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*File 770:91* is edited by Mike Glyer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. The issue is designed by desktop publishing wiz Irene Danziger. (He hasta say that or I charge him extra....id)

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Whatever Happened to "The Usual"? Thomas Sadler, in his fanzine review column for his most issue of *Reluctant Famulus*, took umbrage at the disappearance of *File 770* from his mailbox. Sadler sounded pleased to be reviewing nearly all the fanzine Hugo nominees — *Lan's Lantern*, *Fosfax* and *Mimosa* — and displeased not to complete the list. "I was receiving *File 770* but apparently forgot to renew my subscription, and Mike Glyer evidently doesn't trade for zines, only news." Sadler facts are correct and his implied criticism is unmistakable. Though it would be facile to point out the trade policy which has been in the *File 770* colophon for over 10 years, I would rather address the actual cause of Sadler's disappointment: he publishes a fanzine sufficiently fine enough to exchange with any other amateur fanzine: why not *File 770*?

Thomas, the idealist in me would prefer to trade *File 770* in just the same way you do *Reluctant Famulus*, or for that matter, as I used trade *Scientifiction*. The problem is I cannot make that work economically.

A newzine about the sf fans publishing fanzines and running conventions, that neither publishes pro news, bylined pro articles, book reviews, nor media fan reports has an intrinsically limited readership. Whether the potential exists for anything more, *File 770* has been at the 450 copiesper-issue plateau for a long time. The zine runs net losses of \$500-\$1500 a year. If blueblooded fanzine fans like long-time subscriber Mike Glicksohn, and Thomas Sadler, and many others, didn't support the zine with subscriptions the losses would be much higher, more than I could carry.

It has been especially kind for so many faneditors have sent me their zines at the same time they have continued to subscribe. In return I try to see to it their newsworthy contents get a mention. Sometimes I even mention how to get them: *Reluctant Famulus*, ed. Thomas Sadler, 422 W. Maple Ave., Adrian MI 49221. Available for trades, contributions, or "simple requests."

Meantime I'll continue the job of getting *File 770* back on its irregular schedule — remembering that irregular is not a synonym for infrequent!







## FANNISH REPORT FROM CROATIA

Berislav Pinjuh, who not so long ago was finishing grade school in Zagreb and doodling for *File 770* in his spare time, wrote at the end of September he is in "a tricky position."

"First, I have a handful with my school. As you may know I'm a med student and I can tell you it's not daisies. Besides that, we also have been forced into a war by Serbia, and I being connected to medicine have been required to help take care of the wounded, help out in the emergency room, or when necessary to help out at the autopsies.

"I assure you it wasn't easy and unfortunately it's not over yet. After signing so many ceasefires, Serbian terrorists helped by the 'Federal Army,' quotes here because this so-called Federal Army is not Federal anymore. All reasonable people have deserted the army and each day we have tens of soldiers, 18-year-olds, deserting it. The only nation that remained faithful to the army and that still supports it is Serbia. They are sending thousands of 'volunteers' into Croatia in order to fulfill their dream, a dream more than 150 years old, to create the Great Serbia. All who stand in their way are to be gotten rid of. But I can tell you one thing: we will not be defeated by those people whose policy is to wipe out Croatia from geographical maps. And the world doesn't give a damn.

"One more thing — I'm not saying all Serbs are all that bad, but after seeing and dealing with everything I had to deal with in the hospital, the operating rooms and the morgue — decapitated bodies, disassembled bodies, limbs of all sizes and sexes lying in bundles, I don't know what to think anymore. Anyway, I hope you won't forget me."

Berislav Pinjuh's mailing address is: Krklecova 9, 41090 Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

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## WALTER BREEN CHARGED WITH CHILD MOLESTATION

Walter Breen, a controversial figure within science fiction fandom who is better known to the world as a coin expert, was arrested September 24 and charged with eight counts of felony child molestation according to Los Angeles police juvenile detectives quoted October 3 in the *Los Angeles Times*. The paper stated Breen was arrested while reviewing coins at the Superior Galleries on Olympic Boulevard in Beverly Hills. Breen, 61, was held on \$200,000 bail.

The *Times* reported, "Declining to provide many details about the alleged victim, the detective said the case surfaced when a 13-year-old West Los Angeles boy told his parents that he had been victimized repeatedly by Breen over the last four years. [Detectives] said the boy's parents have known him through his work cataloguing, researching and grading rare coins."

In the November 8 issue of *The Washington Post*, the paper's numismatic columnist reported Breen has been ousted by the American Numismatic Association "after the coin organization discovered Breen had been convicted on a child molestation charge last year in Berkeley, Calif." The coin group learned of the conviction in the aftermath of Breen's latest arrest.

Allegations about Breen's conduct led to a major fan feud when the 1964 worldcon committee responded by barring him from membership. Over the years Breen's staple conversation, heard by this writer at dinner during the 1989 Mythcon in Berkeley, included approving descriptions of the practice attributed to ancient Greeks of a male mentor initiating a boy in various areas of life, including sex.

## FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE DEFENDERS OF THE MARK

The Association of Energy Engineers not only reneged on their agreement to discontinue the use of the "Worldcon" name for their annual trade show (changing to "Globalcon" in 1992), but has filed its own application to register the word as its service

mark, reports Chairman of the worldcon's Mark Registration and Protection Committee, Donald Eastlake III. AEE has even passed the first hurdle in the process, convincing an examiner that their activities are so unrelated to the science fiction Worldcon that there is no likelihood of confusion.

MCFI of Boston, SCIFI of Los Angeles and Worldcon Atlanta, Inc., continue to fund attorney expenses for opposing the AEE filing with the US Trademark Office. Eastlake wrote, "Our attorney will be filing a protest...with a view, as I understand it, to get the initial ruling reversed before publication. The reason for this is that to oppose it after publication would involve us in a quasijudicial proceeding at significantly greater cost than a simple letter of protest at this point."

### REED WALLER OPERATED ON FOR CANCER

"Reed Waller wants to let people know that he will be 'out of commission for a few months' after an...operation for colon cancer," is the message conveyed in the November *Einblatt*, the Minneapolis clubzine.

When word reached Loscon a crew organized an auction to help defray Waller's expenses (he is uninsured.) Waller and Kate Worley had been the 1990 Loscon's artist guests of honor. Len Wien acted as auctioneer, and his crew included Drew Sanders, Kathy Sanders and Ken Rowan. Over Thanksgiving weekend \$2,200 was raised.

### GOOD NEWS OCCASIONALLY SLIPS IN

Terry Matz and Ken Keller wed in St. Louis during Archon XV last July 13. A copy of the reception invitation was forwarded to *File 770* by Parris: "Ken and Terry thought 770 should know — think of it as a press release."

### OOPS, SLIPPED AGAINI

Then there's Spike Parsons' wedding to Tom Becker last August 24. Their announcement, done in the form of a newspaper clipping, reports the couple "were legally married in the Supreme Court Room of the Wisconsin State Capitol, which was a 'first' for both bride and groom." Chief Justice Nathan Heffernan conducted the ceremony.

### STILL SLIPPIN' AND SLIDIN'

John Lorentz of Portland wed Ruth Sachter of New York. The November *Pulsar* carries his synopsis his trip to New York for the ceremonies. "By the time

you read this, Ruth and her mother (and, with luck, their furniture) will be out in Oregon, and it will sink in that we're married. But, right now, it seems like a dream. We got three days of sun (bracketed by rain) so the weather was great. With all our worries, the caterers, musicians, florists and everyone else did a good job. And Ruth looked wonderful. I think everyone had a good time — I was in too much of a daze to really know what was happening. (Especially when they started dancing, and picked Ruth and I up in chairs!)"

### STOLEN FROM EINBLATT

A notice in the Minneapolis club's August zine asked: "Do you wish you could go swimming before the summer ends? Did you leave your trunks at the Pool Party last January? Call Toad Hall and let us know which pair to leave on the porch for you..."

### BORN YESTERDAY

Kathleen Marie Thokar was born October 29 at 7:50 am (Peggy arrived at the hospital at 7:10). She weighs 8 lb. 1 oz., and 20.5" long. All parties are reported to be doing well. [Source: Mark Olson]

### REPORTS OF MY DEATH HAVE BEEN GREATLY ET CETERA

"Bernard Zuber, mistakenly reported as deceased some years ago, has surfaced alive and [is] recuperating well from a breakdown and is anxious to hear from old acquaintances," announced Forry Ackerman recently. Ackerman gave the following contact address: Sunnyview Convalescent Center, 2000 W. Washington Bl., Los Angeles CA 90018. Ackerman added, "Visitors welcome. I plan to visit him." Zuber materialized at Loscon, and the first thing he asked was, "Who spread the word that I was dead?" Your editor promptly found some important lint to inspect...

