

2002 Worldcon News

Anonymous E-Mails Reveal Deep Fault Lines in ConJosé Committee, Send Tremors Through Fandom

The ConJosé committee suffered an unprecedented public meltdown in March when an anonymous e-mailer widely distributed minutes of its parent corporation's tempestuous February board meeting. Most of the meeting had been consumed by several directors attempting to remove Tom Whitmore as chairman of the 2002 Worldcon.

The anonymous e-mailer struck only two days after San Francisco Science Fiction Conventions, Inc. (SFSFC), the parent organization of ConJosé, named Kevin Standlee to co-chair the convention alongside Tom Whitmore. ConJosé's press release announcing the change gave no reason for it. When *File 770* inquired Kevin Standlee replied, "It resolves a number of internal tensions within the organization, particularly at the Board of Directors level, and, in my opinion, brings some strength to the leadership team. Tom is, generally speaking, a better 'people person' than I am, while I bring a lot of detail-orientation that is not Tom's strong suit. Overall, it probably would have been better if we'd done this from the beginning, but three years ago, I was worn out from bidding and withdrew my name from contention. The Board persuaded me to take the job, and Tom was willing to work with me."

The explosive nature of these "internal tensions" unexpectedly became public knowledge on March 15 when numerous fans received a pair of e-mails signed "A Worried Smof" from "smof@anonamail.com" with the subject header, "It's 167 days until [sic] ConJosé. Do you know where your Worldcon is at?" The e-mails contained a complete draft of SFSFC's February 7 meeting minutes.

The draft showed director Kathryn Daugherty read a prepared statement calling on Tom Whitmore to resign as ConJosé chair. He didn't, therefore she moved a vote of confidence: "RESOLVED, that the Board of Directors of SFSFC, Inc., hereby ex-

presses its confidence in the Chairman of the ConJosé Worldcon Operating Committee." Craig Howlett immediately spoke in favor of Whitmore continuing as chairman, but a long time passed before Tom heard another encouraging word.

Michael Siladi presented his "back of the envelope" analysis of ConJosé's revenue and alleged as much as \$60,000 could not be accounted for. He said he felt "grave disappointment" that Whitmore "has not done anything to establish proper checks and balances over ConJosé's finances."

Vice-Chair Cindy Scott immediately pointed out a glaring error in the spreadsheet Siladi gave directors: half of the "missing" revenue was never even received - he'd left out the \$30 discount to presupporters who converted to attending membership. She did agree that the person originally in charge of handling the receipts had been overwhelmed, but that person had stepped aside months before.

However, Kathryn Daugherty echoed Siladi's concern about the chairman's oversight of ConJosé finances, and criticized Whitmore for not intervening with Programming Division head Linda McAllister when she did not perform as needed.

Crickett Fox recalled that Whitmore originally violated his agreement to select a Bay Area resident as Vice-Chair (he'd appointed Portland fan Ruth Sachter, who later stepped down and was replaced by Bay Area local Cindy Scott.) She said he'd also failed to move to the Bay Area as promised. She conceded, "Moving several hundred miles from one's home and friends is difficult," but added "that was one of the conditions to which the ConJosé Chair agreed." Whitmore disagreed that the trigger for his promised move had occurred, because he'd agreed to "move down when the ConJosé operating committee went to having two meetings per month."

James Daugherty acknowledged Whitmore's skills in handling a crisis, but criticized him for not defusing issues before they escalated to that level. Kevin Standlee said he believed "that there is an appropriate role for the current Chairman of the ConJosé Worldcon Operating Committee within the organization -- but that role is not as its Chairman."

Dave Clark did not agree that circumstances justified a change: "So far everything I have heard today we've heard before, in 1993. Funds were taking time to get deposited, we had to replace a division head at the last minute, people were complaining that the Chairman was not paying attention to all the should be done. Tom was there then and saw it all. We still came through."

Whitmore emphasized in his minuted response that he had not been told what would be said, despite his critics having carefully prepared statements in advance, and that he still believed he was the best person to run the convention.

The SFSFC Board ultimately voted 6-5 that it had confidence in Whitmore as chair of ConJosé.

