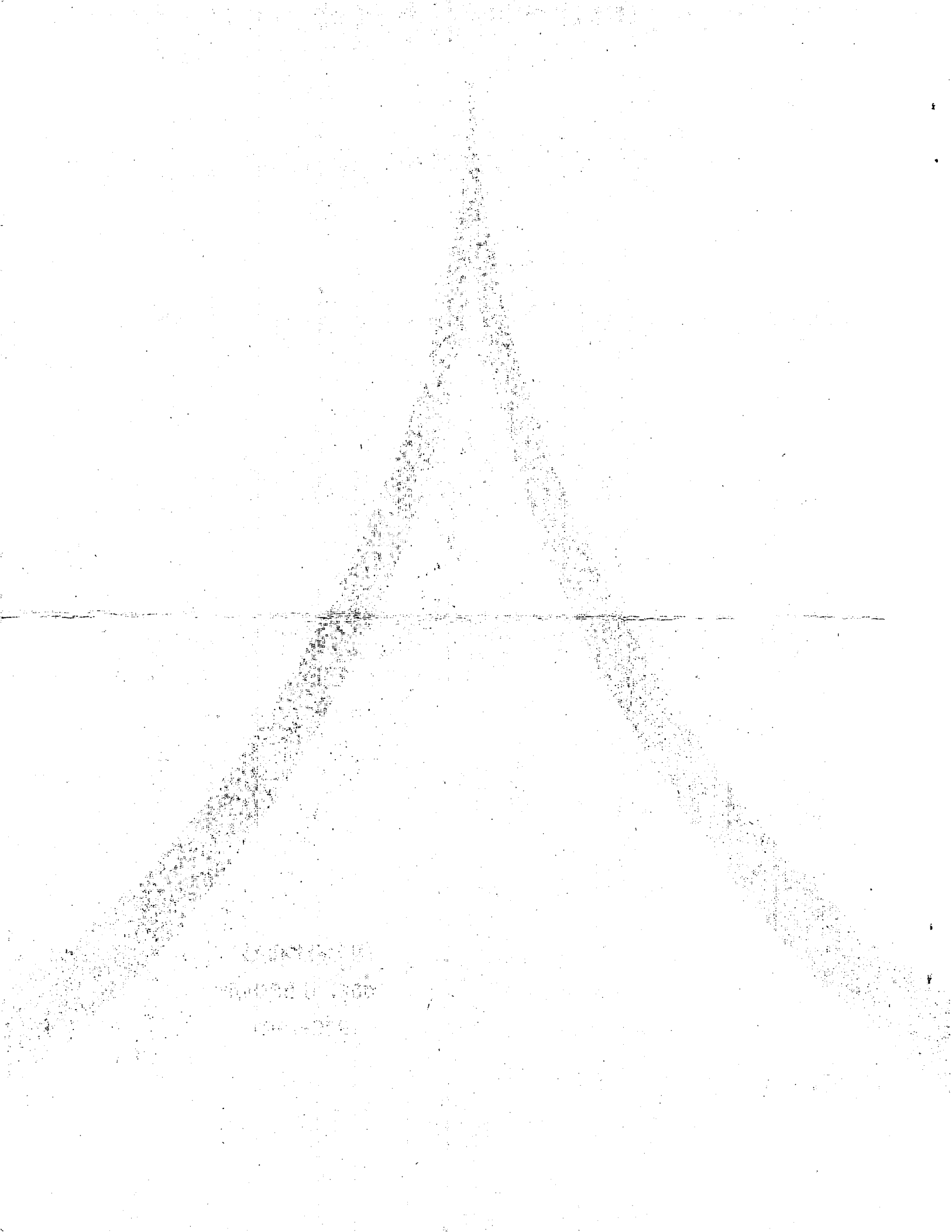


IN MEMORIAM  
ROSEL G. BROWN  
1926-1967

NOLAZINE 3



UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 01-17-2007

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NOLAZINE THREE, a Rosel George Brown memorial issue, is published by the New Orleans Science Fiction Association. Address all mail for this issue to Don Walsh Jr., 1020 C'Dwyer Pl., New Orleans, La. 70121.