### UP, UP AND AWAY

Alan Jacknow bought a hot air balloon ride with "Right Stuff" ex-astronaut Gordon Cooper. Says Alan, "Of the people I have told, half don't know who Gordon Cooper is! How we forget."

### PINS AND NEEDLES

While letting the dog out, Rich Zellich slipped on a little hill in front of his St. Louis home and broke his ankle in several places. *The Insider* quotes Zellich, "They

played 'This Old House' on it and put in all the pins, bolts and screws they could find." After a couple of days in the hospital Rich was home and hobbling.

### TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND

The TAFF race is under way, offering "Big. Blonde. Boisterous. Brassy. Bright," Jeanne Bowman and "More than the host of Corflu Ocho" Richard Brandt. TAFF, you've come a long way, baby. Twentyfive years ago plenty of voters were hot under the collar when "convention fan" Bob Madle was awarded the trip to England. Today con activities dominate the two TAFF candidates' platforms. Choose between the "hot dog party girl" or "the public relations mastermind who got a Worldcon mentioned in *The Economist*." By no means vote for the old poop in the plaid jacket, Hold Over Funds!

TAFF alternates between sending a delegate from Europe to a North American Worldcon, (this year Pam Wells attended Chicon V), or from North America to the British Eastercon. Anyone active in fandom prior to

September 1990 is eligible to vote provided he sends in a donation of \$2 or more with his ballot. The voting deadline is January 15, 1992. Ballots can be obtained from North American administrator Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442, or European administrator Pam Wells, 24A Beech Road, Bowes Park, London N11 2DA England.

### LOOKING BACKWARD FROM THE YEAR 1991

The Baltimore Science Fiction Society is still following the profile of LASFS and NESFA: after the exhilaration wears off from finding a clubhouse building they could afford, the fans are now horrified to discover what kind of building they could afford.

For instance, club president Martin Deutsch inspired Dr. Dale Arnold to say, "One of these days we're going to arrive and find a great big hole for our club house, because Martin wants to build this thing right."

In the clubzine *Mark of the Beast*, Thomas McMullan explains, "One of the reasons that we keep tearing things down is that the more we look, the more curious our building becomes. Take for instance the wonderful floor structure we have for the room on the second floor. We probably removed about five tons of material from the ceiling we tore out: this is nothing compared to what we could remove if we tore up the floor. There is about three inches of concrete which appears to span the length of the floor, and definitely spans the two steel eye beams. Nothing unusual about concrete between eye beams with some sort of steel reinforcing running between the eye beams. But that's not how they did it! It is resting on a board (tin sheet facing away from the concrete. Why? We don't know) which is supported by a 1x3 and a 2x2 that run the length of the floor, which in turn are resting on 2x4's





that span the eye beams. Below that we have a wood ceiling, an unfinished plaster ceiling, a suspended tin ceiling, and the suspended ceiling we all know and love."

## JEWISH SPACE

The Jewish Science Fiction Society was founded in September 1989 to serve the common interests of people with strong Jewish involvement, who are also interested in science fiction or fantasy. JSFS arranges Shabbat meals, shared rooms or parties at east coast sf conventions. There are local chapter meetings, a monthly letter, and an affiliated apa, *Jewish Space*. The contact address for JSFS is: Lucy Schmeidler, 470 West End Ave., New York, NY 10024-4933. For APA information, write to *Jewish Space* at 4416 18th Ave., Ste. 186, Brooklyn NY 11204.

## RETURN OF THE EMPEROR

Charlie Jackson 2 returned to LASFS after a prolonged recovery from arm and shoulder injuries sustained in a fall at the clubhouse. He made sure everyone else was in stitches by announcing the "Top Eleven Things I Did Instead of Attend LASFS the Last Four

Months." (11) Founded Rex Allen Western Sitting and Feasting Society (RAWSFS); (10) Redecorated apartment; (9) Movies! Movies! Movies! (cable! cable! cable!); (8) Began policy of storing nuts for winter; cheated out of them by squirrel with crooked dice — no, wait, that was a cartoon I sat through 26 times before I figured out how to change the channel on the damn tv set left-handed; (7) Wrote acceptance speech for re-election to LASFS presidency — oops! (6) Gloated over club in hands of Drew Sanders! (5) Masterminded new Russian revolution from comfort of *chaise lounge*; (4) Anxiously awaited phone calls from LASFS members I hoped to hear from — tried to avoid calls I *did* receive! (3) Saw big eclipse *just as well* as Ed Buchman! (2) Learned to shave left-handed (special bonus: Heidelberg dueling scar!) (1) And the #1 thing I did these past four months — produced documentary about private lives of LASFS members, "Sex, Lice and Videotape."

## CLEVELAND ANSIBLE

*Cleveland Ansible*, the newzine of the SF and fantasy community, keeps you abreast of the local scene with con reports, Random Fac-toids, profiles, book and film reviews, Off the Beaten Orbit, Comics Confidential and more. For a free sample, write P.O. Box 14841, Cleveland OH 44114.

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Carol M. Kalescky, 4670 34th St., Apt. 1, San Diego CA 92116  
Mark Stadler, 2614 Figueroa Ave., San Diego CA 92109  
Alex Slate, 10316 Flatland Trail, Converse TX 78109  
Terry Whittier, 7059 Via Blanca, San Jose CA 95139  
David Doering, 871 N. 600 W., Apt. 7, Provo UT 84604  
Andrew Robinson, P.O. Box 555, Littleton MA 01460-0555  
Spike Parsons and Tom Becker, 676 Cherry Way, Hayward CA



# OBITUARIES

## DOLLY GILLILAND

*Obituary by Alexis Gilliland:*

Dolly died a little after noon today [Wednesday, November 27, 1991], after a short illness. The doctors told me that she had a stroke (probably on Friday) in the left hemisphere of the cerebellum, and that the bleeding slowly caused swelling and damage to the brainstem. It may not have been the first; last July she had a severe and incapacitating headache that lasted for three weeks, before slowly fading away. At that time she had a full neurological work-up which came out entirely negative. On Friday the same headache came back, only it was different.

I took her to the emergency room at the GW Hospital about 1:30 yesterday afternoon [Tuesday], and after diagnosis the medical staff put in a drain and operated late last night. Her doctor called me at seven this morning to tell me that the situation didn't look good, so I went over to the hospital, where the surgeon told me the same thing in a lot more detail. I went home to wait (the waiting room outside the intensive care unit is a terrible place) and the doctor called about 12:30 to say that it was all over.

We had been married 32 years, and I liked her a whole lot even before we were married. The fact that she really enjoyed my jokes might even have had something to do with it. Love, too, did not come hard when she was so generous with strokes to the ego. This is something she did naturally, and because she was an excellent listener and very swift to draft inferences, she would often stroke the egos of people she'd just met — resulting in strangers greeting her with genuine enthusiasm when she didn't know who they were without looking at the name badge.

Dolly was excellent with details, extremely reliable, and invaluable in running the six Disclaves we put on. At work she was an outstanding management analyst, and her Production Control and Evaluation Division was so good that it was officially named "Best In Government" just before the Commissioner dissolved it. Did he feel threatened? You better believe it. Her generous spirit is clearly demonstrated by putting up with WSFA meetings in our home for over 24 years. A generosity which sometimes elicited the remark: *That's the kind of furniture I'd have if the WSFA meeting wasn't in our house!* Usually when we were browsing in Bloomingdales or Nieman-Marcus.

Among other talents she was a great dancer, a concert pianist and a jazz pianist, playing in clubs when she was far below the legal age limit. A music teacher by training (at the Lebanon Valley Conservatory) she was also an excellent choral director. She helped me write "Inside 2001, A Space Opera" by telling me stuff I didn't know, like "You can't follow a waltz with another waltz," or "This is really great, but our singers can't cut it," or "Rearrange the lyric so they aren't singing Eeee on the high note, Aaah is much better." Then she put 2001 on as musical director, first at the '71 Disclave and again at Discon II and again at ConStellation. More recently we went up to Phrolicon 6 and handed out scripts to the audi-

ence for a one-time run through which was so well received that we did it for 7, too. At that time she promised Sam Moskowitz the Hal 9000 part next year, and no one regrets that he won't get it more than I do.