Although Whitmore is staying, major changes have been made to ConJosé's leadership. Michael Siladi has quit the committee, Kathryn Daugherty has replaced Linda McAllister as head of Programming, and Kevin Standlee has been made Whitmore's co-chairman.

The anonymous sender justified his or her action by saying that at the March SFSFC meeting Whitmore tried to seal the minutes, or at least keep them from being posted to the SFSFC website as usual. Whitmore acknowledged in a post to the SMOFS listserve he had sought to keep the matter private, simply because it doesn't help the convention to make these allegations public. "I think that the people who attacked me through a secret indictment have much more to lose in this issue than I do, and I'd rather protect the board than allow them to hurt themselves in this way. I have a drastically different interpretation of events from the viewpoint of those who wrote prepared statements, in general (some of their issues I agree are important)...."

The minutes composed by board member Cindy Scott reportedly had limited internal distribution, fueling speculation that the distributor's identity might not be difficult to deduce. However, the only certainty is that the anonymous sender stirred up all the dissension he or she could have wished.

Janice Gelb's response to the anonymous e-mailer was typical: "All forwarding these minutes does is foment trouble. If that is your aim, I suspect you will accomplish it in full measure. I hope you are ashamed of it."



Obituaries

John Stanley Woolston

July 16, 1920 -

December 25, 2001

Appreciation by Len Moffatt

January 15, 2002: We just learned of Stan's death yesterday in a letter from his sister Leota, who lives in Garden Grove. She will soon be eighty years old and on the day after Christmas was given the news from Windsor Gardens in Anaheim, where Stan has been under medical care for the past several years.

At the same time she learned of the death of a sister-in-law, and shortly after that a friend and neighbor also passed away.

Actually Stan was lost to us some time ago. When he first went into a home for those with mental problems he still recognized June and me and Leota when we visited him. His main problem seemed to be deafness but when we managed to make him hear, he seemed to know what we were talking about and recognized the names of friends we mentioned. He kept losing his hearing aids but Leota rigged up an ear horn for us to shout into his "good" ear.

But eventually both his vision and his hearing failed and he went downhill physically, reaching the point where he seemed to be living in his own inner world, recognizing no one outside of it.

Stan was born on a farm in Indiana but spent his childhood in Illinois when his family moved across the Wabash River. I'm not sure when they moved to California but my first meeting with Stan was at the 1946 WorldCon (Pacificon I) in Los Angeles, where we also met Rick Sneary. The three of us became lifelong friends.

Stan lived in Garden Grove, some miles south of Bell Gardens, where I was living at the time, and Rick lived in South Gate, a neighboring city of Bell Gardens. With the possible exception of Harry Warner, Jr., Stan and Rick may hold fandom's record for living at the same locations for more years than any other fan. Stan's street name and number changed once or twice over the years but it was still the same location which held a small house, a shed with a job press, a small garden, and rabbit pens.

Due to a club foot, Stan could not serve

in the military during World War II but he took on the job of air raid warden. His mother and his sister Leota both served in the WACS. His other sister, Louise, was already married and had three children.

Like most fans from our generation he discovered pulp mag science fiction in the Thirties. His fan activity

may have started before I met him in 1946 as I was pretty much fainted during the war, thanks to the Navy and the Marines. I did have a brief letter exchange with Rick while I was still overseas but wasn't keeping up with who's who in fandom.

Graduating from Santa Ana City College, he became a printer by trade, and indeed was one of the last of the letterpress printers. His own Chandler and Price job press was used primarily for fannish projects as he usually worked in print shops owned by others.

Stan was one of the original members of the Outlander Society, printing covers and sometimes interior headings for *The Outlander Magazine*. He was active in FAPA for quite a while co-publishing with Rick and me, as well as on his own.

He joined the NFFF and became one of its hardest working members as well as one of its most loyal ones. He was among those who initiated N'APA, the NFFF's amateur press association, and his welcoming letters (to new members and neofans) must have been the best ever written from reports I have heard over the years.

