solacon” in honor of the combination. It also combined with that year's Westercon, the West Coast Science Fantasy Conference. Len was in the thick of it all. A decade and a half later he was Fan Guest of Honor at Westercon XXV.

Besides fanzines we have apas, amateur publishing associations, which distribute

fanzines. We did not invent apas but we gave them our own life. Our first was the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, older than Worldcons. The distinction between science fiction and fantasy has long been known and blurred. The Moffatt FAPA-zine was *Moonshine*. This was appropriate. Among Len's achievements was fan fiction — in our sense, i.e. fiction about fans — that Terry Carr thought was factual anecdote. Len and June were in APA-L, much younger than FAPA, over thirty years until Len's death. June still is.

Conviviality, hospitality were with Len's wit, amplified, if possible, by June. Together clubmen and party hosts — the suffix *-man* is not masculine — they also welcomed and sponsored newcomers with open arms, and discernment, for them no paradox. Fine fannish things happened at Moffatt House and when the Moffatts went abroad. They went well abroad in 1973 as the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund delegates, nominated by Terry Jeeves, Ethel Lindsay, Juanita Coulson. Fred Patten, and Roy Tackett. attending the British national s-f con, and publishing their TAFF report in good time. In 1981 they were Fan Guests of Honor at our local s-f con Loscon. In 1994 they were given the Evans-Freehafer Award for service to the LASFS. Shortly before I had the honor of co-editing with them the Rick Sneary memorial fanzine *Button-Tack*. It seems like yesterday.

He was a lion. I loved him. Good-bye.

### **Mike Glicksohn** (1946-2011)

Mike Glicksohn, an iconic figure at conventions with his flowing beard and Australian bush hat, passed away March 18 after suffering a stroke. This came at the end of a years-long struggle with cancer. Mike was 64. He is survived by Susan Manchester, his wife of almost 18 years.

I was fortunate to know Mike from my earliest days in fandom, meeting first in fanzines, and soon after at conventions. Mike's written personality struck me as the epitome of “cool” — ironic, outwardly unaffected by crisis, with a clever and cutting sense of humor — but in person he was much more than that, as I discovered when we met at the 1972 Worldcon. Mike was colorful, sure of himself, and smiled a lot. A man would recognize in Glicksohn's witty demeanor a challenge and have to decide — was he laughing with me, or at me? Also, while he enjoyed socializing he was always winnowing the crowd in search of who was really worth his time. Mike especially cherished the company of fandom's legends, like Ackerman, Bloch and Tucker, as he wrote in *Mimosa 30*.

From where I was viewing things as a relatively new fan Mike was already a legend

himself — yet he'd only been in fandom four years longer than me. Mike attended his first Worldcon in 1966, Tricon in Cleveland, after learning about it from an ad in *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. He also co-founded the Ontario Science Fiction Club (OSFiC) that year. He came to the next Worldcon with a contingent of Canadian fans, who wore Spock ears as they watched the banquet from an overlooking balcony. (Spock ears were still cool in 1967.) These fans formed the core of the winning 1973 Worldcon bid.

Back home in Toronto Mike made his living as a high school mathematics teacher. He and Susan Wood had married in 1970 after meeting at Boskone the year before. Together they published the leading fannish fanzine, *Energumen*, for several years, turning out 15 impeccably mimeographed issues filled with brilliant art and contributions from the most sought-after fanwriters. Their zine won a Hugo at Torcon II in 1973. However, by that time their marriage had broken up although they remained on terms that allowed them to accept Aussiecon's invitation to be joint Fan Guests of Honor at the 1975 Worldcon. *The Hat Goes Home* is Mike's report of that trip.

In the coming years Mike won three Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards (FAAn) as Best LoC Writer. He was nominated for a Hugo as Best Fan Writer in 1977. He was even selected Past President of fwa (Fanzine Writers of America) at the 2006 Corflu.

Mike reviewed fanzines for my genzine *Prehensile* in his notorious fanzine-killing column "The Zineophobic Eye." I don't say "fanzine-killing" because he indulged in KTF-style reviews. Rather, Mike took a perverse pride in the way every one of the host fanzines had expired soon after it started running his column. Mike's column had appeared in Richard Labonte's *Hugin & Munin* (as "The Zinephobic"), Mike's own *Energumen*, and *Osfic Quarterly*. That's why Mike began his first installment for me with a warning: "Read this issue of *Prehensile* carefully friends. Savor it, enjoy it, admire it; it's very likely one of the last issues you'll be seeing..." And in that respect my fanzine did not disappoint: his first column appeared in *Prehensile* 11 and the zine ended its run four issues later.

If Mike had a fannish philosophy, I'd say it was something he'd inject into the dialogue when, now and then, things got a little heated: Unless you were having fun, there wasn't any point in staying in fandom.



**Mike Glicksohn accepting Susan Wood's 1981 Best Fan Writer Hugo, which she won posthumously.**

He was always ready to enjoy the good times and help create them. He'd play along with the joke — like when he let Elst Weinstein and I make him co-GoH of the 1978 Hugu Ranquet. He even refused to let us pay for his hamburger.

Mike liked the fun, but not necessarily the publicity that ensued. He once told me, "I've only had seven embarrassing moments in fandom — and Jay Kay Klein was there to photograph every damn one of them! One was at PghLange: I took off all my clothes and was sitting on the floor naked, talking to people, and Jay Kay was there to photograph it."

Similarly, Mike, who was famously devoted to playing poker, once took part in a game held in an elevator car at a Canadian convention hotel. But when Lloyd Penney wrote this in a LoC Mike followed with his own letter saying the story was completely apocryphal, or at least he'd completely forgotten about it "because those brain cells were destroyed."

There was also a serious side to Mike. He was sensitive to injustice within fandom. He helped fight our battles. A motion he made with Marty Cantor to change the Best Fanzine Hugo rules launched a discussion that spun off *Locus* and several other perennial award contenders into a new Best Semiprozine category in 1982. As Cantor remembers, "Mike and I felt that zines which either start as amateur zines and grow into something else (or start as something else) provided unfair competition to those who wish to re-main amateurs (in the best and original sense of that word, doing it strictly and only for the love of

doing it without any thought of making at least part of their living doing it) should be able to compete on a level playing field, competing only with like-minded fans."

He was also instrumental in returning the Worldcon to Toronto for the first time in 30 years, co-chairing the Toronto bid for 2003. And because it was Mike Glicksohn who called to invite me as Torcon 3's fan guest of honor, that meant the world to me.

It was just two years after that Worldcon, in 2005, that Mike was first diagnosed with cancer. In 2006 surgeons removed his right ureter because a cancerous tumour had been found there. At the same time his right kidney was taken out. Cancer was detected again in 2008. Doctors removed his gall bladder. There were courses of chemotherapy prior to all the surgeries. For a six-month stretch in 2009 tests came back with no sign of cancer, but it showed up again in November and thereafter Mike and his medical team were in a

non-stop battle. Despite that, whenever Mike sent out an e-mail telling about his progress he always tried to sound at least one lighter note amid the heavy medical news, such as the time he wrote, "I think Nietzsche was wrong. What almost killed me left me weaker but I'm working on it!"

And in mid-2010 Mike was well enough "to attend a mini family reunion on Vancouver Island in the context of my brother's wedding, so I'm not complaining."

But in January 2011 Mike said his team had recommended a short session of additional chemo as the cancer had not been eliminated. That was the last time I heard from him.

Mike will be remembered with tremendous affection. And although forewarned this day was coming his friends still will find it hard to let him go.

### **Glen GoodKnight (1941-2010)**

Glen GoodKnight, founder of the Mythopoeic Society, died November 3.

Bonnie Callahan, making the announcement on a Yahoo group, wrote: "He had been in poor health for a number of years, but was actively participating in many online activities, cataloging his collection for eventual sale/donation, and appeared to be in stable condition."

I was often in the home of Glen GoodKnight and his partner Ken Lauw when I was on Glen's 1997 Mythcon committee. It was the ideal fan home, walls covered with bookcases. Unlike other fans' shelves, Glen's were filled with editions of *Lord of the Rings* in every language that it had appeared —

collecting them was his passion. He was a highly interesting and very knowledgeable fan.

Because of the way these things work in fandom I never really gave a lot of thought to whether GoodKnight was his “real” name – but it was. He was born October 1, 1941, the eldest of three children of Glen GoodKnight, whose last name was an anglicized version of the German “Gutknecht,” according to his family.

Glen founded the Mythopoeic Society in 1967 in the aftermath of the legendary “Bilbo-Frodo Birthday Picnic” held in September of that year. He invited fans to his house on October 12 to form a continuing group. The 17 attendees became the Society’s first members. Within a few years they had planted 14 discussion groups around the country. In 1972 at the suggestion of Ed Meskys of the Tolkien Society of America the two organizations merged and overnight the Society grew to more than a thousand members.

Mythcon I was organized in 1970 to help knit the Society’s different groups together. Glen married Bonnie GoodKnight (later Callahan) at Mythcon II in 1971.

Glen edited 78 issues of the Society journal *Mythlore* between 1970 and 1998.

After staying away from Mythcons for several years, Glen returned in 2007 to celebrate the Society’s 40th anniversary at Berkeley in 2007. Greeted with a standing ovation, he delivered an emotion-filled reminiscence of the Society’s early days. Glen came back to Mythcon the following year, too. I was glad to see him renewing his links with the Society. Now I’m sad to know I won’t be in his company again.

The Council of Stewards of the Mythopoeic Society has renamed its “Starving Scholars Fund,” which helps selected academics afford to attend Mythcons, the “Glen GoodKnight Scholarship Fund,” memorializing Glen’s focus on scholarship and his encouragement of new scholars.

### Jerry Weist

Jerry Weist, one of the leading collectors and dealers in the comics field, died January 7 after battling cancer for several years.

Weist authored *Bradbury: An Illustrated Life*, *The Comic Art Price Guide*, and *The Art of Frank R. Paul*. From 1990 to 2001 he was a consultant specializing in popular culture at Sotheby’s, where he oversaw the auction of Sam Moskowitz’s collection. A few years ago Weist acquired the Harry Warner collection and sold the fanzines to James Halperin of Dallas, co-owner of Heritage



**Ken Lauw and Glen GoodKnight at the 2007 Mythcon in Berkeley, California.**

Rare Coin Galleries.

Jerry Weist grew up in Wichita. He was introduced to comics while working at his father’s grocery store. Discovering *Famous Monsters of Filmland* on the grocery store rack led him to fandom. He later started *Squa Tront*, the E.C. fanzine, and opened one of the first specialty comic stores, *The Million Year Picnic* on Harvard Square.

When he announced Weist’s death on the PulpMags list Doug Ellis added, “We can look forward to a few more projects coming out that he was working on — he completed the third edition of his comic art price guide, which should be out later this summer, and I think he also completed an expanded Frank R. Paul book which will be forthcoming — but these are just a few of the things that he had planned. It’s a very sad day.”

### George Scithers

One of the very few fans who did it all, George Scithers, died of a heart attack on April 19 at the age of 80.

He was a small press publisher, fiction writer, prozine editor, Worldcon chair, and Hugo-winning fanzine editor.

His plaid jacket was almost as well-known as Ben Yalow’s bow tie. Scithers was Fan Guest of Honor at the 1979 NASFiC (NorthAmerican) and the 2001 Worldcon (Millennium Philcon).

It was as an editor Scithers engraved his mark on the science fiction and fantasy fields.

Scithers was the founding editor of *Isaac Asimov’s Science Fiction Magazine* (1977), for which he won the Hugo twice, once in 1979 and again in 1981. After he departed *Asimov’s* in 1982, Scithers edited *Amazing*

until 1986 and thereafter was active in the revival of *Weird Tales*.

It’s in every prozine editor’s interest to cultivate new talent, but while Scithers was at *Asimov’s* that was his profound mission and made him highly visible at conventions and in workshops.

His fanzine, *Amra*, was devoted to sword-and-sorcery fiction — indeed, the term first appeared in its pages. *Amra* won the Best Fanzine Hugo in 1964. Although Robert A. Heinlein never wrote anything for the zine, he was moved to dedicate *Glory Road* to “George H. Scithers and the regular patrons of the Terminus, Owlswick, and Ft. Mudge Electric Street Railway” — the latter being a press name for Scithers’ fanac — because the book was inspired by Scithers’ postcard asking the question, “What happens *after* the Hero wins the hand of the princess and half the kingdom.”

Scithers chaired Discon, the 1963 Worldcon, attracting 600 fans to Washington D.C. Afterward he wrote *The Con-Committee Chairman’s Guide: The Story of Discon I* (1965), reflecting the kinder and gentler days of single-track programming. When I was working on the Nolacon II program in 1988 Bruce Pelz showed me Scithers’ remarks: “For the Discon, we set up most of the convention program in July, which seemed early enough to us...” I had a long, hysterical giggle.

Scithers was a West Point graduate, a Signal Corps officer who had seen service in the Korean War and had retired as a lieutenant colonel. He was still in the service when I first met him.

Scithers founded specialty publisher Owlswick Press in 1973. Its eclectic titles included the cannibal cookbook *To Serve Man*.

He also edited numerous anthologies, the latest being *Cat Tales: Fantastic Feline Fiction* (2008) and very recently *Cat Tales 2*.

In 1992, Scithers and Darrell Schweitzer won a World Fantasy Award for their work on *Weird Tales*. At the 2002 World Fantasy Convention in Minneapolis both Scithers and Forrest J Ackerman won World Fantasy Lifetime Achievement Awards.

John Betancourt reports that cards may be sent to Scithers’ longtime partner, Larry Fiege, at 218 Blandford St., Rockville, MD 20850-2629.

### Ruth Kyle

Ruth Kyle died January 5 after a brief illness. She had turned 81 only the day before.

She met her future husband, noted fan Dave Kyle, at a convention in 1955. The next

year she served as Secretary of the New York Worldcon in Dave chaired. The year after they married and trufannishly honeymooned at the 1957 Worldcon in England. They traveled there with 53 friends and in-laws on a specially chartered flight.

A memorial service will be held in the spring. In lieu of flowers, contributions in her name can be made to Trinity Church, 8 Maple Street, Potsdam NY 13676-1181.

### **Margaret Vartanoff**

**By Martin Morse Wooster:** Margaret Ellen Vartanoff, mother of fans Irene and Ellen Vartanoff, grandmother of Trevor Vartanoff, and mother-in-law of Scott Edelman, died on November 13, one day before her 96th birthday. Her Rockville, Maryland home hosted many meetings of the Potomac River Science Fiction Society and the Washington branches of the Mythopoeic Society and Burroughs Bibliophiles over the past 20 years.

She was born in Chicago as Margaret Brown in 1914. Her daughter Irene recalled that as a teenager Margaret was so smart that she took class notes in French to keep from being bored. She kept learning for most of her life. "Before the Internet, there was my mother," her daughter Irene recalled. "She was my own family's own Wikipedia."

After she was graduated from the University of Chicago, Margaret Brown went to Washington, where she worked for the Army Map Service. Her supervisor was Michael

"Misha" Vartanoff. They fell in love and married. Misha and Margaret Vartanoff had three children. They also co-wrote two books, *What is It In Space Age Russian?* (1963) and *What Is It In Elementary Russian?* (1965).

Although not a fan, Margaret Vartanoff encouraged her daughters to read, and allowed her teenage daughters Ellen and Irene to attend sf and comics conventions from the 1960s onward. Margaret Vartanoff accompanied her daughter Ellen to the 1987 Worldcon, but spent her time sightseeing while Ellen went to the convention.

A funeral service was held on November 20 at St. Mary Magdalene Episcopal Church in Silver Spring. About 20 fans were in the audience, and another half-dozen were in the choir.

### **Ann Cecil**

Ann Cecil died January 11 of cancer. She co-founded the Pittsburgh sf club PARSEC and remained active into 2010, holding office and leading discussions at meetings. She was 71.

Ann was revered for her participation in the Alpha SF/F/H Workshop for Young Writers, affiliated with the club's annual convention, Confluence, that she also helped found. Writer Dave Kirtley, part of the Alpha staff, said about her, "She was well-practiced at evaluating writing, as she owned a massive science fiction library and would write notes in each book analyzing its strengths and weaknesses. A lot of author friends knew this, and when they visited her home they would have to decide whether they dared take a peek at their own books and learn what she thought of them."

### **Ray Mariella**

Dr. Raymond Peel Mariella Sr., 91, co-founder of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, passed away March 17 reports the *P.S.F.S. News*.

Mariella and Milton Rothman formed the eleventh chapter of the Science Fiction League in 1934. The following year they combined with the stronger Boy's SF Club, of which Robert A. Madle was a member, and adopted a new name — the Philadelphia SF Society.

Mariella enjoyed a distinguished career at Loyola University of Chicago where he chaired the Chemistry Department and later served as Dean of Graduate Schools. He was a gifted



**Ruth Kyle in 2010.**

teacher of future doctors and nurses at his university, and also the general public as host of a program for school-age children called "Fun With Chemistry" on a local Chicago station, then as moderator of a regional weekly series for CBS called "Science Unlimited," interviewing scientists and discussing the latest discoveries.

### **Bob Null**

One of the most popular and hardworking active members of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Bob Null, passed away June 23 after a long fight against cancer. He was 72.

Bob first walked into the club in 1979 and in the following decades served 20 terms as the club's vice-president — no sinecure, but a demanding job with responsibilities like opening and closing the clubhouse at all hours several days each week, and shepherding a myriad of club property.

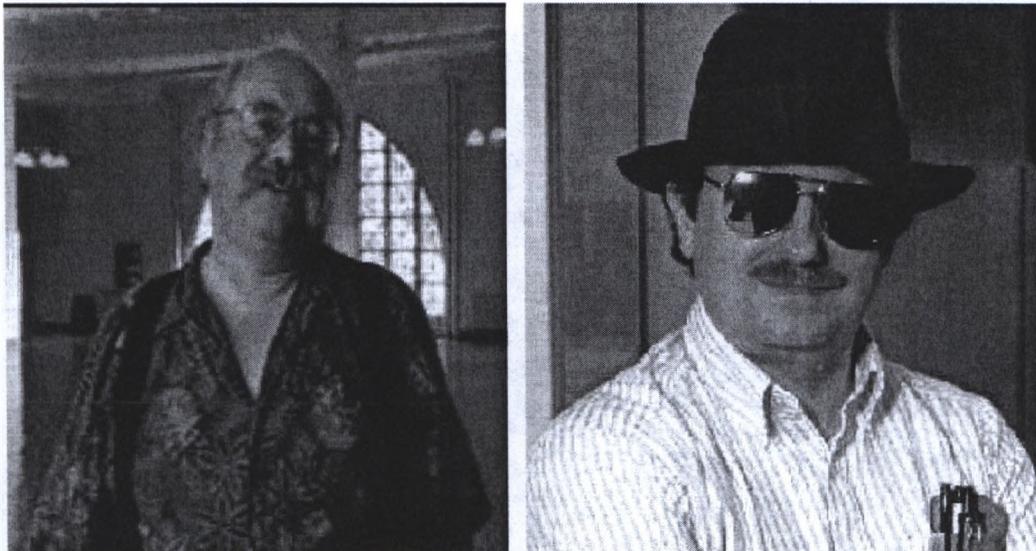
Bob served many terms on the LASFS Board of Directors, too, and made himself indispensable to local conventions, lsuch as the club's annual Loscon. His mastery of logistics was universally acknowledged. Everyone referred to his assignment as "the Bob Null position."

One of my memories of Bob is when we introduced the L.A.con III staff during a general committee meeting with lots of out-of-towners present. Bob Null got the biggest round of applause. His work was respected by fans everywhere.

The folks at the annual Doctor Who convention, Gallifrey One, went into detail about his contributions. "[Bob] has been an important part of Gallifrey One since our founda-

**Ruth and Dave Kyle on honeymoon in 1957.**





(Left) Celtic scholar **Alexei Kondratiev**. (Right) **George Brickner**, aka Dupa T. Par-

tion. Bob made certain our supply truck was ordered, supervised its loading and unloading, and provided material management throughout the convention. He purchased supplies for the Con Suite, organized our office equipment, supervised the loading and unloading of our TARDIS, and verified the usability of equipment such as our art show displays and main stage pipe & drape.”

LASFS has a tradition of honoring substantial donors as Patron Saints, one or two each week. Bob is celebrated at the 19th meeting of each year. Of course, he’ll be remembered every time a truckload of equipment is sent off to a con or anyone works on the club archives— in fact, just about every time the key turns in the clubhouse lock.

### **Alexei Kondratiev**

Celtic scholar, linguist and long-time member of the Mythopoeic Society, Alexei Kondratiev died May 27 at the age of 61 of a heart attack.

Alexei was born in New York to a French mother and a Russian father. Raised in rural France near the site of ancient Celtic remains, he was inspired to learn the Irish language, first from books he found in libraries, then by living in the Aran Islands among native speakers.

For the past 25 years he taught Irish language at the Irish Arts Centre in New York as well as courses on Celtic mythology, early Celtic Christianity, and the history of Celtic traditional music. He authored *The Apple Branch: A Path to Celtic Ritual*. He was scholar guest of honor at the 2002 Mythcon in Boulder.

I always felt Alexei was a prototypical Mythopoeic Society member — someone fascinated by a linguistic and literary subject

who spent his life mastering its intricacies, yet (here’s the exceptional part) just as willing to hear about your scholarly passions as he was willing to share his own.

### **George Brickner**

Chicago-area fan George Brickner, 58, died November 5. While the cause of death has yet to be reported, he blogged in April 2009 that he had been diagnosed with prostate cancer and wrote often about his treatment and health.

Also known as Dupa T. Parrot, George was one of the most amusing and popular members of Compuserve’s Science Fiction forums where I got to know him in the mid-1990s.

A devoted cat owner, George was active online in *The Pets Forums* and through that message board friends learned of his passing. Police had called a member listed in George’s cell phone as they attempted to notify relatives.

### **Everett Bleiler**

Everett Bleiler, compiler of the monumental *Checklist of Fantastic Literature*, died June 13 at the age of 90.

Occasionally the death announcement of a major historical figure in the sf community brings with it the implicit surprise that the person has been alive all along despite having made no news for years. At least, that’s how I reacted to reading that Bleiler passed away. I never met him. I heard his name reverently mentioned in many fannish conversations up by “completist” collectors who found his *Checklist* invaluable and aspired to own everything it listed.

The full title was: *The Checklist of Fan-*

*tastic Literature: A Bibliography of Fantasy, Weird and Science Fiction Books Published in the English Language*. Shasta Publishers issued it in 1948 with a dramatic cover by artist Hannes Bok. Harry Warner Jr. said in his fanhistory *All Our Yesterdays* that in the eyes of his contemporaries, “[T]his was found to be a first-rate accomplishment: a listing of more than 5,000 titles, well-indexed, with essays by Korshak and Bleiler on relevant subjects. Ackerman called it ‘the single greatest contribution ever made to the field of fantasy enjoyment.’”

Seventy people helped assemble the information, beginning by listing the holdings of major collections and

later consulting the Library of Congress and the British Museum. Shasta printed 2,000 copies and charged \$6.00 — a princely sum in 1948.

If 1940s fans were the people best-equipped to appreciate the magnitude of this project, they also were the people most likely to nitpick the result. Warner himself wrote that the 5,000-title figure included some “books of whimsy or way-out humor rather than genuine fantasy.”

He had some major credits as an editor before going into a corporate publishing career. With T.E. Ditky he edited the first annual Year’s Best anthology series. *The Best Science Fiction Stories* appeared annually from 1949-54. Later in his career, he produced two massive reference books: *SF: The Early Years* (1990) and *SF: The Gernsback Years* (1998).

Then, Bleiler worked at Dover Publications from 1955 to 1977, becoming executive vice president, and after that at Charles Scribner’s Sons until 1986.

