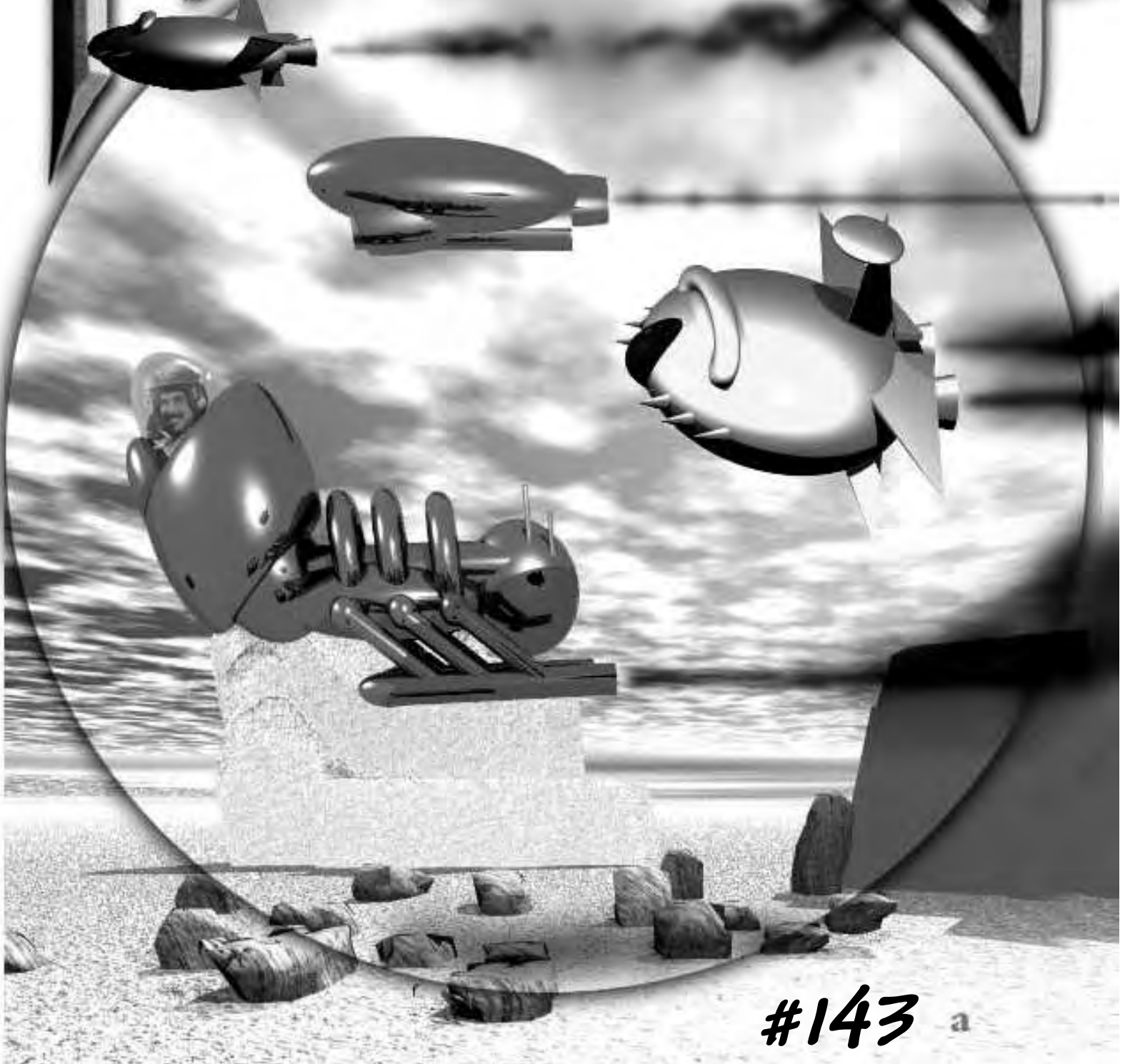


File 770



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File 770:143 is edited by Mike Glycer at 705 Valley View Ave., Monrovia CA 91016. *File 770* is available for news, artwork, arranged trades, or by subscription: \$8 for 5 issues, \$15 for 10 issues, air mail rate is \$2.50.

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Mike Glycer's Editorial Notes

"Watch out! All those pictures of the baby is an early warning sign! Just before the end, Brian Earl Brown filled his fanzines with pictures of the newly adopted child. Shortly after that, he was never heard from again!" – Taral Wayne

Baby Talk: I understand your fear, Taral. Maybe *File 770* doesn't do its best work as an annual, and every once in awhile I'm tempted to slap "5-star-final, goodbye!" on whatever is finished and write "30" to this avatar of my fanac. But instead, I muddle along because most of the time I like working on the zine, networking with contributors, writing things I hope people will get a smile from -- or find provocative. If things are getting done more slowly than we'd like, just know that as I go along, Sierra, Diana, and even my new job (boo!) have a priority on my time.

Tax Talk: I like my day job, too, as an industry specialist for IRS Appeals. The actual work, that is, not the travel. If I could change one thing, I'd never have to go to another out-of-town meeting. Does anyone like that feeling of being surgically implanted in a miniature airplane seat for hours at a time? Having Daddy away so often is a distraction for Sierra, too.

Besides, is there any point to business travel unless it generates fanzine material? How often will I luck into anything like the following story? I was in Washington D.C.'s National Airport on the Friday that Capclave 2002 was supposed to start, when I saw Donald Eastlake III. He wasn't on his way to the convention, either. We two fakefans were leaving for home on afternoon flights. Don said he had met a publisher in D.C. to pitch his

I've grown a beard!



Fair Warning: Just thought you ought to know.

I left my electric shaver behind in the hotel room on one of my business trips. The hotel returned it to me in only three days, just long enough for Diana to talk me into experimenting with a beard. She still likes it — so it's staying!



book proposal, *Freemasonry for Dummies*. I was there to work on the Offshore Voluntary Compliance Initiative – whether that was also “for dummies” depends on how you feel about people who use credit cards in a way that lets the IRS trace their unreported income in Caribbean bank accounts....

That 2002 meeting was in the Service's New Carrollton, MD office (across town from where they used to hold Disclave, right?) Two years later I finally got to go to a meeting actually in Washington D.C. Now I know that isn't impressive to you. It doesn't impress me, either. Of course it doesn't. I guess that's why I'm not even mentioning it in this editorial.

I wondered what kind of place Headquarters would be. At the beginning of my career I worked with Jim Heneghan, a Boston Irishman with twinkling eyes and a rapier tongue who liked to refer to the IRS National Office as “the temple of 1,000 sleeping GS-14's.” Should I ever see Jim again, I'll tell him that if they're not sleeping they sure are working darned quietly.

IRS headquarters fills a big city block between Pennsylvania and Constitution Avenues, not very far from Ford's Theater. The building has the same shape as a window drawn by a toddler, a simple rectangle with a

cross inside – plus a stem that extends along a side street. The lobby of the main entrance is covered with ornamental marble, as is the hallway outside the Commissioner's office upstairs. All the other miles of corridors are surprisingly plain, rather like a high school, endless yellow walls punctuated by lots of cheap wooden doors. Instead of name plaques, employees are identified by laser printed signs taped to the doors. It all looks so temporary I might have wondered whether the people inside would be gone if I came back tomorrow.

