

## Harry Warner, Jr.

Harry Warner Jr. passed way on February 17, 2003 at home – the 423 Summit address indelibly etched on fannish memories by his thousands of letters of comment. The cause of Harry's death at the age of 80 was not reported, however, letters written last winter reported how illness kept him away from fanac for weeks at a time, and Harry speculated in a letter this January that his health might force him to move to assisted living.

Harry Warner was a superb fanwriter and a prolific correspondent. I agreed with Tim Marion when he wrote: "Since Harry is one of my very favorite fanwriters, the temptation is to put his writing into 10-point type and my own into 8-point...." Harry undertook to comment on every zine he got, sometimes writing that he felt guilty for falling behind or missing an issue. He answered neos' efforts as readily as any others, and many a clubzine devoid of any other appreciation for the editor's work boasted a solitary loc from Harry.

He was earnestly interested by anything from baseball to opera. He was fandom's leading historian, author of *All Our Yesterdays* and *A Wealth of Fable*. He was highly reclusive, so although Worldcons were a major part of his chronicles he didn't go to them even when they were close to home. (He made an exception for the 1971 Worldcon, where he was fan guest of honor). His legend as the irascible Hermit of Hagerstown was largely based on his own description of these tendencies, laced with self-deprecating humor.

The other hallmarks of Harry's prose were the journalistic precision of his descriptions and his playful "idea-tripping" (Tom Digby's



**Fanhistorical trio:** Rich Lynch, standing, George Flynn and Nicki Lynch, seated, at the 2002 Midwestcon. Photo by Keith Stokes.

term for the fannish practice of applying twisted Campbellian logic to extrapolate an idea in an amusingly unexpected direction.)

The desire for precision served Harry well as a reporter on the Hagerstown *Herald-Mail* for 40 years, retiring in 1983. After Harry's death, one of his former colleagues, copyeditor Arnold Platou, wrote an article for the paper marveling over his sudden discovery that Harry had concealed from him and nearly everyone else on the staff "that for most of his life his fascination with science fiction and science fiction fans had led him to write volumes of magazine articles and books on the subject, and that he was known to thousands

of sci-fi aficionados throughout the world."

Harry won the Best Fanwriter Hugo in 1969 and 1972, and afterwards he wrote a very funny article for *Granfalloon* called "How I Fought For My Hugo." *A Wealth of Fable* garnered him another Hugo in 1993 for Best Non-Fiction Book.

On March 25, Rich and Nicki Lynch attended the "Orphans Court" hearing to allow police access to Harry's house to search for his will. Rich later learned that Harry's will had named a lawyer and a bank as his personal representatives, and left his house and all its contents to the Lutheran church that Harry attended. Letters by Harry accompanying the will indicated that the Eaton Collection of the University of California-Riverside should get his fanzines, and \$10,000 was to be set aside for their packing and shipping. The official reading of the will was scheduled to take place on April 29.

Even though the will provides for the fanzines to go to UC Riverside, Harry's letter in the February 2003 issue of *DASFAX* said, "I thought I had found a home for my fanzines, the University of California, but it has just acquired the Bruce Pelz fanzine collection and mine would duplicate to a major extent the Pelz holdings." So the ultimate fate of his collection remains to be seen.

Harry inspired many cartoons by that other omnipresent fanzine contributor, Bill Rotsler. Most were intended to appear beside a Warner loc in the lettercolumn. Bill also drew one for *File 770* whose joke depended on there being no Warner letter in the issue. Fortunately, it's already been published because, however timely, I would not enjoy using it now.

## George Alec Effinger 1947-2002

George Alec Effinger passed away April 27, 2002. He was 55 years old and had lived much of his life in the French Quarter of New Orleans, an experience that enlivened his finest writing. Effinger attended Clarion in 1970 and his stories began appearing in print the following year, among them the satirical "All The Last Wars At Once." His first novel, *What Entropy Means To Me* (1972), became a Nebula Award nominee.

George's humor and accessibility at conventions made him a fan favorite, and in the dawning days of the Internet he was omnipresent on the GENIE Roundtables and Compuserve forums. He occasionally wrote for *File 770* and other fanzines.

His science fiction masterpieces were the Marid Audran novels set in a 21st century Middle East. *When Gravity Fails* (1987) was followed by *A Fire in the Sun* (1989) and *The Exile Kiss* (1991). The 1988 Hugo nomination of *When Gravity Fails* inspired the

dream of George receiving the rocket at NolaCon II in his hometown but it was not meant to be. Ironically, the next year (1989) his novelette "Schrödinger's Kitten" swept both the Hugo and Nebula Awards. George's other accolades included a GoH-ship at the 1995 Dragon\*Con/NASFiC in Atlanta.

George was frequently beset by severe health problems. The hospitalizations left burdensome medical bills. In fact, his plight was one reason the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America Emergency Medical Fund was started, aided by a \$2,000 contribution from L.A.con II.

About the last time I saw George was at Loscon 2000 on Sunday afternoon. He and Barbara Hambly had missed on Loscon in favor of a Beatles convention elsewhere in town, then visited the Loscon green room on the way home to tell friends that they had married. Barbara was in what I'd call a "sock hop" outfit. George was in a white jacket with padded shoulders doing his best to look like Elvis Presley. It was a glorious moment: I wish it would have lasted a long, long time.

## Effinger Memories by Norm Hollyn

I'd heard about George's death -- an obit in the *New York Times*. At the time I tried to remember some of the details of my interactions with him and was able to hazily recall a few (Mike, you'll understand, now that you have a child, why it's impossible to remember anything anymore).