Michael Dirda in a post on *Washingtonpost.com* compared Bleiler to the late Martin Gardner and called him a polymath.

### **Joy K. Sanderson**

Joy K. Sanderson, 87, an actfan on both sides of the Atlantic since the 1950s, widow of Sandy Sanderson and Vincent Clarke, died April 22. She was last known to reside in Oakdale, NY.

“After Joy and Sandy Sanderson moved from England to the U.S. in the early 1960s,” Andrew Porter wrote online, “they came to some science fiction fan meetings in the New York City area. They also attended the 1963 World SF Convention in Washington, DC, over Labor Day weekend, getting there on

Sandy's motorbike, all the way down the New Jersey Turnpike! I had fallen out of touch with them after that, until Joy resurfaced following the death of Sandy."

### In Passing

Leading Portland fan **John Andrews** passed away April 9 at the age of 58. He contended with muscular dystrophy for many years. Andrews assisted the rebirth of Portland fandom in the 1970s. He was treasurer of the Portland Science Fiction Society and personally fronted the money for the first OryCon in 1979.

**Joanne Siegel**, the widow of Superman creator Jerry Siegel and inspiration for the Lois Lane character, passed away February 14 at age 93 reports *Comics Beat*.

**R. Lance Christie** died November 4, reports David Klaus: "I don't know the circumstances but I presume it was the pancreatic cancer which he had been living with that finally overwhelmed him."

Lance and Oberon Zell-Ravenheart founded the Church of All Worlds on April 7, 1962 while both were students at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri. It was named after the Church of All Worlds in *Stranger in a Strange Land* by Robert A. Heinlein.

**Donald H. Tuck**, Australia's first Hugo Award winner, died October 13 at the age of 87.

Tuck's *The Handbook of Science Fiction and Fantasy* was awarded a Special Hugo Award in 1962, while *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Fantasy* won both a 1979 World Fantasy Award and a 1984 Hugo Award (for Volume Three).

Bruce Gillespie wrote, "Don did all the SF work he was known for while living [in Tasmania] and only later came to live in Melbourne. He was officially Fan GoH at Aussiecon 1, but failed to turn up, and none of us saw him again. We knew he lived in an outer eastern suburb of Melbourne, and that he seemed to have lost all interest in SF."

**Alf van der Poorten**, a Sydney fan, died October 9 at the age of 68. He was most active in the 1960s/1970s. "He was at the first Syncon (beginning of 1970)," recalls Bruce Gillespie, "and was a particular friend of Charlie Brown, who he had met during an overseas trip. Alf was one of a group who manned the *Locus* table at each of the 1975, 1985 and 1999 Worldcons."

In mundane life van der Poorten was an award-winning mathematician.

**Asenath Katrina Hammond**, 50, died November 22 at Cedars-Sinai hospital in L.A.

She was active in many sf/fan communi-

ties over the years, among them NESFA (Boston), Minneapolis, New York fandom (residing at the Avocado Pit), and the LASFS (which she joined in 1978).

She is survived by Joshua, her son with Rick Stembach, and other family.

### MacIntyre Death Confirmed

After a long delay authorities formally identified F. Gwynplaine MacIntyre as the man who burned to death in a Brooklyn apartment on June 25. The circumstances of his death and mysteries surrounding his life and identity attracted the attention of a New York *Times* writer. His profile of the author contrasted MacIntyre's acceptance as a writer, and by online communities, with his everyday life as a pariah in his apartment building. Andrew Porter was interviewed, resulting in a mention of *File 770* in the *Times*: "It was the bizarre death of a man who lived a bizarre life," said Andrew Porter, a Brooklyn writer who was among the first to announce Mr. MacIntyre's demise, on the sci-fi fan blog *File 770*. "What was his real name? Where was he born? No one knows. Froggy was weird, and his death is just as weird."

### Len Moffatt Memorial

More than 60 fans attended the LASFS' memorial for Len Moffatt on Saturday, January 22 at the clubhouse.

June Moffatt and her daughter Caty Konigsberg were there from the family. Charles Lee Jackson II served as MC, introducing participants. Arlene Satin, LASFS President, and Karl Lembke, Chairman of the Board, were among the club officers who spoke.

Ed Green said, "Len Moffatt was by any measure a great man." Milt Stevens, who met Len at the first LASFS meeting he attended in 1960, when Milt was 17, noted that while many fans got into feuds over the years, Len didn't — he was laid back. Another fan said

when difficulties broke out Len would be the peacemaker.

During the program Barry and Lee Gold led everyone in singing a filk song written by Len Moffatt, "The Old Fannish Trail." (Sung to the tune "The Old Chisolm Trail"). The verses contain many in-references, explained by Len in a page of footnotes added to the lyric sheet. One of the more self-explanatory reads:

You can blame Claude Degler  
For the Superfan plan  
And you can blame "sci-fi"  
On the Ackerman

The Golds also led us in singing Lee's composition about beloved LASFSians who have passed away, "When the (Patron) Saints Come Marching In" (to the obvious tune). In LASFS lore "patron saints" are members who have contributed a significant amount (originally \$500) to the club building fund. The first verse goes:

Oh, when we're at the LASFS Club  
There are people we don't see.  
But Death did not Release them.

They are ours eternally  
— playing on LASFS' rule that once a member, always a member, because "Death does not release you, even if you die."

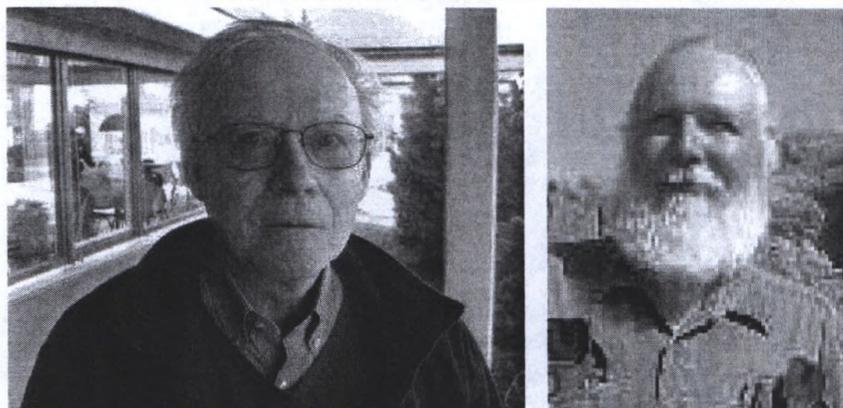
David Gerrold's tribute to Len, posted on Facebook while the memorial was under way, was read aloud by Karl Lembke.

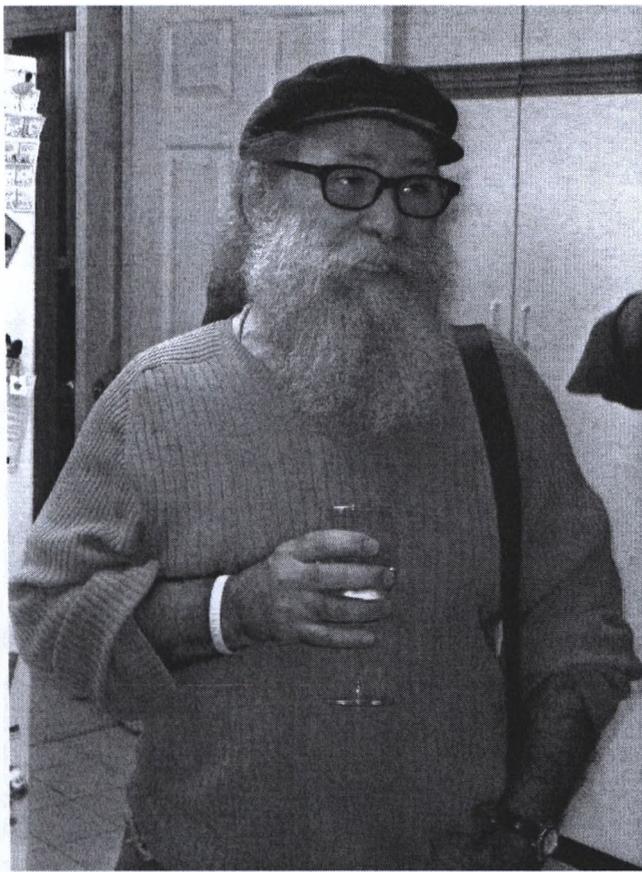
Barbara Harmon remembered when she and her late husband, Jim, double-dated with Len and June.

June Moffatt, who wore her Loscon propeller beanie to the event, spoke briefly. Then John Hertz, also wearing his beanie, was called up to pose with her. Hertz smiled, "I can think of few people who I am happier to bear a family resemblance."

For the occasion Marty Cantor published a special collection of Len's *Califania Tales*, nine autobiographical articles that originally ran in Marty's *No Award*. There was a free

(Left) Alf van der Poorten. (Right) Lance Christie.





(Above) Mike Glicksohn. (Opposite page) Susan Manchester. Both photos taken by Robert Sawyer at a party he hosted in December 2008.

copy for everyone there. It's quite a well-designed zine. Len would have appreciated all the Rotsler cartoons adorning his work.

## Glicksohn Memorial Service

### By Murray Moore

[Murray reports on the memorial service was held for Mike on March 23, 2011 at Windermere United Church in Toronto.]

Susan Manchester and Mike Glicksohn, I am sure, enjoyed their honeymoon, nearly 18 years ago, in a hotel in Wales. Members of a tour group, I equally am confident, clearly remember Mike, although they and Mike were not formally introduced.

The newlyweds were informed that the group was arriving at 5 a.m. The Singaporeans arrived. Noisily. "Jabbering" was Mike's description. Mike got out of their bed, opened their room's door, and, holding a finger to his lips, said "Sssh."

Susan, when Mike returned to bed: "That seemed to work."

Mike to Susan: "Maybe the sight of a naked Caucasian shocked them into it."

"He was very hairy, you see," Susan explained, describing "my amazing husband" to the family and friends attending her late husband's memorial service on Wednesday evening.

Many of the places in the pews of Windermere United Church, Susan's church, were filled by people who, to attend, trudged through the result of a late-winter day-long snowfall.

(The snow must have been a shock to one of my neighbours, who, a couple of days ago, was raking his lawn.)

Perhaps as many people attended Mike's memorial service as attended Susan's and Mike's wedding. "He didn't want to invite very many people to our wedding. 'Who would come!?' he asked. I invited 200!"

Mike attended church with Susan only at Christmas and Easter. "Mike didn't ask for this" memorial celebration, Susan said. "I am not sure that he would like it very much."

Rev. Kate Young confessed that she was not sure she would like Mike when Susan invited her to their home for supper. She knew Mike was an atheist, a math teacher, and a science fiction reader. She was nervous. Mike won her over quickly: "Can I get you a drink?"

Mike was delighted that Susan attended church: Mike admired her for her faith: "Susan will say a prayer for you" Mike would tell friends who were in a stressful situation.

Mike was a twinkly child. "I don't know anyone who twinkled like Mike did," Manning Glicksohn, Mike's older brother by 16 months, said.

Manning taught at Humberside Collegiate for several years, but moved to another school before Mike started his long career at the same school. Manning is tall and bald. His younger brother was neither. One day a student delighted Mike by asking "Mr. Glicksohn, did you used to be bald and teach French?"

Love was a word spoken often during the memorial service. Manning said of his brother, "Mike had a deep belief in the reality of love. Mike embodied it." Mike loved and helped others love. Also "Mike really knew who he was and he refused to be anyone else."

Mike Glicksohn was a model for young Robert Sawyer. Robert attended the same high school as did Mike, but 15 years later. Mike's name was on a varnished wood scholarship plaque. "I saw his name every day. I wanted to be a SF writer. And here was a guy from my neighbourhood who had won a Hugo." (Torcon 2, 1973, Best Fanzine, for co-editing *Energumen*).

When Worldcon returned to Toronto (Torcon 3, 2003) Robert J. Sawyer won the Best Novel Hugo for his *Hominids*. Rob explained that in *Hominids* he needed a word for his Neanderthals to use describing the best qualities of humans. The word Rob created was Gliksin. "Mike was wonderfully pleased."

Rob explained that inserting a reference to Mike into one of his works was difficult because Rob is not a fantasy writer: "I had nowhere to put an overgrown hobbit."

"People are mourning all over the world" because, Rob said, "Mike was world famous among SF readers. Australia, France, Germany, the United Kingdom, Japan, China, all over. Mike touched people all over the world."

An audience member said Mike was a curmudgeon about the internet. But "When Mike was with you, he was with you 100 per cent. He didn't need FaceBook."

A Mike story. A young child at a meal clearly announced "I have to go potty. I have to poop." Mike put his hand on the child's hand and told the child "Thank you for sharing."

Susan's uncle praised Mike for giving his niece "the ability to grow, room to do that. Mike accepted people as they are."

A Mike story. Mike attended a Blue Jays game that lasted 22 innings. Mike was one of the few who stayed in his seat to the end of the 22nd inning. The television camera panned the seats to show the mostly vacant seats. "Look at this man," the announcer said, meaning Mike. "When this game started, he was clean-shaven!"

Former students, said a former colleague of Mike's, when they met their teacher on the street, retired since 2006, greeted him "Hello Mr. Glicksohn. How are you?" The greetings were the "mark of a man who did his job. And Michael certainly did his." Also "I thought it was important that a student be taught for one class by The Glick."

Mike was a strict but fair teacher. The very young daughter of his

great friend and fellow teacher, Mike Harper, decided Mike's name was Honey after she heard one-too-many daily phone calls by Mike when he was courting Susan. The young Miss Harper and some others called Mike 'Honey', Susan said, "but certainly not his students."

Susan's minister was pleased to see Mike in church: "He looked like Jesus!" She admired the sense of humour and the courage with which he met each setback. The progress/lack of progress e-mails which Mike sent were both "hilarious" and "life-affirming."

When Mike was in St. Joseph's Hospital Mike gave his minister a straight line. Mike wanted to know if she thought his asking to have the crucifix in his room covered would be offensive? "Not to me," she told him. "I'm not Catholic."

"Of course he was a sweet man. He was a great hugger," Susan said. "And he loved to play card games: trump games, poker. I'm not sorry if you lost money to Mike. I benefited from it."

"He was an incredible man, a beautiful man to so many, my dear husband. Not a day went by that we did not say I Love You to each other. And what else is there to say?"

## After the Piper Played By Taral Wayne

I see that Murray has already reported on the Funeral and left little behind that I can add.

Worse, I hardly heard a word of the service. I arrived almost exactly at seven, in time to see the piper in his kilts and bearskin, skirling "Amazing Grace." Next thing I knew I was being seated in a pew next to Shirley Meier. At the altar, a woman had begun to sing an unfamiliar solo. There was an unobtrusive prayer. Susan Manchester spoke, then Mike's brother, Manning. Mike Harper took the microphone next, and finally Robert Sawyer. A number of other people paid their last respects from an open mike passed around. Now and then I would make out a tantalizing "Mike" or "atheist" or "avocado" but never enough to piece together a coherent thought.

After the service I talked with Robert Sawyer about this. Being familiar with my hearing loss, Rob was aware that I probably heard nothing of what he said. But he added that it was a weak mike, and that most of the speakers were too far from it as well. I guess that made me feel a little better about missing what was evidently a very humane and entertaining service.

So I filled the time by counting heads, instead. There were 300 seats, and most seemed filled. My estimate is that around 275 attended, to whom I could put names to around 25. I recognized a few other faces as well. It did seem as though everyone in the local fandom who might have attended, did. The other 250 I assume were friends of Mike's, family, neighbors, and people he worked with. Some were, indeed, Mike's old students.

The service made no bones about Mike's atheism and that the prayers were to console Susan more than to ease his way into the hereafter. It was not a secular ceremony, unless one counts the piper – and no Scot would consider the pipes as anything but a religious observance. (I wonder who among us was Scottish?) Prayers were called and hymns sung. Those of us who don't attend church learn to follow the crowd and lip synch. Yet if it was a religious funeral, it was far from stolid or grim. As Murray took great pains to reproduce, the eulogies were sprinkled with humour and anecdotes that shed light on a man with a very positive outlook on life.

However, Murray was forced to return home right after the service, and missed the reception afterward. I don't think he was far off the mark for how many turned up Mike and Susan's home.

I should mention that the snowstorm that day was one of the worst experienced in Toronto this winter, and was clearly much later in the year than is normal. Weather Canada warned us to expect up to 4 or 5 cm. – about two inches to those of you who still use the "American"



measure. We got as much as 10 cm. or four inches in the space of an eight hour working day, which is outrageous at the end of March. It was hard not to imagine some purpose behind this last minute winter-blast.

Fortunately, the snow ended sometime during the service. The house on Windermere was only three or four blocks away, though, so it's all too easy to imagine 200 people trying to squeeze into a modest two-story brick building. There was actually a line to get in out of the cold. Once in, it was as tricky finding where to step through the boots and shoes as it would be to tiptoe through a well-planned minefield. Once past the mountain of footgear, you came abruptly to a solid wall of humanity. There might not have been 200 people in that house, but 75 is easy to believe.

There was one thing you could always say about MikeCon if you came on the party night. Mike and Susan laid out the best table you can picture, with lox and bagels, fresh pastries of all kinds, cookies, fruit, cheese, crackers and, of course, beer and wine. Though I overheard Susan to say, "We have a little food," the reception after the service was *in no way* second place to a MikeCon. I have a weakness for such spreads. I tend to make a pig of myself, but since I rarely have such delicacies at home, I can't resist having one of everything. Maybe two of those. More of something else. And there was plenty to go around. I probably had a spot more wine than as good for me too. By the end of the evening I was feeling just fuzzy enough that I knew I had to stop.

There was, after all, the long arduous trip home to consider.

The house looked a little smaller than I remembered it, but that might have been because of the crush of people. I believe it was even more crowded than MikeCons had ever been. Could anyone actually *be* this well-liked by so many people, I wondered? I'd feel lucky if anyone found an old cardboard carton to put me in, and if six people turned up to see the box taped shut. In a way, too, I felt a little phony

being there, seething with ambivalent feelings. But despite my ability to find the wrong motives behind anything I do, I was glad I had decided to heed the invitation. There were people present who I hadn't seen or spoken to in literally decades. As well, the light-hearted air of the service continued through the reception. There were no black veils or floral wreaths, but plenty of warm, humorous conversations. Many were about Mike, but as many about the use of Photoshop to imitate oil painting, popular *vers libre*, Edwardian architectural details, *Kinder Surprises*, blue cheeses, and when the next issue of Colin Hinz's fanzine was coming out. Just out of earshot I overheard Lloyd Penney discuss details of a Glicksohn scholarship with David Warren. There was even a debate over whether it was better to stand out in the cold on the verandah than endure the crush inside, but it was a very short debate as the cons quickly won their point.

Over it all presided Susan, who was warm, open and friendly to all.

You just wished it had been merely a MikeCon of yore. During a momentary lull, shortly before I left, I asked Susan a question I had been dreading to bring up. The best way I was able to put it was, "I know this is too soon to ask, but I doubt I'll have opportunity to speak with you again for some time. I wonder if you have made arrangements to donate Mike's fanzines to the Merrill Collection at the Library?" I needn't have worried. She wasn't offended. In fact, arrangements *were* being made.

It was too bad there was no whiskey. Perhaps it might have flowed for me if I had asked, but none was served openly. Although I despise the vile taste of the stuff, I would liked to have hoisted one in Mike's honour.

### *LA Throws Week-Long Celebration of Ray Bradbury's 90th Birthday*

Ray Bradbury's hometown of Los Angeles threw a 7-day celebration to honor his 90th birthday. The Los Angeles City Council voted a resolution proclaiming Ray Bradbury Week in Los Angeles, August 22-28, 2010. Steven Paul Leiva deserves a great deal of credit for engineering these festivities.

Here are some of the key events from that week: The Writers Guild Foundation hosted a Ray Bradbury Exhibit. The Diversity Department of the Writers Guild of America, West presented a staged reading of Ray Bradbury's one-act play, "The Better Part of Wisdom" which Leiva directed.

The Playboy Foundation screened *Fahrenheit 451*, preceded by a discussion with Ray Bradbury and Hugh Hefner, moderated by Los Angeles *Times* reporter and *Hero Complex* blogger Geoff Boucher. John King Tarpinian attended: "Among the things said by Hef was how grateful he was to have met Ray at the right time in both their lives. How Ray introduced him to Charles Beaumont which resulted in *The Crooked Man* being the first piece of fiction published in *Playboy*."

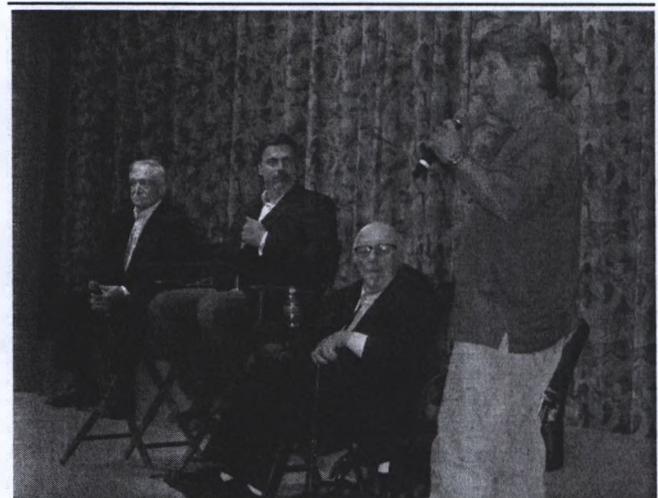
The Los Angeles Public Library's Richard J. Riordan Central Library hosted a screening of *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit*. Tarpinian was there, too, gaining insights about the performers: "One of Joe Mantegna's first paying acting jobs was for Chicago's Organic Theatre Company's production of *Ice Cream Suit*...which was F. Murray Abraham's *first* paying acting gig as the tailor. Stuart Gordon, best known for the cult classic, *Re-Animator*, and Joe entertained the audience about stories about filming the movie. They said that when Sid Caesar was on the set filming each take was different and funnier than the one before...the crew was laughing so hard that they were the ones ruining the shot."



**At the 1987 Worldcon**, L-to-R: Ken Bulmer, Ethel Lindsay, ?, George "Lan" Laskowski, Pat Virzi, Mike Glicksohn. By Andrew Porter.



**(Above) Proclaiming Birthday Week:** Cynthia Shor, director of the Walt Whitman Association; Steven Paul Leiva; Eric Garcetti, President of the Los Angeles City Council; Ray Bradbury. Planetary Society reps hold a birthday card **(Below) On stage:** Hugh Hefner, Charles Boucher of *L.A. Times*, Ray and Richard Stayton of *Written By* magazine.



## Taking Hugos Home, Then and Now

You don't need to be told how different airport security is today from what it used to be. Controversies about that subject are constantly in the news. But my jaw dropped when I read about the problems Cheryl Morgan had trying to take her Hugo home from Aussiecon 4. She really experienced something I only vaguely worried about when I flew home with a Hugo from another Aussiecon 25 years ago.

I transported my Hugo to the plane in a carry-on bag after deciding it would be safer there than in my suitcase. In 1985 security checkers inspected passenger carry-ons with an x-ray machine at the entrance to the boarding lounge. I knew a hunk of solid metal shaped like a mortar round would show up quite spectacularly so I went through the line rehearsing an explanation for the guard about my "literary award." But I need not have bothered, and my pride suffered a little when he looked up and said, "Oh, you've got one of these too." The guard had already checked in Charlie Brown with his Hugo for *Locus* and Fred Pohl with the Hugo he'd accepted for Jack Williamson.

Today's scanners display an even more impressive image of the Hugo. Unfortunately, the guards are not in the least jolly about it.