Our January 2004 meeting was chaired by a Texan who'd come to D.C. without an overcoat. The happy result was that he trimmed a day off the schedule to let us fly home before a coming snowstorm. The first day some of us decided to stay in for lunch. The cafeteria seemed surprisingly undersized for this big federal building, but I could see why it was not in demand. It is located on the seventh floor in the center of the building: a worker in an office on the outer ring of the building can get out to the street and into a restaurant faster than she can get upstairs to the cafeteria. These people are pretty well-paid, so there's every reason to go out.

Travel aside, the work I'm doing now fascinates to me. These are the most creative

CH-CH-CH-CHANGES!

My new e-mail address is MikeGlycer@cs.com

E-Mail Change of Address: MikeGlycer@cs.com is the only good address for me now. The CS indeed stands for Compuserve. I've been using them as my ISP for years. Somewhere in the middle AOL bought them out, but they still maintain the illusion that Compuserve has a separate existence. To upgrade to their web-based e-mail I had to enter an arrangement where the old account continues to exist (for some reason) but no e-mail is forwarded and I get to pay extra if I log onto it now. So the old account is still there, it doesn't bounce mail, but my upgraded software won't access it and presumably the mailbox hit its limit full of spam two days after I stopped emptying it -- 21st century inconvenience at 22nd century prices!

assignments I've had in my career, in one of the Service's most active areas. But no matter how you slice it, it's still tax, so I will spare you the details. Just let me say my work is 90% writing – guidelines, training material, zillions of e-mails – and my tank of “writing juice” gets drained by the end of a lot of workdays. When I used to be a front-line Appeals Officer, my accounting, writing, and negotiating skills would be emphasized at different points in the cycle of working a case, so there used to be heavy writing only every couple of weeks. The new job is affecting how much fanac I'm inclined to do in what free time I have while raising a 2-year old. We'll see if I get acclimated to it in the long run. Meanwhile....

The Winter of My Discontent: Having just celebrated the Fourth of July I realize we're as far from winter as you can get. But in memory it's yet... cold. It was in the middle of a night last December I decided there was an urgent need to create The Corbomite Award for Household Product Engineering, to reward the manufacturer of the quilt that covers our bed. On winter nights I fall asleep at night with one end of the quilt tucked around my chin and the other end covering my feet. Yet at 3 a.m., I'm unpleasantly awakened by drafts of chilly air across my legs and feet. Where has the quilt gone? Wrapped around Diana? Nope -- what an unjust accusation! There it is, on the floor. Gravity has done its sinister work again.

In obedience to the Newtonian laws, once the bottom edge of our quilt drapes over the end of the bed, the quilt's own weight gradually pulls the rest in the same direction – it won't stay put because the smooth lining is almost frictionless. Video of the moment when the quilt slithers onto the floor would have the same climactic quality as the locomotive lurching into the abyss between the broken spans of the *Bridge On the River Kwai*, taking a line of boxcars with it to destruction. The inevitable result of this cold equation interrupts my sleep on many winter nights, and I'm sure I wake with the same expression on my face as Colonel Nicholson had the moment before he fell on the plunger.

So keep your eye open at Wal-Marts for those quilts proudly blazoned as the Corbomite Award winner.

The Autumn of My Delight: The Archon committee graciously invited me to be its fan guest of honor for 2004. Their other GoHs are Alan Dean Foster, Vincent DiFate and Shane Hensley, with TM Ben Bova and Masquerade MC Vic Milán. And Priscilla Olson invited me to be Boskone's Special Guest in 2005. Both invitations extend to the entire family, and as we get closer to the dates we'll know if Diana and Sierra will be able to make the trip, too.



News of Fandom

Wedding Report

By John Hertz

[Reprinted from *Vanamonde*] On October 18, 2003 Dave Trowbridge was married to Deborah Ross (published both as D. Ross and D. Wheeler) at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Ben Lomond, California, population 3,050.

Sherwood Smith, who long knew Trowbridge and wrote *Exordium* novels with him, was Best Person. I taught Regency dancing at the reception, with James Langdell in the band.

Ross and Trowbridge brought me on Friday for a rehearsal and dinner, giving me a room at the Ben Lomond Econolodge next to Howden Castle in an enchanted forest, and for Saturday night, since I had to reach San Jose, at the San Jose Hilton. At one point I sat alone writing in Smith's motel room. There was her laptop computer, a Trollope novel, and a YiHsing teapot.

The church, built in 1901 from local redwood, had a real pipe organ. The booklet for the service said, “this Eucharistic prayer is fondly known as the *Star Wars* liturgy, for reasons that will become apparent,” which was true; the whole was eclectic like the bride and groom, her procession being “The Rainbow Connection,” the recessional “The Liberty Bell March,” and for an Introit, Shakespeare's Sonnet No. 116 “Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments” sung *a capella* by Bronwyn Fryer, who told me she'd adapted a song Judy Collins gave Collins' husband. It's no trifle setting music for Shakespeare; his sonnets far hardest; this was so fit we begged a reprise later, when we'd eaten and drunk and given many toasts.

Ross, who had not converted, put elements of Jewish ceremony before and after, by which, I heard someone say, she supplied the embrace of a woman. As for the dancing,

at first few knew why I was there, but by the end I had done my duty, in the vast expanse of interstellar space, galaxies, suns, the planets in their courses, and this earth our home.

The rector, Rev. Keith Johnson, was a thoughtful witty man. There was a Shield of David cake in seven flavors. To Chris Finnie was credited “Beating Down Murphy Under Our Feet.”

I had a gorgeous drive from the airport into the forest under autumn light, then back in the dark having dined well. I last saw the Hilton at ConJose, the 2002 Worldcon. My room was on the same side, and, after a little sleep, there was the dawn. ++ *John Hertz*

Suspected Gandalf Fanatic Stopped by Airport Security

Waiting to fly home from Loscon at the end of Thanksgiving weekend, Berni Phillips and her husband David Bratman had a scary experience in the Southwest Airline boarding lounge.

Berni writes: “About half an hour after we got there and had been waiting in the chairs, some college students came in and immediately lined up in the A section (the first to board). So we went and got in the line, too. College students are a lot more comfortable on the floor than we older folks. I alternate standing with sitting with my legs straight in front of me. David doesn't like to sit like that. He was lying down, reading *Waiting for Gandalf*, one of the books Diana Glycer loaned him. They make an announcement, our plane is delayed 20 minutes, so we're there even longer and the waiting area becomes quite crowded. When they finally start letting us board, two police officers come up and approach David. They said another passenger complained that he was acting in a suspicious

Series of Small Motions Brings Harryhausen To Walk Of Fame

After years of campaigning, a star has been added to the Hollywood Walk of Fame for stop-motion pioneer Ray Harryhausen (*It Came From Beneath The Sea, The 7th Voyage Of Sinbad, Mysterious Island and Jason & The Argonauts*). LASFS member Harryhausen attended the June 10 ceremony and heard tributes from contemporary directors, high school chum Ray Bradbury, and Fory Ackerman, who introduced the two in 1939. "If it were up to me, I would dig up [my star] and bring it down next to Ray's," Bradbury told an enthusiastic crowd of friends and fans.

Harryhausen's star is across the street from (then) Grauman's Chinese Theater, where he saw *King Kong* in 1933, the movie that forever changed his life. Ackerman later gave him his first set of *King Kong* stills.