She taught me how to write, and more important, how to accept criticism of my writing. Her editing, on all levels, from sentence structure to character development to pacing to just about anything you can think of was outstanding. Lester Del Rey accepted the last two books of the *Wizenbeak* trilogy, as *she* had edited them without altering a word.

She retired from government in '76 with ulcerative colitis, a stress-related disease. Showing, perhaps, the dangers of trying to keep GSA on the straight and narrow, but more likely reflecting the cumulative strain of Michael, our first son, who was severely retarded. Michael was placed in the Laurel Children's Center in 1970, and her colitis manifested itself just before we went to Noreascon I in 1971. It slowed her down, with a whole series of pseudo-illnesses, -arthritis, gout, -etc., -ad nauseam, but she enjoyed travelling, and we took trips she could handle. Mostly they were little ones (driving to and from cons was often the best part) but we got to England (twice), Australia and New Zealand, Vancouver and Chattanooga among other exotic places.

E. Dorothea Gilliland, January 20, 1930 - November 27, 1991, is survived by her husband, Alexis A. Gilliland, her father, Kohlman, and her brother Abba, both of Harrisburg PA, and by her sons Charles and Michael. [Alexis Gilliland, 4030 8th St. South, Arlington VA 22204]

## DAVID ROWE

Our deepest regrets go out to Dana Siegel and Eric Rowe over the loss of their son, David. A victim of sudden infant death syndrome (SID), David passed away May 20.

David had just turned two on April 30, said David Stever in a message left on my answering machine, adding tearfully, "David was a sweet kid, but he's not with us anymore."

The funeral was held May 22. David Singer relayed the parents' request that in lieu of flowers, a donation be made in David's name to SID Alliance Research, 10500 Little Patuxent Pkwy., Ste. 420, Columbia MD 21044.

## RICHARD ELLINGTON

[Adapted from the June 7 issue of the *San Francisco Chronicle*:]

Longtime Berkeley typesetter and typographer Richard Ellington, who designed and set up hundreds of poetry books and magazine and was a leading figure in radical politics for many years, died May 26. He died at 60, of lung cancer.

Ellington attended high school in Seattle and, after serving in the armed forces, came to the Bay Area with his wife, Pat, in 1960.

He tried writing science fiction, and in 1955 joined an effort to revive the Industrial Workers of the World, or Wobblies, a historic radical group.

"When I joined there were still quite a few Wobblies working for the old Western Pacific Railroad and in the Sailors' Union of the Pacific," he recalled recently. "There were old Spanish anarchists around, and they educated me in the history of the Spanish Civil War."

He worked as a cab driver, a mechanic and an assistant manager of the Oakland Symphony before health problems led him to establish his typesetting business in the mid-1970s.

One of the projects with which he was involved was Manroot, a journal which was among the first underground reviews to showcase gay writing.

His book designs included hundreds of titles, including Bay Area poets H.D. Moe, Julia Vinograd, A.D. Winans and a series published by the Zeitgeist Press.

In a 1967 *San Francisco Chronicle* interview, Ellington said, "The working class and the employment class have nothing in common, and it goes from there."

Ellington is survived by his wife and their daughter, Marie, also of Berkeley. At his request there was no funeral.

The sale of Ellington's fanzine collection is being handled by Robert Lichtman, with proceeds to Pat Ellington. Lichtman has cataloged the offerings, and will provide a copy to anyone sending \$1 *plus* a LONG self-addressed stamped envelope bearing 75 cents postage. A bulletin about bids received will be circulated in February. (Robert Lichtman: P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442.)

## HARRY GLYER

On March 5, Harry Glyer, my father, died of cancer at the age of 65. He was within three weeks of celebrating his 40th wedding anniversary with my mother. He had retired five years earlier from NBC after a 38-year career. As cameraman, or video engineer, he worked on such shows as: Kukla, Fran and Ollie; Kate Smith Show; Andy Williams Show; Jerry Lewis Show; Laugh-In; and the Dean Martin Show. He worked numerous sports events and political conventions. He shared an Emmy award for "Best Live Camera Work" in 1958 for "An Evening With Fred Astaire" (recently aired again on PBS.) After retirement he acquired a 386 computer, researched the family genealogy and wrote a data-retrieval program for using the information. He is survived by his wife, three children and two grandchildren.

All his influences on my life included many that intersected with this fanzine or its ancestors, from simple parental insistence that I blot out the oath "damn" quoted in my interview of Robert Moore Williams (1969), to his craftsmanlike repair of shipping damage to the sculpted dragon I received as a special award from Chicon IV (1982.)

## TAUM SANTOSKI

*Obituary by David Bratman (reprinted from Mythprint, (c) 1991 The Mythopoeic Society)*

Taum Santoski, perhaps the most talented of the younger Tolkien scholars, died in Milwaukee on August 19, 1991, at the age of 32, after a long illness from cancer.



Taum was born (under the more mundane appellation of "Thomas") in Scranton, PA, on November 2, 1958. He became a dedicated Tolkien fan in high school, and while there and at Penn State (majoring in comparative literature) was the ringleader of a small but active Tolkien club called Thorin and Company (later the National Organization for Tolkien.) They published several fanzines featuring Taum's scholarly writing — he wrote several studies of Tolkien's invented languages — fiction, and artwork, including a small collection of Taum's Tolkien-inspired poetry, titled *Niphredel Blossoms*.

In 1980, Taum moved to Milwaukee and dedicated his scholarly life to the study of Tolkien's manuscripts of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* housed at Marquette University. He took a job as a bar manager at the Wisconsin Club, which as mostly evening work left his days free to spend at Marquette's archives. The job had a splendid side effect when Mythcon XVIII held its banquet in the club's sumptuous hall. Taum the professional bar manager kept an eye on ensuring that we had the best possible service and the most enjoyable time.

Taum was not only a frequent but an official presence in the library basement rooms which house Marquette's Tolkien archives. One of his first major project there, in 1982, was working with a member of the archive's staff to reprocess and recatalog the entire 25 boxes of manuscripts, typescripts, clippings and whatnot that then comprised the Tolkien collection. At the time of his illness he was preparing to do so yet again, to incorporate additional material Christopher Tolkien donated in

1987. It should be emphasized that the complexity of J.R.R. Tolkien's drafting and redrafting of his work, the impenetrability of his handwriting, and the sheer volume of the papers make any work with the manuscripts far from easy.

When Christopher Tolkien turned, nearly ten years ago, to editing his father's drafts of *The Lord of the Rings* (since published as *The Realm of the Shadow*, *The Treason of Isengard*, *The War of the Ring* and the forthcoming *Sauron Defeated*), Taum became his principal assistant "on the spot", in Marquette, where the papers lie. He transcribed material, deciphered difficult scrawls, held the sheets up to the light to read erased pencil drafts that lay beneath the rewritings, and offered opinions, based on his own study of the papers, as to the ordering and significance of bits of material. Credits to his study and industry lie scattered throughout the published books.

Taum also carved out some areas of interest to do research on his own. Towards the end of his life his interest in art re-emerged and he enrolled in Marquette's graduate program in art history with an eye toward writing a study of Tolkien as artist and designer. He also contemplated a study of the literary significance of *The Lord of the Rings* drafts. One project that did get well under way was a textual survey of the manuscripts of *The Hobbit* to be published as a part of the "History of Middle-earth" series. This study, titled *Mr. Baggins: The History of the Hobbit*, will have its remaining loose ends completed by Taum's friend and colleague John D. Rateliff, and may be published sometime next year...

I first encountered Taum in 1977 when, by serendipity, he, Gary Hunnewell (now the foremost expert on Tolkien fanzines) and I simultaneously joined a fantasy apa called *Elanor*. We were all still under 20, but our interest in Tolkien outstripped that of our elders in the apa. Even then, just before the publication of *The Silmarillion*, Taum knowledge of Tolkien impressed me, as when he made reference to some then unpublished works that I had never heard of. We corresponded occasionally and he published a paper of mine in his fanzine *Chronicles of the King*. I only met him twice in person, but the special feeling of the Marquette archives, where despite unelvisish appearances one can feel the air of Middle-earth, will be, along with the scholarship he left us, his legacy. Donations in Taum's memory, by his request, should be made to the institution to which he contributed so much: The Tolkien Collection, c/o Charles Elston, Archivist, Special Collections and Archives, Marquette University, 1415 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee WI 53233.