Cheryl Morgan had a horrible experience trying to depart Australia with a Hugo packed in her checked luggage. She wrote online: "Firstly the check-in lady did not pass my comments about the Hugo in the bag on to security (the Thai Airways staff admitted to this). Secondly, having found the Hugo (which I must say lights up magnificently on the scans - I saw a print-out), the security people did not check with the airline, they called the police. And the police, having got involved, were determined to treat the whole incident as a potential terrorist threat." All of which added up to a nightmare.

Cheryl was finally turned loose and made her flight in spite of everything. She wrote afterwards, "Thankfully all my fears came to naught, and the suitcase and Hugo arrived safely at baggage claim in Heathrow."

It may not always be true that all's well that ends well, but as Cheryl and her Hugo reached England together it's a little less problematic that word of Cheryl's predicament spread until someone allegedly contacted Australian artist Nick Stathopoulos, asking if the designer of this year's Hugo base could make a replacement. He told his Facebook friends, "Cheryl Morgan's Hugo Award may have been blown up at Singapore airport...." I swallowed the hook long enough to e-mail Cheryl and ask if she'd subsequently discovered damage to her Hugo.

Cheryl cleared things up directly. "You'll

note that Nick also mentioned Singapore, while my post mentions Bangkok. You may want to Google the Australian term 'larrikin.' Alternatively you may just want to kick Nick's butt next time you see him."

*Larrikinism*, I now know, is the name given to "the Australian folk tradition of irreverence, mockery of authority and disregard for rigid norms of propriety." One might say *larrikin* is the mundane Australians' word for "faanish humor."

One last note: The Aussiecon 4 committee offered to have the Hugos shipped and almost half the winners accepted, whether to avoid security hassles or just yielding to the convenience.



### Sold Out!

This is the internet of our discontent.

Fans complain when an e-commerce site crashes and keeps them from making a desired purchase.

They also complain when a site works with perfect efficiency.

There ain't no justice!

Tickets to San Diego's Comic-Con International 2011 sold out in seven hours last Saturday, February 5. Internet and TV news outlets made breathless reports that the overwhelming demand crashed the online ticketing system three times. Fans vented their frustration about repeatedly getting "Over Capacity" error messages.

Ticket Leap reached out with technical explanations about why their system was not prepared for the unprecedented strain: "In 2009, [Comic-Con] sold out after 6 months. In 2010, it sold out in 2 months. On Saturday, Comic-Con International 2011 sold out in 7 HOURS (200x faster than last year if

you're keeping track). Needless to say, the demand was unbelievable, reaching a peak of 403,000 page requests per minute and a total of more than 35 million total page requests throughout the day."

An interesting contrast to the Comic-Con ticket story is what happened the first day that the 2011 Worldcon accepted online hotel reservations.

Renovation's hotels the Atlantis, Peppermill and Courtyard by Marriott began taking online reservations on January 18. The Atlantis is the designated party hotel and it's the closest to the convention center, to which it's inked by an air-conditioned sky bridge. Doubtless these attributes are the why fans reserved every available room in the Atlantis on the first day.

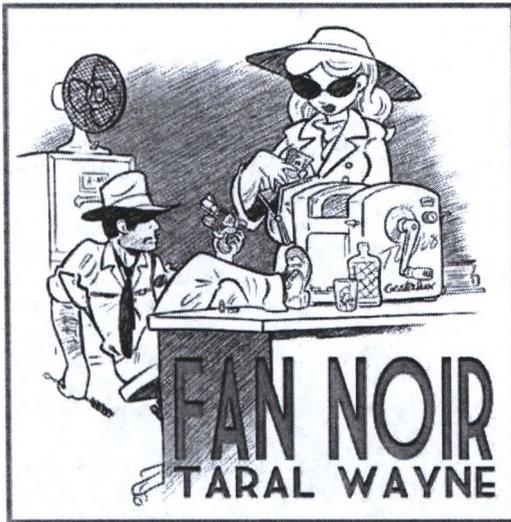
When that happened a few fans felt the committee deserved criticism, yet it's hard to pin down what they ought to be blamed for. Quite unlike Comic-Con's situation, fans wanting to reserve a room for the Worldcon seemed to have no trouble getting through to request reservations. And I personally think *that* was the story. No system crash. Information readily available. Either people were able to make reservations where they wanted, or they immediately found out their first choice was unavailable and they needed to pick an alternative.

That's an infinitely better situation than the days of paper forms when it'd be weeks before you found out whether the tourist bureau had put you in your first choice or somewhere else. (That's right! When I was your age we didn't have the internet, we had to walk 20 miles through the snow to...) And rooms are still available at the other official Worldcon hotels.

However, all the Comic-Con tickets are gone. Honestly, beneath the media's surface treatment of this as a pop culture consumer crisis the stories really seemed to be a coded celebration of Comic-Con's commercial prowess. *So many people want tickets they broke the computer!*

Surely Comic-Con's organizers must be delighted when news coverage increases the pressure felt by the City of San Diego to do whatever it takes to keep the event in town for the long term. Because overshadowing last weekend's story about frustrated ticket customers is the fact that an enormous number of people do have tickets and will be coming in July to enrich the local economy.





## Scene 7

# THE ONLY GAMESHOW IN TOWN

## 150 Questions for the trufan

*Encore of the Fannish Trivia Quiz  
Compiled for Ditto 1 by Taral Wayne  
File 770 Edition*

- 1 Q:** Which Worldcons were held from 1942 to 1945?  
**A:** None.
- 2 Q:** What fanzine was published "whenever a zombie awakens?"  
**A:** Bob Tucker's *Le Zombie*.
- 3 Q:** "Ackermanese" was what?  
**A:** An unsystematic style of skiffy-looking abbreviations, like "sci-fi", and phonetic spelling invented by "4E" Ackerman for his fanzines, and used practically only by Forry. Unfortunately, he successfully introduced the odious "sci-fi" to Hollywood, whose luminati took to it like morons to drool.
- 4 Q:** What fanzine did Ed Wood throw away, unopened. Why was this ironic?  
**A:** He didn't like fannish zines, and when he threw away *Hyphen* he never knew he threw out some first rate sercon.
- 5 Q:** What are the favorite fannish beverages of Ted White, Moshe Feder and Joyce Katz?  
**A:** Pepsi. Coke. And Tab, respectively.
- 6 Q:** Many fanartists have adopted names, pseudonyms, or pen names. Name three along with their "real" names. Initials or abbreviations don't count.  
**A:** Atom, Mori, Teddy Harvia, Freff, Bjo Trimble, Leslie Perri, Pat Patterson, *Taral...* et al.
- 7 Q:** Finish this sentence: "Yngvi is a ---- "  
**A:** "Louse"
- 8 Q:** Which fannish divinity holds the colour purple holy? Why?  
**A:** GhuGhu, the god of hectographed fanzines. He marks his devotees with purple stains on their fingertips, transferred from the dyes on the masters.
- 9 Q:** Who originally edited *Locus*?  
**A:** Ed Meskys, Dave Vanderwerf, and Charlie Brown.
- 10 Q:** Who published these zines - *Beabohema*, *Oopsla*, and *Grue*?  
**A:** Frank Lunney, Gregg Calkins, and Dean Grennell.
- 11 Q:** What are "Soggles"?  
**A:** Humorous cartoon characters drawn by Terry Jeeves for Eric Bentcliffe.
- 12 Q:** What happened in Room 770?  
**A:** A terrific party, at the 1951 Nolacon. The bed fell in.
- 13 Q:** What apa was Dave Langford blackballed from at the height of his popularity, because he was an "unknown"?  
**A:** Oasis, 1979. One suspects too, that a certain bias against the member who proposed him also played a hand.
- 14 Q:** The World's Fair SF Convention was also known as?  
**A:** NyCon, the first Worldcon. At the time, no one suspected several more NyCons, or scores

more Worldcons, would follow.

**15 Q:** Who is "Pogo", and where does the name come from?

**A:** Wrong! Not the Walt Kelly character, but Patti Gray. In Esperanto the initials P.G. are pronounced "Po Go". She was a cousin to "Morojo".

**16 Q:** "AgBerg" is who?

**A:** SilverBob, or Robert Silverberg, of course.

**17 Q:** Name the four consecutive editors of Canadian Fandom, (aka CanFan).

**A:** Beak Taylor, Ned McKeown, Gerald Steward, and Bill Grant

**18 Q:** How do you "Gerberize" your best friend?

**A:** Defend him in a way that unintentionally proves him guilty, or worse. Also to defend a friend in a way they rather you hadn't. The expression comes from Les Gerber, who was very much in the habit.

**19 Q:** The title of this fannish autobiography was "Ah, Sweet -----"

**A:** "Idiocy!" The "idiot" was Francis Towner Laney who wrote this autobiographical piece about LASFS in 1948, in many ways revealing as much about himself as the foibles of the Los Angeles club.

**20 Q:** The opposite of a "sercon" fan is?

**A:** A "voldesfan," from "violent and destructive," coined by Boyd Raeburn. It's doubtful anyone ever actually employed the word other than in jest.

**21 Q:** Which fannish teams published the zines *Hot Shit*, *Swoon*, *Blat*, *Fanac*, *Raffles*, *Retribution*, or *Energumen*?

**A:** Calvin Demmon & John D. Berry, Arnie Katz & Joyce Katz, Ted White & Dan Steffan, Terry Carr & Ron Ellik, Stu Shiffman & Larry Carmody, John Berry & Atom, Mike Glicksohn & Susan Wood

**22 Q:** "A Woman's Apa, formed on a suggestion of Susan Wood's, originally had male and female members. T or F?"

**A:** True. The original members were both genders. Some male members left voluntarily when complaints rose against them, but a vote held some dozen mailings later expelled them entirely. This led to the creation of Mixed Company, and the resignation of Victoria Vayne, one of AWA's founders."

**23 Q:** If you have "fallen armpits" you suffer from what?

**A:** Twonk's Disease!

**24 Q:** "Shazbot" was a fannish expletive used by early MSFS (Minneapolis SF Society) clubzines - True or False?

**A:** False. (Mork from Ork was a member of LASFS, wasn't he?)

**25 Q:** What was the first fanzine to win a Hugo?

**A:** The Fantasy Times, edited by James Taurasi, in 1955

**26 Q:** Who was "Alpajpuri"?

**A:** Paul Novitski, "Paj" was supposed to be a Persian name.

**27 Q:** A "Queebshot" is the same as a "one-off" - True or False?

**A:** True, more or less, though I'm not sure that the inventors of the "Quebec One-Shot" - Boyd Raeburn, Norm and Gina Clarke - would entirely agree. Each Queebshot was unrelated to the one before.

**28 Q:** Who are WAW, FTL, DAW?

**A:** Walter A. Willis, Francis Towner Laney, and Donald A. Wollheim.

**29 Q:** Who prevents your stencil stylus from rolling off the table?

**A:** The benign intervention of Roscoe.

**30 Q:** Name three major brands of





mimeograph machine

**A:** Gestetner, A.B. Dick, Rex Rotary, Roneo... there were others, but most fans used one of these stencil duplicating devices originally invented by Edison.

**31 Q:** Name some fans who have the same names as common Detroit products. (There can't be very many.)

**A:** (Gertrude) **G.M. Carr**, Joan Carr, Terry Carr, Don Ford, Bob Tucker...

**32 Q:** What is an "LMJ"?

**A:** A "Loud Mouthed Jackass", thanks to Bob Tucker who coined it.

**33 Q:** Who founded FAPA in 1937?

**A:** Donald A. Wollheim. (*Technically* John Michel is credited as well, but as he was never a member, no extra points.)

**34 Q:** Complete this phrase: "It's a ----- and ----- thing to be a fan"

**A:** "Proud" and "lonely". This was before Star Trek, Star Wars, Star Gate, etc.

**35 Q:** Who wore the first propeller beanie at a convention?

**A:** George Young and Art Rapp, who borrowed it from George, at Torcon in 1948. The propeller beanie had been used in Ray Nelson's cartoons as the symbol of a zealous fan for at least a year

before anyone thought of wearing one.

**36 Q:** Whose column was "The Call of the Klutz"?

**A:** Linda Bushyager, with good reason. Never mind the *fake* Willis Death Hoax... Ask her about the Disclave where she tumbled down an embankment on the way to lunch and broke her leg.

**37 Q:** If you had some "crottled greeps," you would most likely do what with them?

**A:** Eat them... but in fact nobody is entirely sure what they are.

**38 Q:** If you didn't want crottled greeps, "-----?"

**A:** "Why did you order them?"

**39 Q:** Joan Carr was a Big Name Femme Fan, but who was she really?

**A:** While fandom believed in Sgt. Joan Carr and her fanzine, Femizine, in reality "she" was Sandy Sanderson, a clever twiltone imitation.

**40 Q:** A "BOF" is what sort of commonplace fan?

**A:** A "Boring Old Fart". Coined by rich brown, who cheerfully admitted he was one. As are more and more of us as time goes by...

**41 Q:** During the 70's and 80's British fanwriters were known for their KTF reviews. What does KTF stand for, and who coined it?

**A:** "Kill The Fucker", kudos to Joseph Nicholas.

**42 Q:** How's this go again? "WAW with the crew, --- --"

**A:** "In '52." Not to be confused with "Snog and Blog in the Fog," in 1957, or "WAW with the Crew in '62", the 10<sup>th</sup>. anniversary fund.

**43 Q:** What do David Thayer, Teddy Harvia, and Miranda Thompson have in common?

**A:** The same body. They're all one Texas fanartist.

**44 Q:** What is an "interlino"?

**A:** A quote completely out of context, dropped into the text as a break. Not the same as a "dropped heading" or "sidebar" in slick magazines or newspapers, which are lifted from the text and blown up to catch the eye.

**45 Q:** "Carl Brandon" was really which other fan?

**A:** Mostly Terry Carr, also Dave Rike, Ron Ellik, and Pete Graham.

**46 Q:** Demonstrate "The Secret Handshake of Fandom" – but *not on me!*

**A:** Grab someone's balls and squee-ee-ee-ze. Ro Nagey thought this one up to scare mundanes out of con parties.

**47 Q:** FAPA was the first fan amateur publishing association – what was second?

**A:** VAPA – the Vanguard Amateur Publishing Association. SAPS was third.

**48 Q:** Bill Harry was a *minor* British fan, but a *major* figure where?

**A:** In Beatles fandom. He was in school with John Lennon, and later published an important Beatles fanzine. Reputedly, Ringo Star attended the Liverpool SF Group (likely as Richard Starkey).

**49 Q:** What's the missing word in, "It's ----- fault?"

**A:** "Eney's", meaning Richard Eney, from a line in every issue of his fanzine.

**50 Q:** A "quiver" is what?

**A:** You're thinking of *quire*, which is 500 sheets of paper. A quiver is a multiple cover on Quip. Arnie Katz and Lenny Bailes borrowed the idea from Void. But with the slight difference that the covers on Void were introductions leading into the issue, and Quip's were merely covers.

**51 Q:** We know we came first – we *invented* the word "fanzine". But which of us did in fact introduce "fanzine" to the world?

**A:** Louis Russell Chauvenet, in his October 1940 issue of *Detours*, replacing "fanmag".

**52 Q:** What author wrote *Seduction of the Innocent* in 1954 -- and caused something of a sensation in fandom when he announced he was writing a book on our microcosm.

**A:** Frederic Wertham, and the book he eventually wrote, "The World of Fanzines," had nothing but good to say of us. (Insofar as he could tell us apart from comics or other fans, which wasn't far at all.)

**53 Q:** Double:Bill was published by two *Bills*, naturally.

Who were they?

**A:** Bill Mallardi And Bill Bowers, of course!

**54 Q:** What did The Flying Karamazov Brothers do at conventions?

**A:** Juggle – almost anything except typically overweight fans.

**55 Q:** What was the significance of "India Pale Ale" in Canadian fandom?

**A:** It was the favourite brew of the Boy Wonder, Mike Glicksohn, before he discovered whiskey.

**56 Q:** Walt Liebscher's fanzine was named Chanticleer, after "The Rooster -----"

**A:** "That wore red pants."

**57 Q:** Who is "Father William?"

**A:** Bill Bowers, aka "William's Penn."

**58 Q:** Name any five Futurians who went on to have careers writing or editing SF.

**A:** Fredrik Pohl, Donald Wollheim, Isaac Asimov, Cyril Kornbluth, Damon Knight, Judith Merrill, R.A.W. Lowndes...

**59 Q:** What is the meaning of the word "faunch"? Use it correctly in a sentence.

**A:** To want something so bad you lust after it. i.e. "He faunched for a Hugo."

**60 Q:** Who was known as "Juffus?"

**A:** Jack Speer, from his initials, J.F.S.

**61 Q:** Who are BoSh, MiG, and LeeH?

**A:** Bob Shaw, Mike Glicksohn, and Lee Hoffman.

**62 Q:** It was said that when Damon Knight



founded SFWA, he was repeating an earlier mistake: what was it?

**A:** He wrote an article years before, that suggested the foundation of the N3F.

**63 Q:** "Jim Beam's" is Kentucky whiskey, and "smoooooooooth". But Bob Tucker was not first to say so. Who was?

**A:** Red Skelton, in a famous blackout routine about a pitch man getting drunk as he sold his wares, imitated much later by Lucille Ball on "I Love Lucy".

**64 Q:** Who discovered "the magic mimeo is the one with the true fan at the handle?"

**A:** Jophan, as told by Bob Shaw and Walt Willis in the Enchanted Duplicator.

**65 Q:** "What noted female science fiction writer once said that women couldn't write science fiction?"

**A:** Believe it or not, it was Marion Zimmer Bradley who made that claim in a 1950's fanzine.

**66 Q:** Identify this series, "I, II, III, IV, V, 6, 7, 8, 8.5, 8.75, 3.1, 3.2, 3.3, 3.4, 3.5, 15..."

**A:** Issues of Outworlds in the order they were published.

**67 Q:** The symptoms of Nydahl's disease are?

**A:** Strictly speaking, a burn-out caused by a last, gargantuan issue. Named after Joe Nydahl, who published a 100+ page issue and promptly

gafiated. Commonly described, though, as growing size of issues in inverse relationship to their frequency, leading to a final blockbuster issue and burnout.

**68 Q:** What LA fan invented the plural of fan, "fen", by analogy with German.

**A:** Phil Bronson.

**69 Q:** What's left on a page after you've read it?

**A:** Eye tracks. (Arnie Katz suggests "nose tracks" for the nearsighted.)

**70 Q:** Who wrote the column "The Glass Bushel?"

**A:** Bob Shaw - BoSh - author of the "Slow Glass" stories.

**71 Q:** For a brief while, Ted White edited a slick magazine and supplemented the reprinted European material with content by fans such as Lou Stathis, Dan Steffan, and rich brown. Name the magazine.

**A:** Heavy Metal (nee Metal Hurlant.)

**72 Q:** What do the two fanzine cons "Corflu" and "Ditto" owe their names to?

**A:** "Corflu" is correction fluid, used to type over mistakes on a wax mimeo stencil. "Ditto" is a brand of spirit duplicator used for printing fanzines.

**73 Q:** "Hoy Ping Pong" as also known as --- -- ---- ?

**A:** Bob Tucker.

**74 Q:** A tower of what, stacked carefully one on top of the other, might reach the moon?

**A:** Beer cans - but Canadian cans might be advisable in place of the structurally flimsy American kind, or you'd even never reach orbit. (Try John Belushi's trick of crushing an empty can of Molson's or LaBatt's on your forehead only if you want a concussion. American cans are so thin I used to tear them in half to freak people out.)

**75 Q:** Who was the first TAFF winner?

**A:** Walt Willis, was the subject of the first fan fund in 1952, but TAFF didn't come into being until 1954, when Vincent Clarke won. Willis wrote the legendary Harp Stateside as the first trip report. Clarke could not actually make the first official TAFF trip.

**76 Q:** Shelby Vick used a process he called



"Vicolor", which was just a name for smearing different colours of ink on a mimeo drum. What else was it called?

**A:** Plaid ink.

**77 Q:** Grant Canfield was a cause celebre for being nominated, yet never winning a fan Hugo. But who was actually most often nominated for a fan Hugo before winning?

**A:** Stu Shiffman. 9 consecutive times, then five consecutive times for a total of 14. He won only once, on the 11<sup>th</sup> nomination.

**78 Q:** A "quote-cover" is?

**A:** A cover made from quotes, what else!

**79 Q:** In what colour do ditto stencils come?

**A:** None. There are no such things as ditto stencils, only ditto masters.

**80 Q:** Aside from John Lennon, who else do we know who lived in the Dakota?

**A:** Richard Bergeron, until he moved to Puerto Rico.

**81 Q:** John Berry's "The Goon Defective Agency" employed which fannish gumshoe?

**A:** Goon Bleary, private eye, famously illustrated by Atom.

**82 Q:** Who were the "SuAMi Press?"

**A:** Susan Wood and Mike Glicksohn, when they co-edited Energumen.

**83 Q:** The original Hydra club usually met where?

**A:** Fletcher Pratt's mansion.

**84 Q:** Science-Fiction Fifty Yearly is published every time the *combined* number of years that Bob Tucker and Bob Bloch had spent in fandom adds up to fifty. When did the second issue come out?

**A:** Trick question. The first issue was in 1957, and counting ahead 25 years, the second issue should have appeared in 1982. 1982 has come and gone. For that matter 2007 has also passed without a third issue. The only correct answer, then, is "never".

## War of the War-ter Towers



**85 Q:** Describe a "plonker"

**A:** A rubber-tip dart gun, from the days before "weapons policies".

**86 Q:** Complete this questionable statement, "Mike Gorra fucked - -----"

**A:** "A gopher hole." But you didn't say it to his face.

**87 Q:** Way back in his Futurian days, Damon Knight was known as a professional illustrator? True or False?

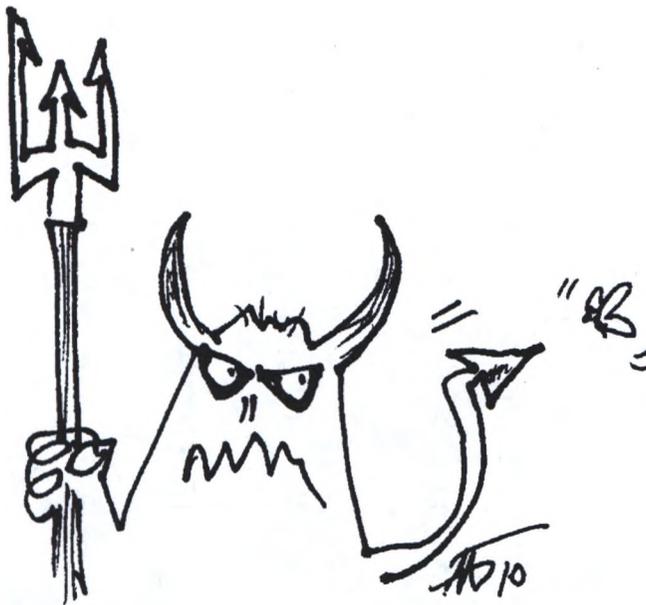
**A:** True.

**88 Q:** "Ace," of the heavy metal band Kiss, was once an SF fan - True or False?

**A:** True. Gene Simmons had taken the name Gene Klein by the time he was an active fan. It was widely believed that Klein attended Iggy, the Phoenix Worldcon, and supposedly demanded perks from the concom. According to chairman Tim Kyger, this was later determined to be untrue.

**89 Q:** What was "The Gaudy Fanzine?"

**A:** Bill Rotsler's nickname for Masque. He decorated it with rubber stamps, photos, colour ink, and stickers.



**90 Q:** There's nine foot metal monster looming over you. Your life depends on getting the following right: "Gort! Klaatu barata... uh... klaatu barata..."

**A:** "Nicto!" Just in the nick of time. Oh? You forgot? I bet that hurts then.

**91 Q:** Finish this policy statement: "The OE is ----"

**A:** There are several possibilities, but what the OE had in mind is "ghod." The expression originated in SAPS, and grew out of the phrase "Alpaugh is ghod." Lloyd Alpaugh was OE.