He was one of the pros who I felt was a contemporary. Not actually: five years is a big separation when you're not out of school and just barely out of your teens, but I felt that way. I first met him [in 1970] at a series of *Locus* collations at Charlie Brown's house. Collations were, for me, an invigorating though sometimes intimidating experience and when Piglet [George's nickname] showed up, starting to write and looking for connections (both personal and professional) in New York, I found him very easy to talk to. We spent many a Sunday afternoon passing mimeographed pages to each other, swigging Coke, and talking.

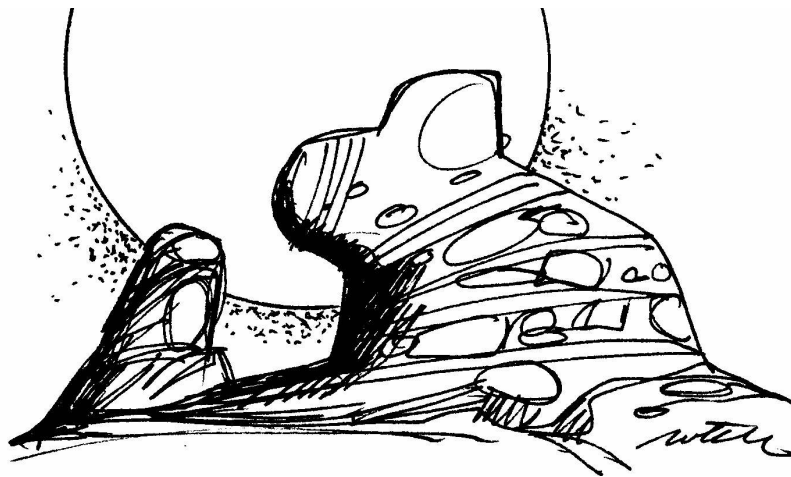
When Lou Stathis and I decided to take our mutual love of science fiction and start *Xrymph* magazine (under the nominal sponsorship of the nearly catatonic Stony Brook Science Fiction Forum -- they had a library but not much else, and no one there [save Jim Frenkel] seemed to have much of a taste in music) we began to look for people who we thought could write and ask them to create fiction for the magazine. Though I could never convince Piglet to write something for us he was extremely encouraging, generous of his editorial time, and a big booster. One of my sadnesses now, is that of the six people who I remember from that period as being supportive of this passionate but low-rent mimeographed fan fiction magazine only one-third of us are gone now. Lou, as you know, died several years ago. Piglet was the other. (Larry Carlton, Vincent DiFate, Spider Robinson and myself are -- knock wood -- still alive and kicking).

I still remember George showing up at SUNYCON, the tiny little con that I organized at my college in -- what was it -- 1974? 1973? Perhaps because I was myself painfully shy, I always had seen Piglet in the same way. I saw him as a compatriot in the fight to find what are now know as "coping skills." After the day's program had finished and we retired to the "endless party" area, I was astounded when George commandeered the "film room" (actually a lounge in my dorm with a 16mm projector setup in it) and insisted on running "Bambi Meet Godzilla" endlessly -- sometimes forward and sometimes in reverse. I was too busy drunkenly trying to make the pinball machine stop yelling TILT to care. Besides, I understood that people were loving it. George had certainly, by then, overcome his hesitancy to step forward. It had been a year or two since his justly deserved acclaim at *What Entropy Means To Me*.

So, while my Worldcon memories may be faulty, I still have a few others of Piglet. He helped me at Charlie's *Locus* collations, he helped us (with enthusiastic support) with *Xrymph*, and he helped at SUNYCON. His passing leaves the world in some obvious and some less obvious ways, diminished.

### John Foyster

John Foyster, one of the great sercon fanzine publishers and a superb fanwriter, passed away April 5, 2003 at the age of 61. He joined the Melbourne SF Club in 1959 and soon began publishing fanzines, his early titles including *Gryphon* and *The Wild Colonial Boy*. Foyster joined with John



Bangsund and Lee Harding to launch world-renowned *Australian Science Fiction Review* in 1966. Foyster was a must-read critic. His special issue on Cordwainer Smith (*ASFR* 11) continued to be reprinted for many years. At the end of the Sixties Foyster resumed publishing zines of his own, such as the unforgettably-titled *exploding madonna/ Journal of Omphalistic Epistemology*. Later he produced two newzines, *Norstrilian News* and *Chunder!* (Has anyone ever matched John's flair for naming fanzines?)

Foyster had a hand in every part of modern Australian fandom. He was organizer of Australia's first convention in 1966. He helped start ANZAPA (Australian and New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association) in 1970. He founded the Nova Mob, Melbourne's SF discussion group. Bruce Gillespie credits Foyster as the major force behind the Down Under Fan Fund, created in 1972, and for instigating the worldcon bid committee that led to Aussiecon I in 1975.

Foyster continued to be an active club, con and fanzine fan all the way to his final year. His last zine, *eFNAC*, enjoyed a run of 30 issues in PDF.

John's partner, Yvonne Rousseau, cared for him in many ways. To honor Foyster's 60<sup>th</sup> birthday in April 2001, she obtained tributes to John and other articles from fanwriters throughout the world for a "surprise festschrift." She remained ever at his side once he was diagnosed as suffering a stroke (September 2001), later correctly diagnosed as having contracted a brain tumor (in January 2002).

Foyster's article in *eFNAC* 16 about the onslaught of his brain seizure ("Terrorist Chulpex Raped My Brain!"), with his view of what was going on in contrast with outside reports of what was happening, impressed many fans. Janice Gelb called it "one of the most fascinating pieces I've ever read."