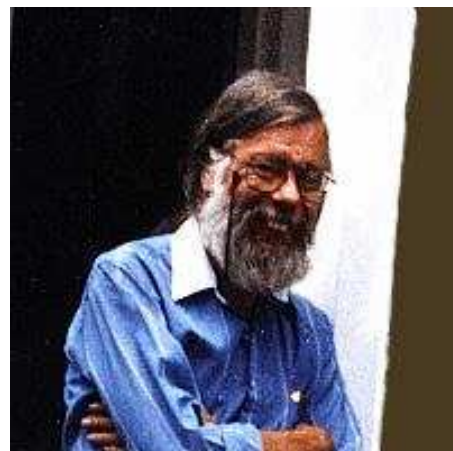
He and I published the 1950 *Fan Directory* (I as editor and he as printer) -- which included the neat layout of the booklet). He was also official printer for the SOLACON (the 1958 WorldCon). The membership cards were printed on his Lilliputian Press. (By the way, that old press was donated to the Garden Grove Historical Society when Stan's affairs were taken over by a Guardian.)

LASFS was always too far away for Stan to attend but he has made it to weekend OS meetings and parties in the Larea over the years, and we have had many a good time at Stan's place. He never drank alcohol or smoked but he could have as good a time at a party as the next fan and in conversations could be more entertaining and informative than many.

He read in many fields and had a marvelous memory. As for imagination, I have always felt that the s-f field lost a great writer because he would not discipline himself to make stories out of the host of unique concepts that he talked about to his friends. He did have a short story published in the old *Astounding's* Probability Zero

Dept. I remember a room party at a convention where the Outlanders had invited James Schmitz for drinks and a quiet place to relax. I think the subject of the conversation was alternate worlds or something along that line and at some point Stan outlined a theory of his. Stan, as shy as Schmitz, suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence realizing that he was doing all the talking and becoming embarrassed about it. "Good God, man, go on!" said Mr. Schmitz, "don't stop now!" I guess Stan finished his thought but perhaps this helps to show what kind of mind he had and what kind of a man he was.

A kind man, a gentle man, a wild and wonderful thinker. I started missing him back when he was no longer able to recognize friends and relatives. I still do and I always will.



Jack Carroll Haldeman II

December 11, 1941 -

January 1, 2002

SF writer and 1974 Worldcon chair Jack C. Haldeman II (known to his friends as Jay) died of cancer on January 1. He is survived by his wife, Barbara Delaplace, daughter Lori Haldeman, and brother, Joe Haldeman.

Jay sold ten novels and around 100 stories in his career. He often wrote in collaboration. His 1982 story "High Steel" with Jack Dann was a Nebula nominee. His first collaboration with his wife Barb Delaplace, "That'll be the Day," was published in *Alternate Tyrants*. He had been a SFWA member since 1971.

Like many other sf writers, Jay also held jobs in scientific fields. He spent seven years as a med tech in a shock-trauma unit. He worked as a research scientist in the areas of parasitology and veterinary medicine. He did field studies of whales in the Canadian Arctic. For three years he was part of a research team investigating the greenhouse effect for the US Department of Agriculture, specializing in Expert Systems and the real-time applications of Artificial Intelligence

control systems. More recently, he coordinated production of a website and CD-ROM series containing over 4,000 documents pertaining to agriculture in the state of Florida.

Jay met his future wife, Barb Delaplace, at a convention. Their acquaintance grew through Compuserve and GENie. He wrote online, "Soon chat turned to email and then to telephone calls and cross-continent flights. Eventually we decided it was cheaper (and more fun) to get married. I think Delta Airlines stock dropped ten points when the word got out."

Jay helped roast Gardner Dozois last Labor Day weekend at Millennium Philcon. Jay recalled that around 1971 he, Dozois and others formed a loose collection of writers who met several times a year and workshopped short stories. Dozois would bring along rambling 35,000-word story fragments. After Jay read about 20 pages he'd think, "Say, this is just great, but nothing has happened." Jay claimed that inspired his brother, Joe, to write a 4-page scene of a former President watching the sun creep across his yard – "Gardner loved it, of course. It was just like his." Many years later Joe's finished story actually sold to *Omni*.