**92 Q:** "Tendril Towers" was what sort of slan-shack?

**A:** These Bixel St. digs were not a slan shack at all, but a building with several fannish residents over the years. According to Francis Towner Laney, who had an attitude problem about it, Tendril Towers were a den of gay activity. Other LASFSians said he exaggerated.

**93 Q:** What sort of ideology was "Michelism", and who subscribed to it?

**A:** The Futurians mainly. For most of them it was light weight Marxism applied to fandom. But for its founder, John Michel, it was serious principle.

**94 Q:** Linda Bushyager published Granfalloon, Karass, and Duprass. From what author did she take all three titles?

**A:** Kurt Vonnegut, from the novel Cat's Cradle.

**95 Q:** What do Ross Chamberlain, Stu Shiffman, and ATom have in common?

**A:** They were leading exponents of on-stencil fanart in their day.

**96 Q:** British fan and SF writer Michael Moorcock also wrote songs for what band?

**A:** Hawkwind.

**97 Q:** In what language was whose name rendered "Morojo?"

**A:** The initials of Myrtle R. Douglas come out like that only in Esperanto.

**98 Q:** Ted White was a Toronto fan in the 1940's - True or False?

**A:** True. In the original draft, John Robert Colombo's book "Years of Light" nearly made that Ted White and the more famous one the same person. Similarly, Harry Warner Jr.'s "All Our Yesterdays" makes one John Millard into two. In that case they are both the same person.

**99 Q:** Brian Burgess was well known in British fandom for what culinary delicacies?

**A:** Absolutely awful meat pies that he sold at conventions.

**100 Q:** Who are DAG, TEW, and BEB?

**A:** Dean Grennell, Ted White, and Brian Earl Brown.

**101 Q:** The 1978 Worldcon was called Iguanacon 2. When was Iguanacon 1?

**A:** Never. The number was an in-joke.

**102 Q:** "Birdbath!" was the rallying cry of what group?

**A:** "Seventh Fandom." Later dismissed as the "Phony 7th" by pundits of fanhistory who were unimpressed.

**103 Q:** What would you buy from "Proxyboo Ltd.?"

**A:** Ghost written fanac, produced by Willis's team of highly trained experts. The offer was not meant to be taken seriously, of course.

**104 Q:** Name one of the fans who lived in the first recorded slan shack.

**A:** Abby Lu & Al Ashley, Jack Wiedenbeck, Walt Liebscher, E.E. Evans.

**105 Q:** Most of her fanart was done while

attending university in Ottawa. She published a zine with Susan Wood and Rosemary Ulyot, and illustrated *Energumen*. But she didn't win her Hugo until after moving to LA and largely gafiating. What fanartist is this?

**A:** Alicia Austin

**106 Q:** Everyone believes that Ted White said (in *Pong*) that Martin Morse Wooster's shirt-tails hung out. But did they? True or False?

**A:** False, says Ted. Bogart never said "Play it again Sam" in *Casablanca* either.

**107 Q:** Bob Stewart, Bbob Stewart, and Boob Stewart all had what in common?

**A:** Nothing really, which is why they went to such lengths to be different.

**108 Q:** To "gafiate" is taken to mean to quit fandom. But what did it originally mean?

**A:** The original meaning of the word was the act of escaping the mundane world to enter fandom. It was only by collapsing the idea of gafiating from fandom that the original meaning was inverted.

**109 Q:** What fanzine was published between hard covers and can be justifiably measured in pounds!

**A:** *Warhoon 28*, otherwise known as The Wash, Richard Bergeron's massive tribute and collection of the fanwriting of Walt Willis.

**110 Q:** "HHOK" is shorthand for what?

**A:** "Ha, Ha, Only Kidding." When the author suspects the bull has escaped, he closes the barn door after it with this formula.

**111 Q:** The artist Freff was also a rock musician, but he was trained for what other unusual occupation?

**A:** Freff was a professional circus clown.

**112 Q:** In Toronto fanspeak, what did "Bhowling" put down?

**A:** Ordinary activities that were called fannish when fans did them. It was inspired by fans bowling at Octocon, where the hotel had its own alleys.

**113 Q:** Name those Canadian fans who have won either TAFF or DUFF

**A:** Only Robbie Cantor, and perhaps only by technicality. At various times Boyd Raeburn, Mike Glicksohn, and myself have stood for TAFF or DUFF, and have *all* lost. Mike and I may have the dubious distinction of being the only two fans to lose *both* TAFF and DUFF. However, when Robbie and Marty Cantor won DUFF in 1986, Robbie was still a Canadian citizen.

**114 Q:** Complete this non-sequitur: "I had one once, but --- -----"

**A:** "The wheels fell off."

**115 Q:** Finish this motto: "Wouldn't you rather be reading ---"

**A:** "DNQ" The defunct rival of *File 770* published by Victoria Vayne and myself.

**116 Q:** The dapper little showbiz character "Qwertyuiop" used by *Void* and later by *Quip*, got his name from what indispensable item of fannish hardware?

**A:** The typewriter keyboard. The keys on the upper line spell out his name. As drawn by Bbob Stewart, the sporty little show business type with straw hat and "smiley" face represents the artist introducing the issue.

**117 Q:** Why was Ted White's and Dan Steffan's *Pong* in bad odor with some fans?

**A:** "Pong" is British for a bad smell.

**118 Q:** In a state of hysteria, Harlan Ellison said, "The mad dogs of ----- have --- -----"

**A:** "The mad dogs of *seventh fandom* have *kneaded us in the groin*." Typical Harlan

## When phones take over



hyperbole, inspired during his feud with 7<sup>th</sup> fandom founder Peter J Vorzimer.

**119 Q:** Who were "VOM-maidens" and why were they a topic of controversy?

**A:** The cover nudes of *Voice of the Imagination* in the 1940's were thought to be offensive by prurient fans. But they probably drew more complaints for the crudity of the art.

**120 Q:** Who published the following 70's Britzines: *Maya*, *Wild Fennel*, and *Zimrt*?

**A:** Rob Jackson (at its peak), Pauline Palmer, and Lisa Conesa respectively.

**121 Q:** Who is Ray Bink?

**A:** A play on "RAE, BNC" - shorthand among apahacks for "Read and Enjoyed, But No Comments."

**122 Q:** A "fake-fan" is the same species of low-life as a "fringe-fan" - True or False?

**A:** False. Although they are often used interchangeably, strictly speaking they are not the same. A fake-fan is someone who has no interest in SF nor fanac but enjoys the company of fans. A fringe-fan is a fan of something other than core SF - a Trekkie, comics fan, or gamer, for instance.

**123 Q:** The "Void Boys" were?

**A:** The regular editors of *Void*, who were Terry Carr, Ted White, Pete Graham, and Greg Benford.

**124 Q:** "Crifanac" isn't an unknown element that saps super powers, but what is it?

**A:** "Critical Fan Activity" - the threshold to a runaway escalation of fanac. Sometimes meant as criticism of fans who take fanac too seriously. Compare "fljagdh" and its opposite "flawol".

**125 Q:** A "focal point fanzine" is?

**A:** In theory, a zine that acts as a clearing house or switchboard for a self-defined fan circle, producing energy and a sense of identity from the feedback. In practice, any zine with a lot of vocal readers.

**126 Q:** Who wrote, "Vote for Ike, he's been sick," on his envelopes, instigating a war with the postal authorities he could only lose?

**A:** Bill Rotsler. As a result, an entire issue of *Masque* was refused at the Post Office. The Postmaster General had his mail opened and read for an entire year just to show Bill what its like to live in a Free Country.

**127 Q:** Who rightfully styles himself "The Hermit of Hagerstown?"

**A:** Harry Warner Jr. Also "The Hagerstown Hermit." He once said he'd rather not be GoH at the Worldcon if it meant he had to attend it. One could arrange to visit the Hermit in his retreat, a large frame house with roller blinds and old fashioned furniture. The light in the attic where he kept the fanzine collection was burned out, though, so you couldn't view it.

**128 Q:** To what low use does a "feghoot" put the noble English language?

**A:** A short piece of strained humour with a painful and predictable pun at the end. Doubtless the author started with the pun, and worked up some absurd story after.

**129 Q:** Who published the first trip reports for TAFF and DUFF, and what were the names of the zines?

**A:** Robert A. Madle, "A Fake Fan in London", for the 1957 TAFF trip. And Lesleigh Luttrell, "Leslie's Adventures Down Under" in 1972 for DUFF.

**130 Q:** Identify the editors of the following: alliterating LA zines - *The Passing Parade*, *Profanity*, and *Prehensile*.

**A:** Milt Stevens, Bruce Pelz, and Mike Glycer.

**131 Q:** What did these zines have in common - *The Wretch Takes to Writing*, *Space Junk*, *Masque*, and *The Monthly Monthly*?

**A:** They were among those to take the art of rubber-stamping seriously.

**132 Q:** What unique form of fanwriting was Sandra Miesel's specialty?

**A:** "Sensies" - capsule descriptions of well known fans by colour, touch, and other sensations.

**133 Q:** Who published the first annual fanthology?

**A:** Guy Terwilliger, "The Best of Fandom," 1957 and 1958. There was a mere 14 year wait until Terry Car & Mike Domina published "Fanthology '64" in 1972, and then three more years until Bruce D. Arthurs published "Fanthology '75"

**134 Q:** What might be a "derogation?"

**A:** A form of fanwriting that could almost be called "found art". They were satires constructed from quotes and near-quotes, revealing the subjects' inconsistencies and absurdities. Boyd Raeburn was inventor and past master of the form.

**135 Q:** Some fanzines have names that are real mouth fillers or tongue twisters. Name the editors of *Interplanetary Corn Chips*, *Darkling and Raving Traveling Pandemonium and Shadow Show*, *Floccipaucinihilipilification*, and *Tandstikkerzeitung*.

**A:** All of them were quite good zines, and were edited by Jim McLeod, Randy Bathurst, Mike Glicksohn, and Don Markstein.

**136 Q:** A lighthouse, illuminating the darkness, was the unofficial symbol of what fanzine, what fan group, and even what fandom?

**A:** The beacon appeared on the back cover of *Hyphen*, representing the Light of Fannishness piercing the murk of Mundania. It was the sign of The Wheels of IF (Irish Fandom) and might almost be the symbol of all 6<sup>th</sup>. fandom.

**137 Q:** What will death not release you from?

**A:** LASFS. But not paying your dues will.

**138 Q:** A catchphrase used in *Quandry* was "Who sawed Courtney's boat?" What was the proper response?

**A:** "Courtney." And well he might have. The phrase was a 19<sup>th</sup>. Century headline. Out of context it must seem ungrammatical and funny, but it was anything but funny when two favourites competed for a rowing championship, and one accused the other of sabotaging his boat! In fact, the favourite didn't have to "saw" Courtney's boat. Ned Hanlan of Toronto was a once-in-a-century athlete who could literally rowed rings around any rival, and its quite likely New York's Courtney "sawed" his own boat through so he wouldn't be shown up next morning in the race.

**139 Q:** Who did NyCon 1's infamous "Exclusion Act" affect in 1939?

**A:** Most of the Futurians, notably Donald Wollheim, Cyril Kornbluth, Fred Pohl, Robert Lowndes, Jack Gillespie, and John Michel. They were barred from entering the rented hall where the con was held because they had been vocally critical of the organizers, Sam Moskowitz, William Sykora, and James Taurasi. Curiously, Isaac Asimov was welcome, though he too was a Futurian. He was also a Futurian with a published story, though.

### 5 point questions

**140 Q:** Name the Aussie fan who once took a course to be licensed in the use of dynamite.

**A:** Eric Lindsay.



**141 Q:** What year did Minneapolis hold its only Worldcon?

**A:** Trick question. Minneapolis only ever bid for 1973, and lost to Torcon II.

**142 Q:** The 2009 Worldcon, Anticipation, will be held in Montreal. But it was not the first time Montreal bid for the Worldcon. Who made the bid, and when?

**A:** Andy Porter, for 1977. He withdrew the bid before the voting.

**143 Q:** What burning issues were fought over in the Staple Wars?

**A:** Whether SF magazines should be fastened with staples, or be glued. When it spilled over into fandom the anti-staple side lost credibility when their zines were seen to be stapled.

**144 Q:** Who did Bjo Trimble depict as "The Squirrel" in her cartoons?

**A:** Ron Ellik, who's energetic style suggested the comparison. Although he went along with the joke, and wrote a column called "The Squirrel's Cage" it didn't always sit comfortably on him.

**145 Q:** What American fan visited Britain, won TAFF next, and then moved to the UK to

marry Rob Hansen?  
**A:** Avedon Carol

**146 Q:** It is widely believed that twiltone paper was banned in the 1980's, driving fans to scramble for remaining supplies. What caused it to be banned?

**A:** The paper making process was said to leave traces of toxic mercury. In fact it was all a load of bollocks, and twiltone had never been banned. I ought to know - I made the whole story up and deliberately spread it. Years later I was gratified to have it repeated back to me as fact, still.

**147 Q:** What fanzine(s) hold the record for the longest wait between two issues?

**A:** Art Widner's *Yhos*. 34 years passed between issues 13 and 14. And Robert Lichtman's *Psi-Phi*, with 34 years between issues 9 (1963) and 10 (1997).

**148 Q:** Who has won a fan Hugo in more than one category?

**A:** Dave Langford, Mike Glycer, Richard E. Geis, and Susan Wood, all of whom have won the Hugo both for Best Fanzine and Best Fanwriter. In fact, Geis won in both categories in 1975, Glycer in both in 1984, and Langford amazingly won in both categories in 1993, '96, '99, and 2002!



Oddly, no winner of a *fanart* Hugo has ever won in a different category. (Nor even been nominated.) There have been several potential double winners - Steve Stiles, Stu Shiffman, Grant Canfield, and Dan Steffan were all highly regarded as writers as well as fanzine editor. But no fanartist has done it.

**149 Q:** When Joe Haldeman took a bath at Discon II in 1974, what was so unusual about it?

**A:** He had filled the bathtub with lime jello rather than water, and allegedly had female company.

**150 Q:** To finish up, one last question that should be almost impossible to answer. What fan holds the dubious distinction of being the first (and perhaps only) person to cut mimeograph stencils with a daisy-wheel printer?

**A:** I confess, it was I.

**Optional Bonus Question,** just because I like it, and what fan can fail to take an interest in such fascinating matter and still call himself a fan?

**Q:** Which TV show has Steven Hawking appeared in? Not merely been depicted in, as but spoke his own lines?

**A:** In *Star Trek: TNG* he appeared in person, playing poker with Commander Riker, Albert Einstein, and Sir Isaac Newton. Einstein and Newton were only actors of course. Hawking also did his own voice on *The Simpsons*, and, surprisingly, one episode of the animated *Dilbert*. A famous cosmologist confined to a wheelchair appeared more than once on *Family Guy*, but on no occasion was it Hawking playing himself. I'm not even sure he was named.

**Enuff!**

**Credits.** I'd like to thank the many colourful, creative, and often crackpot individuals who comprise that collective we call fandom for being who they were, and contributing their distinctive character to this quiz. Secondly, but with no less sincerity, I'd like to thank Robert Lichtman for his corrections, and especially Arnie Katz, who made many fine suggestions to improve the original questions, and originally meant to give "The Only Gameshow in Town" a home in Vegas Fandom Weekly.

**[Editor's Note:** Thanks for playing, Taral! Do I get partial credit in the answer to #150 for having cut the stencils of many issues of File 770 with a dot matrix printer?])

# THE HISTORY OF THE KEITH KATO CHILI PARTY

## by Keith G. Kato

On Sunday, 9 August 2009, the 35<sup>th</sup> Anniversary "Keith Kato Chili Party" was held at Anticipation, the 67<sup>th</sup> Worldcon, in Montreal's Delta Centre-Ville Hotel. Because only events such as the Worldcon itself, the Hugo Awards, and Robert Silverberg's continuing unbroken attendance at Worldcons have lasted longer in fandom, *File 770's* Ye Olde Editor asked that I produce a history of this party. The Chili Party has grown (or metastasized) from humble beginnings into something held at LASFS fundraisers, Westercons, Loscons, and something like twenty-two of the twenty-nine Worldcons I attended from 1972-2009. It has been held all over the continental U.S., thrice in Canada, and in Melbourne, Glasgow, and Yokohama. It began as an open party, but for reasons which I hope become understandable, is now closed. John Hertz has said (correctly) it is impolite to discuss a closed party to a readership that cannot get in, but I'll explain how to gain access in the modern era.

As the name implies the Chili Party is (a) a personally-funded party I host at SF cons that (b) serves home-made chili, the American Tex-Mex soup/stew dish. At Worldcons I usually try to hold the party on Hugo night. One need not eat anything; some come for the ambiance. Simple, but like onions there are layers within layers.

In the early years I held parties in my sleeping room, but my present Worldcon *modus operandi* is to rent a separate party suite for Hugo night. In addition to beer, soft drinks, bottled water, and juices, hand-prepared fruit, vegetable, and, cheese platters, and dishes of candies, I usually serve three types of chili. One is a beef-based Hot version without beans, targeted for the high end of human toleration. It is usually labeled, for reasons that will become obvious, "Hot (To Everyone But Bob Silverberg)." A second beef-based Mild version with beans has kick but is tolerable to most. The exception was Marion Zimmer Bradley, who once came to me gasping and said "I can't imagine how hot the Hot must be, if what you call Mild you think is mild." In MZB's honor this pot is usually labeled "Mild (To Everyone But Marion Zimmer Bradley)." In the last few years, after a failed attempt to produce an acceptably kosher version for Janice Gelb, I have offered Vegetarian chili based on port-



**Nippon 2007:** Stephen Davis, Keith Kato, Grania Davis, Miho Hiramoto and Sachiko Shibano.

bella mushrooms. Condiments are saltine or oyster crackers, chopped onions, grated cheeses (mixed cheddar and Monterey Jack), and pitted black olives. At Loscons only, I also prepare a Bison chili, and offer additional condiments of brown rice, avocado, chopped scallions, and sour cream.

By necessity, when on the road, cooking takes place in my room on a single hotplate, to produce up to twelve total gallons. I observe scrupulous cleanliness, and wear a medical face mask and hair bonnet while cooking. I purchase canned and bottled goods days in advance, but depending on whether I have refrigeration, I may buy meats, cheeses, vegetables, and fruits (and definitely 100+ pounds of ice) the "day of." I usually work alone and I miss all programming on party day. I can't remember seeing but one Hugo ceremony in the past twenty years. I stay up until 4-5 AM just to clean and evacuate the party suite. I always generously tip the hotel maids.

### Prelude

My first contact with fandom occurred in 1971. I was finishing my senior year at UCLA as a physics major, but I was also enrolled in a Special Studies English course under Professor Ben Vorpahl, for whom I wrote a 254 page paper on the then-recently-deceased longtime editor of *Astounding Science Fiction* (later *Analog*), John W. Campbell, Jr. I encountered Los Angeles fan Matthew Tepper at Sherry Gottlieb's old Change of Hobbit bookstore; he told me about LASFS. I needed access to old issues of *As-*

*tounding* from Campbell's early years as editor, so I attended a LASFS meeting to ask if anyone had copies I could use. LASFSian Cy Condra volunteered his private collection. Matthew also told me of the upcoming 1972 Westercon in Long Beach and Worldcon near LAX.

By the 1972 Westercon I was gainfully employed and could attend, although being a neofan and not knowing any better, I commuted. My earliest memory of Westercon is of an attractive young woman in the hotel lobby screaming "Harlan!" and jumping into our Mr. Ellison's arms in greeting, and attaching faces to names I knew only from print. And these room

parties.... In one, I stood next to this giant both physically and by reputation named Poul Anderson, who with beer in hand was leading the room singing limericks. I also attended the 1972 LACon I, where more faces-to-names began accumulating — such as GoH Frederick Pohl, Jack Williamson, Robert Silverberg, Terry Carr, Larry Niven, and a not-yet-published guy named Jerry Pournelle.

As many can relate, the "gosh-wow" factor infected me, so I made plans to attend the 1973 Westercon (Oakland) and Worldcon (Toronto). To me SF fandom is a collective of weakly- (or non-) interacting interest cliques that co-locate at cons, and being very neo and rather diffident around new people, I was having trouble finding my cliques. I also noticed many of the pros vanished during the nighttime open parties. It was at this Westercon, at a panel (endlessly repeated) on attending one's first con, where one suggestion to meet people was to host a room party. Hmm. The problem was how to differentiate myself from every other soft drinks/beer/potato chips/pretzels open party.

I pondered this problem and thought (being a physicist) that the solution obviously depended on the "boundary conditions" I established: Be different (hah!), cheap (double hah!), and easily done by one person (quadruple hah!—you notice this is a geometric divergent expansion). My family seems pre-disposed to entertain large numbers of people. During my high school years, although we were innately a family of seven, we hosted summer barbecue dinners almost

nightly with several families and more than twenty gathered. My parents (back then) and my brothers and sister (now) will host around fifty or so at parties, Thanksgivings, and Christmases. I observed my mother making chili for one such gathering and thought it was simple enough for me to do. Aha!

#### 1974: An Experiment In Insanity

The 1974 Westercon was at a private dormitory called the Francisco Torres near the University of California, Santa Barbara. This was no luxury hotel. The rooms were institutionally undistinguished, small, and sparsely furnished; you shared the bathroom with the people next door; and we took meals dormitory-style in a large dining room. The Francisco Torres was the site of the first Chili Party. I provided maybe two cases of canned soft drinks, four six-packs of beer, and a single gallon of my mother's chili using a packet of French's Chili-O mix. I posted a party notice, and when the door opened fans slowed wandered in. I served the chili in small six ounce plastic drinking glasses to stretch the number of servings, and several guests (none of whom I knew) commented how different this party was. The only pro I recall dropping in was Terry Carr, and in retrospect there was some irony that Bob Silverberg passed the door and glanced in, but did not come in.

Well that was an interesting experiment. I attended the 1974 Worldcon (Washington) and the 1975 Westercon (Oakland), but did not throw a party at either.

#### 1975: The Damn Dam Breaks

I also did not attend Aussiecon, the 1975 Worldcon (Melbourne) to save money to begin graduate school in 1976. The WSFS constitution had been changed recently to permit the first NASFiC, which was won by Los Angeles. Coincidentally, and helpful to the cause, was a \$300 check (using the annual Consumer Price Index this about \$1,200 in 2010) sent out by the IRS as part of President Gerald Ford's Whip Inflation Now ("WIN") campaign. Since this was "found money" I set it aside and began talking with friends about hosting a joint party at NASFiC.

John Burchfield, John Scharles (both have long since gafiated), and Dave Gordon (who still attends occasional Loscons and Worldcons) each brought one pot of their own chili for the party. I brought Hot and Mild chili (nowhere near the recipes I now serve), but with the WIN money also brought a half-keg of Michelob beer, lots of soft drinks, and finger foods prepared by my mother: beef taquitos with guacamole sauce, pork-filled wonton with Chinese mustard and soy sauce dips, and Chinese chicken salad garnished with lemon juice and pepper. All foods were supplied in the typical Kato family quantities, huge, and the taquitos and wonton were fried on-site. We handed out business-card-sized printed invitations. Harlan seemed especially

enthused about the party, although Bob Silverberg reminded him "We're going to the Moroccan restaurant that night."

We reserved a room with twin beds plus rollaways for the con, but requested an adjoining room only for the party night. This turned out to be a mistake. NASFiC did not sell out the hotel, and the only way the hotel could honor adjoining rooms for one night was to put us outside the fan bloc among the mundanes. We did not know this, of course. We maximized the floor space in both rooms by disassembling three of the four beds and storing them in the closets.