The family requests the money that would have been spent on flowers to be donated to the Andrew Ollie Memorial Trust, Northern Medical Research Foundation, Level 4, Vindin, Royal North Shore Hospital, St

Leonards, New South Wales 2065 Australia. [[Sources: Bruce Gillespie, Janice Gelb]]

### Jon Gustafson

Jon Gustafson, writer, illustrator, editor, publisher, and appraiser of science fiction and fantasy art and book collections, died April 13, 2002 at Lewiston, ID where he was hospitalized for treatment of a stroke and complications of diabetes. He was 56.

Jon graduated from Washington State University with a BA in Fine Arts. He taught art for a year, and worked as an illustrator at WSU. Jon married geologist and science fiction writer Vicki Mitchell in 1982 and they lived in Moscow, ID.

Jon helped create MosCon in 1978 and made it the first SF convention to routinely feature both an author and an artist Guest of Honor, the first to have a scientist Guest of Honor, and the first to pay writers and artists for their contributions to the program book.

John wrote for my genzine, *Scientifiction*, in the late 1970s. His innovative column, "Ulterior Designs," took a critical look at the field of sf art, covering the whole spectrum of pro and fan work. He was an engaging writer who did an excellent job of explaining his views -- and in the process, helping his readers understand their own preferences.

He started JMG Appraisals in 1983, the first professional science fiction/fantasy art and book appraisal service in North America. He aided collectors all over the US and western Canada who needed their holdings properly appraised for insurance purposes.

Jon was a founding member of the Association of Science Fiction/Fantasy Artists (ASFA) and served on its Board of Directors. He created a clip art CD to showcase many ASFA artists and make their art accessible to the general public.

Jon also authored *Chroma: The Art of Alex Schomberg*, and many nonfiction articles. In 1997 he wrote a paper for the National Conference on Cultural Property Protection, hosted by the Smithsonian Institution, on the use of volunteers for security at science fiction conventions.

A wake was held May 4, 2002 in Moscow. Mike Finkbinder wrote online, "We probably had 60 people come to the reception, and most of them stayed to exchange stories about Jon. There were people from Portland, Olympia, Tri-Cities, Spokane, Orlando and probably other places as well. I talked with one lady who knew him from Amway, 20 years ago. She didn't have any

## Ward Kimball, Disney Animator Reminiscence by Michael Donahue

[[Animator Ward Kimball died in July at the age of 88. He worked nearly 40 years at Disney Studios, closely associated with such characters as Mickey Mouse, Jiminy Cricket and the Mad Hatter. Two of the animated shorts that Kimball created for Disney -- "Toot, Whistle, Plunk and Boom" (1953) and "It's Tough to be a Bird" (1969) -- won Academy Awards. LASFS member Mike Donahue met him twice and shared the memories with friends online. Reprinted by permission.]]

Believe it or not, I actually knew Ward Kimball. When I was at USC in 1981, we made a documentary "Last Call, Union Station." Ward shot 16mm b&w film of the grand opening of Union Station in 1940 that we used in the piece. When the original film was to be returned, I, a mere gopher, was elected to drive to his house and return it. He invited me in, treated me to a soda and showed me his private studio. I had no idea who he was, but figured it out quickly! What a wonderful man he was.

Years later, Alex Pournelle arranged a trip to the Getty museum over the 405 about a year or so after it opened. I was standing in the very crowded funicular riding up to the museum from the parking lot. I looked down, and there was an old man, sitting placidly on the seat in front of me and wearing a conductor's cap. I racked my feeble brain and blurted out, "Ward Kimball!" He looked up, smiled, and replied, "yes?" I reintroduced myself and he introduced me to his family, and we exchanged pleasantries and he claimed to remember me. After a few minutes we reached the top and bid each other a pleasant day. Alex looked at me and asked, "Who was that?" and I replied, "Ward Kimball."

Alex looked puzzled and asked who that was. "He was one of the nine grand old men of Disney animation. He worked on Snow White, and everything you could imagine. He introduced Walt Disney to model trains and they were best friends."

"How do you know him?"

"Oh, I've been to his house. He's a very

nice man -- I should have realized he would be here."

Alex looked puzzled again. "Where else would you find Ward Kimball but on a train?"

*Heh heh heh.* You can imagine Alex being confounded. I wanted to say, "We worked on a film together." But I couldn't in any honesty say that -- even to tweak Alex.

When Chuck Shimada and I were in Orlando at the Magic Kingdom in Dec 2001, we stopped at the Main Street train station on the way out, about 5p.m. We found it too late to take another (second) ride around the park, but we were reading plaques and I was tell Chuck about Ward. A passing Engineer stopped to listen to me, and when he heard I knew Ward Kimball, (even a little bit) he spent 20 minutes or more telling Chuck and I about the trains at all the Disneylands, and stories about Ward. Even Chuck Shimada was impressed, it made the trip for him. Chuck loves trains too.

Ward was cool. Without a doubt, he's on the Coast Starliner -- and looking out to sea, he might see the cruise ship that Bruce is on.

knowledge of his SF activities, and was really surprised to see all of the memorabilia laid out on the tables."

[[Sources include: ASFA Occasionally Online Update #7, Bjo Trimble]]

### Annette Lotz

Annette Lotz passed away on March 24, 2002 in Victoria, B.C., of medical complications from cancer. She was 40 years old and had been fighting the disease for over five years. She remained a serving member of the Canadian Air Force until she was hospitalized in September 2001. Her parents were with her at the end.

Cary Anne Conder paid tribute online: "[Most] of us who attended Worldcons regularly were unaware of the unflagging assistance Annette Lotz gave by way of volunteering. More often than not she assisted in compiling and publishing the daily one-sheets which kept the fans and professionals up-to-date on changes to scheduling and other tidbits of information."