LASFS' Bill Warren observed that the crowd included Randall Cook (two-time FX Oscar winner, for the *Rings* movies), directors Mick Garris and Don Glut, Rick Baker (another Oscar winner), Stan Winston, Bob Burns, and Greg Bear (who was taking pictures like crazy) and many others.

Still very active, Harryhausen recently completed a new version of "The Tortoise and The Hare" as a 12-minute short. He celebrated his 83rd birthday on June 29.

Harryhausen is the third visual effects legend with a star on the Walk of Fame, joining Stan Winston and ILM's Dennis Muren.

manner: kneeling and praying. They never said 'Muslim,' but you know that's what they were thinking. I was there the whole time, except for a quick trip to the ladies' room, and I can swear, he was doing nothing of the sort. So they're asking him over and over what he's doing, and he's just flabbergasted. I said, 'He's my husband and he's Jewish!' Even if he were Muslim, even if he were praying, I didn't realize that that was now illegal in airports. Heck, I saw hundreds of people kneeling and praying just that morning in the cathedral! Maybe they should go over there and start intimidating folks. They finally let us board. So, *Waiting for Gandalf* has been re-christened the Muslim Prayer Book. In addition to 'driving while brown,' I think we need a new category, 'flying while Middle Eastern and bearded.'

Benn Lifts Three Golds at National Championships

Fandom's world-class weightlifter, Benn



Terry Karney, LASFS member, serving in Iraq in 2003.

Iraq

Soon after Saddam Hussein was driven from power, reports **Craig Miller**, "my distributor...sold the Iraqi TV rights for my series *Pocket Dragon Adventures*." While every alternative newspaper in the country wants to blame the war on oil interests, now you know...the rest of the story!

Overkamp, walked away with three gold medals from the Collegiate National Weight Lifting Championships on April 18 at Indiana University.

He won two golds in the snatch and the clean and jerk. In the snatch, Overkamp lifted 313.5 pounds, and in the clean and jerk he lifted 396 pounds. Overkamp received a third gold for recording the highest combined score in the two events, 709.5 pounds. The win earned him a place on the team that participated in the World University games in Maryland on July 3.

Overkamp, one of the country's top 30 lifters, also received an invitation to the Olympic Trials in May. Since the USA team can only take three men, he and his Olympic coach decided not to compete, believing it's better to prepare for the World University games. Their long-term goal is to be ready for the 2008 Olympic Games in Beijing, China. "He'll be at his peak strength in time for the next Olympic games," said his coach, Ed Bielik in an interview with the Webster University paper. "He has the chance to go all the way."

After 2-1/2 years at the Olympic Training Center, Benn Overkamp came home to the St. Louis area and enrolled as a full-time student at Webster University.

His mother, Jenny, wrote online in April, "Though Benn could go back to the Training Center soon, he is happier here. His coach is willing to devote the time to train him. But Coach is concerned about the lack of equipment and funds to get Benn to the national meets. Benn's team, Kirkwood weightlifting, is sending out a new flier to raise money for the team and Benn's training expenses. It is crucial that they raise money for the Olympic quality equipment that Benn needs to continue training here in St. Louis."

Incidentally, Jenny married Michael Evans in a genuine Leap Year ceremony, taking their wedding vows on February 29 shortly after midnight. [[Source: *Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol*]]

The Real Burning City

Fires burned through Southern California forests and hillside residential areas in October 2003, bringing devastation virtually to the doorstep of two households in Los Angeles fandom. Flames came within yards of the Nivens' home, part of a gated community in the foothills above Chatsworth. The fire also invaded nearby Moorpark, but Dennis Miller's house was spared.

During the fire, Tony Cratz and Michael Siladi furnished a public service to the science fiction community by running a website with current information on how the assorted firestorms were affecting Southern California fans.

Unleashed Power

The American Kennel Club's Dog Agility CH always expects to draw Hollywood celebrities. Naturally, the AKC's idea of a "celebrity" is a competitor like the apricot mini poodle, Asa, who appeared in Tim Burton's *Big Fish*. But when the show convened last December in Long Beach, California fandom contributed its own star performer.

Lisa Greene, of Los Angeles and Texas fandom fame, owns Josephine, only the second standard poodle ever to make it to the finals of this AKC event. Lisa admits, "While we crashed and burned, we had a very good time indeed!"

A one-hour television feature about the show aired in February, and beforehand she urged friends, "Cheer if you see a very large middle-aged woman and a very large poodle with a shaggy haircut!"

Selina Walks

Those of us leading the charge in the "graying of fandom" are more than happy to cheer any fan headed in a better direction. Selina Phanara entered a charity 5K walk in September 2003, declaring in an e-mail to her friends, "I know 5K is only a little over 3 miles, but it's my first charity sports thingy and I am just pleased that I am *able* to do it.

Three years ago I would not have even been able to think about it, my life is different now and I am capable, so I figured, the Heart Association would be a good place to start!"

So it was that LA fans pledged \$250 to the Heart Association in support of Selina's efforts. Selina also saw another LA fan walking the course, Elizabeth Klein-Lebbink.

After she finished Selina wrote, "I was really just grateful to have my good health and be able to do the walk. It's been a challenge for me."

TAFF

James Bacon overcame Anders Holmström by a vote of 112-82 and emerged the winner of Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund race for 2004. He will attend the Worldcon in Boston.

The vote breakdown in Europe was 90 for James and 59 for Anders, while in North America, Anders had the slimmest possible lead over James, 23-22.

According to administrator Randy Byers, the North Americans also cast 13 no preference votes and 1 "Hold Over Funds" vote.

DUFF

Guy and Rose Marie Lillian, North American administrators of the Down Under Fan Fund, report that Norman Cates was selected the DUFF delegate from Australia/New Zealand to Noreascon 4. final vote of 53 to 46, NORMAN CATES has been elected the 2004 DUFF delegate from Australia/New Zealand to Noreascon 4, the World Science Fiction Convention.

Norman Cates outpolled Danny Oz (nee Heap) 53-46, with Ericka Maria Lacey finishing last among the candidates with an unannounced vote total. Other voting figures also had yet to be released at the time of the initial announcement.

Guy Lillian wrote online, "Noreascon 4 will undoubtedly have a place on its program for this accomplished fan, who worked on *The Lord of the Rings*."



SANTA FORRY'S CASH FILLS HOLLYWOOD'S STOCKING

Forrest J Ackerman donated \$153,000 at Christmastime to the American Cinematheque, the non-profit arts organization that owns and operates the historic Egyptian Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. It's the largest single donation the group has received. To thank Forry for playing Santa, the merry elf known for "making a list and checking it twice," the Egyptian will install plaques on theater seats commemorating 153 of Ackerman's family members, friends and personalities in the world of entertainment. Forry himself will be honored by friends and colleagues at a tribute on February 11 that will feature a screening of one of Ackerman's favorite films, *Dead of Night* (1945). He will also have his own name on a theater seat, purchased by friend David Marchant (whose other plaque donations remember Charlie Chaplin and Sid Grauman, the Egyptian Theatre's original proprietor.)

Grauman's Egyptian Theater, as it was known in 1925, is where a nine-year old Forrest J Ackerman went with his grandparents to see *The Lost World*. Now 87 years old, Mr. Ackerman will honor the memory of Marcel Delgado who built the 49 dinosaurs seen in the film and Willis O'Brien who animated them.