## OTHER IMAGES:

Lately I received a copy of Taral Wayne's apazine *State of the Art 23* reporting that his mother passed away in January, 1991. Taral's loss of his mother forced a series of other developments: with his sisters moving out of the family apartment, Taral is theoretically being assisted by the Metro Toronto Housing Authority to locate affordable quarters (though six months later he's still at the Willowdale Avenue address, and he is more determinedly pursuing a living from his art skills.

**ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:**

The airport shuttle drove through the old perimeter of downtown Chicago past buildings made of blackened brick salvaged from the great fire, a metaphorical surgery peeling back layers of architectural history to arrive at last in the modern heart of the city where the Hyatt Regency lay.

Standing at check-in was Rick Katze, flushed with excitement because he had just sold a story to a Mike Resnick anthology. The Hyatt registration line was moving quickly, then. Crowds arriving later in the afternoon were anesthetized against boredom with free goblets of champagne, compliments of the management. The Hyatt had been over-booked: some early arrivals were told they had no rooms. Others who came later got in because the Cleveland Indians baseball team moved to another hotel, freeing up 100 rooms.

I took the long escalator ride from registration to the lobby, watching clouds and skyscrapers through its glass atrium. Running the length of north wall where windows met the glass ceiling was the hotel bar, Big's, hundreds of bottles reflecting murky vintages of daylight. Businessmen talked loudly to be heard over the tinny sound of jazz piano echoing from the atrium's steel frame. Later a string quartet would take over, but the acoustics wouldn't get any better. Below me, a wide lagoon separated a busy restaurant from a marble deck used as a cocktail lounge.

Seated on two of the couches scattered on the marble deck, Keith

# CHICON V: 1991 Worldcon Report Part One

by Mike Glyer

Kato and Brad Lyau watched fans arriving. Kato's conversation easily drifted from his career as a nuclear physicist to his famous role as host of the after-Hugos chili party — raising a nervous thought they might not be that far apart. Lyau had been downstairs trying to register at program participant registration and told to come back in 90 minutes; it was almost time to try again.

I followed Lyau to the convention level. Earlybirds were already lined up at pre-registration. In another an hour those fans were picking up their badges, Program Books and Pocket Programs and moving out. The program operations staff waited two hours to open.

The registration area was never congested during the convention, a further hint of low attendance, but Wednesday afternoon 2400 preregistered fans and program participants picked up their packets. Registration was handled at a series of stations,

black booths with electronic message signs. "Please have your ID ready," read one sign. Seth Breidbart said, "Of course — fans never need to be told to have their egos ready!"

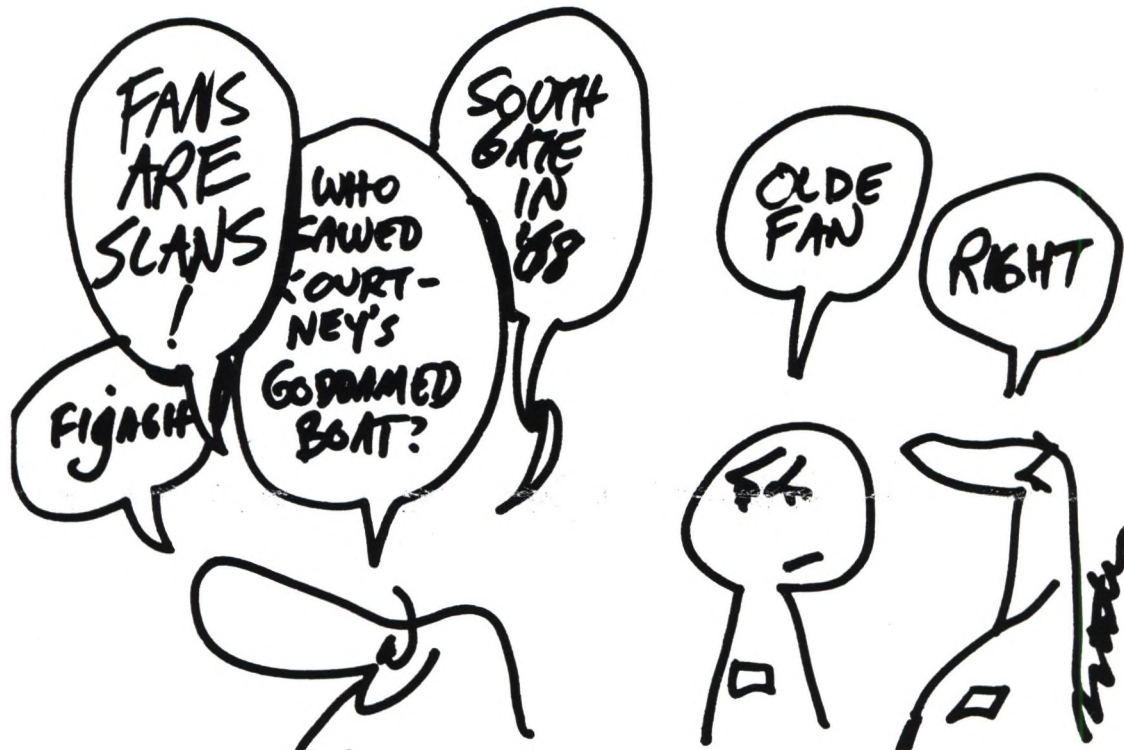
Amy Thompson decided rather than be one of the slugs in the program participant line she would get involved to speed things up. The counter staff had only one printout of the names, and the stick-on labels had been printed in membership-number order, causing enormous delay. She halved the time people stood in line simply by tearing the printout into two sections and insisting two people handle different segments of the alphabet. Amy traces her descent from a woman who took pity on two Sumerians who were trying to get somewhere in a chariot with square wheels...

**THE ATTENDANCE LOTTERY:**

"How many people are at the con?" At first, fans chalked up their complaint about the absence of daily attendance figures in the newzine next to all their other complaints about Son of the Daley Planet. But they were wrong: the committee itself didn't know how many fans were physically present.

On Monday, press relations told Leah Zeldes,

convention  
reportage



reporting for her local paper, 6351 memberships of all types had been sold, and they guessed about 1000 people with attending memberships stayed home.

Figures given by the committee to Locus claimed 5,185 attendance on the peak day, Saturday. Fannish estimates based on "feel" and recollections of the 1982 Worldcon held in the same hotel have varied from a lowball-figure of 3500 to an optimistic high of 5500.

### IT'S IN THE OTHER BOOK:

Three paintings and a sculpture by Artist Guest of Honor Richard Powers were juxtaposed on the cover of the *Chicon V Program Book*. Over the decades he has interpreted many paperback sf novels with cover art done in a bold, abstract style, but fannish eyes still haven't learned to really see it. When Registration ran out of copies of the Program Book, because part of the print run was still en route from Cleveland, a volunteer pried opened a different carton and found some more

books with an abstract Powers cover. It set off a panic when someone realized Registration was handing every member a copy of *Fantastic Chicago*, the convention's souvenir anthology worth \$20 apiece! Rumor holds all but 13 of the dozens handed out were returned once the mistake was announced.

### OPENING CEREMONIES:

A decent idea ruined in the execution was the opening skit played out by Chicon V chair Kathleen Meyer and most of her executive committee. Dressed as diner waitresses, Kathleen and Marie Bartlett-Sloan bantered out of range of the microphones. A couple hundred seats in front of the stage had been roped off for VIP/Handicapped-Access seating and were virtually empty, so apart from a few fans down front no one heard them at all. The rest of us only knew it was a comedy skit because of the costumes, the laughter from that island of fans in the front row, and Marie's shouted punchline, "Burn it?! We're runnin' out of cats!"

Yet, these Opening Ceremonies will be long-remembered. At the end of the skit there was a hubbub at the back of the room. Folks crowded through the door who looked like extras from *Joe vs. the Volcano* on their way to an intergalactic Shriners convention. These were the Fubari Warriors, of St. Louis fandom, bearing the guests of honor to the stage one-at-a-time in a sedan chair, hooting, yipping and chanting all the way. Adorned like a South Pacific cargo cult, with junkyard headgear vaguely shaped like the helmets in *Alexander Nevsky*, and bandoliers of plastic fruit, some of which shook loose and bounced through the audience, the Fubaris received ever louder applause as they carried in progressively better-known guests. One Fubari wore a headdress of purple tinsel with antlers made of plastic ducting. Another wore a chef's



hat with a pair of Chucky-doll arms clutching air on each side, and a breastplate of lollipops.