In his final days Jay was cared for at a Gainesville, FL hospice. His daughter Lori Haldeman said of his passing: "True to form, he chose a moment when nobody was looking at him -- he always did cringe at being the center of attention. He went peacefully, as the family was sitting around him, telling jokes and laughing."

The family requests that in lieu of flowers, donations be made in his name to the Hospice of North Central Florida (4200 NW 90th Blvd., Gainesville, FL 32606).

Meade Frierson III Appreciation by Guy H. Lillian III

Meade Frierson, one of the great science fiction fans in the history of the South, passed from this planet on September 24, 2001. He was suffering from cancer.

Meade was an attorney, one of the founders of an important Birmingham law firm. He was an amateur genealogist, who published a history of his family in his later years.

Before then, he was a science fiction fan, and a radio fan, and a horror fan. In the early 1970's he published a wonderful, comprehensive fanzine called, simply, *HPL*, about the works of H.P. Lovecraft. It featured artwork by Herb Arnold and Dany Frolich and Tim Kirk and dozens of other fine genre artists, and writing from as many Lovecraft



Left: A childhood photo of Jack and Joe holding up the headline of Eisenhower's 1956 presidential election victory. Right: Barb Delaplace together with Jack.



aficionados and followers.

Meade was one of the founders of the Southern Fandom Confederation and was its President for many years. His stud-bedecked denim "SFC jacket" was his preferred garb at DeepSouthCons for many years. The SFC is still keeping Southern fans in touch with one another and with national fandom, 30 years after its founding.

A member of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance for decades, Meade also founded Apa-VCR back when such devices were new, and Apa-III.

In 1975 he won a richly deserved Rebel Award at the DeepSouthCon for extraordinary service to fandom in the South. Some years later, his wife Penny, who chaired Confederation, the 1986 worldcon, was likewise honored.

All of these things speak well of Meade Frierson's career in SF fandom. His remarkable intelligence, his poetic nature (he was a published poet in his college days at the University of Virginia), his fertile imagination did not mask a genuine friendliness and care for people that endeared him to everyone who knew him. Meade's idea of fandom was of a community where all like-minded souls could gather and rejoice. That's the way he lived his life and that's the perspective he brought to science fiction. Speaking personally, he and Penny hosted me many times at their home in Birmingham, and were always boon companions. And I will never forget those incredible evenings at Sammy's ...

He was my mentor in fandom and a beautiful friend. God speed him.

Sid Birchby Appreciation by Andrew I. Porter

British SF fan Sidney Leonard Birchby, 82, active in fandom since the mid-1930's, died at home in Manchester on December 29th,

after a short illness. He is survived by his brother John.

Birchby first became active at the dawn of UK fandom in the middle 1930's, while living in London, attending meetings of the Science Fiction Association, which initially met in a Lyons teashop on Thursdays, chosen because it was E. J. Carnell's weekly half-day off. It was to be the dawn of a New Age, with SF fans at the vanguard. He missed the Leeds SF Conference in 1937, the first SF convention in England and arguably the first con anywhere, but years later, wrote about his feelings of the time:

"Only a month before the King of England himself had been thrown out for not conforming with the Establishment. As a fan, I felt it was quite right and proper that the fanzines that the SF Association sponsored, such as *Tomorrow* and *Novae Terrae*, should print their steady diet of pep articles on 'Whither Mankind?' and 'Science Progress'. It was the New World we were making, and the golden tool was Science. Around us the world was moving into the first steps of the dance of death. Spain was in the middle of her civil war; Italy had just finished the Abyssinian war; Germany had re-occupied the Rhineland. Against this background, British Fandom reflected that middle-class respectability which Britain as a country maintained in the face of rising chaos abroad."

Meetings of the London Branch of the SFA included William F. Temple, Arthur C. Clarke, Carnell, later to edit *New Worlds* for so many years, and others who went on to long careers in writing and the fan world.

The war changed everything. The last SFA meeting was held in London in September, 1940, a year after World War II started. The lack of paper for fan publishing, the unavailability of American SF magazines-which had been imported before the war as ballast and were replaced by needed foodstuffs and war materiel-and restrictions

on free movement, severely restricted SF fandom. Many fans went into the service, and bombing during early 1941 destroyed many London meeting places, including Druid's Hall in Holborn, the legendary Flat (about which see William F. Temple's recent 88 Gray's Inn Road: A Living Space Odyssey, Sansato Press, 2000), and the pub The Red Bull.