Lotz also played a key role in a great Worldcon story. Bob Eggleton was at home in Rhode Island during the 1994 Worldcon when he won the Best Pro Artist Hugo, having earlier asked his travel agent why he should go to Winnipeg to watch Michael Whelan win again. Lotz, a friend of the artist, called after the ceremony and told him the news. He talked about flying up on the spur of the moment and when Lotz called him in

the morning to see what he'd decided, Eggleton's answering machine announced, "I've gone to Canada. I'll be back Tuesday." Eggleton's impulsive trip to collect his Hugo delighted fans. He was publicly presented with his award at the start of the Masquerade by Barry Longyear and George Barr. Reenacting what he'd done the night before, Barr opened the envelope of nominees and read the name on the card, "What a surprise! -- Bob Eggleton!"

### Grace Lundry

Grace C. Lundry (1937 - 2003) died on on February 18, 2003 after battling cancer for seven years. She organized the Worldcon flight to Australia in 1975. She is survived by her husband of 40 years, Donald Lundry, three children, and three grandchildren.

Quoted in the Lunacon daily newzine, Lunarians President Ira Donewitz said, "We remember Grace as a lovely, smiling lady, who laughed easily and was wonderful to be around. She leaves a legacy of a husband, who was constantly smiling, especially when and because he was in her company, children who grew up to be wonderful parents themselves, and many friends will think of her often. And fondly."

Michael Walsh, who managed the huckster room for the 1977 Worldcon, adds this salute: "Even though Grace is not listed on the long list as co-chair of Suncon, those of us who worked on that convention ever so

long ago, would probably agree she was a defacto co-chair. Her husband certainly thought as much. And she was a wonderful person."

### Joan Abbe Benford, 1938-2002 by Gregory Benford

The wife of author Gregory Benford died March 25, 2002 of cancer. She attended many sf conventions and was a noted art educator. Survived by her husband and children Alyson and Mark, she was frequently portrayed by her husband in such novels as *In the Ocean of Night*, *Artifact* and *Eater*.

Joan was the great-granddaughter of Wm. Cleaveland Abbe, who founded the US Weather Bureau. She graduated Tufts University and Boston Museum School (Masters) and we met in 1964 when she taught art at the Bishop's School in La Jolla. We married in 1967 and she encouraged me to write in graduate school (my first story was in *F&SF* April 1965). She was VP of Abbenford Assoc. from 1980 on, which controls my writing, consulting and speaking engagements. The thinly disguised couple of Gregory and Jan Markham in *Timescape* is us, at Cambridge University, where I was a Fellow in 1976. She was the model for the heroine of *Artifact*, in part because of her interest in classical art and archeology; our son Mark is now a Romanist archeologist and NYU and the Metropolitan in NYC. Our



daughter Alyson is a professional artist living in the Virgin Islands.

### **Eyana Bat David** by Bjo Trimble

Leslie Wintraub died quietly in her sleep July 25, 2002 after a very long and valiant fight with breast cancer. She was known in the SCA as Eyana bat David, a long-time member who has not been able to be active in recent years. She was an ever-cheerful, helpful and hospitable person who enjoyed good company and good food. In SF fandom, Leslie was a consistent volunteer, and masquerade participant, in local conventions.

When she first knew about the cancer, she asked Lora Boehm to cut off all her hair for Locks of Love ([www.locksoflove.com](http://www.locksoflove.com)) For some time after that, she wore a Mimbari headband on her bald head, and kidded people like John Trimble that she'd joined their ranks.

A remission caused many of us to hope the cancer was gone. It was a false hope, and for the past year, Leslie has been fighting a losing battle. She leaves behind many grieving friends.

### **Gus Willmorth** by Andrew Porter

Los Angeles fan Gus Willmorth, a member of First Fandom who was active for several decades starting in the 1930's, died April 29, 1999 of renal failure in Woodland Hills, CA. He was 78. He had just undergone cataract surgery to restore his eyesight. He is survived by his son, David. Willmorth published fanzines, attended early worldcons, and was a member of LASFS during its formative years. He lived at "Tendrill Towers," the boardinghouse at 628 South Bixel Street famed in LA fan history, whose residents at various times included E.E. Evans, Lou Goldstone, Arthur Louis Joquel, Alva Rogers, and Art Saha. A soldier posted to England in World War II, he met numerous

fans there and even got to attend a convention or two held under difficult wartime conditions. Willmorth launched *Fantasy Advertiser* in 1946 as a 16-page mimeo'd adzine. By 1948 it was 40 pages, offset, paying for material, and a year later when he turned the publication over to Roy Squires its circulation was 1,500. Under a variety of publishers through the years including Squires, Ron Smith, Jon White and Leland Sapiro, *Fantasy Advertiser* morphed into *SF Advertiser*, then *Inside*, and finally *Riverside Quarterly*.

### **In Passing**

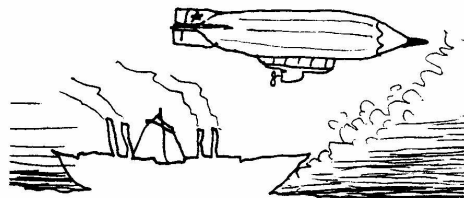
**Don Franson**, a member of First Fandom and SFWA, and a director of the N3F for several years, died June 5, 2002 of heart failure. Franson was one of the rare active fanzine fans in the local LA area, and one of the original subscribers to *File 770*.

While driving on May 13, Franson was involved in an auto accident that seemed minor but required a brief hospitalization for trauma; the injuries may have contributed to his decline.

His nephew, Bob Franson, adds, "I hope many fans have good memories of Don. He was a good guy, and few over the years worked harder for science fiction and fandom."