12/14/67

## NOLAZINE THREE

From the Editors...

It is with profound shock and deep grief that we learn of the death of Rosel G. Brown. We at NOLAZINE feel that this is a deep loss to science fiction as a whole and to New Orleans in particular. Mrs. Brown was one of the finest writers that the genre has produced, writing consistently with an exceptionally wry humor and great joy in life.

To the fans and professionals who were privileged to know Mrs. Brown personally, this is a profound personal loss. To those who were not so fortunate, the loss is still numbing. Few things can be added to this; it can only be said that no one, in Louisiana fandom or out, will ever forget Mrs. Brown, the brilliant stylist, the warm person, the true science fictioneer.

Donald J. Walsh Jr.

William D. Bruce

Donald D. Markstein

## SERVICES TODAY FOR MRS. BROWN

### Rites Will be Held for Science Fiction Writer

Funeral services for Mrs. Rosel George Brown, 41, a science fiction writer, will be Monday at 9 a. m. from St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, 8017 Zimble, with the Rev. Ralph H. Kimball and the Rev. A. L. DeLoach officiating.

Interment will be in Greenwood cemetery and the House of Bultman, 3338 St. Charles ave., is in charge.

Mrs. Brown died Sunday at her home at 7804 Willow St. after a long illness.

She was the author of a science fiction book, "Sibyl Sue Blue," and co-author with Keith Laumer of "Earth Blood." Mrs. Brown was a long time and frequent contributor to science fiction magazines. Her short stories were included in several anthologies.

Mrs. Brown was a graduate of McGhee school and Newcomb College. She took her master's degree at the University of Minnesota.

She is survived by her husband, Dr. William Burtie Brown, of New Orleans; two children, Robin and Jennifer Brown, both of New Orleans; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam George, of New Orleans; and two brothers, Ernest Rightor George, of New Orleans, and Dr. William S. George, of Galiano, La.

Few writers have had the kind of effect on science fiction that Rosel Brown had. It has not been a sudden change, like the rise of Roger Zelazny, nor a very marked thing, like the effect of Theodore Sturgeon. But Mrs. Brown's rare talent has certainly left its mark on the field of speculative writing.

Rosel Brown was intensively active in professional circles; she was a charter member of the Science Fiction Writers of America, and attended several of the Milford Writers' Conferences sponsored by Damon Knight. In fact, her first novel made its first appearance at one such session.

Since the appearance of her first published story in 1958, over a score of stories issued from her desk, along with three novels, and a fourth and fifth unfinished at the time of her death.

Her fascinating short stories fall into two simple categories; those of wry, sharp satire and those of more serious nature. The humorous stories outnumber the others easily, but some of her best work was among the quiet, thoughtful, poignant stories.

The best of Rosel Brown's light fiction included such stories as "Car Pool," "Visiting Professor," and the fabulous "Fruiting Body." The more serious stories include such gems as "The Artist" and the unforgettably beautiful "All Possible Worlds."

Any Brown story is a thing of beauty, woven by an incomparable stylist. James Blish, in The Issua at Hand, (Advent, Chicago, 1966), claims that "Rosel George Brown is the only one of F&SF's recent gaggle of housewives who knows how to write." While I reserve agreement with Blish's pessimism, there is the germ of

truth in this statement. With the exception of Merril, Moore, and Brackett, Rosel Brown has no peer among female writers.

Her first novel, Sibyl Sue Blue, was published by Doubleday in 1966. This wild and funny hybrid of sf and mystery features a totally unique heroine, somewhere in between a Modesty Blaise and a Honey West with brains, circa 1990. Reviews from Miller and Merril raved, and I can only agree.