After the close of the ceremonies photographers made the group pose outside the hall. Rich Zellich told me those really were Chucky arms, because most of the Fubaris are special effects experts and who had recently been in Hollywood working on the horror toy's latest bloody sequel.

Once toastmaster Marta Randall, Fan Guests of Honor Jon and Joni Stopa, Editor Guest of Honor Martin Harry Greenberg, Artist Guest of Honor Richard Powers and Author Guest of Honor Hal Clement, all reached the stage, Kathleen Meyer made some general introductions. She mentioned figures in prodom and fandom who had passed away since Chicon IV in 1982, most recently Johnny Lee, whom she said took his life in March. That was one I hadn't heard, and shocked me.

The 20 fans from Eastern Bloc nations were noted. A Czech fan who had been riding Greyhound around the country got an ovation from people who suspect that for comfort that was several rungs even lower than the Fubari sedan chair.

### IT'S IN THE OTHER HOTEL:

Glancing at the hotel map in the Pocket Program, Seth Breidbart declared, "The Swissotel is apparently so-called because it looks like a Toblerone sliced into sections."

Fans and the Swissotel management were tolerantly amused by each others' quaint ways. Fans riding the Swissotel elevators were treated to Germans yodeling "My Darling Clementine" on the elevator Muzak. Meanwhile, Swissotel residents got a letter at check-in saying: "This weekend we are co-hosts to a very unique convention — Chicon V... Attendees of this convention have traveled from all over the world to attend this one of a kind gathering. Because of the science fiction element of this group, some of our guests will be in creative costumes representing futuristic or scientific characters. Please do not be alarmed should you encounter one of these individuals."

### LET THE PROGRAM BEGIN:

The only people who needed to be alarmed belonged to the committee: word had it that chief of one Literary program track, Jennifer Stevenson, had parted company with the committee on the con's first day, and chief of the Science track, Bill Higgins, quit in sympathy. Of course, the thing about programming is that once everyone is recruited and the schedule is in print, there's no reason Program Operations shouldn't be able to run it successfully, and by most reports that's what happened.

Just the same, Art Program Director Todd Hamilton was ready to field complaints. He had a wallet full of business cards labeled, "Complaint Voucher", even more prominently stating, "See Janet Thatcher." But if you found Janet, she was prepared with her own business card that read, "Yeah, So?"

### PROGRAM:

*The Blue Collar Worker in SF:* Don't you just love the presumption of people from the audience who raise their hand to be called on before any of the panelists have even opened their mouths?

But in this case, maybe it wasn't such a bad plan, since no two panelists had the same concept of what the panel was supposed to discuss.

Douglas Housman talked about the blue-collar audience: "Since the war, I got more fan mail from Saudi Arabia than I got the rest of my career." He envisioned people sitting on a tank reading his paperback.

Janice Eisen focused on writing about working-class characters, and said she took her writers' workshop to task for depicting blue-collar workers as idiots.

### Fandom in Fallen Angels:

A couple of hundred people jammed Thursday night's program to hear Larry Niven, Michael Flynn and Jerry Pournelle talk about their recent book. But Niven said the three authors had come to listen to the audience. "As soon as the book hit print, people started telling us what ought to have been done in the book or how we could have avoided a lawsuit."

Paula Lieberman complained that all the fans referenced in the book are either from the East Coast or the West Coast, but the action happens in the Midwest. Jerry Pournelle laughed, "It's very difficult to put glaciers in Los Angeles, and while you could put them in New Jersey, nobody would notice."

There is a semi-affectionate, semi-serious bond between the writers and the fans they drew on for their characters in the book.



Niven said, "We took the most heat from Leslie Fish, who didn't like the politics we gave her character, and explained it to us in detail." Pournelle added, "In many cases you can't recognize a person because it's a composite. On one character, Flynn had never met the girl, and Niven thought I had somebody else in mind!" Since this was a book about their friends, I wondered whether Niven and Pournelle had more or less fun than writing *Inferno*. Of course, one difference is the writers made themselves characters in *Fallen Angels*...

Fans started asking about the science in *Fallen Angels*, and Niven pointed out the science underlying the "coming Ice Age" has been written about enough that it couldn't get anybody a doctorate, the main reason the mutually exclusive "global warming" theory has more currency.

Somehow that led to questions about ice on the moon. Pournelle briefly summarized the data, and to underscore how little scientists really know about the topic, declared, "You now know almost as much as the most knowledgeable person in the world." I nudged Andy Hooper beside me, and said, "I always suspected so." Hooper frowned, "I know."

Even after the panel made a 90-degree shift, becoming a forum on the progress of the SSX ground-to-space plane, no one left, confirming my notion that the audience for the book would be people with a strong interest in fandom *and* space exploration. The book's popularity among fans has (if possible) increased demand for the authors' autographs, beginning with a signed edition. Michael Flynn said, "You can sign your name different ways. Early on I discovered my name was Mike." Nearly 75 fans elbowed their way to the platform at the end of the panel, and the trio had a book-signing on Friday's program.

### Special Interest Programming:

Out of curiosity, I scanned the sign-up sheet on Friday morning to see what special interest groups were meeting at the Worldcon. The more interesting names included the Klingon Assault Group of Canada, the American Kate Bush Society, the Michael Crawford International Fan Association, and the Robert E. Howard United Press Association.

### CONVERSATIONS IN PASSING:

Fanartist Teddy Harvia, who won a Hugo later in the weekend, startled me by saying "Hi" — I had only glanced at his suit, not at his face. At the Worldcon I expect to see people I know wearing gaudier things, like Arlan Andrews' *Analog*-logo belt buckle, unless it's Elton Elliot (of *SF Review*): in a three-piece suit he looks like Orson Welles borrowing money to make *Citizen Kane*.

Jay Kay Klein had seen my Dutch Worldcon report in *Locus* and wanted to make sure I understood his suggestion that committees have "Former Worldcon Guest of Honor" ribbons was not fishing for empty honors, but a way to compensate for many past GoHs not being in with everything and known to everyone at today's Worldcons.

Amy Thompson had a choice bit of gossip: somebody was going around the Hyatt posting signs handwritten in magic marker that read, "We're sorry — We lied! (signed) The Committee." She said what the committee minded most about the signs was they were stuck to walls with glue.

Since he wasn't sitting in Zagreb waiting for an artillery shell to land in his lap Robert Sacks could afford to be a little gleeful at current events: at a question session in Holland, representatives of the Yugoslavia bid had dismissed his gadfly question, "Where will you hold the con if the Yugoslavian army invades?"

## DEATH IN THREE DIMENSIONS:

To cross from the Hyatt's west tower to con function rooms in the east tower you passed through the "Time Tunnel", a long corridor with concave walls. In an L-shaped room (hm, may be a movie title in that) Chicago's new Battletech gaming center, that applies virtual reality technology to wargaming, ran a continuous video presentation.

Across the way were three tables of science fictional plastic models, stacked four trestles high, full of Enterprises, space shuttles, Revell rockets, submarines, LEMs and other childhood stuff of the last 30 years.

The entrance to the room was flanked by DC Comics and Marvel Comic exhibit tables whose representatives pretended to feud with each other to the amusement of passersby. Briefly one morning the Marvel table was the most popular place at the convention when Clive Barker came in for an autograph session.

## HISTORY FROM ANOTHER PLANET:

The dozens of black-and-white portraits of sf pros taken by Christine Velada over the past few years were set up on art show hangings under good lighting this time, making them much easier to study than when shown in a dark Hynes hallway at Noreascon 3. All the photos are head-shots, except one of Paula Volsky reclined on a tree limb, and nobody but Larry Niven and Jack Dann wore ties. Make of this what you will...

An entire function room was dedicated to Worldcon history exhibits and fanzine displays. Bruce Pelz set up the History of the Worldcon table-top displays of souvenirs and newspaper clippings from each Worldcon,

plus a complementary display of convention bidding paraphernalia.

I met Kathy Sanders next to the costuming history exhibit, and its attention-grabbing continuous slide show. Slides from different eras were scheduled throughout the weekend; at the moment I arrived early-70's Westercon masquerades were featured, and up popped the former Lisa Deutsch with nothing on her but the white vase held in her right hand.