During preparation we encountered a problem in fluid mechanics—none of us knew how to tap the beer keg. Dave Gordon went out and found the one guy who knows significantly something about nearly everything to help us, Jerry Pournelle. By the time Jerry arrived (his first words, softly and in some wonderment: "Is that a keg of Michelob?") we had, by trial and error, managed to insert the tap properly, so Jerry inspected and approved our work. Harlan knocked on the door in the late afternoon, and looking at the activity asked "Does the hotel know what you cuckoos are up to?" I let out a frustrated semi-scream, not directed at Harlan but mostly in self-pity at the realization this was a BIG job. If you've seen Chef Robert Irvine's Food Channel show *Dinner: Impossible* you know how I felt under the pressure of the moment.

Once the party began the room quickly filled to beyond legal capacity. As word spread through the con the crowd got even bigger, eventually spilling out into the corridor. During this chaos I met Larry Niven and David Gerrold for the first time, and The Wombat, jan howard finder, who had just come back from Aussiecon that day. Jerry Pournelle visited several times, the last after 5 a.m.

Harlan showed up, after what I was told was a nine (or nineteen?) course Moroccan dinner at Dar Maghreb on Sunset Boulevard. He gathered his bowl and sat in the middle of the only remaining bed, and seemed with each spoonful to unbutton another button on his waistband, all the while telling his Jerry Pournelle Chili Story. Jerry heard of this and walked across the room to offer rebuttal testimony. The event allegedly took place when Jerry, as SFWA president, visited Harlan's house with papers to sign. Harlan had been simmering his chili for several days continuously, and it was represented as so vile as to be the kind served in a shallow bowl, with salty crackers, and eaten with a teaspoon. Harlan said he served Jerry with a deep bowl and a tablespoon. According to Harlan, at first spoonful Jerry reacted with nostrils flaring, vein on his temple bulging and throbbing, and beads of sweat on the forehead. Jerry said it was potent but never that bad.

The kicker is alleged to be (this is hearsay only) that Jerry manfully finished his bowl but lost his voice for a little while afterward. Harlan also accused me, in that jocular Ellisonian way, of serving him "Pussy chili." I asked how he managed to eat hot food, and he replied it was because he had a Jewish mother, and Pygmies from Africa would come to dip their darts in her cooking. I don't recall Bob Silverberg at this particular party either, but that would change the next year as I would come under His Holiness's tutelage and evaluation on what "hot" actually was.

Eventually the mundanes complained to the hotel and a couple of security guys showed up. They were none too happy with the crowd size, congestion, noise, cooking, and three missing beds. To this day there are fannish stories that I was threatened by the hotel with ejection, arrest, and lawsuit, but I don't recall things getting that extreme. The concom became aware of the situation and immediately intervened on my behalf. The hotel agreed to let us continue (without me being ejected, arrested, or sued) if we thinned the crowd, closed the door, suppressed the noise, and (shown the beds stored in the closet) reassembled the beds.

Thus the first large version of what has become known as the Keith Kato Chili Party (I didn't name it that) came into existence and fannish consciousness. During the party, several people asked what con we were bidding for and were surprised when told "None." *Locus* reported on it. Larry Niven said this single event catapulted me to immediate BNF status, which I find hard to believe because most people at cons don't know who I am (see the George R.R. Martin story from 2003).

The year 1976 was pivotal for my life trajectory and this memoir. At the 1976 Westercon, Bob Silverberg made his first appearance at the Chili Party, beginning his almost-uninterrupted attendance through the years (with one glitch in 1993), and his much-valued advice on the ingredients needed to achieve his level of hot in food. Bob, my *sensei* of spice, suggested using tepin, which he said was the hottest pepper in the world. I was instructed to "crumble a few" pods per gallon to kick the heat up on what I thought was my Hot recipe, and I did so for the 1976 Worldcon party at MidAmeriCon (Kansas City). I found out just how potent tepin was: I crumbled some dried pods (they look like red BBs) with my fingers, then wiped my forehead with those fingers and raised a welt.

Upon leaving the 1976 Worldcon Chili Party, Bob declared it "a wonderful tradition" (and he is the Pope, therefore infallible), which is when something is done more than once in fandom. MidAmeriCon's GoH was Robert A. Heinlein, and I held a party that year in the hopes RAH would drop by. Unfor-

unately, he was unable to come because his duties at the con took its toll on his stamina. Recall, he agreed to meet with everyone who even attempted to donate blood that year, establishing the Heinlein Blood Drive, also a continuing tradition.

After the 1976 Worldcon I began graduate school at the University of California, Irvine, eventually becoming Greg Benford's dissertation student and obtaining my Ph.D. in plasma physics. In one of those "six degrees of separation," in the Silverberg novel *The Masks of Time* (aka *Vornan-19*) the protagonist is the Schultz Professor of Physics at UCI. My graduate class in classical mechanics was taught by Jonas Schultz, whose wife was a college roommate of Bob's first wife Barbara, and who worked with Bob on the Columbia University school newspaper.

#### **The Once (Not Future) Parties**

1972 (L.A.con I, Los Angeles): Attended, no party held.

1973 (Torcon II, Toronto): Attended, no party held.

1974 (Discon II, Washington): Attended, no party held.

1975 (Aussiecon 1, Melbourne): Did not attend.

1975 NASFiC (Los Angeles): Already discussed.

1976 (MidAmeriCon, Kansas City): The curative power of my chili was revealed. George R.R. Martin attended, I believe for the first time, ditching his own Hugo Losers Party. George said his (then-) wife Gale Burnick was sick, but asked if he could take a bowl to her. Half an hour later, Gale was up and at my party.

1977 (SunCon, Miami Beach): This con was at the Fontainebleau Hotel, which still used elevator operators. Guests told me when my floor was requested the operator would say "Oh, you're hungry!" and give directions from the elevator to my room. The Heinleins

were at this con, but could not attend my party because of his fatigue. Instead, they invited me to their suite for their private party. This was probably the year I handed out buttons with "Kato's Natural Gas Company" printed on them. This was inspired by a joke by Jerry Pournelle, who said he was no longer worried about energy shortages. Forget petroleum, coal, or nuclear; just feed everyone Keith's chili.

1978 (IguanaCon II, Phoenix): I had no real con activity except the party, spending most of my time in my room studying for my Ph.D. qualifying exam. Neil Schulman took a bowl to Harlan just before a late-night reading of his *I, Robot* movie script that Asimov really liked. I was told Harlan read his script between spoonfuls, and afterward asked the assembled throng "Does anybody know where Keith Kato's party is?" Jerry Pournelle brought the entire Norwegian contingent at the con to meet me. I spoke with Robert Forward about General Relativity. The next day, I encountered Ginny Heinlein with Jerry at poolside; RAH was home. After hearing Jerry praise the previous night's party, she said "I'm sorry I missed it," whereupon I said "I have leftovers." The three of us went to my room where I re-heated, and we had lunch. I gave Ginny his-and-hers "Natural Gas" buttons. Much to my amazement, just a few years ago Bill Patterson, the official Heinlein biographer, told me that in twenty-something hours of taped interviews with Ginny she mentioned the chili and me about six times. (By the way, RAH always said "Pay it forward," and I'd hope my work to help organize and run the 2007 Heinlein Centennial in Kansas City offset my debt to him, and her, a little.)

1979 (Seacon '79, Brighton): Did not attend. At my Westercon party earlier that year, upon hearing I was not going to Brighton, Jerry Pournelle said "You know what I'm

going to tell that rotten kid [meaning Greg Benford]? I'm going to take a can of Denison's with me and tell him 'We don't have decent stuff to eat, only this, and it's all your fault.'"

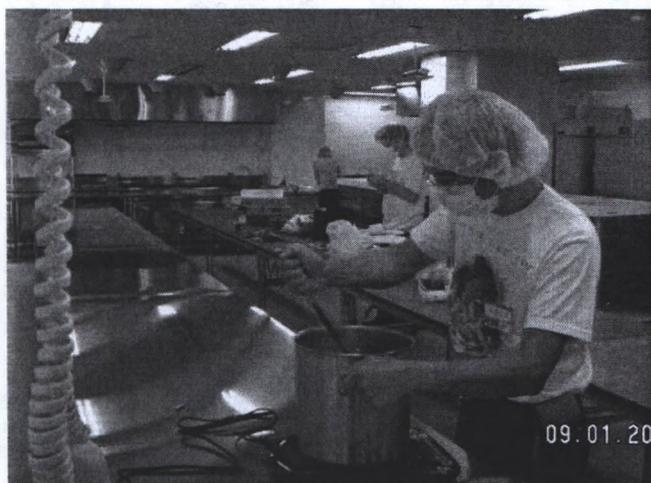
1980 (Noreascon Two, Boston): I announced my retirement from the Chili Party, with a manifesto explaining why. I cited the size, expense, effort, and that I could no longer sustain an open party of this magnitude. Ye Olde Editor's favorite line from my manifesto: "I did not begin this party to win a convention, become famous, or get laid. (Well....)" I left my spices at home, and after three days of vainly searching for replacements in Boston, my roommates mailed the spices via pre-FedEx airmail. I told my *The Empire Strikes Back* story for the first time: In the scene where Luke goes to Yoda's home, Luke removes a small snake from his bowl, sniffs whatever is in the pot and reacts, then tastes it and really reacts. At the showing I attended, I heard someone say in the dark "Must be Keith's chili." Never found out who said it.

1981 (Denvention Two, Denver): Did not attend.

1982 (Chicon IV, Chicago): "Unretired" by hosting a party to celebrate passing my thesis defense oral exam earlier that summer. First met Moshe Feder and Lise Eisenberg the day after the party, when Moshe introduced himself on the elevator landing and asked "Can I come to your party next year?"

1983 (ConStellation, Baltimore): Attended, but I don't remember having a party (I was not in the main hotel). I do remember *The Right Stuff* panel with cast from that great film, and Chuck Yeager. A Congressman who said his district was the Atlanta airport showed up to solicit SF-like ideas for a "Millennium Project" mentioned in his book *Window Of Opportunity*. His name was Newt Gingrich. During this Worldcon, the Soviet

(Left) The cooks at work at Nippon 2007. (Right) Anticipation 2009: The chili is served!



Union shot down Korean Air Lines flight 007.

1984 (L.A.con II, Anaheim): Hosted a party, but don't remember much, other than I met Masamichi and Michiko Osako for the first time.

1985 (Aussiecon Two, Melbourne): Did not attend.

1986 (ConFederation, Atlanta): As a fan of *Gone With The Wind*, I noticed while walking several miles to the nearest supermarket for party supplies that the dirt in Georgia really is red.

1987 (Conspiracy '87, Brighton): Did not attend.

1988 (Nolacon II, New Orleans): Attended, but did not host a party. Why bother when the French Quarter is just outside the hotel?

1989 (Noreascon 3, Boston): I recall this was the party where Greg Benford introduced me to the famous Marvin Minsky of M.I.T.'s artificial intelligence lab. As we three spoke, Minsky kept grabbing and eating bread slices from the bag.

1990 (ConFiction, The Hague): Did not attend.

1991 (Chicon V, Chicago): Another Worldcon where I think I had a party.

1992 (MagiCon, Orlando): Did not attend.

1993 (ConFrancisco, San Francisco): My room was at or above the 25<sup>th</sup> floor, and the elevator broke on party night. The elevator waiting line snaked outside the hotel. Bob Silverberg called to say the wait was prohibitive, and wouldn't be able to make the party—the only time this happened. Perhaps ten people showed up. The next day, I put the food into zip-lock baggies and distributed MREs (military-speak for Meals Ready to Eat, although the alternate is Meals Rejected by Ethiopians) to the homeless outside the hotel.

1994 (ConAdian, Winnipeg): The staff at the Louis Riel Hotel was especially helpful in preparing for this party. I could not find canned pinto beans in Canada, which also happened at later Worldcons in Toronto and Montreal. The room had a kitchen so I could cook several days in advance. After the first night of cooking, the hotel fire alarm went off at 4 AM, and my first groggy thoughts were "I've set fire to the hotel." The rain set off the alarm—Whew!

1995 (Intersection, Glasgow): Did not attend.

1996 (L.A.con III, Anaheim): Threw two parties at this Worldcon; the second was a non-chili function in honor of Takumi and Sachiko Shibano, the Fan GoHs. Used a corner room, and both party nights we got two fireworks shows, one from Disneyland, another from Angels Stadium. I told a four-way ethnic joke to a small group: In the af-



**Robert Silverberg, Karen Haber and Keith Kato**

terlife, how does a man know if he is in Heaven or Hell? In Heaven, he has an American salary, a British home, a Chinese cook, and a Japanese wife. In Hell, he has a Chinese salary, a Japanese home, a British cook, and an American wife. After polite laughter, we saw Sachiko Shibano giving Forry Ackerman a neck and shoulder massage. I hooked my thumb at them and said "Japanese wife."

1997 (LoneStarCon 2, San Antonio): There was a chili cookoff at the con; instead of participating, I was asked to judge. I could not since the cookoff was the same day as my party and I couldn't afford the time. Bob Silverberg took my place, and Karen Haber Silverberg later said I would have won. Walking miles in the noon sun to the supermarket taught me why Texans wear big hats. During the party, Rick Katze came in with breaking news that Princess Diana had been killed in a car crash.

1998 (BucConcer, Baltimore): Attended, and I think there was a party.

1999 (Aussiecon Three, Melbourne): My first overseas Worldcon—Greg Benford was GoH, and it was my 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary party. Getting spices through Aussie customs was touchy; imported biological matter has a bad history in Oz. The All-Seasons Grand Hotel where I stayed had a kitchen, so I could prepare and store in advance. The only spilled chili in thirty-five years occurred when Laurie Meltzer dropped her bowl on the floor and her white tennis shoes. Next year, I see her pushing a baby carriage containing Joseph. Medicinal properties *redux*: My chili cleaned out Laurie's plumbing. Or maybe Morris had something to do with it.

2000 (Chicon 2000, Chicago): Attended, but no party held although not willfully—the hotel would not permit it.

2001 (Millennium Philcon, Philadelphia):

Did not attend in protest of the hotel staff's stupidity. In trying to book a room on the "party floor" the human on the other end insisted no such reservation contingency existed. I did call Moshe and Lise during their Wednesday pre-con party, though.

2002 (ConJose, San Jose): Attended, but no party held, having been cancelled by the concom. At the Gripe Session, Japanese fans made their displeasure known that my party was cancelled.

2003 (Torcon 3, Toronto): Cooked in the recreation area in the apartment where Ken and Frances Smookler live. At Closing Ceremonies, Fan GoH Ye Olde Editor thanked me from

the podium for many years of parties. There was no reaction from the audience that this statement meant anything to them. Pro GoH George R.R. Martin came up next and said: "I didn't know Keith was here! I love Keith's chili! How come nobody told me!" Thereafter whenever I inform George, I kid him it's only to stop his public whining.

2004 (ConKopelli, Litchfield Park) A disaster at Westercon, which was held at the Wigwam Resort outside Phoenix. The facility was spread-out bungalows next to a golf course. There were signs guiding fans to Party Row, but since my party was closed, no one could find me. Only four people showed up.

2004 (Noreascon 4, Boston): Hosted a party, but I don't remember much.

2005 (Interaction, Glasgow): My second overseas party. Party hosts used the Hilton's banquet kitchen, so cooking *etc.* was fairly easy. (Seeing how some fans prepared food, though, I never want to eat anything at future con parties.) The Hilton set up my party suite with chairs, tables, tablecloths, bowls, cutlery, glasses, ice, and chafing dishes. The door was marked "Private Party" so at a ten-foot radius one saw a semicircle of curious Euro-fans wondering what was going on past the door. The next day, the Hilton's cleaning crew and management reportedly swabbed the chafing dishes with bread slices to sample cold leftover chili. Using the local Scottish beef, this seemed to be the most flavorful chili I can remember.

2006 (L.A.con IV, Anaheim): My most extravagant and well-provisioned party. My sister helped, and she provided wrapped and piled-in-a-mound sushi, teriyaki chicken, wonton of various fillings, and Chinese chicken salad. Harlan attended after several years' absence. One of my mundane friends, wondering why a lot of people seemed ex-

cited, intercepted him at the buffet to ask "Why are you so revered?" Harlan's immediate answer: "Because I am God."

2007 (Nippon 2007, Yokohama): My most logistically difficult overseas party to prepare. One BIG problem was the cost a party suite for one night—¥132,825, about US\$1,150. Several "angels" in the Japanese fan community contributed to offset this cost by 10%. My room number was actually listed in the Pocket Program as "Closed Party." When I told Bob Silverberg about this, I sputtered how listing a closed party in the open was so...so...so... when Bob suggested "Inscrutable?" There was a mall nearby where Masamichi Osako, Yasushi Okada, and I bought everything except beef. The store had only a pre-packaged beef-plus-pork ground mixture in 150-gram sizes, with no butcher shop for larger orders; the clerk was shocked when I asked for forty-five boxes. Yasushi got online and found another market, about 15 minutes away, that could grind seven kilograms of pure beef. Local fans and a restaurant owner lent me large pots and an induction hot plate, while the concomm arranged use of a huge, blessedly air conditioned kitchen with stainless steel counters and walk-in refrigerator. I actually had STAFF—five volunteers—so I ended up personally not doing much cooking. My party suite was half Western (rug, coffee table, chairs, sofa) and half Japanese (*tatami* floor, low table, low chairs, with a pit under the table so people could sit with legs dangling loose) areas separated by a sliding panel. Shoes were not permitted on the *tatami*, so everyone unshod as they entered the room, creating a large annulus of shoes at the entrance. Bob Silverberg said I fed him his only enjoyable meal in Japan, since he does not like Japanese food. I told him I don't either, since my mother prepared so much of it while I was growing up.

2008 (Denvention 3, Denver): Noteworthy in that Bob Silverberg told me, after decades of trying, that I finally managed to burn his palate out. The Silverberg index for hot food is the number of times one wipes the forehead during the meal. Five is lethal, and once in the past he graded me 4.9. When I said "That's quite an admission from you" he replied with Silverbergian *savoir faire* "I'm not the boy I used to be."

2009 (Anticipation, Montreal): My 35<sup>th</sup> Anniversary party. I wore a tuxedo for the occasion, and handed out green badge ribbons (the 35th anniversary is jade) with "35<sup>th</sup> Anniversary [etc.]" and "Kato's Natural Gas Co" on it. My room number was changed three times in four days. This party was more heavily attended than normal, in part because the hotel closed down all parties not on the party floor, including the SFWA suite.

#### "How do I get invited?"

The only open Chili Party is now Friday night of Loscon, where the concomm grants use of the Presidential Suite of the LAX Marriott for a combined open party containing Carole and Elliot ("Elst") Weinstein's Church of Herbangilism Wine And Cheese Party, Rochelle Uhlenkott and Kenn Bates's Dessert Bar Party (with infamous chocolate fountain), and the Chili Party with aforementioned Hot, Mild, Vegetarian, and Bison recipes. Occasionally I make my "seven by seven" vegetarian vegetable soup (seven vegetables and seven fresh spices) or pasta with meat sauce containing beef and hot Italian sausage.

Since my "un-retirement" in 1982, my Worldcon parties have been closed. Those who knew me from the beginning are grandfathered in. On a case-by-case basis I invite new people who share the dais with me on panels, or who take my Shotokan Karate Workshop, or who favorably encounter and engage me during the con. My rule-of-thumb is for invitees to be above the second standard deviation in some significant (to me) category of achievement; that is the top 2%. So if you are a *Playboy* centerfold or a Nobel laureate in physics, you are IN!

I expect my guests to be polite, pleasant, reasonable, and civil not only to me but my other guests. Please introduce your own guests to me. I have banned, disinvited, or ejected some individuals for cause, and I am the bouncer.

#### Was It Worth It?

At the 2009 Montreal Worldcon I was on a panel "Why I Fan" and I said I do not consider myself a fan in the sense fandom takes up a large portion of my life. Other than simply reading SF, I do not produce a fanzine, website, or blog, nor do I costume or filk. My only fanac is attending one or two cons a year, usually Worldcon and Loscon.

By comparison, outside the SF world I work on microwave directed energy, which is interesting, challenging, and (I hope) important. I have seven patents because of my work. I am a martial artist of forty-five years continuing experience. I patronize the arts, and see anywhere from forty to fifty live productions of plays, musicals, concerts, and operas each year. And I have six cats (OK, maybe that's fannish).

One mathematical tool in physics is the Dirac delta function, which can be likened to a spike that is zero everywhere but one value, where it is infinite. The Chili Party is a delta function of fanac, an intense momentary blip of activity.

That said, what started out as a lark thirty-five years ago has enabled me to meet some of the most interesting and prominent names in SF (artists Freas, Sternbach, Rotsler, Whelan; writers Barnes, Bear, Bradley, Brin, Budrys, Dick, Gerrold, Herbert, Kingsbury,



Martin, Niven, Pournelle, Spinrad, Sturgeon; Grand Masters Heinlein, Williamson, Simak, de Camp, Leiber, del Rey, Pohl, Anderson, Silverberg, Ellison, Haldeman). It seems likely Greg Benford took notice me at the very first lecture of his graduate Mathematical Methods of Physics course because of my SF connection. This led to me becoming his graduate student, and my specialty in plasmas, pulsed power, and microwaves, which served as my entry into the directed energy world and a professional career. And I met and made any number of life-long friends too numerous to mention.

The conditions cited in my 1980 retirement manifesto remain true, and today are mitigated in that I can better cope with the expense. That I continue to do this party only shows I am certifiably insane: Doing the same thing repeatedly and expecting a different result. My Worldcon parties now officially end with me standing on a chair and declaring "I am never throwing this party again. See you all next year!"

So, is it worth spending more than a round-trip airfare from Los Angeles to London or Tokyo to throw a single party, or work intense hours before, during, and after, or miss one full day of a Worldcon, or miss the Hugos? The multiple choice answer is left as an exercise for the alert reader: (a) no; (b) no, but Keith is stupid to do it anyway; (c) hell no; (d) yes; (e) hell yes; or (f) all of the above.

# The Heart of a City, Amsterdam

## by James Bacon

I first visited The Netherlands over 20 years ago, being the destination for our annual family holiday one year. It was a time when trips to Brittany were about as interesting as it got for the school aged. So when my father decided to take the land-bridge to the Netherlands – by ferry and car – it was a great adventure. It was a great success and I subsequently spent more summer holidays there. When I was in my '20s, I journeyed to Amsterdam annually, with my father, brothers, friends and whoever else could go with me at the time – usually February – for a long weekend of indulging in all that Amsterdam had to offer. It is a fantastic city, much more than clichéd imaginings of windmills and legal weed.

On my last trip to Amsterdam, I traveled with my wife, Simoné – always my first choice in companions. She understands Dutch after a fashion, since Afrikaans is her first language. In practice, the South African tongue is a dialect of Dutch. To make matters more complicated, in The Netherlands, Dutch is called Flemish. All the better reason to bring her along. We stayed at The Grand Amrath which is about 5 minutes from the central station and therefore close to everything downtown, and – given its original office use – is both elegant and comfortable.

I know general travel writing is not a *File 770* thing (sometimes) but I thought that with the possibility of holding a Smofcon in Amsterdam, a small independent report would not be amiss. [*The site of Smofcon 2011 has been confirmed as Amsterdam.*]

Schiphol is a typical airport, the only real difference between this one and others I've used is that Schiphol has smoking areas. Smoking in the Netherlands has not been stigmatized as it has in some other countries, but then, also, smoking in the Netherlands is never rudely in your face.

The Netherlands is a heavily industrialized country, like England. The people are hard-working and eager to advance themselves. Agriculture, technology, electronics are all major industries and the countryside is dotted with factories, plants and workshops of every sort. These are a people who have fought against nature and stolen back land from the sea. As our plane flew over the coast, my wife and myself wondered if whether, when global warming drowns the rest of Europe, the Netherlands might be an island below sea level, protected by massive dikes fifty meters tall – like a well of land in a surrounding sea.