Following closely was her fabulous collaboration with Keith Laumer, Earthblood. First serialized in IF, the hardcover was a Doubleday SF Book Club choice. It was later nominated for a Nebula award from the SFWA as best novel of 1966.

Earthblood is a space opera, crowded with Laumeresque characters and situation which are colored and deepened by the gentler Brown touch.

The third novel, as yet unpublished, is a sequel to Sibyl Sue Blue and the second in a planned series. It is called The Waters of Centaurus, and will be out from Doubleday in the near future. The two unfinished novels are a third Sibyl book and a non-sf Gothic mystery.

All considered, the most outstanding trait in the whole of Rosel George Brown's works is her uncanny, perfect grasp of emotions and her talent for expressing them with a maximum of effect. In this lies her claim to greatness and true immortality. A Brown story is a distinctive thing in its style and unique in itself, and we all mourn her passing.

Rosel and Me

Don Walsh Jr.

It was almost exactly one year ago that I first met Rosel Brown. The circumstances were simple; I was at this time at the difficult stage before my first sale\*, and I was learning a great deal from my association with Daniel F. Galouye. At one time Dan mentioned to me that there was still another writer in the city, a woman by the rather curious name of Rosel George Brown\*\*.

I decided to look her up, and so I did. One afternoon on my way home I decided to drop in and introduce myself. Her house was conveniently close to mine, so I walked.

I soon found myself facing a large, imposing mansion in the University section. I went up to the porch and knocked on the paned front door.

When I was recieved by a charming lady who looked more like a petite ballerina than an sf writer, I asked some form of the inevitable question.

"Are you Rosel George Brown?"

At the George she almost winced, but she chuckled out a yes. Half an hour later I left with a new friendship, an autographed Handful of Time, and a warm spot in my heart which had previously

\*I'm now at a more confusing, if slightly less painful level, that of the 'neo-pro'.

\*\*Rosel once became annoyed when John W. Campbell addressed her as 'George' in a letter of rejection. Actually, it is her maiden name.



been occupied by a void.

For the next 8 months Rosel and I visited often, sometimes every other day. Between Rosel and Dan Galouye I first learned to write, not merely to compose paragraphs. They took a raw, unformed possibility, and made it at least a passable quasi-salable. I have five pages of detailed comments and suggestions from Rosel on two of my first attempts. One of them later sold to If; the other you will soon read in NOLAZINE. Dan Galouye went over both of these--and others--word by word. For the success of the If sale, I can claim only partial responsibility. The rest goes to Dan and Rosel.

I began corresponding with writers after that, since I now realized that an sf writer is more than a name on a cover. From many came one comment in many different forms. James Blish put it best.

"Rosel Brown is one of my favorite people in the world."

I could only agree.

In March Rosel began to suffer recurrences of an old ailment, a cancer of the lymph glands. She had been battling it for eleven years. In May the situation became serious; her brother, Dr. Wm. George, took charge of her treatment and for several weeks she was in his hospital in Galiano, Ia. I caught her once in town, spoke to her over the phone. After that I spoke to her husband, Dr. Eurlie Brown, once a week to check on her condition. It seemed to be gradually improving, although on occasions the malignancy persisted in causing trouble.

Such was the case still in late November: I spoke last to Burlie on the 23rd of the month, and Rosel was in Covington with her parents.

Then, on the morning of the 27th, I read the article which appears on page three of this magazine. For me, Monday was hell. I spent the day trying to adjust to this sudden loss. I phoned Dan Galouye at noon, and he felt much the same as I did: numb. That afternoon I went to see Burlie, to find out what had happened and to offer my sincere condolences.

As of this writing--four days later--I am still not used to the idea of this great injustice. Of all the people I have ever known, no one deserved more a full, happy, long life than Rosel. Instead the last three years of her life were almost constant torture, with either pain from the cancer, discomfort from medication, or nausea from cobalt treatments hounding her. Still, in the long run this death was best for her.