Writer, editor, and critic **Damon Knight** died April 14, 2002 at Sacred Heart Hospital in Eugene, OR. He had been ill for some time with a number of ailments. Knight won a Hugo as Best Book Reviewer in 1956. *In Search of Wonder* gathered his early sf criticism in one volume. He earned enduring fame as the editor of twenty-one Orbit original anthologies (1966-1980). Knight's book *The Futurians* memorialized his experiences with the New York fan group by that name (which also included Wollheim, Pohl and others.) He was credited as a founder of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, the Mitford Science Fiction Writers' Conference and the Science Fiction Writers of America.

After an extended illness, **Ray Lafferty** passed away on March 18, 2002 in Broken Arrow, OK. He received a Lifetime Achievement Award at the 1990 World Fantasy Convention, and he also won the Hugo in 1973 for his short story, "Eurema's Dam." He wrote approximately 20 novels between 1968 and 1993, and published approximately



20 short story collections.

**Nancy Rapp** passed away on May 4, 2002. She is survived by her husband, Art, who is living in a nursing home suffering from Alzheimer's. *[Source: Howard DeVore, Joyce Scrivner]*

Gregg T. Trend reported online that "Long-time fan, veteran, patriot, professor emeritus," **Dalvan M. Cogger** passed away October 2, 2002 from a post-surgical infection. Cogger anticipated the exploratory operation in his comments for *Fantasy Rotator* 812. Trend added, "His references to friends not living to their 80th (his was coming up May 2003) were both ominous and strangely light-hearted. I last saw Dal in person in March 2000, accompanied by my son Nik on our drive east to Washington D.C."

Rich Lynch's online reminiscence about his friend began with Dal's activity in science fiction fandom in the midwest about 1942: "He was only active for a couple of years before he went into the military for World War II, but in that time he became friends with Al and Abby Lou Ashley and other people in the

Galactic Roamers fan club in central Michigan, and as a result, spent many happy days at the most famous fan abode of all time, the legendary Slan Shack of Battle Creek, Michigan. Of that place, Dal later wrote that 'fan visitors from far and wide came by to enjoy the Ashley's hospitality.' Because he became stationed thousands of miles away, in California, Dal wrote that 'I was immensely unhappy that I couldn't [often] share in this.'"

**Lloyd Biggle, Jr.**, Ph. D. died September 12, 2002 at the age of 79, ending a twenty-year battle with leukemia and cancer. He began writing professionally in 1955. He went full-time after the publication of his well-known novel *All The Colors of Darkness* 1963. Biggle's "The Tunsmith" was praised by songwriter Jimmy Webb and writer Orson Scott Card for literally changing the course of their lives, and the story was recently chosen for inclusion in *Masterpiece: The Century's Best Science Fiction*.

Biggle was the founding Secretary Treasurer of Science Fiction Writers of America in the 1960s. In the 1970's, he founded the Science Fiction Oral History Association, which built archives containing hundreds of cassette tapes of science fiction notables making speeches and discussing aspects of their craft.

**Dr. Robert Forward** died of brain cancer on September 21, 2002. The 70-year-old "hard" science novelist will be especially missed by LASFSians and other Los Angeles fans who enjoyed his frequent appearances at

the club and local conventions. Bob's wonderfully advanced scientific mind was matched by his equally rare gift for explaining his ideas in a way fans could grasp.

Forward's first book, *Dragon's Egg*, expanded upon Frank Drake's idea of tiny fast-living creatures living on the surface of a neutron star. Forward called it, "A textbook on neutron star physics disguised as a novel."

However, fans who heard him in person didn't need the science disguised to enjoy his teaching as much as they loved his writing. Bob once spoke to the LASFS about the feasibility of antimatter propulsion, laughing over the fact that once the physicists at Switzerland's CERN laboratory proved antimatter existed, they deemed anything more merely engineering and of no further interest to them.

Forward earned his Ph.D. in Physics from the University of Maryland in 1965. For his doctoral thesis he built and operated the first bar antenna for the detection of gravitational radiation. The antenna is now in the Smithsonian Museum.

Forward worked for 31 years at the Hughes Aircraft Company Corporate Research Laboratories in Malibu, CA in positions of increasing responsibility until he took early retirement in 1987 to spend more time on writing novels and his aerospace consulting company business - Forward Unlimited.

From the time of his retirement from Hughes in 1987 onward, Forward was a consultant for the Air Force and NASA on advanced space propulsion concepts, with an emphasis on propulsion methods (lightsail,

antimatter, electrodynamic tether, etc.), that use physical principles other than chemical or nuclear rockets. *[[Source: includes content from Forward's self-prepared obituary distributed online.]]*

**Walter R. Cole:** *[[Provided by Andrew Porter]]* New York fan Walter R. Cole, 69, was found dead in his Brooklyn apartment by his landlord on December 7, 2002. Cole had been active in New York fandom for more than 50 years, first as the head of the Centaurian League in 1948, later as an officer of the NYC club The Lunarians for several decades. A sercon fan, he was the author of the extremely useful 1964 volume *A Checklist of Science Fiction Anthologies*, reprinted by Arno Press in 1974. He was Fan GoH at the 1994 Lunacon. No information is available about the disposition of his major SF collection.



**Jim Mul**<sup>3/4</sup>, founder of a series of New Orleans Star Trek conventions known as VulCon, died in May, 2002 according to local fan sources. He reportedly passed away from cancer. He is survived by his wife Jan. *[[Source: Guy H. Lillian III, John Guidry]]*

**Jeff Stein**, member of the Jedi Knights and Orange County SF Club died the first week of December from cancer. According to Carol Alves, "He had been ill for about two years but the doctors couldn't find out what was wrong. Jim and I last saw Jeff at our Jedi Knights Anniversary Picnic in July. He was looking good but one could tell he was in pain every now and then. We only learned he had been diagnosed [as] terminal just after LosCon."