Of course, I know some readers of *File 770* will be thinking about Amsterdam specifically as a future Smofcon venue... whereas others may welcome any excuse for a convention so long as they can visit an interesting city. If the Amsterdam Smofcon bid wins, it would be held in the Victoria Hotel. It's a sumptuous venue and the first fine building you see as you walk out of Central Station. Having taken tea there, I can say it's a high quality hotel with an airy bar and open



Go Joker comic shop.

lobby. I am astounded at the potential price of rooms – an incredible deal! But less of the future, and more of the now. Amsterdam City Center is compact – in the sense that you can easily walk around to all the main attractions. If you want to do so more smartly, there are public trams run by the GVB. The hotel is just about 20 minutes by train from Schiphol Airport, and when one arrives in the city you are immediately immersed in Amsterdam's own, unique European feel that is impossible to put in words but is everywhere in the air.

Loving books and comics, I naturally intended to check out local stores when I was not playing the tourist, relaxing, enjoying good food and having a few beers. Our first evening was spent in "Humphries" – a well known Dutch restaurant that can be a bit of a bugger to get into, if you haven't made a booking. For 23 Euro, you order a three-course meal. The courses are changed every month, and specialize in seasonal local foods. The fare is intrinsically Dutch, and always very good. Deep, dark, wood furnishing, and friendly service adds

atmosphere to the evening. After a gently paced meal, my wife and I ventured into the Red Light district.

Red Light districts – when safe – are always worth a stroll. One smells the waft of tobacco smoke on the air, and sees much. Our first venture was on a Wednesday night, and the area is quiet. Even in this day and age, it is still a surprise for many Brits and Americans to see sex for sale in such an open – and dare one say – *professional* manner. The area only covers a few canal-side streets, but is undergoing an enforced change. We noticed that "windows" – glass doorways, really – are being bought up by the government and turned into street displays. This is a rather slow process, but it is clear that the "Red Light" side of Amsterdam does not cultivate a sense of civic pride in every citizen.

We enjoyed a drink in "The Old Sailor," a pub in the heart of the Red Light district, and very much full of transient people in the habit of stopping before, or after, other refreshments. Even though it was in the middle-of-the-week, there was a slightly-party atmosphere. There is still an afterglow of the massive reception the national football team received, when they returned from their defeat in South Africa. Small pubs are frequent in Amsterdam; the smaller the better. You cannot walk far without finding one, especially on corners, so even on a leisurely stroll you can be tempted into any number of beguiling bars. From "The Old Sailor," we sampled one drink here and another drink there along the way, before finally staggering back to our hotel.

On Thursday I spent a little time looking at comic shops. I chose the "Go Joker" which is situated on the Zeedijke, on the Old Side. The building is from the 17<sup>th</sup> century and seems to be crooked,

leaning oddly – rather as though M.C. Escher had given one wall a gentle push. But inside, it seemed fine. Perhaps you adopt the “lean” when you go in?

Inside, the shelves on the left wall are lined with Dutch comics. “Strepboeks” is their word for them. There is a mezzanine with collectable and very old comics, while other shelves stock America’s best. The owner is relaxed and cheerful – an older gentleman, happy to direct the customers to exactly what they’re looking for. He was in the process of making changes in how the store was laid out. He was sorting at least a hundred boxes of comics back issues in the basement. They were all in a very easy to understand order, with a wide selection of comics in Dutch as well as in English. I found some fanzines while browsing. I was astonished to hear from the store owner that 42 comic shops in northern Belgium carry at least one Dutch title. These Flemish fanzines are very professionally done and though unable to read them I grabbed greedily. Soon I’d put my wife and her command of the language to even more good use.

A little way up the Zeedijke, towards the picturesque Nieuwmarkt, is “Henk.” This is a small, compact comic shop, specializing in *manga* and American imports. The shop had a sale on, and I bought a few a small sampling. I continue up the street, then, towards another book store. “The College” has a long hallway lined on both sides with books. With enough books, finally, to satisfy my need, Simoné and I head off to explore the rest of the city. We had opted to buy 7-Euro, 24-hour tram and bus passes, which is a much better deal than the 4-Euro per hour option. We rode toward the Westermarkt, where we enjoyed a superb lunch at the “Wester” restaurant at the corner of Prinsingracht at the Westermarkt. It was “toasties” for me; cheese, bacon and egg on pancakes for Simoné. It was a lovely restaurant and served nothing that was aimed at the tourist. We avoid anywhere that advertises “Traditional English” breakfasts. When we are in the Netherlands; we eat Dutch food. Likewise, we avoid “Durdy Nellys,” “The O’Neils” and any other “Irish” pubs, preferring local establishments and beverages.

The city has an incredible public travel network, and we made good use of it. The trams were frequent and quick, and very comfortable. We headed to the Waterloo Plien, in what was once the old Jewish quarter, and where today there is a famous Jewish Museum. The Waterloo Plien is also known for its huge, open flea-market. We found a large number and variety of stalls with semi-professional-looking people spreading whatever it is they have on sheets or tarpaulins. We enjoyed browsing, and made some few purchases – I was especially pleased with an ex-RUC gabardine, double-breasted, long coat for 25 Euro. We had previously decided on this trip to give the numerous art museums a miss. The Van Gogh, Stedelijk Museum and Rijks museums are incredible – I have visited them, and know whereof I speak – but they are not *the soul* of Amsterdam for me. This is confirmed by a charming Dutch lady who served us beer. We chatted about what in Amsterdam “was or wasn’t authentic” and she agreed that our itinerary was Amsterdam to a fault.

After spending a time in the flea market, we meandered back towards the center of Waterloo Plien. We took our time on the way back towards our hotel, our way taking us through the Flower Market first, then the ‘Munt Plien.’ A



De Sleghte bookshop.

pedestrian shopping mall called the Kalverstratt brings us to a little lane we nip into, called the Rozenboomsteeg. There, underneath feral ivy foliage, we refresh ourselves with a drink in “The Café De Docktor.” The café interior is a deep, dark brown, and the fittings are encrusted with dust. There is not much brass to be seen. This beautiful pub, unchanged in many years, is a step out of kilter from the busy shopping street only two-dozen yards away.

In the evening, we sit down across the road from the “Café t’Gusthuis.” We sat next to the window over the Grinburgwaal canal to enjoy the evening. Watching the massive variety of boats weaving through a pinch point nearby, we were amazed at how many people own boats. Not as many as are on bikes, mind you. We decide we must hire a boat on our next visit.

For Friday, Simoné arranged something special – we crossed from our hotel to the Central Station and walked up to Platform 2. There we have reservations for a restaurant called, “1e klass.”

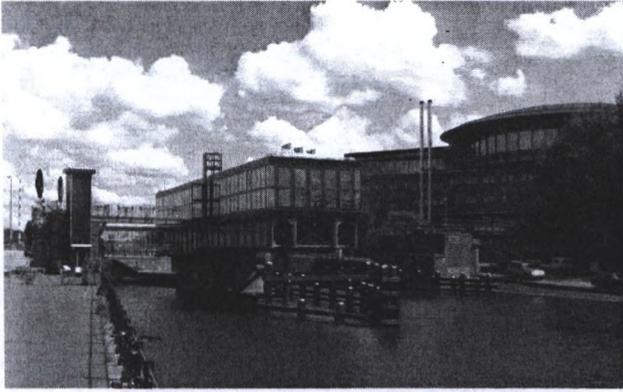
It was like stepping into a bygone era, the word of European railroads when 1<sup>st</sup> class meant *first class*. In the 1890s, the restaurant was the first class passenger brassiere at Amsterdam central station.

Here we ate breakfast as we looked out over platform 2b. Across the platforms I could see modern electric double-deck trains slide in-and-out of the station. What the scene needed, though, was a big red-wheeled, black bodied locomotive and a haze of smoke under the ceiling. The ornate wood paneling, detailed ceiling and fine artistic beams, deep green marble, the ambiance of furniture, solidly built from hard woods, added to the charm of the place. In a massive mahogany display case was a collection of blue-white Delft pottery. We noted many Dutch people enjoying their breakfast – a sign we had chosen well. The leather seating was reminiscent of Victorian era passenger coaches. But lest it all grow too familiar, a touch of the Dutch East Indies was provided by palm trees, flower arrangements and a resident parrot. You dared not get too close, as the bird would pop down from his massive perch, cheekily sidle along the bar and climb on your shoulder. He wouldn’t get off, just because you want to go.

“The Spui Book markt” is held on Fridays, much to our good fortune. The

### Lambiek comic shop.





(Left) **Café Open.** (Right) **Spui Book markt.**

Spui is a quiet cobbled square that was once a pond, and comes alive once a week with a book fair. A wide selection and variety of publications were available from the local venders – including one who is an American specializing in English paperbacks. A lady nearby had a table of fantasy. The Spui is an area is surrounded by bookshops, with a branch of Waterstones (an English chain) at one end of the square and the American bookshop and at the other end. A number of pleasant bars face the Western side of the square. I'm sure you see what's coming. We stopped to relax outside the "De Beiaard." It had about ten different beers on tap, and three page menu to choose from that offers a generous bottled selection. I found the Steenbeugge triple at 9% on tap to be especially pleasant. Also on tap were Trappist, Dutch and Belgian beers, including the 12% Bush Amber.

The book market was wonderful. There were two sets of musicians playing, and down a laneway could be found the famous "Vlemijnckx" and enjoy a chip lunch, double fried, with hot Belgian "war" sauce. There is a queue, but we don't mind on this occasion as the chips are renowned. The Dutch prefer a nice satay sauce, like warmed up peanut butter, but less viscous. "Frite Sauce" is another topping, like mayonnaise, but creamier, thicker and less tart. After enjoying our chips with live music, we slipped into "The American Book Shop."

It was an amazingly place, which can't be compared to anywhere in the U.K. The ground floor is given to magazines and a variety of popular culture book sections, the floor above is much bigger, and has a massive section of science fiction that dominates it. Here also are children's lit, Horror, *manga* and Graphic Novels. The novelty for us is that they stock American imports. The people stocking and buying obviously know and understand the genres concerned, and don't under-estimate the customer.

At long last I found the first book in *The Destroyermen* series by Taylor Anderson. This had been eluding me in the U.K. for ages. The store had so many other usually unobtainable American imports that we ended up with an impressive stack to check-out. We trawled their bargain sections and our luck continues. Although the new books were pricier than we were prepared for, the used books evened the expenses out. We did well to come here.

After this, we returned to De Sleghte, which is on the Kalverstraat where it intersects the narrowest part of The Spui. The store looks like any modern bookshop on the ground floor. It specializes in bargains and there is a decent selection of books in English just inside the door. It is modern and clean and light. There is a decent SF section on the ground floor as well, arranged alphabetically in an airy space at the back of the shop. The SF is multilingual, an indication perhaps that readers devour science fiction in whatever language they can, and a comment on the language skills of the Dutch. The first and

second floors feel a like totally different shop, though – older, very old and second-hand books are displayed in long rows. Here the shelves are wooden and are tightly packed right to the ceiling. The light is dimmer and fustier, the atmosphere a dark presence. One end of the floor is a special section with interesting marine exhibits and model sailing ships in glass cases displayed between leather-bound tomes of undoubted antique vintage. One wall is nothing but glass cases of collectors editions for the well-heeled connoisseur of books. As if by inspiration, this suddenly seemed to be the perfect second-hand bookshop! And the floor above is only more of the same. Time slips easily by, as my wife considers the too-many books in Dutch that she would like.

Further up the street, we find the English bookshop in Kalverstraat (they also have a branch on Leidestraat that we didn't visit.) A good selection of remaindered and discounted books were available and included about thirty feet of graphic novels at *half* the UK price.

We took a break to do some mundane shopping, Simoné suddenly developing an interest in Birkenstock footwear on sale. After a refreshing drink nearby, we decide to continue our bookstore crawl a while longer, then head towards "Lambiek."

"Lambiek" is the most amazing comic shop in the world. OK, Jim Hanley's "Universe" in New York is impressive. "Gosh" and "Orbital" in London are the best the U.K. has, and give each other a decent run for the prize. ("Page 45" in Nottingham comes in a close third.) "Outer Limits" in Melville, near Johannesburg, South Africa, may be the best in that whole continent. Although I yearned to read French, I could only salivate at the massive amount of *Bandes Desinees*, in "Album" on Boulevard Saint-Germain. In comparison with all of them, though, "Lambiek" is still *the* best.

It's not that it claims to be the oldest comic shop in Europe, or that it has many wonderful items, or that they seem to have two shops, a comic shop, with a massive selection of books, and an art gallery with displays, original art, prints and unique T-shirts to view, or that it has an appreciation of comics, displayed in the order of author. But "Lambiek" surpasses any store that I've ever seen for providing customer service. The help engages the customer at a level of natural friendliness that is unique in my experience.

OK, Aronn in "The Dreaming" in Seattle is incredible... but anyhow.

On our visit, the staff was helping my wife find comics in Dutch. She was looking for something similar to "Dark like Hellblazer," but in Dutch. Meanwhile, I purchased some Buck Danny, The Black Hawks (not the same as the DC one) and Biggles comics. They were all in Dutch, as there are very few translated editions – but the artwork is so beautiful, and at €2 each, they were a steal. It being a Friday evening, one of the staff offered my wife a beer. Soon, everyone had a glass. We chatted comics, and they loved it when my

wife attempted to speak her odd kind of Dutch. Like everyone in Amsterdam, they initially recognized the accent was not from the Netherlands. They tried English, yet she continued in her Afrikaans, and you could see in their eyes that they were amused. And as we left we were given a Chris Ware comic that he created *especially* for “Lambiek.”

*That is world class.*

On Saturday, we were slow to get up. The beer at “Lambiek” led to more beer, and perhaps a little too much good food. We laid in bed a while, enjoying the luxury of a holiday. Simoné discovered another “interesting restaurant” in a brochure, but it was literally off the downtown map we had. It was just as well it was, as it gave us an incentive to see sights further off the beaten track than we had so far. But, when we consulted Google Maps, the restaurant proved to be closer-by than we thought. “Cafe Open” is built on a swing bridge that had once been used by the railway to cross the entrance to the Prinsengracht canal from the Ijmeer. The railway is now disused, but the asymmetrical bridge still spans the broad canal. We took the way going through the Central Station and along the waterfront – brisk with ferries taking cyclists to-and-from the North Side of Amsterdam.

We spot the old architecture of the industrial bridge. A modern passageway was built over it – a rectangular structure of glass, with a foot bridge leading down from one side of the canal. We entered a very modern and clean restaurant. “The Kitchen” was airy and the furniture functional. From one side there was a great view of the dock and the other bank of the river. Every few minutes, a train or two crossed a massive modern bridge leading to Central Station. This restaurant is just 800 meters, a 12-minute walk from the central station. We must have learned to blend in by then. None of the Dutch couples enjoying their afternoon, appeared to realize we were strangers. Despite Simoné’s “Dutch – or because of it – we are welcome.

Exquisite food arrives almost unnoticed, brought by an unhurried waiter – there were home-made breads and seafood chowder. We have time for a cigarette between courses – which might not have suited the

impatient American fans I encountered in Montreal – but here, on holiday, we moved at Dutch speed in Dutch restaurants. Excellent taste and presentation and atmosphere should not be rushed, or fretted over. Each serving should be significant and a few moments of relaxation between courses is beneficial. I was loath to leave this idyllic eatery my wife had led me to. But it was time to take our leave and wander up the Leidsesraat Market, where we knew we would find our fill of fresh fruit, breads, vegetables, books, comics, toiletries, cheese, fresh and smoked fish and many other treasures. No wonder that the citizens of Amsterdam carried bags with them at all times.

If Simoné and I had an agenda, it was beer, culture, books and more beer. So it was that we make our way to “t’Arendsnest” on the Harrengracht canal. Translated, this is “The Eagles Nest,” although it is no relation to the more famous Bavarian pub of the same name. We sat outside, and relaxed. There were 30 beers on tap, 15 different *types* of beer, and over 120 different varieties in bottles. As well, we could have ordered from 100 Dutch Jenever (a local type of Gin) and even a selection of Dutch *whiskey*. Everything here is Dutch. It reminded me of the ale pub in Addiscombe, Croydon, *The Claret*. But this was on a far larger scale and with an even more antique decor. The blackboard listed beer up to a 13.4% bock. Simoné declined to live life dangerously in favour of a milder 11% brew.

Our next stop was to be the Anne Frank Huis. This is a destination that is nearly mandatory for visitors to Amsterdam. The long queues at all times of day – even 9 p.m. on a summer Saturday what the Dutch do – went on-line, well before, to book a convenient half hour slot, then walk past the queue and in through a second doorway especially for ticket holders. There is a limited number of tickets, so don’t tell *everyone*.

Tickets sell out *very* fast so book *well* ahead. It’s an amazing museum, though, and worth even a wait in line. One has to remember that Anne and her family hid in rooms that were an almost forgotten annex to a building that was itself only a small jam ingredient factory with offices, and it was a very small place. The building has been repaired and renovated to recapture its 1940’s look. Unlike many museums, where hundreds can get lost at any one time, it is difficult to have more than twenty people in any of the original rooms that made up the Anne Frank Huis.

When you enter, one is lead slowly through the exhibits downstairs. There is video footage documenting the history of the Frank family, their escape from Germany to Holland, and finally their taking refuge in the annex. One sees the offices of the co-conspirators who hid the Franks and supported them for over two years. There are displays of actual items from the house. Then you are conducted through the open bookcase – an image that must be immediately recognizable to any book reader in the western world – and into the world where Anne spent the last of her short life.

Once in the dim Annex, one soon realizes they are standing in an empty room, with no furniture. (Otto Frank, the sole survivor of the family, asked that it never be shown with furniture – models show how it once was.) Even so, it is surprisingly tiny. The entire Annex where 8 people lived was barely 500 square feet.) This was where Anne Frank spent her long days and wrote her diary. It is an incredible experience to look at the same floorboards and walls and imagine it was 1942. One continues through the rest of the Annex, and then out into the actual Museum, a modern



(Right) Anne Frank House.



building adjoining the Anne Frank Huis. The horror of the Holocaust is driven home with the stories of each of the eight secret residents after their betrayal to the Nazis. One by one they die, all but the father, Otto. Then you see the diary itself, laid open for all to read. I cannot. But Simone's Afrikaans is near enough to German, as well as Dutch, that she can understand the handwritten words. Outwardly stoic, she is soon inwardly overcome as impact of a loving young girl, with such wonderful aspirations and observations, brutally snuffed out by ideological machinery that hated and feared her merely because she was a Jew. Simone lets her emotions speak for themselves. My wife is a strong woman, of great character, and not easily fazed. But her feelings are much too intense to conceal.

Who could fail to be moved? I remember once seeing Otto Frank on the BBC children's program, *Blue Peter*. He was interviewed by a childhood crush, and I may have tuned in more to watch Janet Ellis than whoever she happened to be interviewing at the time. This must have been early 1980. Mr. Frank had previously been on the show, when *Blue Peter* visited the House, in 1976. But even when he spoke about Anne Frank four years later, he was just as captivating. I made a point to read the book, soon after, and like many other young readers, felt something for Anne. She had been a girl only a little older than I, but because of the Holocaust would never age.

This is the real sense of history. When one stands where Anne stood and feels what she felt, the brutality of the Second World War becomes more personal. It happened to her; it could happen to you; it could happen to anyone of us.

The modern building next to the House is a massive resource. It contains libraries and is used for and meetings and forums. It is a legacy to us so that we should never forget what happened next door. Thanks Anne's daily outpourings, and the father who preserved them, is doubtful anyone ever will. I am grateful to Mr. Frank for his efforts on behalf of his daughter. Seeing her words into print, seeing the house protected and expanded into a temple of understanding and learning – they are a gift to the world that has outlived him, and will outlive me.

Even though our stay in Amsterdam lasted another few days, and the best secondhand bookshop had yet to be visited – I've not even mentioned the Book Exchange – I no longer feel the desire to write.

Rather, I shall sit a quiet moment. I shall share thoughts with the Dutch people, savor their conviction that the Anne Frank House is Amsterdam as much as the bock and the tulips are. I'll wonder how much a part of the Dutch character the horror of invasion and the destruction of a people has become, and how far the writings and life of one young German girl, taking refuge in her adopted city, had made it so. I'll think about the girl who looked out of me from the cover of a Pan book, pretty and neat. She is embedded in my memory thus. I'll try to think of her, too, without her smile, reduced to skin and bone, incarcerated in a place of utter horror devoid of hope or humanity, her sister deathly ill, her mother and father separated from her and presumed dead, lice infested, starving, a slave... and how it is any wonder that she died – crushingly – only weeks from liberation.

Hopefully, I will not be able to picture it at all. The real Anne Frank is immortal.



## Helping the Worldcon, and the World Too

Colin Harris has invited Renovation committee members to help him form a Kiva team. Kiva is an organization that facilitates microfinance, providing financial services such as small loans to low-income individuals and those without access to typical banking services, often in the Third World. The team would be independent of and unrelated to the Worldcon, the members simply having that fannish connection in common.

So far 17 team members have stepped forward. They have put \$4,025 out to loan in 102 transactions.

Colin, a past Worldcon chair (2005) and part of this year's Worldcon committee, explains: "I thought that creating a Renovation team was a nice idea because I was sure there would already be Renovation members who were also Kiva lenders and that they would enjoy this chance to link their interests together. I also thought that it would raise the profile of Kiva with Renovation members who've never heard of Kiva or microfinance, and maybe encourage some new people to join. So it reflects my personal support for Kiva and what it stands for.

"The first key point to say straight away is that this isn't an official Renovation activity (hence for instance you won't find it linked from our website or discussed in the PRs). As I'm sure you know very well, things like official con charities are very contentious and within any staff or member community there will be a spectrum of opinion from 'conventions should have nothing to do with "causes" as they are inherently political (with a small "p" at least)' to 'science fiction as a genre is highly sensitive to the future of the world and of society and the SF genre and SF fans have an opportunity, indeed almost a duty, to try and make the world a better place.'

"The idea for the group was mine, and I openly admit to appreciating both of the above views. SF IS a genre of the future, full of stories that help us think about the world we are in now or the one we're creating, and I have always met many fans who (as fans or professionally) are concerned to make the world better. However I also believe that it's wise to avoid such initiatives becoming official convention activities because there IS a diversity of views about any specific cause and that can become divisive. Far better in my experience to provide space for special interest groups etc, so that fandom helps those who want to come together, while not forcing participation or contribution on people against their will."

This is an open team — anyone can join -- click on <http://www.kiva.org/team/renovationsf>

The first step is to create a personal account on Kiva. Deposit funds, then choose who to lend them to. Colin explains, "This creates a direct connection between lender and receiver which makes the experience much more tangible for lenders. The idea is to spread risk, so a loan of \$1000 total will typically be covered by e.g. 20 people lending \$50 each in case of a default. (You lend in units of \$25). When funds are repaid to your account, you can lend them again, or withdraw them – so it really is a loan arrangement, not a charity donation.

"Teams are just way of affiliating the loans you make to a social group. If you're a member of a team (and you can be in none, one, or more than one), then when you loan you get asked if you want to count your loan against that team.

"I am very taken with the idea of micro-finance as a way to encourage sustainable development in a tangible way, rather than an aid dependency culture. I've been a member of Kiva for about 18 months now myself."