"She was supposed to be 'bringing her husband home from the wars,'" said Kathy, who thought the vase made it look more like he was being brought home from Woolworth's, not that anybody was paying attention to the vase. I was frankly uncomfortable about this intrusion into Lisa's present life until, on the last night of the con, I heard her husband identify Lisa as the ultimate winner of Westercon's "Most Naked Lady" duel... Never mind.

## WAITING WITH GODOT:

Glenn Boettcher and his friends from Milwaukee agreed on short notice to run the "Green Room", the reception area for program participants, and were left holding the bag by a stingy committee. It's too bad they weren't given decent resources to work with, for this is a fun group of people to be around.

Sitting with Glenn and several others on Thursday morning we watched the pros arrive: "There's Timothy Zahn," said Glenn, pointed at a figure all in black. I said, "He's wearing Bruce Pelz' clothing," remembering long ago when Pelz wore all-black. Kyym suddenly looked up, "I didn't know Bruce came out with a fashion line."

I was seated at the table nearest a black curtain concealing a recess in the wall. That's where the Milwaukee crew secreted their stereo, a sound system so good it sounded like a live band — except at that moment Harry Chapin was the singer. Pinned to the curtain was a warning: "KEEP OUT: We're from Milwaukee and own guns."

Like they did in 1982, Chicon used colored badge-holders to denote rank within the staff and committee. This scheme appeared to be as unpopular as ever. For example, volunteer Steve Grosko replied to one question, "I'm a red badge, I'm not allowed to think. That's reserved for green badges."

Mike Vande Bunt's green badge was pinned on his "Banana Republic, Minister of Propaganda" t-shirt, well-suited to the spirit of the moment.

Long before Chicon, Ross Pavlac, the committee's vice president of Facilities said he had negotiated with the Hyatt that the con could bring in any supplies they wanted, no problem. Evidently he had a reality check nearer the con, because he told Boettcher that Hyatt management said they could bring in anything as long as they kept it basically a secret from the hotel staff! Which is how fans have to operate in every hotel in the world, so what was the big favor?

The Green Room staff's secret route to bring in supplies through the hotel was dubbed "Red Route One" because it ran between two Pepsi machines that reminded someone of Thor's Peaks in the Tom Clancy novel Hunt for Red October. Vande Bunt gestured at their orange hand



truck, "Hotel employees don't hear us coming because of our caterpillar drive." And about the split-second timing involved in using Hyatt service corridors, he said, "If you don't have a stopwatch, you're in trouble."

So instead of being allowed to operate out in the open, Boettcher and Vande Bunt had to constantly watch the hotel staff in the room trying to service the coffee urns, with Mike estimating how high they could refill them from the hidden coffeemaker before the staff would notice. They worried whether the cleanup crew had found their cache of supplies behind the black curtain (they had) and in the end were deterred from supplying the room as they intended.

There was coffee, until it ran out, a small selection of sodas, chips and other munchies in the same industrial-strength boxes delivered to the Con Suite. People continually prowled the serving table looking for something to appeal to their appetites, faintly shrugged and moved off, but I heard no complaints. No one expected better hospitality from a Worldcon.

Well, not quite no one. As Karen Haber complained in *Locus*, "Even the damned coffee ran out at ten in the morning. ...While nobody expects to be waited on hand and foot, one does wonder about the Chicon concept of hospitality."

In my opinion those low expectations are a scandal. Canned colas and lowest-bidder potato chips do not symbolize the kind of thank-you owed to program participants. Without them who would come to a Worldcon?

Admittedly it is difficult to persuade people that is so when otherwise brilliant committees like Noreascon 3 consider it virtuous

to budget only for Spartan fare for program participants. Yet they well know the perks distributed from after-con profits by many Worldcons, in particular Chicon IV!

Often a Worldcon has no choice but to purchase supplies from the hotel or convention center, imposing realistic limits on how much a committee can do. Yet the generosity of the NOLAcon II green room was a saving grace of the convention, while the Dutch worldcon compensated for its tight budget with a highly attentive green room staff giving individual service, and good beer to those who like to drink it.

Some will argue we're all unpaid volunteers and (in an echo of the Kennedy quote) should only ask what we can do for the con, not what it can do for us. Others will argue that programs are free advertising for pros so the con doesn't owe them anything. Each argument is frank hypocrisy in the light of now-traditional committee reimbursements for rooms, per diems and memberships.

Virtually no one I asked expressed resentment that Chicon provided for its own care with a committee den (or even silly things like masseurs), because most people who work Worldcons agree with the policy of preventing the workers from exhausting themselves. A streak of puritanical delight accompanied stories of bored staff building a tower with the stale petit-fours donated to Chicon by Italian Swiss Colony, and reports that on Saturday the fire marshal shut down the improvised cooking facilities in the den, but no resentment. People simply thought the committee should have extended comparable hospitality to its hundreds of program participants and volunteers.

## MORE PROGRAMMING:

*Who's Out There - Search For Extraterrestrial Intelligence* David Brin dominated the early moments, ridiculing UFO adherents who accused scientists of being part of a cabal suppressing some great discovery about alien life. He said that's not how science responds to novel theories, mentioning "cold fusion" as an example of something ultimately shown to be ridiculous which scientists responded to magnificently: they immediately tested it and within six months had debunked the theory. With a little more sympathy he explained UFO-ers as the New Age side of the growing wave of enthusiasm for science.

Brin quite enjoyed himself, attacking the movie *E.T.* for training children to hide cute aliens from their duly elected government. He scoffed at the idea of Van Daniken's ancient astronauts, saying, "The aliens taught us to drag sticks and pile stones together in pyramids — for what, landing sites? One generation of a community college and we could have been pouring concrete for LORAN and making fog lamps to guide them through locusts, or whatever. Thanks so much for not teaching us the germ theory of disease!"

If one looked behind the humor, none of this was new, and the other panelists covered territory that also was probably familiar to this audience. About the idea of attempting to contact alien intelligence, Michael Kandel said, "Based on examples in our own history it might not be such a good idea to broadcast our existence to a technologically superior race."

Robert Reed, who used to always believe life could evolve on other worlds given the right chance, said evidence now suggests life here on earth may have been extinguished several times by huge meteor impacts. He referred to Stephen Jay Gould's article on the Burgess shale, with fossils of species unrelated to anything else, and speculated "Maybe our type of being with a large central nervous system is even rarer than I thought."

*High Fantasy as the Plantation Novel* By the time I got to the panel, David Hartwell and company were miles away from the topic and traveling at warp speed from Mordor to Moscow.

"Ninety-five percent of high fantasy is based on other high fantasy," Hartwell observed. "There are not five books a year by people who have gone back and read the mythology, and those who have stand out."

The panel was trying to sort out the traits of high fantasy, and someone suggested virtue was usually associated with the nobility, who provided the heroes and heroines. Lee Barwood noted in the Tolkien hierarchy it was the little guy who defeated evil. Hartwell thought as a generality, in high fantasy virtue (from whatever origin) triumphs, and in science fiction, knowledge triumphs.

Jim Brunet brought in the California water crisis and the issue of disposable-versus-recyclable diapers to illustrate what he deemed the success of Tolkien in planting in people's consciousness a subversive idea that there exists an ideal world without these hard choices — a world based on giving all this stuff up.

Kathryn Cramer argued there is utility in having a point of view that there is good and evil, or else the people dealing with last week's Soviet coup would have been forced to examine everything as shades of gray and found only ambiguous moral choices. Karen Wherstein disagreed with her example, and thought only a few members of the Politburo didn't know what side they needed to be on to survive before it was all over.

*Fantasy of Manners* By coincidence, a panel in the very next hour vindicated Hartwell's opinion about the derivative nature of today's fantasy novels. Steve Brust, John M. Ford, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, John Douglas and Teresa Nielsen Hayden joined Don Keller for a panel to seriously discuss Keller's description of a major trend in modern fantasy literature, to lampoon cyberpunk, and praise their friends who write good fantasy books, all at the same time.



Patrick Nielsen Hayden began, "This panel is to establish a manifesto of the new movement of mannerpunk...written by people who are cooler than all of you."

Don Keller took a serious tack, explaining "fantasy of manners" was a term he applied to a group of writers with shared sensibilities, people born in the '50s who grew up in the '60s. Thanks to the paperback revolution of the '60s they had at their disposal the entire history of fantasy. They had also taken in a disparate group of influences like traditional fairy tales, children's literature, traditional Celtic ballads recorded by Hereford Convention and Steeleye Span, Georgette Heyer Regency romances and historical novels by Dorothy Dunnett.