Birchby himself was not spared. He had a close call when a truck he was on carrying five tons of bombs crashed, with the bombs falling on the roadway "...with nice resounding thuds..." A direct hit on his house destroyed much of his collection, his correspondence files and much SFA material. Harry Warner's All Our Yesterdays notes that Birchby "spent three days scouring the neighborhood for the fragments of precious issues of Weird Tales, tracking down about one third of his original possessions."

After the war, Birchby got on with his life, though the appearance in 1954 of Mike Rosenblum's New Futurian, with a series of articles by Walter Gillings on the early days of British fandom, brought Birchby back into fandom, with reminiscences of his own. He remained active, according to Rob Hansen [whose information in compiling this obituary was crucial], up through the late 1950's.

Ed Moore 1962-2002

Ed Moore, known as Big Ed, a long time member of the Kansas City Science Fiction & Fantasy Society died from cancer January 16. He passed away at home with his family, as he wished, shortly before his 40th birthday.

Roger Tener, in his e-zine *Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol*, recalled Big Ed's role in a classic convention anecdote:

"It was at a NeoCon at the Family Inn in Wichita. It was the night of the famous (or infamous) long (very, very long) room party that if my memory serves right was hosted by the Satterfields. Anyway, there was a mundane who have found his way into the con and therefore into the room party. As this er... individual consumed more and more alcohol he became less desirable to have around. So, as is often the case, when it was determined that this person should leave and it was determined that he would probably cause trouble when the time came, I was woke out of a very sound sleep to help out in case of trouble.

"When the time came to eject this person from the party most of us were ready for a fight. All but Ed. Just about the time it was going to get physical, Ed walks up to this guy and starts talking to him like they are old buddies. The guy starts complaining on how is being treated and Ed agrees with him. Ed then tells the guys that if the were treating him like that he would just leave and let them get along without him. Suddenly the guy agrees with Ed, he said he'd show us. He would leave and we would just have to party without him. Ed walks the fellow out to the elevator, rides with

him down to the lobby and walks him out the front door of the hotel, says good-bye and turns around and comes back to the party. I can just imagine the look on the guy's face when he suddenly realizes that he's on the outside looking in and the rest of us are back at the party.

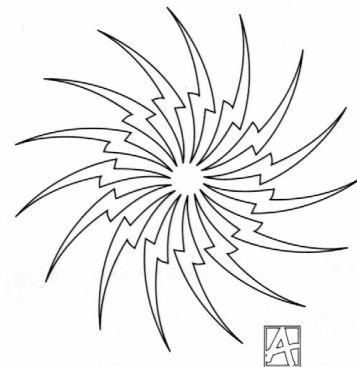
"It finally did dawn on him that things did not go as he planned and a few minutes later the guys was back at the party causing problems. Once again when it looked like this were going to get nasty Ed walks over to him and repeats the process all over again. Only this time when Ed walks him out the front door of the hotel members of the Wichita Police Department were waiting for the guy. It was amazing once, but twice in 20 minutes was fantastic.

"I will miss my friend, his smile, his willingness to help, his boundless energy. Rest in peace Ed, while it will harder without you, we will do our best as you would want us to."

Moore is survived by his wife, Judy, and their children. Fans donated almost \$2,000 to help the family and defray funeral expenses. This included a donation of \$500 made anonymously. The St. Louis club also collected a lot of non-perishable food items that were delivered to the family. John Vaughan delivered the

funds to Judy and reported, "She kept trying to find words other than 'thank you,' to tell all the donors who have tried to make this tragedy more bearable for her and the children."

Later, a wake for Ed Moore was held at the Satterfield home. As Roger Tener reminded his readers, "This wake is what Ed wanted – folks to sit around toasting him, telling funny stories and memories, sharing good food and drink, and lots of laughter." *[[Sources: Keith Stokes, Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol]]*



Stan Woolston Appreciation by Andrew I. Porter

Los Angeles fan Stan Woolston, 81, died December 25th at the Windsor Gardens Nursing Home in Anaheim, where he had been in declining health for several years. He is survived by his sister, Leota.