Additionally he is honoring: Marlene Dietrich, Simone Simon, Veronica Carlson (*The Bride of Dracula*), Geo. Herbert Wyman (grandfather of Forrest Ackerman & Bradbury Building Architect), Wendayne Mondelle Ackerman (wife of Forrest Ackerman), Belle Zululu Wyman (grandmother of Forrest Ackerman), Fritz Lang, Lon Chaney, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Vincent Price, Maurice Chevalier ("Louise"), Al Jolson ("Sonny Boy"), Bing Crosby (recorded 1600 songs), Claude Rains (*The Invisible Man*), John Landis (director of *Schlock*), Joe Dante (director of *The Howling*), James Whale (director *Frankenstein*), Peter Lorre, Lon Chaney, Jr. (*The Wolf Man*), Rick Baker (Monster Maker), Elsa Lanchester (*Bride of Frankenstein*), Dick Smith (master make-up artist), Tod Browning (Lon Chaney Sr.'s director) Willis O'Brien (animated *King Kong*), Marcel DelGado (built *King Kong*), Conrad Veidt (*The Cabinet of Dr. Calagari*), Sari Maritza (British actress), Anna Sten (Russian actress), Hugh M. Hefner (creator of *Playboy*), Celia Lovsky (Peter Lorre's widow), Jack Pierce (wizard of make-up, created make-up for Boris Karloff as Frankenstein), Herbert Marshall, Charles Boyer, Jean Arthur, George Sanders, Henrietta Siodmak, David J. Marchant (friend), Ken-

neth A. Marchant (friend), and Roberta Nadler (friend), Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Pitt, Steven Spielberg, George Lucas, Rouben Mamoulian, Ernst Lubitch, Frank Darabont and Kevin J. Burns.

Authors: Issac Asimov, Charles Beaumont, Ray Bradbury, George Clayton Johnson, William F. Temple, Sir Arthur C. Clarke, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Richard Matheson, Ib J. Melchior, Amelia Reynolds Long, Olaf Stapleton and Stanley Grauman Weinbaum.

Actors: Lauren Bacall, Ingrid Bergman, Gloria Stuart, Caroline Munro, Marilyn Monroe, Asia Carrera, Anna May Wong, Anna Lee, Laura Lee Donn, Laura LaPlante, Zita Johann, Bramwell Fletcher, Edward van Sloan, Brigitte Helm, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Gerda Maurus, Billie Dove, Betty Bronson, Louise Brooks, David Manners, Warner Oland, Albert Dekker, Henry Hull, Jameson Thomas, Benita Hume, Shirley Temple, Christopher Reeves, Sylvia Sidney, Sybil Jason, Davey Kee, Lila Lee, Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, Lew Ayres, Dick Powell, William Powell, Barry Atwater, Diana Wynyard, Charles Laughton, Greer Garson, Sharon Stone, Ron Chaney, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Michel Piccoli, Bo Derek, Jane Seymour, Richard Carlson, Barbara Rush, Toby Wing, Sojin, and Johnny Eck.

Magicians: Dunninger, Thurston, Blackstone and Tingaling Foo.

Artists: Frank R. Paul, Hannes Bok, Virgil Finlay, Margaret Brundage and Josh Kirby.

Singers: Ruth Etting, Morton Downey, Barbra Sreisand, Dean Martin, Belle Baker, Johnny Mathis, Aznavour, Janet Carroll, Mireille Matheu, Satchmo and Zarah Leander.

Filmgoers: Lance Alspaugh, Joe Moe, Sean Fernald, Silke Esh, Ingrid Herzer, Joe Herzer, Lee Harris, Jim Warren, Verne Langdon, Celeste DePinto, Carmen D'Alleso and Margot Gerber.

Sci-Fi Editors: Hugo Gernsback, John W. Campbell, Horace L. Gold, Anthony Boucher, Forrest J. Ackerman

Super Sci-Fi Fans: Rick Sneary, Julius Schwartz, Walter Willis and Harry Warner Jr.

Cinematheque Director Barbara Smith commented, "This is a tremendous Holiday surprise. Not only are we touched by Mr. Ackerman's generosity and support for the Cinematheque, but we are happy to have such a vast array of artists remembered with seat plaques in the theatre."



And The Most Qualified Candidate for Governor of California Was...?

From left: *Angelyne*, a DJ famous for promoting herself on Hollywood billboards; *Arnold Schwarzenegger*, another famous face on Hollywood billboards; *Gary Coleman*, still making the transition from child actor to his next career (Governor pays better than door guard); *Janice Gelb*: If she can save the Worldcon program, why not her home state's government?

While Californians Vote for Total Recall, Janice Terminates the Campaign to Make Her Governor

Who knew, when California's governor Gray Davis was re-elected to a second term in 2002, that the following year a stampede of virtually unknown candidates would be given a shot at taking away his job? Recall drives have been launched against practically every California governor since the Sixties, including Pat Brown, Ronald Reagan, Jerry Brown and Pete Wilson. The drive against Davis marked the first time in California history petitioners actually succeeded in forcing a recall election.

Candidates in a California recall election do not have to deliver anywhere near the number of signature or pay the high fees demanded to enter a regular election, so a legion of publicity-seekers and political neophytes made it onto the ballot. The cast of characters ranged from a San Diego tax attorney who I've dealt with in my work, to Los Angeles disc jockey Angelyne, who's famous for having her giant image on LA billboards; former child star Gary Coleman; porn star Mary "Mary Carey" Cook; *Hustler Magazine* publisher Larry Flynt; Santa Clara businesswoman Sharon Rushford; sumo wrestler Kurt E. "Tachikaze" Rightmyer of West Covina; and, of course, actor Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Science fiction fans all over America worried that quantity and quality were at odds in the California race. Discussion lists full of conrunners who are usually obsessed with how to legislate readable membership badges paused to brainstorm how to bring a better class of people out to save the state. In the midst of this, the reigning Worldcon chair had a vision (the polite word for that special mental condition that makes people volunteer to become Worldcon chairs in the first place.) Deb Geisler pointed out to the Smofs list that Janice Gelb, who has helped save more than her share of Worldcons, is a California citizen. Deb revealed there was now a "Janice for Governor" website, coincidentally created by her husband, Mike Benveniste. The site –

www.smofs.org/Janice

-- urged readers:

"We have no time to lose. We must hurry, lest California lose the chance to co-opt one of its brightest lights into the onerous task of Governor. Pledge early; pledge often. Needed are \$3500 and the signatures of 65 registered California voters in order to get Janice on the ballot. (We can get the \$3500 waived if we get 10,000 signatures -- ah, California. Even in Massachusetts, we hadn't thought of that.)

"Pledge your support now. Email and tell us what you can afford to toss into the kitty for this brilliant hack.

"Remember: Janice Gelb, because she's way cooler than Arnold."

Although Alex Von Thorn posted, "Friends don't let friends run California," few other voices of sanity were heard as the movement quickly rolled up \$1,870 in pledges. (And miscellaneous promises of pizzas for the campaign staff, plus artwork for their tee shirts.)