# Aussiecon 4, the 2010 Worldcon

## 2010 Hugo Winners

### BEST NOVEL

[Tie for first place]

*The City & The City* by China Miéville (Del Rey; Macmillan UK)

*The Windup Girl* by Paolo Bacigalupi (Night Shade)

### BEST NOVELLA

"Palimpsest" by Charles Stross (Wireless; Ace; Orbit)

### BEST NOVELETTE

"The Island" by Peter Watts (*The New Space Opera 2*; Eos)

### BEST SHORT STORY

"Bridesicle" by Will McIntosh (*Asimov's 1/09*)

### BEST RELATED WORK

*This is Me, Jack Vance! (Or, More Properly, This is "I")*

by Jack Vance (Subterranean)

### BEST GRAPHIC STORY

*Girl Genius, Volume 9: Agatha Heterodyne and the Heirs of the Storm*

Written by Kaja and Phil Foglio; Art by Phil Foglio; Colours by Cheyenne Wright (Airship Entertainment)

### BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION – LONG FORM

*Moon* Screenplay by Nathan Parker; Story by Duncan Jones;

Directed by Duncan Jones (Liberty Films)

### BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION – SHORT FORM

*Doctor Who: "The Waters of Mars"* Written by Russell T Davies

& Phil Ford; Directed by Graeme Harper (BBC Wales)

### BEST EDITOR, LONG FORM

Patrick Nielsen Hayden

### BEST EDITOR, SHORT FORM

Ellen Datlow

### BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

Shaun Tan

### BEST SEMIPROZINE

*Clarkesworld* edited by Neil Clarke, Sean Wallace, & Cheryl Morgan

### BEST FAN WRITER

Frederik Pohl

### BEST FANZINE

*StarShipSofa* edited by Tony C. Smith

### BEST FAN ARTIST

Brad W. Foster

### THE JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD FOR BEST NEW WRITER

Seanan McGuire

Aussiecon 4 was able to brag about its Hugo voter turnout. Vincent Docherty wrote in *Voice of the Echidna*: "After the record number of Hugo Nominations, we had high hopes about the voting numbers and we are pleased to announce that there were 1094 valid Hugo Voting Ballots. This total is the highest since the 2000 Worldcon, and second highest since 1988."

## Further Down Underness

Aussiecon 4 set the record as the largest Worldcon Down Under. The convention's onsite newsletter *Voice of the Echidna* reported that at the close of registration on Sunday the con had 1673 pre-registered members on site and 64 walk-in full members. There were 74 Sunday day members. In total, there were 2034 warm bodies on site at various times during the con not counting Monday walk-ins.

Even without aggregating the data into a proper warm-body count, attendance clearly exceeds Aussiecon 3 (1999)'s figure of 1,548.

## Texas Files for 2013

Texas in 2013 bid chair Bill Parker reports they have filed the required paperwork with the Site Selection Administrator for the Reno Worldcon. Meeting these requirements by the deadline assures that the bid appears on the mail ballot.

The committee proposes to hold the Worldcon in San Antonio, Texas over Labor Day Weekend, August 29 through September 2, 2013.

## Exploring Seattle in 2015

Alex Von Thorn says that Seattle is looking at bidding for the 2015 Worldcon: "On behalf of SWOC, I announced an exploratory committee to consider the possibility of bidding for a Worldcon in Seattle in 2015..."

It is not an active bid at this time, but should it become one Alex says he expects to be the chair.

## Dublin 2014: Don't Panic

Irish fan and 2010 GUFF winner James Shields' e-mail of September 8 titled "Dublin 2014" caused a momentary spell of vertigo among fans who know that's the same year London is bidding for the Worldcon.

The dizziness passed once fans realized Shields really *wants* a London World-

con. It will draw well-known authors to the U.K., who then might be persuaded to attend the convention he wants Irish fans to run in Dublin the following weekend. *That's* what he means by Dublin 2014.

Shields is taking inspiration from Au Contraire, the New Zealand national convention he attended on the way to Aussiecon 4. "It's interesting to note that the New Zealand NatCon the weekend before got about 150 extra attendees. (normal attendance 100 – was 250)... Dublin is much closer to London than New Zealand is to Melbourne, so I think we could get even more visitors as a result – 300-400 attendance would seem credible."

He emphasized, "I don't wish to run against London, rather complement it."

James Bacon mentioned the development to the London in 2014 Worldcon bid committee and they concluded, "No issue our end."

See? No reason for controversy. Try not to be disappointed.

## SF3 Cancels Elizabeth Moon as WisCon GoH

WisCon's parent organization SF<sup>3</sup> announces it "has withdrawn the invitation to Elizabeth Moon to attend Wiscon 35 as guest of honor."

The opinions Moon expressed in her September 11 LiveJournal post about building a mosque near Ground Zero ignited widespread controversy. In the wake of this reaction, SF<sup>3</sup> passed a resolution on October 3 recommending that the WisCon rescind Moon's GoH invitation. However, several weeks passed before that action was taken.

The decision itself, naturally, has become the focus of another controversy. David Klaus, a frequent contributor to the *File 770* blog, felt it was an opportunity for dialog lost.

Cheryl Morgan, in her blog entry, "Pressure Tells," acknowledged the decision might be seen as a simultaneous victory and defeat of civic virtues:

"So where are we? Have we found ourselves in a world of mob rule where anyone with a following on the Internet can hound innocent writers and convention committees into doing their bidding? Or have we found ourselves in a world in which the ignorant expression

of hatred for people you have defined as different, and therefore inferior and immoral, has become socially unacceptable?"

When interviewed by *NewsOK*, the *Oklahoman* online, October 23 about WisCon's decision to drop her as one of its guests of honor Moon reportedly said "she felt her comments were centrist and really didn't expect them to generate as much controversy as they did. The polarization of American politics, world politics, for that matter, she said, decreases the opportunity for civil discourse. What we dare not mention – because of fear of backlash – and cannot discuss calmly, because of the actual backlash and the feeding frenzy, is often what most needs to be brought into the open...."

The *Oklahoman* article also reports that after the convention's decision was announced Moon responded publicly on her blog saying: "WisCon management has the right to make whatever decisions they think best for the convention. I do not and did not dispute their right to rescind the invitation."

### MoonFail, wow. By España Sheriff

There is a lot to say about this particular incident, most of which has been said already by people smarter and more eloquent than I. But I do want to add a few words specifically about the subsequent Wiscon decision and why I followed it with great interest.

A few years ago a local convention I attend regularly asked Larry Niven to be their Guest of Honor.

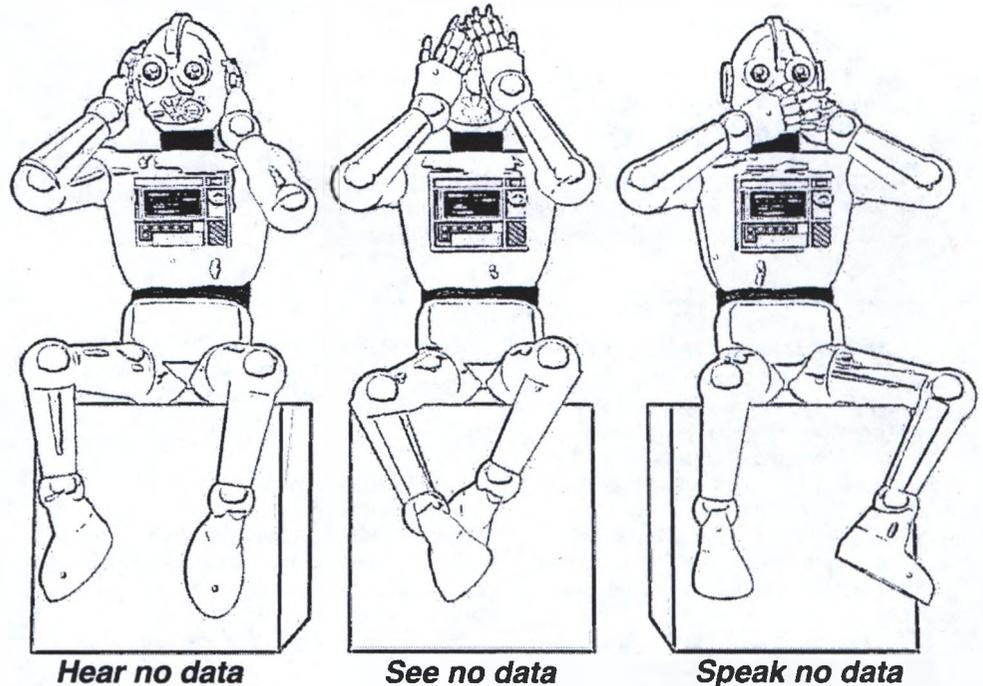
At one time I would have been delighted by this, I have enjoyed several Niven novels over the years and of course All the Myriad Ways is a classic collection, from the titular story to the oft-referenced "Man of Steel, Woman of Kleenex." Additionally Niven is Los Angeles fandom and therefore I've met him at several cons and we have many acquaintances in common.

However at the time he was asked to be GOH, it had recently come to light that he had made some, to my mind, very unfortunate comments regarding Spanish speakers in his role as consultant to the Department of Homeland Security. As a Spanish speaker, a citizen, a human being and a fan I took exception to his comments and the context in which they were made. Those in a position of power or influence should be aware of the potential consequences of their words and deeds.

I don't want to digress, so if you want the specifics I would recommend entering "Sigma" "Niven" and "Spanish" into a search

engine. What I would like to discuss here is my reaction and its effect on my eventual convention activities and experience.

For starters: My objection was not to Niven attending the convention, fandom is diverse and contains many diverging viewpoints. That's life and that's people and it's generally a Good Thing. Further, I would not have objected to Niven being a guest or being on panels, he's certainly important to the genre as both and



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author and a fan and quite likely has much to say that is worth hearing, and much to write that is worth reading.

My objection was to the Honor portion of Guest of Honor. I personally subscribe to the 'member' theory of con-going. I am not a passive audience or 'customer', I'm a member, and as such I have always tried to participate and to help create the space and community I am part of. So when the convention chooses to honor someone by implication that honor is bestowed by the entire convention, myself included. Obviously there is no vote, the committee chooses the GOH, but like a government that I have not personally cast a vote for, it still represents me. I may not be familiar with the work or personality of the GOHs, but generally speaking I trust that their contributions to the field have in fact done us honor by their work as an artist or a person, or ideally both.

Now of course a person can be a good artist and a poor human being, and I am not suggesting that this is the case with Niven. He is by all accounts a nice man to know. Neither am I suggesting that an artist should be excluded from consideration as GOH for their personal life or beliefs, although I bet people known to be unpleasant are not in fact considered. But a GOH is generally picked because of their standing in the field.

And here is where I found myself having a hard time. The reasons that Niven was chosen as GOH were the exact same reasons he was chosen as a consultant for Sigma and given a voice of influence by the US government. The two are not separate, his comments came from 'Niven the respected SF author', remove the 'SF author' portion and the 'DHS consultant' goes away as well (as does 'SF con Author GOH'). His actions in one sphere cannot be separated from his work in the other.

For this reason I initially decided to skip the convention. Several friends asked me to reconsider, and eventually a combination of two arguments convinced me to attend. The first boiled down to 'What are ya, chicken?' but the second and more persuasive was this; making myself invisible was the easiest, laziest and least effective thing I could do. If I felt the Spanish speaking community had been slighted, then the correct answer was to highlight and celebrate said community.

I was contacted and corresponded with the concom, who had been unaware of the controversy, and assured them that I would not confront, harass or embarrass their GOH and explained a little of what we had planned, which amounted to a very tongue-in-cheek celebration of Spanish and Hispanic genre, which Andy Trembley dubbed 'Hispanac'.

We got flags, sombreros, Tequila, loteria (which played as a drinking game is pretty deadly stuff), luchador masks, some pretty awesome Superzan movies. We costumed accordingly; a friend and I both sporting Frieda Khalo ensembles, and spread the message without referring to the catalyst incident at all. It was all very silly, and honestly with a bit more time it would have been nice to do something slightly more informative and less... um, stereotypical. But the point was to keep it fun and laugh at ourselves while also being loud, colorful and most of all *present*.

## The Moondoggle: Can't Win, Don't Try By Chris Garcia

You've probably got the Internet, so you've probably heard about the Elizabeth Moon situation. There are a lot of threads to look at, try to dissect, but mostly, it boils down to three things: there were statements made that appeared Islamophobic, Moon eliminated all the comments on the post, Wiscon, where she was to be guest of honor, made a

statement saying she was still going to be GoH, then SF3, the parent organization, made a statement saying she was not going to be GoH.

That's the last bit of neat and tidy in this entire mess.

España has the best take on the Silicon Situation back in 2008, and the protest we put into effect was simple, sly, humorous and brilliant. People knew what we meant, people asked questions of us and it seemed even Larry Niven noticed... well, maybe a little. It was a gentle push-back on a serious issue and I think it worked.

The questions raised by the Moon Situation (variously known as MoonFail, Moongate, the WisControversy, and my nomer - The Moondoggle) are interesting on many levels. The first one is that there was no win position. Wiscon says this about itself on their website -

*"This is the world's leading feminist science fiction convention. WisCon encourages discussion and debate of ideas relating to feminism, gender, race and class. WisCon welcomes writers, editors and artists whose work explores these themes as well as their many fans..."*

And...

*"WisCon exists for the enjoyment and comfort of all convention attendees. You agree voluntarily to abide by these rules of conduct and you understand that SF<sup>3</sup> (WisCon's parent organization) is relying on your cooperation, courtesy and good judgment. The convention committee will only take action under these rules when the behavior of any individual or small group either disturbs a significant percentage of attendees or detracts from the relaxed and comfortable atmosphere of the convention."*

Now, read that any way you like and you can say that no matter what position they took on the matter could be both countered and supported. Allow Moon to remain a GoH and they can have a serious debate about the role of dissent, views of Islam and so on. Taken another way, they can't allow themselves to have someone who has virulently opposed religious equity and shown strong bigotry in a public forum. You can see that there is no good answer, and it's easy to say that it was Elizabeth Moon's mistake of posting such a thing when she knew she was going to be the Guest of Honor at a convention where this kind of thing is much frowned upon.

Several things were mentioned as forms of protest by various attendees, specifically by N. K. Jemisin but had been bouncing around the web in various forums, were things "...like turning my back on her during her GoH speech, challenging her when she's on panels." Those things might be a bit extreme, but it would also allow opportunity for those who still want to try to have the conversations on the matters that her post brought up. That's one thought. On the other hand, they could have all the debate they want even without her there and no one would feel threatened by having a known bigot around. That's another point. Again, no great choice is possible that won't piss off at least a fair percentage.

One thing that has annoyed some who have been carefully watching the unfolding of events is the brevity of the statement on October 21<sup>st</sup> that announced the rescinding of Moon's GoHship.

*"SF3, the parent organization of WisCon, has withdrawn the invitation to Elizabeth Moon to attend WisCon35 as a guest of honor. Please see the SF3 statement at the [SF3 website](#)."*

There's not a lot there. It's a simple statement, brief and, to many, completely unsatisfying. I wrote in and asked for a statement and got a simple response - *I'm sorry, all I can say is this: It was in the best interest of both parties, SF3 and Ms. Moon, to withdraw our invitation.* Doesn't say much either, but it does give us a few points for jumping on. Was it in the best interest of Elizabeth Moon? Most certainly. Being in that situation where folks who have strong antipathy towards you is no fun. As for Wiscon itself, that might be arguable. There was a 'Draft Statement of Principals' that showed up in eCube, (<http://www.wiscon.info/downloads/W35cCube4.html>), followed by re-stating the Wiscon refund Policy. That still wasn't a direct comment, but it is telling.

Let's look at the economic effects. If a large number of the Wiscon community wrote in and said they would not be attending if Moon remained as GoH, then it's was almost certainly for the best. If a single attendee would lead to a serious drop in the attendance and membership numbers, then there's a good reason to rescind the GoHship to Moon. If there is something that threatens the viability of a convention, then you're damn right you should move to exclude it, preferably as soon as possible. How many would make a noticeable effect: for a con that has a cap at 1000? My gut says maybe a couple of hundred.

As far as attitudinally, that's a harder call. It seems, from a trolling of the comments on various blogs and forums, that it's about 2-to-1 in favor of the rescinding, including Jemisin and Catherynne Valente. There are several notable folks who weren't happy with the decision, including Will Shetterly, who always seems to pop up in these controversies. This would seem to indicate that there's at least some dissent. Will there be an equally large backlash against this decision when it comes to the gate the con pulls? It's possible, though the numbers of respondents at the sites I was following the first couple of days after the announcement seemed to indicate otherwise.

The big problem is the community and how much damage, regardless of the outcome, this entire incident may have done to the ideal of Wiscon. There were people who said that this entire situation had soured them on Wiscon as a place of inclusion. There's the idea that by including Moon, that's actually excluding those who she offended and the greater inclusion is excluding her. That's an interesting take. There are those who believe that they are, in essence, excluding dissenting points of view, which I can also kinda see. There are also those who see this as an adverse action, the kind of thing that the ConComm was against when they issued a statement in their progress report, eCube (<http://www.wiscon.info/downloads/W35eCube3.html>). It does, perhaps, show a disconnect between the ConComm and the parent organization, and perhaps even more damaging, the ConComm took a stand, then SF3 reversed direction without a real thorough announcement. That sort of thing can be rough on a community that brings itself together under an umbrella of principled inclusion. Still, it might have been far worse to bring Moon in as GoH and then have a series of awkward confrontations.

So, there's no such thing as a good answer in this one. Either way, Wiscon loses with some segment of their audience. SF3 made a call, which may well end up being the right call, but ultimately, it conflicted with the ConComm's statement. This is one of those situations where holding off until all ships can report might have been the right idea.



## Loscon XXXVII

### Report by John Hertz

(Reprinted from *Vanamonde* 915): The Los Angeles local con is Loscon, held over the U.S. Thanksgiving Day weekend. Loscon XXXVII was November 26-28, 2010 at the L.A. Int'l Marriott Hotel: Author Guest of Honor, Emma Bull; Graphic Artist, Phil Foglio; Fans, Kim & Jordan Brown; attendance about 1,000; in the Art Show,

sales \$7,200 by 42 artists.

España Sheriff, Leigh Ann Hildebrand, and Jason Schachat hosted the Fanzine Lounge: following Geri Sullivan at the '92 Worldcon there was a Fanzine Lounge by Day in a hotel "function room" (so Leibnizian) and a Fanzine Lounge by Night in a bedroom suite; I brought a few dozen recent zines for visitors to look at, and toys. Sam Chiang, Kate Morgenstern, and Brian O'Neill helped me build the Rotsler Award exhibit in the Art Show, honoring this year's winner Stu Shiffman.

I chose three Classics of S-F: Fredric Brown, *What Mad Universe* (1949); Hal Clement, *Mission of Gravity* (1953); H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine* (1895); the *Universe* and *Time* discussions I led alone, for *Gravity* I was joined by Greg Benford. *Time* was far the oldest and most widely popular, but *Gravity* I guessed was our best loved, and its hour was fullest. Maybe, someone said afterwards, that was because you were with a Famous Pro. Maybe, I said, but I think he was there for the same reason I was, and you were. However the hour kept digressing to the influence of *Gravity*, from the more vital question, what about the book was so good? One *Universe* attender had happened upon the NESFA Press collection of Brown's novels *Martians and Madness* (2002) in a used-book shop; on its cover an alien reads an issue of *Astounding* showing the great Kelly Freas picture for *Martians, Go Home* (1955), by which artistic license (Kelly's cover was for the 1976 Ballantine printing, nor had Martians been in *Astounding*) Bob Eggleton got to paint a cover with one of Kelly's best images, what fun. *Time*, we observed, expatiated little its fictional technology, a mark of good s-f; also of all three the strange minds it met were interacted with least.

On Friday night Bull, and Will Shetterly, came to Regency Dancing. On Saturday afternoon I led a tour of the Art Show, asking as I do *What's happening in this artwork? How does the artist show us?* On Sunday from 1 a.m. till dawn Becky Thomson, Tom Veal, and I hosted the Prime Time Party, with good food, drink, conversation. The final event of a con is the Dead Dog Party (customarily hosted by the current con committee, or next year's; until the last dog is -), but there wasn't one. At 2 a.m. on Monday the Fanzine Lounge at Night was going strong as I left.

[Editor's Note: Congratulations to John for being selected as next year's Loscon Fan GoH.]

## Stu Shiffman Wins Rotsler Award

Stu Shiffman of Seattle, WA has won this year's Rotsler Award for long-time artistic achievement in amateur publications of the science fiction community. Established in 1998, the award is given annually and carries an honorarium of \$300.

Shiffman was named the winner on Saturday, November 27, 2010 at the Los Angeles local science fiction convention "Loscon," held each year over the U.S. Thanksgiving Day weekend.

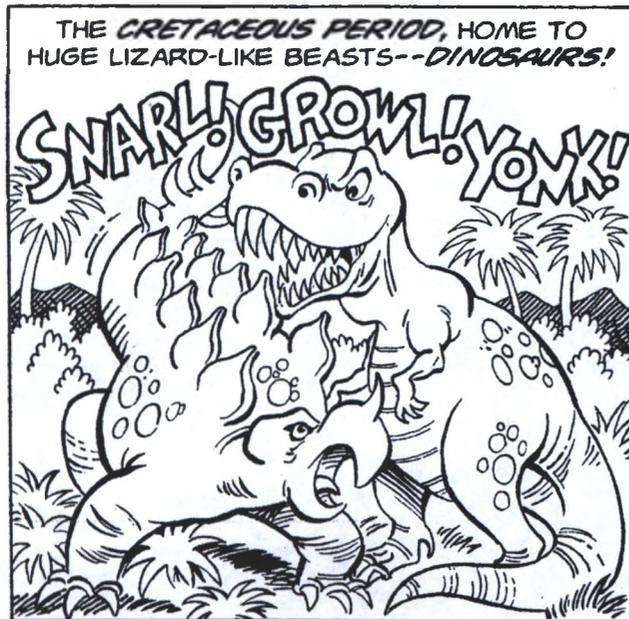
Shiffman's deft portrayals of our adventures, in which his historical interests and sometimes talking animals take part, have place us in hieroglyphic Egypt, Victorian England, or the future imagined by E.R. Burroughs. He won the Hugo Award as Best Fan Artist in 1990. In 1981 he was the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund delegate to the British national sf convention.

The Rotsler Award is sponsored by the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests, Inc., a nonprofit corporation, which in 2006 hosted the 63rd World Science Fiction Convention. The Award is named for the late Bill Rotsler, a talented and prolific artist over many years. Its current judges are Claire Brialey, Mike Glycer and John Hertz.

The 2010 Loscon [[www.loscon.org](http://www.loscon.org)] was the 37th. An exhibit of Shiffman's work was displayed in the Art Show.

For more about the Rotsler Award, please visit [www.scifiinc.org/rotsler](http://www.scifiinc.org/rotsler).

# The Fanivore



Steve Stiles

## Joseph T Major

**Editorial Notes:** Well, I bought *Take Back Your Government* when it came out. Or was rushed out. Note well the introduction which effusively praises the H. Ross Perot campaign of 1992, styling it a perfect example of this sort of effort. The footnoting is aborted at about page sixty because of the need to rush the book to print.

Right before Perot dropped his campaign. Only temporarily, of course, but it broke the momentum and in that pause people came to see how marginal and erratic Ross the Boss was.

The irony is that Lisa worked for the Republican campaign in Henderson that year, and upon reading *TBYG* observed that many of its recommendations were both valid and useful.

**News of Fandom:** If we aren't dying we're coming down with cancer. This is not the most cheering of news.

**Sir Jean-Luc:** One transposition: The five ranks of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, in declining order, are Knight Grand Cross (GBE) or Dame Grand Cross (GBE), Knight Commander (KBE) or Dame Commander (DBE), Commander (CBE), Officer (OBE), Member (MBE).

The Order was instituted during the World War in 1917, to fill in a gap in honours.

There were some notorious cases of abuse, and of overgenerous awards. A. A. Milne wrote a poem about that, titled "O.B.E."; it ends "And died — without the O.B.E. Thank God! He died without the O.B.E."