**Bob Smith** passed away February 24, 2002 after a bout with cancer. *[[Source: Robert Lichtman]]*

The death of **Hank Beck** was announced on April 11, 2002. The exact date and cause were not given, however, he had suffered a stroke last June. Hank was a widower: his wife, Martha Beck, passed away in March 2002. *[[Source: Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol]]*

Long-time LASFS member **Dik Daniels**, a photographer who greeted fans at every Loscon with a little envelope of snapshots he'd taken of them at the past convention, passed away early in April 2003. He had a history of diabetes, and had been in declining health since suffering a heart attack in December.

**Ben Jason**, chairman of the 1966 Worldcon, Tricon, in Cleveland, died May 13.

## More Clippings

**Fred Patten's** closing line in a recent issue of *@R'banos Radioactivos!*: "I can't help thinking of Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn instead of ferrets." Granted that it was the last sentence in a review of Richard Bach's *Rancher Ferrets on the Range*, but even so....

**Michael Citrak** posted online that the DVD of *The Day The Earth Stood Still* includes "lots of nice extras including a 1951 segment of the MovieTone news reel. One of the news items is from the 9th World Science Fiction Convention where an award is presented to 20th Century Fox for the movie. The news clip has someone in the Klaatu costume along with a man who is identified as Mr. Moore, chairman of the convention. It sure doesn't look like

Michael Rennie in the costume, but I assume it's Harry Moore who's next to him. This is very cool because it's one of my all time favorite movies and it has a piece of Worldcon history on film."

**John Hertz** in *Vanamonde 487* took the opportunity presented by the 2002 Worldcon to revive a classic Apa-L in-joke, "Neither James Langdell nor Connor Freff Conchran was at ConJose. No doubt too busy with Tom Whitmore to take him off and put either of them on."

I'm sure there's a story in this. The February 2003 *Einblatt!* passed on the following request for help: "**Denny Lien** is researching history of the MinnSTF tradition of assassinating its outgoing presidents at the close of each Mini-

con, starting with himself in the mid-seventies..."

**Cindy Warmuth** reports in the February 2003 *SFSFS Shuttle* that the club has decided to sell off its library. The lease on their storage space expires in five months and they can't afford to renew it.

**David Klaus** asks, "Has anyone given any thought to the significance of the use of video footage of the Pathfinder rover in the opening credit sequence of *Enterprise*? It occurred to me when the series premiered in 2001, but I've never seen it mentioned anywhere: *Enterprise* is the first science-fiction television series to use footage actually recorded on the surface of another planet..."

# "FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING" NEW ZEALAND TRIP REPORT BY BILL WELDEN

*[[Bill Welden moved to in the Bay Area years ago but LA fans hope it's just a temporary loan after all his good work at the LASFS. Bill is also a leader in the Mythopoeic Society, and has an avid interest in J.R.R. Tolkien's invented languages. He is one of the handful of fans authorized by Christopher Tolkien to work with the author's linguistic source materials. Bill started corresponding with Peter Jackson from the first moment he got wind of the new Lord of the Rings project, hoping the movie would be alive with all the richness of Middle Earth's languages. David Salo got the principal linguistic position in Jackson's production, but Bill provided other contributions and was thanked in the credits. Bill visited New Zealand while Fellowship of the Ring was being shot. His article about the experience originally appeared on the official web site. It is reprinted here with his permission.]]*

We stand in the hallway of the art department at Stone Street Studios in Wellington, New Zealand. The walls are covered, floor to ceiling, with artwork depicting J.R.R. Tolkien's Middle-earth: conceptual drawings; paintings; mechanical drawings; photographs (of locations, sets, actors); computer generated images. For me they capture Tolkien's integration of the big picture, the historical view (Minas Tirith in the vast distance), with the smaller, personal, and in some sense truer perspective of the individuals caught up in the sweep of events (here is Pippin, riding on Treebeard's shoulder).

This must be how Bilbo felt, seeing the



**Nock, Nock!** Legolas (Orlando Bloom) makes his point.

treasure of Smaug for the first time: There are no words left to express his staggerment, since Men changed the language that they learned of elves in the days when all the world was wonderful.

Three years ago a friend dropped a webpage print-out on my desk at work. Peter Jackson might (or might not) be producing and directing a film version of The Lord of the Rings. I wrote a letter, offering to help with Tolkien's languages, and got a friendly, encouraging response. We continued to exchange letters, and then one day I was on the phone with the producer, negotiating terms of employment.

Now (although my work is done by e-mail, telephone, and fax machine and does not require me to be in New Zealand) I have made the pilgrimage, together with my son Chris, so that I can really get to know the people I am working with.

Alan Lee's office is at the end of the hall. He will fly home to England tomorrow before returning to finish up his work, but we spend a bit of time together. Over a photograph of a beautiful hill, with Alpine mountains visible in the distance, he has laid a piece of tracing paper, and drawn Edoras. You will surely have seen photographs of this full-size set under construction. Looking carefully at the mountains in the background I imagine I can see the Starkhorn, the Iren-

saga, and between them the Dwimorberg. Only change the Mediterranean scrub for grassy savannah, and this is Rohan.

Chris is very impressed with Alan's work, and in fact there is something to the quick pencil sketches, an organic spontaneity perhaps, which doesn't come across in his paintings. Alan seems at ease in the dynamic world of film imagery. Looking at the paintings now, I can see that his process is very much three dimensional. There was a time when Chris was practicing illustration, but he was and still is very self-critical. Alan reassures him that no sketch is a waste of time, even if it doesn't come out the way you would like. At the last minute he casts

around for something to give to Chris, and picks up a drawing pencil. Perhaps Chris will take up illustration again.