Woolston was born in Indiana, but moved to Los Angeles as a teenager in the 1930's, where he discovered pulp magazine SF. He graduated from Santa Ana City College and attended the 1946 LA worldcon, the first after World War II. With fellow LA fan Rick Sneary and Hagerstown, Md.'s Harry Warner, he may share the record for living the longest at one address.

Although active in SF fandom for seven decades, he dipped a toe into the pro field only once, contributing a story to Astounding (now Analog) SF's "Probability Zero" department.

He was an original member of The Outlander Society, organized in October, 1948, for fans in outlying areas of Los Angeles who couldn't easily attend LASFS meetings. This was in the days when LA was growing by leaps and bounds, but the freeway hadn't been invented. The group gained a reputation, according to Art Rapp, as "the most articulate and intellectual group ever assembled" in fandom. Their more or less monthly meetings tended to last all day,

and guests included Ray Bradbury, Dr. Robert S. Richardson and Kris Neville. Fans were invited to join; one person who declined was actress Olivia de Havilland, who wrote, "It is not true that I am a science fiction fan. I hope this confession will not be disillusioning to you."

In 1948 Woolston invented Fan Wampum, which was intended to pay debts not suitable for compensation by legal tender. The same year, at the West Coast Science-Fantasy Conference, the first Westercon, Woolston won an original Thrilling Wonder Stories cover in a raffle organized to raise money for the Big Pond Fund, which itself evolved into TAFF. Both are institutions which are with us today.

Woolston had an antique letter press, which he used for fannish publications. He was the printer, with Len Moffatt the editor, of a 1950 Fan Directory, which listed 404 fans, only 51 of them women. He was also the official printer for the 1958 worldcon. Eventually, his press was donated to the Garden Grove Historical Society.

Woolston was also active in the 1940's in FAPA. Since the 1940's, he was active in the National Fantasy Fan Federation, as a member and officer, as he dropped all other fan activity. He was a founding member of the N3F's N'APA amateur press association in July 1959, membership of which required one to be a member of the N3F as well.



Scott Imes and Erica Simon working on KMAC-12, MidAmeriCon Video (1976 Worldcon). Photo by David Dyer-Bennet, used by permission.

Scott Imes (1949-2001)

Scott Imes, a fixture in Minneapolis fandom and for 25 years manager of Uncle Hugo's, the sf bookstore, died December 12 at the age of 52. He had suffered recently from occasional seizures, however the exact cause of death remains to be determined.

Uncle Hugo's owner, Don Blyly, told a local newspaper reporter, "What was really amazing is [Scott] would recognize people who hadn't been in the store for five years.... He recognized customers by the thousands. He was concerned about getting the right books into the right people's hands."

Many fans are mourning Scott. Here are some of the tributes posted online. [[Note: All comments reproduced with the writers' permission.]]

Ken Keller: [Chair, 1976 Worldcon] An old fannish friend has passed, and the final paragraph to one chapter in KC's 30 year fannish history has now been written. I'm depressed. Another one of us, one of the old MidAmeriCon committee, is gone. It's just too soon. He was a year younger than me.

We first met at the '75 MiniCon where he was single-handedly video taping a lot of the Minicon program using professional video gear--3/4" Beta, just like the big boys used at TV stations. What a concept in fandom! (Video was not yet a part of the fannish lexicon.) It turned out that Scott was not only a fan but was also an audio-visual professional, working for Bloomberg Photo-Sound in Minneapolis. We hit it off immediately, and the germ of an idea began to form while we were hanging out together all weekend long.

Before he became such an integral part of Uncle Hugo's SF Bookstore in Minneapolis, Scott, at the beginning of his fannish career, was a major department head for the Kansas City worldcon, running MidAmeriCon's entire audio-visual division. We worked closely together on MAC for two years on this new, important worldcon innovation. It was his brainchild, and thanks to him and his dogged dedication and professionalism, worldcon entered the Video Age. In fact, without him, MidAmeriCon wouldn't have had this new capability at all. Worldcon was advanced because of his efforts.