One wonders if someone quoted that to Professor J. R. R. Tolkien, O.B.E.

**Flaming Youth:** It looks as if Farmer Chris of Ham (compare Chris Garcia to Pauline Baynes's illustrations for "Farmer Giles of Ham"; Chris, do you have a blunderbuss?) is recovering from his siege of fire, with three issues of *The Drink Tank* in three days.

**Reno:** Discounting Youth: With some reminders of how things have changed. Mid-AmeriCon was denounced for having a \$50 at-the-door membership fee, with nightmare scenarios of kids hearing of the con, ponying up the \$50 to get in, losing their badges, and having to pay another \$50 for a replacement. All Fandom Was Already At War over the Trek ban, where angels with flaming swords would be posted next to the registration line ready to smite anyone in Starfleet uniform, and this opened a second front. And then they instituted the hospital wrist badge scheme, and while someone else got a patient into the con for free, I got a rash.

So we can expect the usual criticism by those who haven't any other ideas, but are quite willing to point out how wrong things are.

Hm. Checking the Minneapolis Federal

Reserve Consumer Price Index conversion site reveals that the current value of that \$50 is \$191.21. <http://www.minneapolisfed.org/index.cfm>

**Obituaries:** See above under "News of Fandom". And just now George Scithers has died.

**Roy Test:** And he never got all the honor he deserved. Are any of the other founding members left?

[[Not that I know of.]]

**Appreciation of Mark Owings:** I read about the Grill/Binkin collection in an article by Jack Chalker in *Science Fiction Review* and when I encountered Chalker at Mid-AmeriCon (I'd bought a membership some time before the price went up) I asked him about it. He seemed glad someone had noticed.

**Fan Noir:** And now Taral is vying for a Sidewise Award!

**Introduction to *New Realms of Fantasy and Science Fiction* (Hsin Huan Chieh):** Would they like to trade?

**Loscon XXXVI Report:** Laura Frankos cites program purchases as to why the stories of Menedemos and Sostratos are not as by Harry Turtledove while the stories of Leon of Atrax and Jorian of Ardamaï both were as by L. Sprague de Camp. Which leads to restrictions on authors. "You can't write that, it's not your genre."

Or maybe not. Frank G. Slaughter wrote religious fiction while C. V. Terry wrote

swashbuckling adventures, but the latter really was the former, and after a while the publisher admitted it.

**WexWorlds: A Prejudiced Report:** Is it possible that the anger expressed at Eoin Colfer writing Hitchhiker's books stems from people who liked what Douglas Adams did, and thinking that what they would get was a novel by Eoin Colfer (who is not Douglas Adams) with Douglas Adams's name on it?

**Theme Songs:** Every so often the theme song from "Friends" sticks in my head. I only saw part of one episode. I didn't like it. But the <deleted> <deleted> <deleted> song keeps on popping up!

**The Fanivore: Marie Rengstorff:** Since I was buying Wilbur Smith books during the period that "the battle still raging at that moment in Vietnam" was raging, I wonder. Later, of course, such works were the product of an evil system that all decent people boycotted.

**Lloyd Penney:** The Heinlein Centennial convention committee managed to get a co-sponsorship with a space conference (and the SF Research Association). I didn't see any notice of the space conference at all.

## Marie Rengstorff

I was doing a disk cleanup and wiped everything I did not desperately need.

In cleaning out my computer, I even did a "scan disk." After 10 years in the tropics, my C drive disk was un-chipped, un-rotted, and un-corrupted. The trouble was, I forgot the magic words for "scan disk." It took me an hour to figure out which program was the same old scan disk under new nouns.

That is the problem with being on computers too long. One forgets the new terms. I first used a computer in the winter of 1947-

48. I ignored much of the data card era. I knew I would drop my pile of cards and lose all my information so never used one of those original machines. Instead I accidentally dumped my data machine (a large thing like an ugly, oversized typewriter) off the desk and onto the floor. It took a chunk out of the floor. I accepted the punch card machines when I no longer had to keep my cards in the correct order.

Soon floppies appeared. My first word processing program was Apple Writer. Before that, I depended on text book companies to send me programs on floppies. Then went to floppies the second they could. Paper is too expensive. The physics and biology instructors were upset when I did not share my text book, grading, and testing programs on floppies.

I was totally surprised they gave a hang. They repeatedly told me I was computer ignorant, so I assumed they already had and were using those kinds of programs. Nope. They had never even seen such things until more than a year after I had started using them. Such vindication. Giggle Snort Call me computer ignorant and pay the price.

Men still treat me the same way. They cannot believe a fat old lady can free dive to 100 feet and clean up her own computer. I don't use a dive belt to free dive and I don't know the correct modern computer terms, which leaves an impression of ignorance, which I totally admit to. I am going to go buy the latest book, The Internet for Dummies. Some communication techniques have passed me by. Most will remain in my deliberate ignorance category. You would not believe IM communication with people my age:

"Hi Marie, how are you. I'm sending you a rose. (icon included)"

"Hi, Susie. The manta rays were swimming around my beach today. Come on out

and float around with me."

"Hi Marie, I'm sending you a picture of a manta ray. (attachment included)"

"Stop with the attachments. I have an old computer that gets overloaded easily. I am going out to swim with the real rays. Come out with me."

"Hi Marie. I'll send the picture inside an email along with seven new pictures of my latest grandson. Then it won't take up as much space."

(A silent few bad words go through my head.) "By Susie, I have to go."

"Hi Marie. Are you having a nice day? I'll send you some doggie pictures and today's news on the Olympics."

"Please Susie, real letters only. Tell me what is happening in your life. No pictures. No news transfers. No blurbs about the problems of aging or of being a woman."

"Hi Marie. LOL, BFF, You always like the pictures I send."

"By Susie."

Needless to say, I shut down IM after a month. The rest of those cutsie communication systems will go the way of IM, so I have no intention of starting them.

Before the days of hard drives and internet, I spent years using my own word processing and data analysis program, which I created out of Word Star. I kept a dozen copies of the program because floppies died of natural causes after a dozen or so uses.

I am finally giving up my old Word Star manual. I thought I might need to dig out my old novel one day -- on ten real floppy disks. After all this time, I would need a manual; using original Word Star is not automatic. I would need my personally programmed disk for Word Star, the novel disks, the right kind of feed, and the manual, just to open a floppy data disk after all this time.

Kids call a little rigid plastic box a "floppy." That makes "kids" a very broad term. Anyone with enough decades of life knows that a floppy FLOPS. I think I still have my novel in original form flopping around somewhere, but none of the hardware or software to run it. The correct computer, the floppy-disk-only machine with no hard drive, never died. I threw it away when it could no longer keep up. It was big and huge, but not as big as that first computer at MIT. The programming room at MIT in 47-48 was as large as my bedroom. The working parts to that computer had a whole building separated from the programming room by a heavy-duty wall. When those old glass vacuum tubes blew, they were shrapnel bombs. But they were so beautiful, all hand blown.



## Alexis Gilliland

Thanks for *File 770* #158, which is beautifully done, as usual. Bill Rotzler's back cover is interesting in that I don't recall seeing him use a wash before now. Maybe there are some oil paintings waiting to surface?

A couple of my cartoons in this issue also appeared in the current *Alexiad*, a bit of sloppiness on my part for which I apologize. A sheet of carefully vetted cartoons is enclosed for your contemplation and possible use.

"Fan Noir," Taral's piece on fan writing was competent, but perhaps longer than necessary. In one sense, everything written by fans is fan writing, so the question is what makes that writing memorable? I would say: Being entertaining. A highlight of the current issue is Chris Garcia setting his beard on fire.

Obituaries aren't supposed to be entertaining, but Martin Morse Wooster's piece on Mark Owings reminded me of an old friend and told me some things I hadn't known, and I quite liked the obituary of Takumi Shibano. I regret to report that Peter Swanson, Lee's father, died on April 21 at 86 years of age. We are not going to the funeral, since he left his body to a teaching hospital, but we will be going up to Buffalo for the memorial service.

## Brad Foster

Liked your look back at the old tv theme songs. And I'd never thought about a comparison between *Lost In Space* and *Star Trek*, but I think you absolutely nailed that. And along with your mention of *Lost in Space* and *Time Tunnel*, I started thinking another b-level sf series, "*Land of the Giants*," had a cool theme that set up higher expectations than the show delivered. So I went to the source of all knowledge these days, and found out John Williams did them all, along with the cool one for "*Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*." Even without *Star Wars*, that would have been enough to establish his sf music chops for sure!

Sighed at the start of John's Loscon Report about the artist who commented, on seeing Dan Steffan's art "{T}his guy is an amateur?" Seems that "fan" will forever mean "amateur" to most people, as if once you do something professionally you are no longer allowed to do anything for the fun of it again. Sigh number two.

## HAIRY POTTER



Nice group shot of the Corflu Cobalt folks, reminds me of all those shots of sf club gatherings from ages ago... which also makes me recall how many times I've seen those old photos run, with the comment of "we only know two names in this crowd of fifty..." Have you any way to attach names to all these people while they, or others, are still around to correctly identify them all? Maybe some code-savvy fan could help you do one of those things for the web version of this where you run your mouse over the photo, and the name of the person pops up? Or just the old fashioned version with outlines of everyone and numbers, and the corresponding names listed below. Future fan historians need this done now!

## Carol E. Meacham

Greetings, good sir. I've been reading *File 770* for quite a while now, it's very informative and I think I like most all the news about Mr. Bradbury's goings-on. Through it I've also found Mr. Pohl's blog and I've been flipping through it in large blocks of time I really couldn't afford to lose lately, no matter how fascinating the subject.

I've been "officially" part of fandom since ChattaCon 11 in my hometown of Chatta-

nooga, TN. However, ever since I began to learn about the long history of this culture I now call home I've wanted to get involved in the "real" fandom -- that which is a direct line descendant, as it were, of those who found each other in Mr. Gernsback's letters pages. I know these folk are lurking out there somewhere, but how do I find them? Is there a listing online somewhere of currently extant science-fiction clubs and societies? I live in Atlanta and would love to make contact with such folk if possible.

In the past, I've written, self-published and podcasted 5 original novels -- 2 cyberpunk, 2 general sci-fi, 1 Arthurian fantasy. I've written fanfiction in the *Star Wars*, *Stargate SG-1* and *X-Men the Movie* universes. I have played D&D all my life and for a few years the "old school" Battletech, and read comic books for 12 years in my youth. So I think I have a lot to offer a club in terms of fanac possibilities. At any rate, do tell how I can become more involved.

## M. Lee Rogers

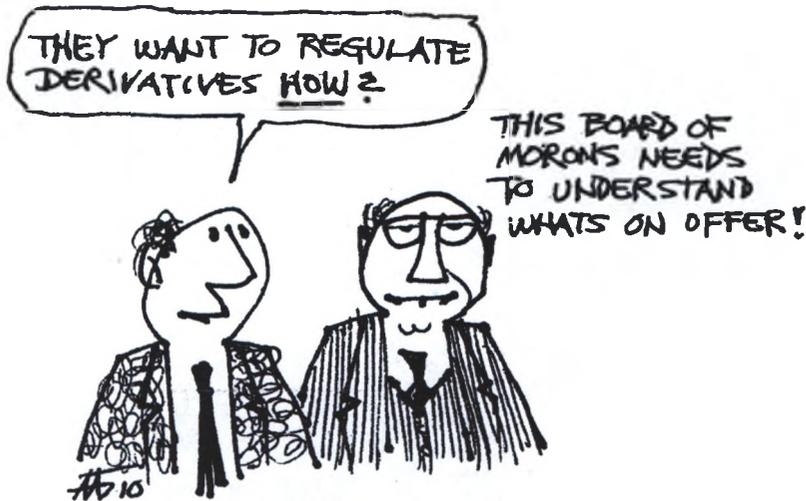
Please do keep us informed about Cheryl Morgan's visa situation. We should always expect governments to screw things up (except when they hire you). Even though I do not want terrorists or spies to get into the country, it seems rather doubtful that Ms. Morgan fits either category. At this point, I would wonder whether a quick trip to Canada or a Caribbean country would be worth the risk of not getting back in.

Reno is not the only major convention offering special rates for younger fans. This year's NASFiC, ReConStruction, is offering a small discount to people under 25. This came from their Progress Report 1. It's worth a try.

Amen to Taral's point that writing about one's everyday activities is not inherently interesting. It always amazes me how many people think that such matters are worth publishing for any kind of audience. This is only one reason why I do not participate in social media websites such as Twitter. Why in the name of the Galaxy would anyone care about my everyday life?

## Neil Kaden

Good seeing you at Mythcon 41 this past weekend. I hadn't realized that you were unaware I had been diagnosed 5 years ago



with Parkinson's disease – yes, I have joined the ranks of the *Dopamine Challenged*. This got me to thinking – statistics should show that over 1-in-100 fans are stricken with PD, but neither of us could identify where these fans are. Without a faanish safety net, they fall out of touch. The motion related symptoms, balance problems, bradykinesia, tremors, memory problems, and uncontrollable dystonia, are frequently not very visible, especially in the early stages.

People are typically diagnosed in their 50s and 60s, but live well into their 80s and 90s. By the time you are symptomatic, 80% of the nerve cells that relate to dopamine are damaged. Parkinson's is incurable, and the symptoms get progressively worse. Another set of symptoms that sometimes are overlooked are speech and swallowing problems. 89% of people with Parkinson's are at risk of losing their ability to speak – and frequently the patient cannot even recognize there is a problem. Parkinson's patients who do not receive speech treatment often end up with a feeding tube and may develop life-threatening aspiration pneumonia.

I am writing to you on behalf of an organization that has become very important to me. It's called *Texas Voice Project for Parkinson Disease*. This nonprofit organization is committed to helping those of us with Parkinson's keep our voices and our swallowing muscles strong. Texas Voice Project helps people with Parkinson's improve their speech to minimize future swallowing issues. Other non-profits out there include the Michael J Fox Foundation, The American Parkinson Disease Association, and The National Parkinson's Foundation. Texas Voice Project for Parkinson Disease has conducted over 10,000 treatment sessions over the past four years. Upon graduation, each patient has an opportunity to participate in weekly speech groups, and other activities to keep

the speech muscles strong. I personally found the "Loud Crowd" sessions the best of all the networking groups I have access to.

What makes Texas Voice Project unique is that this organization does not charge patients for the services they receive. Texas Voice Project runs its program completely off of donations. Although running the program like this is a challenge, especially with the current economic climate, it enables all patients who need help to receive treatment—regardless of their insurance coverage or ability to pay for treatment. They are looking to extend the service to the rest of Texas, and then nationally. I have volunteered to act as a referral point, and would welcome F770 to refer fans with PD to me (or direct to one of the non-profits). For more information about Texas Voice Project, and to view before and after videos, please visit their website at [www.texasvoiceproject.org](http://www.texasvoiceproject.org)

### Lloyd Penney

It's taken some real time management to get caught up with various responsibilities, and then get back to writing locs...the job hunt continues ever onward, but you've got to have some fun, so here's a loc on *File 770 158*.

The Hugos...well, you got a nomination from me. For me, the thrill of being on the ballot for the first time is still there for me. I've been raked over the coals by the usual people who think the Hugos should be shut down, and I am the last person who should be considered for this, but I won't let that stop me. The toughest thing I had to do was not to tell anyone but Yvonne for two weeks before the big announcement at Eastercon. I still have trouble believing that I am up against Fred Pohl for Best Fan Writer, which just shows that reality can still be stranger

than fiction. Good luck to both of us. (Last year, I was one nomination off the ballot. This year, I am assured that I didn't make it on by one ballot.)

Will Cheryl Morgan not be able to come to the US at all in the future? The attitude of the two government agencies of We're right, even when we're wrong is terrible, and there is no appeal in this case. Peter Watts, because he was convicted of being assaulted, is now a convicted felon, and cannot ever enter the US again.

Mike Glicksohn's health continues to deteriorate...I think he is right now in St. Joseph's Health Centre, receiving chemotherapy. Mike Harper has been sending out messages to everyone, and I am pretty sure you've been getting them, too. So many stories of fans' health problems. Ah, we used to be so young...

Yvonne and I have offered our services to the London in 2014 Worldcon bid. We've got a number of years of experience in foreign agenting, especially for L.A.con IV, and we will be assisting Kim Kofmel and Spike Parsons. We still have to get moving on this, but I hope we can lend a hand, or at least pass on some information.

The mention of Vcon 35 and its steampunk theme reminds me that in August 20-22, Can\*Con 2010 takes place in Ottawa, the first SF litcon in Ottawa in many years, and the first Can\*Con since 2002. It's also decided that steampunk will be its theme. Guest of honour is Marie Bilodeau, and all info is at [www.can-con.org](http://www.can-con.org).

Yvonne and I had heard about Shibano-san passing away a few weeks before this issue arrived. I know how well LA fandom knew the Shibanos, and we met them for the first time when we were visiting with the Trimbles just before L.A.con II in 1984. Has anyone heard from Sachiko, to find out how she is?

*[[They contacted me for permission to run the obituary in Uchugin, though admittedly that's not an answer to "how are they." Since then, the only thing I have heard is that she and her daughter made it through the quake all right.]]*

I am sure some may see themselves in Taral's article on fanwriters, and some names are lightly altered so that even I can see who's he's writing about. I even saw myself in there...the pointless natterer. I do try to pass along news and opinion; I try to be low on bile. Good fanwriting is subjective; it may simply be what you're looking for yourself.

Thank you for listing all the Hugo nominees, and again for the Aurora nominees. You've got the Aurora winners, saw them on the website.

Interesting report on WexWorlds, but one photograph caught my eye. If this convention

took place in Wexford, Ireland, how is a kid there wearing an Edmonton Oilers hockey sweater?

Darrell Schweitzer is right, the border regulations on both sides are silly, and quite incomprehensible. However, the Canadian government usually puts in place regulations that the White House wants, so I suspect that most of the silly regulations come from Washington and assorted agencies and departments.

*[[Canada understandably doesn't want to let in Americans who won't be allowed back!]]*

Martin Morse Wooster's mention of Cheryl Morgan's Torcon 3 report reminds me of the feeling of sorrow, yet vindication I felt when it was published. Many local fans who found out about the report were angry, but I had to say that Cheryl got it right. I wish Torcon had been better, and I hope Anticipation proved that Canadian fandom can do better.

### R. Handloff

I just read *File 770 #158* and I thoroughly enjoyed it. I especially liked Taral Wayne's article about fanwriting. His remark that "One of the highest expressions of fanwriting, in my opinion, is that which vividly portrays another fan, or group of fans" rings very true to me. I have been reading science fiction for over 25 years now but to be honest I have an even deeper interest in the fans themselves.

As M. Lee Rogers points out in his letter "Persecution tends to make membership in a group much more meaningful -- ask the Christians who were fed to the lions in Roman times."

All of us are out of step with the world to some degree - fan or not. But there are certain groups of people - including fans - who are willing to own up to it. Those are people who I feel a kinship with and I think that's part of what makes fandom so compelling.

### Henry Welch

Thanks for the number of issues of *File 770* that you have sent me over the past year and that I have been horribly remiss about LOCing until now. I will plead FAFIA and suggest you see the forthcoming TTK 136 for somewhat of an explanation. I have not fallen off the face of the planet, nor even stopped all my fannish activity, but my fanzine activity did get the short end of the stick.

Despite my apparent FAFIA, I have managed to read all the zines sent to me, although my comments will be brief.

157: Thanks for printing Vince Docherty's update on the Hugo eligibility rules.

158: I think that young adult and family memberships rates for Worldcon are a good idea that is long overdue. One of the reasons we stopped attending Worldcon was the difficulty and expense of taking three children along.

### Steve Davidson

**Robert Silverberg:** I'm surprised at your surprise over Taral's surprise:

"And I'm surprised at Taral's surprise, in his splendid worldcon report, that pros are so hard to find at conventions after dark. Surely Taral has been around long enough to know that the pros have a social group of their own, even as fans do, and actually go out to dinner together in the evenings in little clumps of six or eight or ten, and then go off to their Dirty Pro parties, where publishers ply them with cut-rate booze."

We developed a solution for that at Suncon in '77 - making all of the Pros and guests wear those orange bowlers. Best to keep your mouth shut about the whole thing - I don't think anyone wants to go back to orange bowlers.

### Sam Long

I enjoyed Taral's essay on fanwriting: a good analysis.

TV series theme songs from long ago: They give me nostalgia fits when I hear them today, as do old-time advertising jingles. But let's stick to theme music. How 'bout other Western theme songs like "Jim Bowie, Jim Bowie, he was a mighty adventuring man/His blade was tempered and so was he..." or "Have Gun Will Travel" reads the card of a man/A knight without armor in a savage land." Or "Johnny Yuma was a rebel/He roamed through the west" or the Bonanza theme, or the Wyatt Earp theme or any of dozens of others. Or of course "Dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee" from *Twilight Zone*, and the Batman theme, and the Superman theme, and the theme to "The Vikings". And of course, "Dum-dee-dum-dum" of *Dragnet*, and in a less dramatic vein, "Love in Bloom", which was Jack Benny's theme song. In the classic vein, you mentioned Gounod's "Funeral march of the Marionette", and everybody associates the Lone Ranger with the finale of Rossini's "William Tell Overture". There's also Richard Rogers's "Victory at Sea" suite, which was the music to an early-'50s history program about WWII; he used one of the motifs again for the song "No Other Love Have I". On Saturday morning there was "Robin Hood, Robin Hood/Riding through the glen" and many others. There

was a brief period when backwoods sitcoms were the rage. I remember the "Real McCoys" theme and the "Petticoat Junction" theme, and the "Beverly Hillbillies" theme. But would you believe I don't know the Brady Bunch theme either; I don't think I ever watched the program.

James Bacon's "Port Soderick Station" about railroads on the Isle of Man was very interesting because I'm somewhat of a railroad fan myself. I'm not surprised that one engine at least has a "Thomas the Tank Engine" face on the front. Funnily enough the article called to my mind a poem by Robert Burns, who, had he lived a few decades later into the early days of rail travel, would doubtless have written "The Deil's awa' wi' the Footplateman" instead of "...the Exciseman". I'll have to pass Bacon's article on to a friend of mine who's really into railroading.

### We Also Heard From

**June and Len Moffatt:** On page 13, you have one of our photos. It was taken in the Moffatt House living room prior to Baycon in 1968. Rick Sneary did not attend Baycon that year, so we had the Shibanos and RoyTac over to celebrate.

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**Celebrating the Life of**

**Michael David Glicksohn**

**May 20, 1946-March 18, 2011**

March 23, 2011 ~ Windermere United Church

Prelude: *Amazing Grace* and other tunes

Words of Welcome and Gathering

Call to Worship

Solo: *Love Grows Here*

Maureen Edwards

Opening Prayer

Remembering Mike

- Susan Manchester
- Manning Glicksohn
- Michael Harper
- Robert J. Sawyer
- Open Mic – please speak briefly

Hymn: *We Are Pilgrims*

VU 595

Scripture Reading: 1 Corinthians 13:1-13

Kelly Buehler and Sara Stratton

Meditation

Rev. Kate Young

Prayers of Thanksgiving and Our Lord's Prayer

Hymn: *In the Quiet Curve of Evening*

VU 278

Closing Prayer

The Commendation

The Blessing and Benediction – please stand as you are able

Postlude: *Lord of the Dance*

\*\*\*\*\*

Organist: Carol King

Ministers: Rev. Linda Pennock and Rev. Kate Young

Piper: Tom Munroe

Following the Service you are invited to Mike and Susan's home, 508 Windermere Ave, to raise a glass to Mike.



They cut me down and I leap up high;  
I am the life that will never, never die.

I'll live in you if you'll live in me;  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.  
(Sydney Carter, *Lord of the Dance*)