The sets, built from these designs, are detailed beyond necessity (in sharp contrast to the huge, empty blue rooms where Star Wars is being filmed). I stand in the Chamber of Mazarbul and pick up a fragment of parchment from among the rubble. It is covered with careful, tiny runes, too small to ever be seen by the camera. Richard Taylor, effects director for Weta Workshop, and responsible for many of the props in the film, explains that this sort of detail is necessary to project an underlying reality. It will inform the performances of the actors. He goes on to describe the challenges of visually presenting the multitude of Tolkien's cultures. Richard is an intense man, with a clear vision, so vast and detailed that it runs on ahead of the stream of words he must use to communicate.

I appreciate the scale of the sets, and they inform my own vision of Tolkien. In my imagination, the Chamber was grey, dusty, and small, perhaps thirty feet square. The set I stand in is five times that on a side, and perhaps thirty feet tall. One bright sunbeam falls from a high shaft in the wall onto the table in the center of the room, its scattered light illuminating the pride and workmanship of the Dwarves: reds and yellows; pillars covered with carvings and runes; chests and books lining the walls. There is also the detritus of battle: rusting armor and bones. I will see the Chamber differently the next time I read the book.

The actors are as different from one another as the seven races of Middle-earth. Elijah Wood (who plays Frodo) is warm,



**I'm Sam, Fly Me!** Air crew peer out the door of an Air New Zealand Boeing 747 decorated with characters from the *The Two Towers*, at London's Heathrow airport.

sincere and enthusiastic. He unsheathes Sting and shows it to me. It is a product of Weta Workshop: a perfectly functional sword, or rather a knife, scaled up (though it has not been sharpened). At the base of the blade is a beautiful filigree design incorporating Elvish lettering. In fact, the words are Sindarin. In the middle I read “dagnir in” meaning “...killer of the...”, but then Elijah must dash off to resume filming. He is delighted that his sword has a history.

Everything that appears in this film has been made specifically for the film, including buttons and hooks on the costumes, stirrups and saddles for the horses, and plates and spoons wherever they come into the story from the Shire

to Minas Tirith. Each speaks the sub-culture from which it is taken, according to Richard’s vision. There is talk of taking these props on a museum tour. I hope it is done: they must be seen close up for their craftsmanship to be appreciated.

We are walking from one set to another, and John Rhys-Davies (who plays Gimli) thunders by. He is a large man, and clearly on an errand of some urgency. We catch up and pace him, and I am introduced together with my role on the film. “Elvish???” he



**My Big Fat Elvish Wedding:** In *The Two Towers*, Elrond tried to convince his daughter Arwen (actress Liv Tyler) that her romance with the mortal Aragorn (on poster in background) will only bring heartache.



**Kiss Me, Cate:** A *Fellowship of the Ring* publicity photo of Galadriel (Cate Blanchett) bidding Frodo (Elijah Wood) a bittersweet goodbye.

bellows, “A language for sissies!!! You should learn Dwarvish! Now there’s a language for you!!!” And he quickens his pace, and is gone.

Viggo Mortensen (who plays Aragorn) is quiet and thoughtful. He understands the way in which the bits of Elvish language deepen the reality of the story, and wants to have more. Andrew Jack and Róisín Carty, dialect coaches and creative language consultants for the film, say that he reads Elvish so that it sounds like real language.

It is exceptional to have two dialect coaches on one film, but the linguistic challenges of Tolkien’s creation are exceptional as well. Andrew and Róisín are responsible not just for Elvish, but for the broader issues of pronunciation and dialect. They are on their way to doing a flawless job. You may have heard Róisín in a recording from the official web site, reciting an Elvish spell verse written by David Salo. I listened to it carefully, and although she was doing it off the top of her head, every vowel was exactly right. The verse itself was brilliant too, in Sindarin (with no newly invented words), yet rhyming and scanning to match Tolkien’s own model.

Sindarin and Quenya are, however, only two of the languages used in the film, and probably the easiest to get right. Archaic English, Old English, and Norse words are common, and Andrew and Róisín are clear on which is which, and on the rules for each. It takes tremendous vigilance on their part, nonetheless, when there are over fifty speaking parts and dialog may be recorded on as many as three sets simultaneously. As an example, there is a natural tendency for English speakers to darken the second “a” in “Gandalf” and swallow the “l” (so that it sounds more like “Gandoff”). They are determined that it will not happen.

Almost all of the dialog for the film will be looped. This means that each of the actors will sit in a sound studio after filming is

complete, and re-read their dialog repeatedly until it matches the filmed lip movements. This offers a second chance to fix up aspects of pronunciation, but the process cannot change the filmed lip movements, so it is still important to get it right the first time.

Each character speaks a carefully selected dialect of English. The strategy is well thought out, subtle, and rigorously applied. I had some part in its development, and am delighted with the result. All of the actors read their lines effortlessly, in dialect.

Later, we sit and watch the filming, in the top room of the tower of Cirith Ungol. The scene

is trimmed to its essentials. The dialog is not always Tolkien’s, but I have to return to the book to be sure, the spirit is so close. I get to hear one of my favorite lines: “You can’t go walking in the Black Land in naught but your skin, Mr. Frodo.” The essence of Sam. Peter gives the dialog a subtext. Sam is thinking, “I’m going to destroy that thing that’s causing you so much pain -- by myself if that’s what’s needed.”

They spend all day on this bit, so critical to the emotional arc of the story. In the end, Sean Astin as Sam delivers the line with weariness, grief, determination, courage, and love. I leave with tears in my eyes.

When I saw Peter’s earlier film, *Heavenly Creatures*, I knew he was the perfect director for Tolkien. That film was a symphony of emotion. The *Lord of the Rings* was the same for me, the first time I read it. Tolkien infuses his work with joy, tempered with the sadness of the passing of time; with courage in the face of fear; with anger and determination.