The only thing finally keeping Janice from the ballot was... her own common sense. Just as the filing deadline closed she wrote the following "concession speech" for Smofs:

"[For verisimilitude, picture this email message being read on a stage featuring campaign posters, red, white, and blue bunting and balloons and, since this is all imaginary anyway, add a supportive spouse and a couple of cute but downcast children]

"Friends and Supporters: I'd like to thank you all for your pledged support of the Gelb for Governor campaign, to the amazing amount of \$1870. While I suspect that similar results would have occurred no matter which California fan Deb and Mike had chosen to *ahem* honor with a campaign, I thank you for your supportive messages and pledges. And I join with everyone in appreciation of the effort that whomever-it-was put into the web site.

"To get serious for a minute, had I really wanted to take a stab at this, I could have met the filing requirements. I'm sure that those of

you on tight budgets who pledged are grateful that I did not, but I wanted to explain to those of you who would have liked the hack to continue into a full campaign why I did not. I find this recall such an appalling waste of financial resources that are desperately needed by social welfare and education programs already suffering from the budget crisis, and such a terrible precedent to set in government policy, that I didn't feel that I could participate in good conscience even as a joke candidate.... Thank you and good night."

Avoiding the gubernatorial bullet left Janice free to work Noreascon 4, and I know she will find a way to repay Deb's compliment!

Harry Potter's Hugo

Joseph Major wrote in *Alexiad* (8/2003), "I had had some concerns about a certain Hugo winner of a couple of years ago, and in looking on the rec.arts.sf.written newsgroup found an interesting comment by Robert Sneddon from Philcon: 'Rowling's Hugo ended up in my hotel room at Philly after the ceremony because nobody else knew what the hell to do with it. Bloomsbury had expressed zero interest in the Hugo awards, ditto Rowling herself.' But in the acknowledgements section of *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*, the Hugo is listed first among the author's awards..."

Major's report reminded me that Bruce Pelz was never satisfied merely by Retro Hugos having been given by 1996 Worldcon voters, he insisted on tracking down appropriate people to take custody of the physical awards. This included the quickest delivery – air freighting one of the awards after L.A.con III to Murray Leinster's relative in time to display at a local library – and the slowest delivery, which finally saw the Retro for Orwell's novella "Animal Farm" delivered to his estate five years after the con.

GUFF

GUFF is the **Get Up-and-over Fan Fund** or the **Going Under Fan Fund**, depending on which way you're going. Pat McMurray of the UK went Down Under after winning an exceptionally tight race over Doug Bell, 35-33 (with 8 no preference.)

Pat attended the New Zealand national convention (ConTour) in Rotorua at Easter, and the Australian national convention (Conflux) in Canberra two weeks later. McMurray was in the midst of his trip when he posted this on Smofs: "At last, I have achieved the highlight of my trip. I have reached Rottsnest Island, for an inspection of the conference facilities on behalf of Australia in 2010."

The GUFF administrators over the election were Eric Lindsay and Jean Weber of Australia

(eric@ericlindsay.com)

and Paul Kincaid of the UK

(guff@appomattox.demon.co.uk).

Helpful Fans

NESFA would like to move into a nicer facility and fans everywhere are doing their best to help. The July 30, 2003 *Instant Message* says one referral was about a site that is presently the location of a federal penitentiary. Past DUFF winner Naomi Fisher sent information about an aircraft carrier for sale. After L.A.con II, SCIFI loaned money to NESFA to buy its first clubhouse, and I think after L.A.con IV we'll happily loan them a lot more to move into that federal penitentiary.

Birthday Celebration

Tammy Coxen and **Eric McGlohan** celebrated the birth of **Liam Benjamin McGlohan** on April 26. The baby weighed in at 7 lb. 10 oz. He was 21" long.

The Joy of Being Published

Joy V. Smith, inspired to hear that I am reading to Sierra ('love her photos; she looks so cute and enthusiastic'), sends word that she has two stories at the ChildrenzBooks site:

'Sammy's Beautiful Tail' --

http://www.childrenzbooks.com/free_books/sammy.html

'Why Won't Anyone Play With Me' --

<http://www.childrenzbooks.com/e-books/featured.php?RecordID=1046555404>

Let's Buy Two!

Linda Bushyager recently discovered that the science fiction book she co-authored with John Betancourt is now available in print for \$15.99, or for download for \$6.99. Search Amazon.com under Books (naturally) for *Pacifica* or Linda Bushyager. For the printed version pick Paperback

"*Pacifica*... It was an artificial island cre-

Mr. Shake Hands Man Jumps Over the Quick Fox

Tadao Tomomatsu's gig as "Mr. Shake Hands Man" may need to be renamed "Nine Lives Man."

His character was part of the *Banzai* program originally created for British television, then transplanted to America as the USA Network's "Banzai Friday Movie." After the USA cable network cancelled the show, the *Banzai* program sold to the Fox TV Network. The Fox broadcasts were protested by such groups as the Media Action Network for Asian-Americans. That seems to have taken its toll on Fox executives, who normally behave as if even bad publicity is good — for ratings, at least. Fox let program go. But *Banzai* soon found a new home on the Comedy Central cable network. There will be at least another ten episodes.

Meanwhile, Tadao's career gets more interesting with every audition. This summer, his agent sent him to read for the part of a "cameraman." The call sheet said that the role would involve filming outside the U.S. for six months. He was reluctant to be gone for so long, but saw that the location would be New Zealand, which might be fun. The call sheet also listed the director's name: Jackson. Tadao thought *wait a minute*, looked at the title on the script, and found he was reading pages from *King Kong*. Putting it

ated in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, designed to feed the starving millions of the world... For a brilliant holographic artist, hopelessly in love with a woman who abandoned him, it is a chance to win back her affections... For eco-terrorists, it is the dream of a lifetime gone horribly wrong... And for a ruthless billionaire industrialist, it is a chance to rule the world... *Pacifica* is the thrilling new science fiction novel by John Gregory Betancourt, nationally best-selling author of *The Dawn of Amber*, and Linda E. Bushyager, author of *Master of Hawks* and *The Spellstone of Shaltus*."

Linda forthrightly adds, "The book is a fast read, not a great novel, but should be fairly entertaining. If you like it, please write a book review for Amazon.com."

Medical Updates

John Trimble suffered a heart attack on January 19. Doctors put in several stents while he was hospitalized. After he got home, John told Diana in a phone call that he felt better than he had in years. Our wishes that John continues to feel better and better!

Earl Cooley, well-known Texas fan and sf webmaster, had multiple bypass surgery in January. Once out of the hospital, Earl planned to move back to Schertz, TX to be



Tadao Tomomatsu as the tricky celebrity interviewer.

altogether, Tadao realized he was auditioning for the next project by the makers of *Lord of the Rings*.

Tadao said six weeks have gone by without hearing from the company. I think it would be a great role for him. For one thing, the cameraman's last scene is him being eaten by a giant fish. This would perfectly complement another performance in Tadao's resume, the fisherman eaten by *Godzilla* in the 1998 remake. I don't think another actor in the history of Hollywood can boast of being eaten alive in both *Godzilla* and *King Kong*!

with his family there. [[Source: Joyce Scrivener]]

Terry Karney, a LASFSian who saw active duty with the US Army in Iraq, returned to America last summer for treatment of Reiter's Syndrome, a form of arthritis.