I had never seen her sad. In the time of her greatest illness she produced three novels and left two incomplete. She never gave a hint of pain, even when I visited her in Ochsner Foundation Hospital, where she been under oxygen for pulmonary pneumonia.

Who will mourn her personally in the sf field? Who were her close friends in professional circles? The list is long, but I will try. It must include Clarke, Knight, Laumer, Wilhelm, Dickson, Merril, Moudy, Blish, Willy Ley, Horace Gold, Cele Smith, L. Sprague de Camp, Dan Galouye, and others too numerous to mention.

In there prominently is Walsh.

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## A. NOVELS:

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Science Fiction Book Club alternate selection

December 1967-January 1968

Reprint: Berkeley, New York, near future

Earthblood (with Keith Laumer),

Doubleday and Sons, New York, 1966

Science Fiction Book Club Selection January

1967

Reprint: Berkeley, New York, near future

The Waters of Centaurus (Sibyl Sue Blue II),

Doubleday and Sons, New York, near future

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Just a Suggestion/ Save Your Confederate Money, Boys/  
Visiting Professor/ Car Pool/ Fruiting Body/  
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A Little Human Contact April 1960  
Just a Suggestion August 1960  
David's Daddy June 1960  
Of All Possible Worlds February 1961  
The Ultimate Sin October 1961  
Fruiting Body August 1962

Galaxy

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Flower Arrangement December 1959

Worlds of IF

Virgin Ground February 1959  
Car Pool July 1959

Fantastic Universe

Save Your Confederate Money, Boys November 1959

Fantastic Stories

There's Always a Way July 1960  
Visiting Professor February 1961  
And a Tooth August 1962

Amazing Stories

Sign of the Times December 1959  
Step IV June 1960  
The Artist May 1964

A Short Biography.....

ROSEL GEORGE BROWN was born in 1926, in New Orleans, Louisiana, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam George. She attended McGehee School and Sophie Newcomb College, receiving a BA in Greek. She later received her Master's degree, also in Greek, from the University of Minnesota.

She married William Burlie Brown, a Ph. D. in History and an Associate Professor at Tulane University. She was the mother of two children, Robin and Jennifer. In New Orleans they resided at 7804 Willow Street, in the University Section.

She began writing in 1955, and sold her first story, "Hair-raising Adventure", in 1958. She was active in the Science Fiction Writers of America, and was a charter member of that organization. She produced twenty stories and three novels in the space of less than ten years.

Mrs. Brown died at ten-thirty am on the morning of November 26, in her sleep at home. She was interred at Greenwood Cemetery after services at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church on the morning of Monday, the twenty-seventh.

From Analog, June 1967, the Reference Library, pages 165-6/

Sibyl Sue Blue  
by Rosel George Brown;  
Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y.  
1966-183 pgs.-\$3.95

Here's a strange one that can't be crammed into anyone's pigeonhole.

In 1990 mankind is exploring space with no useful results and a bunch of scaly, somewhat obnoxious humanoids from one of the Centaurus worlds are peddling benzale, the next generation's substitute for marihuana, on Earth. Sgt. Sibyl Sue Blue is a police woman, forty, with a teen-age daughter. Her husband has vanished on the planet Radix sometime before. And now some of the benzale smokers are being horribly murdered--their livers hacked out and carried off. Presently Sibyl finds that she has also become a target for certain Centaurians who attack on sight. She gets one of the cigarettes herself. She is kidnapped and falls for a young billionaire who hauls her off through space to Radix, her lost husband, and the secret of a biological plot to absorb the habitable worlds.

Sibyl Sue Blue is no lenswoman, and she is no paperback stereotype. She likes gin, cigars, and sex in about that order and gets all she needs in all three. If you must have a comparison figure, she is somewhat on the conventional side of Modesty Blaise, older, with better sense and a better figure. I hesitate to guess what her relationship is with Rosel George Brown, who is married to a history professor and has a graduate degree in Greek and two children; I hope we see more of her.

# Sibyl Sue Blue



in don  
with best leather

— Paul

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