John M. Ford mused, "I was born in a steel town, so I was born in the '50s and grew up in the '40s." Steve Brust jumped in, "And I'm not all that fond of Steeleye Span."

But they didn't exactly object to being recognized as part of literary history. Ford said, "I've written cyberpunk, too, but nobody noticed." Brust added, "I have never before been part of a movement and I'm tickled to death."

The panelists expanded Keller's list of influences, agreeing they included Chester Himes' books about Gravedigger Jones and Coffin Ed Smith, Fritz Leiber, Jay Ward cartoons, Richard Lester's Beatles film *A Hard Day's Night* and Dumas' *Three Musketeers*.

In short order Patrick Nielsen Hayden let go of "the whole noble but doomed concept this is a group of writers influencing each other" and struck on the truth of what their books had in common — including Ford's *Dragon in Waiting*,

called by Patrick "a 800-lb. gorilla" for its stature among them — was "a cheerful willingness of just throwing in everything they think would be fun." Ford thought the notion of doing work to please yourself resulted in work that resonated differently than writing a certain way because you "had to."

Teresa Nielsen Hayden singled out the *Borderlands* collection, saying the mean streets of Raymond Chandler and the city envisioned by Frank R. Paul were both missing some neighborhoods, but the two fit together like Africa and South America, and the *Borderlands* told stories that merged some of the different visions of fantasy.

## GUEST OF HONOR SPEECHES:

Marta Randall told us she had consulted the Worldcon toastmasters' book of advice on how to get it right. Besides Ed Bryant's advice against roller-skating on stage, she said the book listed three rules. First, keep things moving. Second, keep things funny. Third, insult the guests of honor. Marta admitted she couldn't figure out how to insult the Fan guests of honor, Jon and Joni Stopa: they were just too nice.

Jon Stopa, a tall man with a regal, L. Sprague DeCamp kind of bearing, still has the beard and moustache familiar from dozens of masquerade photos, though now peppered with gray. Stopa said he'd found his copy of the Chicon II banquet photo, taken in 1952. He sat off to one side, wearing a Hawaiian shirt. He was 17 years old, and so naive he took the streetcar home at 9 p.m. when the program was over. Of course, Jon's scoutmaster didn't view him as naive when he busted Jon reading sf pulps while everyone else worked on merit badge projects.

From that early Chicon Jon remembered E.E. Smith, who would talk to anyone, and John W. Campbell, who liked to argue about how the universe really worked. Stopa wound up with a recollection of the Worldcon committees that have faded into time, led by Earl Kemp or Larry Propp, and the gophers whose names you'll never know unless they become guests of honor someday — like Jon did.

Joni Stopa asked someone, "How shall I tell the story?" and got the same advice given to Alice in Wonderland, "Start at the beginning and continue until you reach the end."

Once sick as a child, Joni read the magazines her father brought her, *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*, *Planet Stories*, and *Astounding*, and complained that the stories didn't seem very scientific. Joni wanted to be a scientist when she grew up, but after reading the pulps, wanted even more to be a big-name-fan. So it naturally annoyed her that Don Day left her out of his Index (because she was then only 9 years old.)

At Pittcon, the Pittsburgh Worldcon of 1960, Bjo Trimble and Joni organized the first Art Show. They even cut mats for the artists, charging 50 cents each: "Unfortunately, half the artists took us up on it!"

Bjo explained to her about unmarried women at the Worldcon: "You'll notice there are the two of us. ...If you have to buy your own meal, something is very wrong."



Joni had brought a costume to enter in the Masquerade, and never got around to it because, "I was having too much fun with the friends I had never met but had known for years."

Marta Randall returned, saying, "I have done my research as a toastmaster...toastmistress...small electrical appliance...is supposed to do." She enumerated Martin Harry Greenberg's many editing credits in and out of science fiction. "Martin Greenberg's not planning to take over sf, he's planning to take over the whole damned industry."

Greenberg, the Editor guest of honor, has a pink head and wears thick glasses, and has an expression of intense intelligence on his face. Tonight he wore a gray suit and a maroon print tie. He remarked how fast things are changing. Jack Williamson's family moved to Portola, NM, in a wagon in 1910; in 1969 Williamson was at JPL watching coverage of the Apollo 11 moon landing. In between, in 1953, Greenberg made his own discovery of science fiction — in a book with a Richard Powers cover, no less.

Years after his voracious reading habits led him to an academic career, Greenberg hit upon the idea for *Political Science Fiction*, a 1974 collection that illustrated political science lessons with science fiction stories. Greenberg said the book didn't sell particularly well, but it used two short stories by Isaac Asimov and constituted an important introduction. Asimov got Greenberg's letter asking for permission to reprint the stories, and offering a fee, and immediately wrote back requiring proof he was not the Martin Greenberg of Gnome Press. Gnome Press had published several Asimov books in hardback in the early 1950's. "This Marty Greenberg had an unusual business style. Not only didn't he send

checks with royalty statements, he didn't send royalty statements."

Greenberg signed his defense "Marty the Other" and Asimov allowed him to use the stories, and others in Greenberg's next 10 or 12 textbook anthologies.

Later, in Florida, he was invited to a fan's condo; another sf personality would be coming. "I opened the door and here's Dave Kyle with a roll of quarters in his fist ready to kill his partner whom he'd had his own business problems with. ...That's when I changed my name to Martin Harry Greenberg."

Nowadays he talks to Asimov 365 nights a year, and come to think of it, "If my parents had named me Marvin Gomer, none of this would have happened, I'm convinced of it."

Most of Greenberg's anthologies have been winners, and he shared some of the credit with a hundred other collaborators. He also mentioned two collections that went nowhere: *The Science Fiction Diet Book*, to be compiled by him, Asimov and G.R.R. Martin, all overweight. "It sank like a stone. What a turkey that was." Likewise, he suggested a companion to Damon Knight's *First Flights*, a collection of people's first published stories, called *Final Voyages*, "at which point Damon Knight and Fred Pohl threw me bodily out of the room."

Anthologies are important for several reasons, including the role they play in keeping some of the 30,000 extant sf stories before the public. Greenberg concluded, "The way stories become classics has to do with the way they are anthologized and I take this responsibility seriously."

Marta Randall introduced Artist Guest of Honor Richard Powers by remembering that in the '50s and '60s one could recognize an sf book at a distance, not because of the aliens or brass-brassiered babes on the covers, but because of Richard Powers' abstract paintings.

Richard Powers, whitehaired, commanding, with a physique that still makes him the Michelangelo of paperback artists, declared, "The difference between writing and painting is that writing is work and painting isn't."

Powers felt fortunate to have been connected with so much first-class fiction in sf. He often worked for Ian Ballantine "who had the unusual idea that you could put decent art on paperback books of any type." Ballantine hiked the price for covers to \$500, at a time when *Collier's* magazine paid \$1500, "but at least it was in the ballpark."

Powers philosophy is: "The artist's job is to do something of a visual nature that can't very easily be put into words. ...My feeling is if the writer's any damn good he doesn't need me to do a literal illustration of something he's already described perfectly well."

Marta Randall introduced Author Guest of Honor Hal Clement as "the man who ruined me for mundane literature." But Clement said the message of his speech is, "you can do it too."



"You see, I'm retired," explained Clement, a familiar figure in his blue blazer with its First Fandom patch. "I read a lot of books. One book a day is not enough and I can't write them all myself!" He cheerfully baited English teachers by telling them the principle difference between sf and other literature is sf's higher standards of realism.

"The plausibility has to be in there. I like to think of it as accuracy." And he acknowledged some of the science he knows will turn out to have been wrong. He'd even like to believe there is extraterrestrial life, but as for UFOs. "The only difference I can see between Eric Von Daniken and Immanuel Velikovsky is that the latter showed every sign of being sincere. I want to believe in this stuff but I just can't."

No sentimentalist, Clement mentioned plots, and the kind of problems that interest him. "Yeah, sure, human emotion has its place... It's easy to get problems. The Universe is producing them all the time. ...The Universe is a really nasty villain. It's trying to kill me and will probably succeed in the next couple of decades."

"In writing a book you will need a few simple intellectual skills," he advised. For example, "People like me who read as many books a day as the exigencies of making a living permit. So we hate things that make reading difficult — grammar and spelling mistakes." Like, "'Just as he got to the door it hit him' —" an indefinite antecedent that cropped up in a story turned submitted to his writers group. "The author didn't catch it until he was reading it aloud, and along with everyone else he collapsed into laughter."