Andre Norton fell and shattered her hip on April 8. She had surgery to repair it with screws and a metal plate. The surgery went well and she was able to return home a few days thereafter. Uncle Timmy Bolgeo encouraged people to help alleviate the convalescence costs Medicare won't cover by sending a check made out to her at: Ms. Andre Norton, 114 Eventide Dr., Murfreesboro, TN 37130

Bob Peterson, longtime Denver fan, has suspended publication of his zine *Notes* after 20 years due to vision problems caused by macular degeneration.



Lasting Impressions: News from the World of Fanzines

David Levine's Smokin' Hot Keyboard

Convention programmers need to cancel all their "Why Don't Pro Writers Get Their Start in Fanzines Anymore?" panels. David Levine, who co-edits *Bento* with Kate Yule, is blazing across the heavens as one of pro sf's brightest newcomers. Nominated for the 2003 John W. Campbell Award, David rejoiced at the excuse for wearing a tux to the TorCon 3 Hugo Ceremonies. And he's nominated again in 2004.

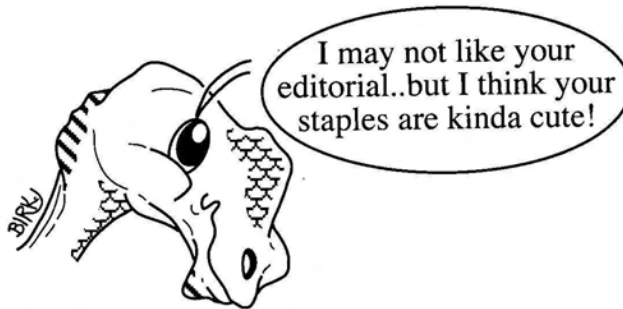
David's story "The Tale of the Golden Eagle" made the preliminary Nebula ballot and has achieved recognition beyond anything he expected. 'Eagle' has received rave reviews and multimedia distribution. Audible.com offers the story in an audio e-book "The Best of Fantasy and Science Fiction Magazine, May-June 2003," read by Stefan Rudnicki. It's been selected for the *Year's Best SF* anthology edited by Jonathan Strahan & Karen Haber. The story also appeared in an Israeli webzine. *Bli-Panika* (Don't Panic) translated it into Hebrew, with a marvelous illustration:

<http://space.ort.org.il/sci/scripts/article.asp?item=442248314&pc=981196373>

The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction has put all its stories that made the preliminary Nebula ballot on the web at: <http://www.sfsite.com/fsf/fiction/preneb03.htm>

Which means you can read it for free. David beams. "Of all the stories I've sold so far, 'Eagle' is the one I'm proudest of."

Levine says his goal is to write at least



100 words a day, and much of that effort is going into a new novel. "Though the frequency has been a little spotty lately I have been very productive when I do manage to sit down to write (last week's big ice storm helped)." Whenever you want to know the latest about this most productive writer, check his writing journal at

www.bentopress.com/sf/journal
where he makes new entries almost daily.

Word to the Wise

You can always find the latest issue of **Lauraine Tutihasi's** newsletter/fanzine *Feline Mewsings*, now in its 15th issue, at: <http://members.aol.com/felinemewsings/index.html>.

Nuggets Found in Holiday Newsletters

If this headline makes you wonder who has taken to sending an annual family newsletter on Independence Day, rest assured no one

has, it's just another little clue to this newzine's chaotic schedule. But I'm still enjoying some of the stories fans included in last winter's greeting cards, and so will you:

David and Keri Doering wrote about their five-year-old Serena Noelle: "You can really appreciate this kind of excitement when you take this five-year-old to Disneyland for the first time.... With everything

that the park offers, her absolute favorite (she went on it four times) was the simple carousel, or 'the horses' as she called it. Even so, some things are 'What's the big deal?' with her. When she took a First Place Blue Ribbon at the Utah State Fair for her ceramic dinosaur, she just says, 'I know.'"

Australia's **Adrienne Losin** says she rejoined the choir, a group that has "sung at Festivals, churches, concerts, nursing homes, art galleries, shopping centers. More of same next year. Our charity concert raised over \$1000. I can send you an audio cassette, if you're feeling masochistic or just want to annoy the neighbors."

San Jose's **Adrienne Foster** went to Leprecon 29, but says she was more interested in visiting Arizona's ghost towns than the con itself. In the same, ah, spirit, she says she chose Toronto's Fairmont Royal York as her Worldcon lodgings, thinking "it was the most likely of the selection to be haunted." (Oh, to think what I could do with *that* straight line if I hadn't been the con's guest...)

RAY NELSON WINS 2003 ROTSLER AWARD

Ray Nelson won the 2003 Rotsler Memorial Fanzine Artist Award, presented at Loscon 30. Sponsored by the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests (SCIFI), the Rotsler Award honors the lifetime work of outstanding fanartists and the memory of esteemed fanartist William Rotsler.

Ray Nelson, a Bay Area fanartist, has been chosen in recognition of his current fanac as well as the artwork he has contributed to a wide variety of fanzines. His insightful and humorous cartoons have illustrated the fannish spirit for over three decades.

The Rotsler Award is given by the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests. The award commemorates the late Bill Rotsler, the prolific LA fanartist whose cartoons appeared in fanzines worldwide. The winner receives a plaque, a \$300 honorarium, and is honored with an exhibit in the Loscon art show. The award winner is selected by a panel of judges composed of Mike Glycer, John Hertz and Geri Sullivan.

Past winners are Steve Stiles (1998), Grant Canfield (1999), ATom (2000), Brad Foster (2001), and Kurt Erichsen (2002).



Watching Over the Warner Collection

Compiled by Robert Lichtman

Rich Lynch's material used by permission

ROBERT LICHTMAN INTRODUCTION:

I first learned about Harry's death in an e-mail from Bob Silverberg on March 18, 2003:

"Did you know that Harry Warner has died? I just got a query from 'Locus' about info for his obit. What, I wonder, will become of his fanzine collection? It must be enormous."

Digging around on the Web, I soon located Harry's obituary in the March 13th edition of the Hagerstown "Herald-Mail."

Seeing that the various fan e-mail lists (Trufen, Memory Hole, etc.) had not yet caught wind of this, I announced it to fandom as a whole via those lists. Reaction was immediate and overwhelming, and besides expressing disbelief and grief over Harry's death just about everyone thought what Silverberg did: what would happen to Harry's fanzine collection?

The following day I wrote to the newsroom at the "Herald-Mail."

ROBERT LICHTMAN, March 19, 2003:

Having been alerted to its existence, I read the brief obituary of Harry Warner, Jr. that appeared in your paper late last week. Although I never met Harry, he was a presence in my life for the past 44 years through his participation in the science-fiction fan subculture and we corresponded periodically throughout that period. It's my understanding that someone at your paper who worked with Harry when he was there has made some efforts to contact s-f fans to learn more about Harry's participation in the hobby, but I have no idea what (if any) information has been provided. If that person would like to contact me, I'd be happy to provide information.

Meanwhile, I and others in "fandom" are interested to know what arrangements have been made concerning the contents of his house, and particularly his 60+-year accumulation of science fiction fanzines, most if not all of which are stored in his attic. Harry wrote me in the '90s asking for my advice concerning its eventual disposition because arrangements he'd made with (as I recall) a university library had fallen apart. I advised him to place it with the "Eaton Collection" of science-fiction at the University of California at Riverside, and he made changes in his will to accomplish that (including funds for its packing and transportation). However, last summer a mutual friend of Harry's and mine died and left over 200,000 fanzines to the same collection. Harry expressed concern that

his collection might thus be a superfluous addition and was pondering making a change. I don't know if he ever did.