I am introduced to Philippa Boyens, one of the screenwriters. She is working on the script for *The Return of the King*, naturally under pressure of time, but we spend almost a half an hour talking about the challenges of adapting Tolkien to film. She has a scholar’s knowledge of Tolkien, quoting without hesitation from his letters or essays as it illustrates her point.

Her eyes light up as she talks about scenes they’ve finished or others that she still hopes to include. Listening to her, I experience once again Aragorn’s march to Erech with the Army of the Dead in his wake: lights went out in house and hamlet as they came, and doors were shut, and folk that were afield cried in terror and ran like hunted deer. At times she has a wistful air, and I suspect that more than one of her favorite scenes are just not going to fit into the allotted time.

We talk about changes to the story. She clears up a number of points (chaff from the

rumor mill of intense scrutiny surrounding this production). Arwen will not travel to Rohan, nor to Gondor until it is time for her wedding. In particular, Philippa seems delighted with the relationship between Aragorn and Eowyn as Tolkien wrote it, calling it “just as poignant” as the high tragic love of Aragorn and Arwen.

There was also a report, earlier in the year, which referred to Saruman’s “palantír staff.” This didn’t seem quite right. A palantír is best kept secret and locked away; not the kind of thing you parade around. She reassures me on this point as well. There is an ornament on the staff that looks a bit like a palantír, but it’s not.

She goes on to talk about the need to avoid “scientification” of Tolkien’s magic, and of the palantír in particular. It must be used respectfully as well as sparingly; otherwise it becomes little more than the Middle-earth equivalent of a mobile phone, and its magic is lost. This is a subtle but crucial point (which seems to go over the head of many modern fantasy writers), and I am glad that she is here to champion it.

Nevertheless, changes will be made. The specifics are still under consideration, but they are a consequence of the translation from novel to film. Five hundred thousand



**Jack Chalker** at the 2002 Midwestcon. Photo by Keith Stokes.

words of prose cannot be squeezed into six hours without some trimming. In addition, Philippa wants to have a degree of emotional resolution to each of the three films; more than would be provided by simply slicing the novel into three approximately equal parts.

As long as the strict internal consistency, so characteristic of Tolkien’s work, is maintained, I am intrigued rather than bothered by these changes. They are the essence of myth:

a powerful story filtered through many minds until the irrelevancies are stripped away. Tolkien more than once declared his intention of creating a new mythology. Perhaps he has succeeded.

I could go on: the trip through Moria alone will be worth the price of admission, and the computer generated effects will be pushing the state of the art even three and a half years from now when the final film is released; but there is little point in describing more. A description is a poor substitute for first-hand experience; and what I’ve seen, though wondrous, is still rough and unfinished: in itself a poor substitute for sitting in the theater experiencing the film for the first time.

Before this trip I was looking forward to seeing the film. Now I am looking forward to the enthusiasm with which it will be received.

To say that Bilbo’s breath was taken away is no description at all. But true nonetheless.



## Fandom’s Tangled Web

### *Lupoffs Discover WWWedded Bliss*

Dick and Pat Lupoff’s son, Ken, married Crystal Reiss on May 25. As a side-effect of this grand occasion Dick didn’t go near his computer for nearly a week:

“No writing got done, no email got read or written, no websites got surfed. I discovered that there are other things to do with my time: books to read, music to hear, games to play, friends to visit, meals to savor, dogs to walk, the beauty of nature and the company of my wife to enjoy....

“I was actually tempted to leave the computer turned off, give the thing away or maybe sell it for scrap. I could rev up my trusty old Underwood Standard, lay in a ream of typing paper and some carbon sheets, and make like 1955. But you really can’t go home again, alas. The computer is too good a tool for writing, the internet for research, and email for communication. So I scrubbed that plan.”

Instead, he asked everyone in his e-mail address book to stop sending him all the jokes and political spam they usually copy to him. Dick explains:

“I figure if I can get my e-correspondents to honor this request I can save approximately an hour a day which I will then de-

vote to productive and/or amusing activities like writing books, reading books, taking naps or working out at the gym. You see, you’ll be helping me to live longer, more happily, and more constructively.”

Did it work? If so, we should all have friends like this!

### *Chat Group for Con and Costume Photographers*

Terry Whittier has started an on-line discussion group and e-mail list for sharing information about convention masquerade photography. Also invited to join in are the costumers themselves.

To subscribe, send e-mail to `Costume_Photography_subscribe@yahoo.com` or go to the web address:

[http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Costume\\_Photography](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Costume_Photography)

The Yahoo area also has files of how-to information and folders for sample photos or “who is this?” pictures.

Terry Whittier has been a fan photographer since 1972 and has taken photos of costumes at Westercons, NASFiCs, Worldcons and many other sf conventions.

### *“Ponytailers” Adventure Comic Strip To Become TV Series*

The internet comic strip “Ponytailers” is Wolfmill Entertainment’s latest acquisition, aiming to become its first foray into the world of live-action television. “Ponytailers” has been running on the A Girl’s World website since March of this year, receiving over six million hits per month. A Girl’s World (AGW) is the most popular internet site for girls that isn’t owned by a toy company, according to Alexa, an information company that tracks millions of websites.

“Ponytailers” is a series of contemporary adventure stories told from a girl’s point of view and presented in comic strip form. It tells the story of Caitlin, Kachina, and M.G., three 12-year-old girls from disparate backgrounds who live in the ranch country of High Sierra Falls, just outside of Yellowstone National Park. Riding their horses through the beautiful Sierra mountains, the stories of “Ponytailers” are about the exciting adventures these three girls share as they bond and their friendships grow.”

Creators of “Pocket Dragon Adventures,” Wolfmill Entertainment is also working on “Astounding Space Thrills,” based on another internet comic strip, and “Elfquest.”