I remember how he trained his large MAC a/v staff through several weekend long "CommuniCons" during MidAmeriCon's organizing period. When MAC finally arrived, KMAC Channel 12 was on the air, the first ever closed-circuit sf/worldcon broadcast channel. Thanks to Scott, the MidAmeriCon a/v crew were a well-oiled machine when they got to Kansas City, ultimately compiling some 40+ hours of video history of the 34th worldcon--a first in fandom. I know he worked harder than I did, the chair, at the KC worldcon, and that's saying quite a lot!

I last saw him (and Margie Lessinger his longtime life companion) at the MidAmeriCon 20th Anniversary reunion in 1996, which was part of ConQuesT 27 here in KC. He was the con's special guest. Following that ConQuesT, we hung out at the house for another day while their car's radiator got repaired. It gave us a chance to catch up on a whole host of things since it had been almost a decade since we had seen each other. The three of us had a great time together, talking about the glory days, talking about science fiction, talking about life. I'm now very glad we had that time to-

gether.

I just can't believe he's gone. It's just too soon. Just what is it about us, boomer generation fandom, that makes so many pass on so prematurely? (shaking head in dismay)

Joyce Scrivner: I've been reflecting on all the times I remember Scott - his calling me over a book I'd been missing, his work with the Post Office to get the Minicon/MinnStf cancellation, the pleasure in meeting him at conventions, etc.

The one I remember best was the first year I brought my nephew Shae to a Minicon. Shea had never been to a convention and his enthusiasm and energy were wild to the extent that at least one party offered him the option of leaving through a window or the door. I was working on the convention in some guise and I didn't follow everything Shae did with as much concern as I wanted. At some point late on Saturday Scott told me I shouldn't worry so much and both Shae and I would be fine as proto-parent and proto-grownup. I was grateful for his comfort and reassurance.

Carol Kennedy: Scott was the very first person I ever talked to about Minn-Stf, when I first stopped in at Uncle Hugo's some 25 years ago. Since Minn-Stf is where Jonathan and I met, Scott had a hand in deciding the course of a huge part of my life.

Over the past 18+ years, every single time I saw Scott, without fail, he asked about my kids. Not only that, but he actually listened to my response, and more than once offered a helpful observation. He was the first person to suggest that perhaps Rachel wasn't just an impossibly lively child, but actually might have clinical ADHD--and he turned out to be right.

If going to Uncle Hugo's will never again be the same for me, I can only imagine what a hole his passing will leave in the lives of those closer to him. To those of you who were his good friends and loved ones, I offer my deepest sympathy.

Tom Hardy: I've been going to Uncle Hugo's for more than 25 years, and have always ended up in a discussion with Scott about something; books, publishing, current events, whatever. One time, it was the seven-volume Lord of the Rings trilogy. Another time, it was Gorbachev--he thought Gorbachev had died, and I thought was doing fine, so he got on the phone to his secret consultant, [the Minneapolis Public Library Help Desk, where he was apparently well known.] Turns out he was thinking of Raisa Gorbachev, who had died a couple of years before. I had forgotten.

A couple of months ago I set my usual \$30-40 worth of books on the counter. At issue as usual was whether to buy the discount card, because I get into the store 4-5 times a year.

He went straight into his pitch, telling me that I could save hundreds of dollars if only I played my cards right.

Laramie Sasseville: I've been taking daily walks lately. I find that walking out under the open sky, among tall trees, has a very calming effect on my nerves.

This morning I walked around Powderhorn Lake as usual. The weather is warm for early December: there is no snow on the ground, and only some remnants of ice on the lake. This morning the sky was overcast, the air moist with scattered drizzle; there was a mist on the lake. The ducks came eagerly to meet me, as I was bringing my usual gift of feed-corn. A ten pound bag (it's pleasing to know that this costs the same as the small packages of dried, cubed bread that I fed them at first.)

The grayness and mist of the morning suited my sad mood. When I checked my email this morning I learned on the Natter list that Scott Imes died yesterday. The lively bustle of the feeding ducks distracted me for a little while, but when I had scattered all my corn and proceeded on my walk, I thought of Scott.