If you have knowledge of the executor of Harry's estate and would care to put that person or entity in touch with me, I stand ready to be of any assistance I can offer regarding his fanzine collection.

Thank you for your time.

A few days later I heard from Arnold Platou of the "Herald-Mail," who I provided with some information and leads, and who eventually wrote an article for his paper about Harry.

The same day as I wrote the newsroom, this letter appeared in the Hagerstown paper.

Harry Warner will be missed

To the editor:

The news of the death of Harry Warner Jr. spread quickly through the *Herald-Mail*. For most, it was followed by "Harry who?" But for a handful of us "old-timers," memories of the slightly built man who retired more than 20 years ago came to life.

My first encounter with Harry was 28 years ago and was less than pleasant. Harry was a writer and his columns, published several times a week, spanned four decades. His topics were mostly of local interest and revealed his vast knowledge.

Harry didn't like being disturbed as he pecked away on his typewriter, nor did he like idle chatter. Once I accidentally invaded his

creative space by bumping into his chair. This prompted the slamming of drawers and some low grumbling.

That sort of frightened me, but I decided to try to be friendly to him anyway.

I began speaking to him and commenting on his latest column. He seemed to warm to this. I would get an occasional smile, but his blue eyes still reflected a sadness. For nearly 25 years we exchanged Christmas cards and I even made it a point to send him a birthday card each year.

He was invited to our home for the holidays, but always graciously declined. He preferred to spend them as usual, alone.

Harry lived near downtown Hagerstown and would frequently walk into town for lunch. The thin man in the long black top coat and brown hat was a familiar sight about town. When a woman would pass by he would respectfully tip his hat. Now what man does that these days?

Harry was a loner. I respected his privacy and feel very grateful for his letting me in to just a tiny part of his world. I'm glad I could say he was a friend.

A tip of the hat to you, Harry. Rest in peace.

[signed] Tamara L. Hoffman, Advertising Editor, Herald-Mail Company

I established a correspondence with Ms. Hoffman and soon learned that since no will had been discovered while removing Harry's body from the house, a hearing was to be held on March 25th in the Orphans Court in Hagerstown. I hastily arranged for Rich Lynch, editor with his wife of the Hugo-winning fanzine "Mimosa," who live in Gaithersburg on the other side of Maryland, to attend. That afternoon he returned and filed this report:

RICH LYNCH, March 25, 2003: Nicki, I, and Sheryl Birkhead were in Hagerstown earlier today to attend an Orphans Court hearing that decided who the Judicial Probate would be for Harry's estate, since no will was located (though his house has yet to be searched).

The proceeding lasted about an hour, and when it was over, his next-door neighbor, Mr. Gordon Alexander, was appointed. This is a Good Thing. Mr. Alexander has taken an active, positive interest; he has been in contact with Joe Siclari and is now well aware of Harry's involvement with SF fandom as well as the valuable and probably fragile nature of



Fanhistory preservers George Flynn, Rich and Nicki Lynch at the 2002 Midwestcon. Photo by Keith Stokes.

Harry's fanzine collection. After talking with him, I have a good feeling that he's the right person.

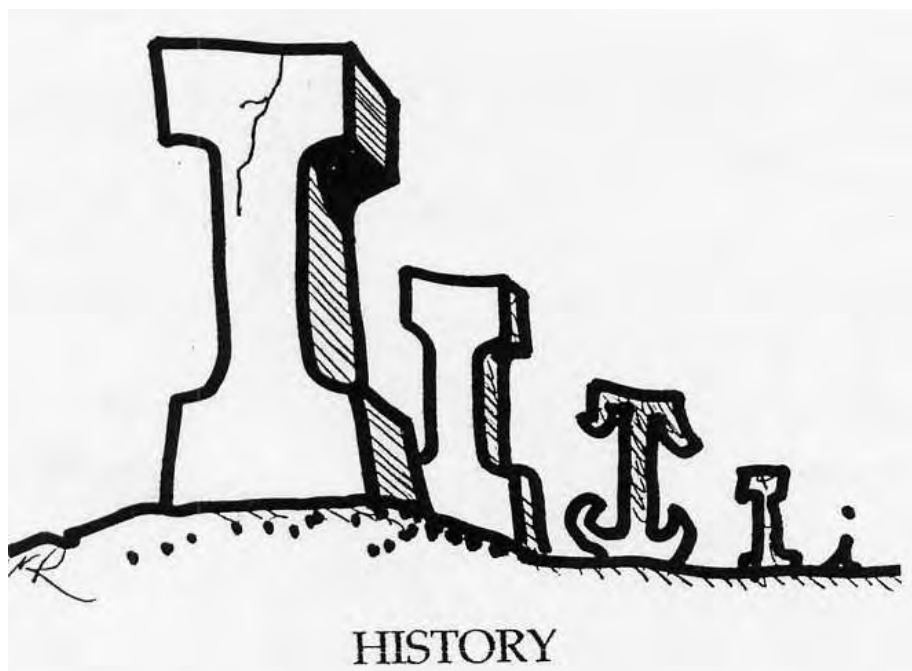
The proceeding lasted as long as it did because Mr. Alexander's request to be named Probate was contested by another, older family, the O'Dells, whom once owned the house Mr. Alexander now owns (aside: this is the same house that Harry wrote about in his article "The House on Summit Avenue" which appeared in *Mimosa* 6 and was reprinted last year in the *Mimosa* Fanthology). The O'Dells felt they were entitled because they claimed they had, in effect, a personal relationship with Harry because of the routine upkeep they were helping him with for his home, and the "facts" that Mr. Alexander, in his brief two-years as Harry's neighbor could not possibly have gotten to know him as well as they, and that (and I paraphrase) "nobody ever visited him at his house."

Not only was the hearing relatively small in duration, the courtroom was also small—the smallest I've ever been in, seating capacity just 14 people. There were three Judges, plus a court clerk who took notes and swore people in. Mr. Alexander presented a detailed chronology of the events at the time of and after Harry's death, including the painstaking research into Harry's genealogy in a (vain) attempt to locate any living relatives. (He actually has the makings of a decent fan historian!) Mr. Alexander also paid the cost of the funeral (about \$5,300) out of pocket.

(Afterwards, we learned that the clock was ticking on this... Harry's body had been removed to the morgue in Baltimore and was there for more than three weeks. If nothing had been done for three more days, the State of Maryland would have had him cremated.)

After he finished, the O'Dells had their turn, and their thesis was that they would have done much of what Mr. Alexander had done, if he hadn't done it first (the burial, not the research). They seemed to believe they had first refusal rights, in effect. One of the judges asked them some fairly pointed questions as to that, seeing as so much time had passed before the body was reclaimed for funeral, and their response seemed to be that they were waiting for officials to seek them out and to tell them what to do.