The writer must also be able to do at least simple arithmetic. "If you can compute an orbit, that helps, too." Mathematical blindness was evident in two students in his chemistry class who answered an exam question about a quantity that should have fit in a test tube with a figure that would have furnished enough hydrogen to fill a thousand galaxies.

Clement's final marching order was, "Get to work and write the stuff and let me read it!"

### POWERS RETROSPECTIVE:

The next day Richard Powers presented a slide-show retrospective of his work in Grand Ballroom section F, the same room used for the WSFS Business meeting, which could only be reached by passing through another function room assigned to the ongoing filksinging program. Reportedly there was a disappointing turnout for Powers' show, blamed on people's inability to find the room, or their reluctance to barge through the filksinging program to get to it.

## IT'S IN THIS HOTEL; IT'S ON THIS FLOOR; BUT YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE!

A common grouch at Chicon, echoed by Alex Pournelle, was even though the Dealers Room and Art Show shared the same big exhibit space under the Hyatt, you were not allowed to go directly between them, but must go up a level and come back down on the opposite side of the building, though all that separated the two spaces were drapes and some ropes and stanchions bearing signs: "This is a stone wall." The situation inspired the button quoted at the beginning.

I also frequently heard sarcasm about the way the Dorsai Irregulars checked bags at the Art Show but didn't check people. "So if you wanted to steal any art by sticking it down your pants....," said Alex. No wonder why the Dorsai didn't search more thoroughly!

All the same, I never understood the grumbling. I went through the Art Show bag check several times: it never took more than a minute to check my portfolio or pick it up. The process was exceptionally efficient. They gave you a mnemonic designation for one of the storage bins based on its color and the number of the slot where they left your bag, like "Silver-9" or "Yellow-3." There has to be Art Show security and I don't know how they could have made it any more painless.

Of those who complained they had difficulty getting into the Art Show: maybe they just had trouble mastering the hopscotch grid for three-legged aliens outlined with masking tape on the floor of the entryway?

Art Show: Once you got into the Chicon art show, organized by Suzanne Robinson, who was seconded by Sandi Hughes, you found

the greatest assemblage of quality science fiction art ever seen in at a Worldcon.

True, a great many of the best pieces were "Not For Sale" items and with talented people accumulating examples of their best work to exhibit, no wonder the contents of Worldcon art shows get better and better.

For example, Michael Whelan once again displayed his masterwork, *The Summer Queen*, an acrylic painting of a supernatural woman in her elaborately feathered gown and incredibly complex headdress. And Alicia Austin showed further examples of her Native-American-inspired drawings, including *The Relay Race With Fire*. But there were many brilliant new entries, too, most available for sale. You could buy one if your bank balance had enough zeros between the first number and the decimal!

A sculpturing tour de force led off the show. Clayborn Moore had several brilliant pieces, my favorite being *Celestial Jade*, a bronze statuette of a woman with braided hair, notable for its three-dimensional balance and sense of movement.

Other noteworthy 3-D art included Nenevah Smith's *Wave Riders*, a tableau of dolphins, and *Homage To Hokusai*, patterned after the Japanese artist's famous depiction of a surging oceanic wave, their subjects sculpted in relief on one-inch glass mounted on oak boxes and lighted from within by green- lilac-colored lights. They looked terrific in the Art Show, though admittedly would have been quite at home on the wall of a hotel restaurant.

Centerpiece of the show was the exhibit of artist GoH Richard Powers' original art. His staple abstract art dominated, so it was only the perversity of the human eye that led me to single out from the lot the only piece with a naturalistic human figure. I was also interested to see artwork for a reissue of *Sirens of Titan*, evidently one of the novels Powers was referring to when he mentioned in some cases he was receiving assignments for covers of books he had already done once before.

A giant commercial display for James Gurney's *Dinotopia* collection impressed the hell out of everyone. Gurney had done a series of paintings based on some hyperborean assumption there is an island where dinosaurs did not become extinct and a 19th century artist washed ashore there. The artist recorded how colorful dinosaurs coexist with humans in antique cities (that look very like the Victorian image of ancient Rome.) Not only were Gurney's paintings on display, but someone had concocted a video giving a kind of National Geographic account of the whole story.

By now the word has been spread that an artist can make a dollar or two painting dinosaurs; Gurney had plenty of company, and it was all good work. Keith Parkinson's *Return of the Banished* showed a knight fending off a taller saurian from his fallen comrade, an oil painting with a great sense of action. Jeff Easley adapted two popular themes in his painting *Robot and Dinosaur*, cleverly incorporating a very dynamic serpentine design complementing the painting's content: two toothy



serpents menacing an electric blue-and-orange Battletech-type robot.

Everywhere your eye turned in the Art Show there were examples of imaginative inventiveness, skillfully executed.

Quite a few pieces had already been published as paperback covers. Romas B. Kukalis' acrylic painting *The Sorceress and the Cygnet* was the cover of a Patricia McKillip paperback. A sorceress in jeweled headdress stares mesmerizingly at the viewer. The picture is composed of many complementary curves: the prow of a dragon ship and its reflection, the rigging, the woman's hair.

The show's answer to *trompe l'oil*, *Tasmanian Devil* by Den Beauvais, was a pair of mixed media works that had been published as the front and back cover of *Boxed Nightmares*. Hanging on opposite sides of the same panel they depicted sharp claws and fangs tearing away the boards on the front of the crate, while a spade-pointed tail metronomically whips between the slats on the back.

I also enjoyed Beauvais' *Time Scavenger*, a mixed media composition whose colors shift down the spectrum from yellow into purple, blue and white to mark the progress of a woman aboard her snowmobile-cum-timemachine into a blue time vortex.

Carl Lundgren's most thought-provoking contribution to the show was *Work in Progress*, a vision of a toxic dump in the forest with a few preliminary strokes sketching in a trio of nymphs along one edge. In the end will they be surveying the scene in disgust, or will their place be completely buried?

Several artists drew in the intelligent viewer with subtle choices of point-of-view. Nicholas Jainschigg's *Astros* focuses on a boy carrying fishing tackle who shields his eyes to look at

something overhead — and only reflected in the pond behind him is the complex, bulbous space ship that has taken him by surprise. Joseph DeVito's *Nightmare* may unintentionally echo ads for *Home Alone* except there is no comedy in the stark exhalation of screaming by a child clutching a pajama top in one hand and his teddy bear in the other. The title indicates a dream — so why is the boy looking just past my shoulder?

The main action also seems to be happening outside the frame in Karen R. Mitchell's *Canis*, done in black-and-white felt-tip, where a woman looking much like an Egyptian jackal-god, except for her brass bra, stands with four dogs in various postures, all gazing attentively into the distance.

Color art understandably gets the lion's share of attention, but accomplished black-and-white art in various media could also be found by a patient searcher.

Ruth Thompson's *Ride the Winds*, a lithograph, portrayed a woman astride a pegasus, brandishing a javelin, a drawing with the same intense energy of all Ruth's fanzine covers.

*Humphrey at Work*, a pencil illustration by Todd Cameron Hamilton, brought a fine sense of composition to his busy and amusing interpretation of a wizard's workshop. Whether Tim Kirk originated this sub-sub-genre I can't swear, but Hamilton's piece was the next best treatment of the idea I've seen in the past two decades.

Brad Foster displayed *Thaumaturge*, in which a ragged fakir squats amid splendid arcade architecture including the lavishly-detailed ceiling, a further example of Brad's mastery of pen-and-ink.

His sense of humor makes E. Michael Blake's work appear more suitably discussed among the humorous illos, though *Cardoons* is fully colored-in. Using a deck of cards as his metaphor, Blake covered an entire postersized drawing with such cartoons as the Jack of Diamonds declaring, "Okay, Arthur, I got it out of the rock for you, now let's talk money." A very funny piece of work. Humorous additions to the Tarot deck by Corinna Taylor also fit in here, such as *The Bag Lady*, *Academia*, and *Queen of Credit*.

Oddly enough, the art which got the most enthusiastic word-of-mouth (next to Gurney's video) was Tim Riley's *Dealers and Fans*, two drawings crudely done in pen, but very funny. The first, "How Dealers See Fans", showed cattle wandering the aisle between dealer tables. The second, "How Fans See Dealers", showed eyepatch-wearing pirates manning huckster tables.

To be concluded in File 770:92...



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