I never knew Scott very closely, but I always admired his intelligence and respected him for his soft-spoken manner and his good sense. He was a good influence on the civility of local Fandom, and that will surely be missed. If I didn't know him closely, I knew him for quite a long time. Since 1979, when I first started attending Mnstf meetings and Minicons, in the days when he and Margie were my neighbors while we all lived in the Bozo Bus building, Scott was the building manager.

I remember spending evenings visiting with them, and others, in their apartment, before they got the house where they've lived more recently. Their apartment was a regular gathering place for fans who lived in The Boze. I did many of the drawings for "A Discordian Coloring Book" while quietly enjoying the good company there. They created an atmosphere of friendly chaos, where there was intelligent conversation among creative people, the noise of television or music, a profusion of plants, people, and dog all gathered together in the small space.

In later years, I'd see Scott at Minicon, always doing something to make the con work a little more smoothly, and with something sensible to add to discussions. I'd see him at Uncle Hugo's when I'd stop in to buy

books and he'd always have a friendly word. He was such a fixture there and in local fandom that it's hard now to believe he can be gone. I don't want it to be true. Of course he is in the hearts of those of us who knew him, but it makes the world a sadder place to know there will be no more opportunity to further our acquaintance or exchange that friendly word.

The February issue of *Einblatt*, newzine of the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, announced plans for a new issue of *Rune*, the club's famous genzine. "We're looking for stories, memories, drawings, poems, photos, anything we can run through the club mimeo. We also hope to have a small offset-printed insert for photos of – and by – Scott Imes." Contact the editors via e-mail at: rune@mnnstf.org

In Passing

Martha Beck passed away in March. Earl Kemp posted online, "It is all over for her and on her own terms. No person could hope for more." No further details were known as this issue went to print.

Martha and her husband, Hank, moved to Arizona several years ago. For decades she was one of the best-known faces in Midwestern fandom. Her TAFF candidacy became a political lightning-rod, a struggle between communities of fans who felt entitled to control the fund; she lost. Later, when I met Martha for the first time, I found her to be very hospitable, with a delightfully cynical sense of humor. She someone I looked forward to seeing when I used to attend Windycon every year.

Suzanne Vick died February 19 of pancreatic cancer, complicated by her three strokes which left her extremely weak. Her husband, Shelby Vick, felt "Her death was a blessing, in that it ended her suffering." Shelby and their daughter Cheryl were with Suzanne when she died.

Shelby and Suzanne hosted Corflu Sunsplash in 1999 at Panama City, FL.

Lloyd Miller passed away in early November 2001. Roger Tener remembered, "My association with Lloyd goes back to the early 80's and the Mid America Science Society. Lloyd had not been active in Fandom for several years but in the past he traveled to most of the cons in the area along with working the two Wichacons and other fannish activities." [[Source: *Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol*]]

Terry Hughes died November 14, 2001 at an inpatient hospice facility in Arlington, Virginia. He died of complications from brain cancer.

Hughes was originally from Missouri. He was especially well-known in the 1970s as a fanwriter and a TAFF delegate.

Dan Steffan wrote online, "He was one of the best men I have ever known. He treated his friends with respect and love and was always willing to help those in need. He will be profoundly missed by everyone who knew him."

Carl Mor: Carl Mor, an active member of PorSFis (also known as Carl Mork, Charles Martel, and "The Copper Squirrel") died on November 11, 2001. As Copper Squirrel he posted frequently on alt.books.m-lackey and alt.callahans. Mike Stern of LASFS paid tribute saying, "He was a friend that I never

had the pleasure of meeting, and he had a rare gift that made you smile and laugh no matter how serious the subject actually was."

Carla Henry, wife of St Louis fan Mike Henry, suddenly passed away December 19, 2001. She had been active in St Louis fandom in the past. [[Source: *Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol*]]

New Zealand writer

Cherry Wilder died in March after an 18-month battle with cancer.

The passing of **Norman Patch** on May 1, 2001 was shared with fans at Millennium Philcon by his spouse, Terry Patch. A memorial service was held in Skokie, IL prior to interment in Palm Beach, FL.