I also had a chance to speak, as did Sheryl, and we reinforced the point made previously by Mr. Alexander that Harry was world-famous in his field of interest, and that, from a preservationist standpoint, the contents of his home needed to be saved. I mentioned the value of his fanzines and prozines (both from an historical and monetary viewpoint) and the interest of a university library in acquiring these, should Harry's will allow it. I also told the court that I thought Mr. Alexander would be a much better choice as Probate, given his interest, his proximity, and his ongoing contacts with the fan community, none of



which the O'Dells had. Sheryl spoke to say more about Harry as a person, and that many people over the years had come to visit him, sometimes from great distance, and that because Harry relied so much on the written word, it could be said that Harry had many, many visitors over the course of his life, from all the fanzines he received and from all the letters he wrote.

The Judges seemed impressed by all of this (one had even known Harry at one time), and it didn't take them long to come to the conclusion that Mr. Alexander would be declared Probate. Their reasoning, however, was that the Probate should be the person who was owed the most monetarily by the Warner estate—as Mr. Alexander had paid the cost of the funeral, he was it. But it seemed also clear, from the way the proceeding went, that they also felt that Mr. Alexander was the right person for many other reasons. I do feel that they would have found for him for some other reason had it been necessary.

So that's the news from Hagerstown. The next step is for the police to enter the home and look for a will. Mr. Alexander said that the house is protected against the weather—the heat is on and there didn't seem to be any weathertight problems. If a will is found, it may supersede today's proceedings as it might specify a Probate. Joe Siclari has been in frequent contact with Mr. Alexander (who now also knows how to contact Nicki and me), so I feel that we will stay very well informed on what happens.

Assuming all goes well, later this year things will start to come out of 423 Summit Avenue. It might be that help will be needed to sort and pack fanzines and other belongings. I have no doubt that fans from all over the world might come to Hagerstown to help out

on this, should it be necessary or desirable. If so, that would be a good time for some kind of memorial event for Harry. I'm sure the town would be interested, and by then they will know more about what a famous person they had living in their midst.

A few more days passed, and on March 27th Rich filed this further report.

RICH LYNCH, March 27, 2003: Mr. Gordon Alexander (Harry's next door neighbor, who had been appointed as acting Probate) called here just a short time ago, and here's what has happened since the Orphans Court hearing on Tuesday:

Harry's will has been found. It names a Hagerstown lawyer and a branch of a bank there in town as his personal representatives, thus removing Mr. Alexander as official representative. (He's been asked to remain involved, however, which is a Good Thing. See below.)

The bad news is that the will does *not* address disposition of the fanzines, or anything else in the house for that matter, nor does it set aside any money for that purpose. There *were* letters found with the will that *do* unequivocally confirm Harry's intentions to bequeath the collection to the University of California - Riverside (as well as earmark \$10,000 for that purpose), but they were not part of the will. According to the will (and this will be unofficial until the will is actually read), several specified individuals are left with specific amounts of money, and *everything* else is left to the church in Hagerstown that Harry attended. [Rich adds: I've since learned that Harry apparently never attended the church that is getting his estate -- but Harry's father did.]

Mr. Alexander is going to contact Harry's personal representatives and the church next week, and he asks that *nobody* do anything until we hear back from him (probably by about the middle of next week). He will show copies of the letters to Harry's representatives and the church in an attempt to get things moving back on the right track. It seems doubtful that the church would want anything that's in the house, and it's entirely possible they will honor Harry's wishes that \$10,000 for packing and shipping be set aside as described in the letters. More on this next week.

The official reading of the will will occur about the end of April in Hagerstown. Not sure of the exact date yet. (Only the will will be read; the letters are not part of the will.)

As for the contents of the house, all seems OK. There is a huge amount of stuff. Mr. Alexander described it as several rooms-full, with stacks of things head-high. The fanzines were stored in unsealed manila-type envelopes, so they may be in good shape. There was no evidence of either weather or rodent damage.

So all in all, not really bad news, but we'll know more next week.

On March 31, Arnold Platou's retrospective article about Harry appeared in the Hagerstown "Herald-Mail." Then came another update from Rich Lynch:

RICH LYNCH, April 4, 2003: Harry's neighbor, Mr. Gordon Alexander, called me this afternoon to relay some information about what's been happening in Hagerstown concerning the disposition of Harry Warner's fanzine collection. Actually, there's not too much to report this time. Harry's will had named a lawyer (Mr. Charles Wagaman) and a bank (the Farmers & Merchants Bank and Trust, represented by Ms. Tammy Weimer) as his personal representatives; they have now met with the Pastor of the Lutheran Church (which is named by the will to receive Harry's house and everything in it), and they all have seen the letters accompanying the will (in which Harry indicated that the Eaton Collection of the University of California - Riverside should get the fanzines with \$10,000 to be set aside for their packing and shipping).

We still do not yet know what the Church's intentions will be, and probably won't until the reading of the will (scheduled for 9:30 a.m., on Tuesday, April 29th, at the Washington County Courthouse in Hagerstown—I, Nicki, and Sheryl will be going back to Hagerstown for that). The best course of action still seems to be doing nothing until then. Mr. Alexander indicated that the Church was considering removing much of the contents of the house into a climate-controlled area of some kind, but considering the amount of stuff that would have to be moved (and they've toured the

house, so they know), I'd be surprised if this happens, at least before the end of April.

I am still optimistic that a best-case-scenario will play out—that the fanzines and the money will be relinquished as per Harry's wishes. (And let's not forget that Harry has three Hugo Awards, too—they also need to find a new home.) I do not recommend that we contact the Church, though perhaps Joe Siclari might think about making some kind of preliminary contact with the lawyer to see which way the wind seems to be blowing on this. (Joe seems to have some standing here, as he was mentioned prominently in the article about Harry in the Hagerstown newspaper.)

For my own part, early on I obtained the e-mail address (from Greg Benford) of George Slusser, curator of the Eaton Collection, who I met back in 1987 when he came to Oakland to make arrangements to purchase Terry Carr's collection for the library. (Terry's was their first major fanzine collection.) I established contact with George and have been his main conduit for the unfolding of events. My interest parallels his: that Harry's collection be added to the Eaton's considerable holdings. In addition to Terry's collection, they also have Rick Sneary's—he gave it to them before moving in the final months of his life to Nevada—and also Bruce Pelz's, the latter estimated at over 200,000 items. One might reasonably wonder why they would also want Harry's, and in fact George asked me point blank whether it would contain items not to be found in the other collections. My view is that Harry's collection not only represents the longest-running, unbroken individual one in existence (possibly Jack Speer's goes back as far but I don't know if he's saved everything and his activity in mainstream fanzine fandom ended decades ago), which alone makes it valuable, but that because of this it will contain in an organized fashion (for instance, complete FAPA mailings most likely still in their original mailing envelopes) items that Bruce Pelz's collection might not have in such an organized way.

Later, Rich Lynch posted this update:

RICH LYNCH, July 1, 2003: More about the continuing Harry Warner fanzine collection quagmire.

I spent a day in Hagerstown yesterday with Melissa Conway from the University of California - Riverside, and Peggy Rae Sapienza, mostly in meetings with various people connected with the Warner situation. The news is mostly not favorable for any near-future settlement. Some highlights of the day, if "highlight" is the right word:

- The Church, which will get almost all of the Warner estate, has backed off its previous statement that it would honor Harry's wishes and give UC-R the fanzine collection and

\$10,000 from the estate for packing and shipping costs, as Harry had put in his letter to UC-R (back in 1995).

- As to the lawyer who is the legally-appointed representative of the estate is a total jerk. Melissa paid a call on him during the day, and his only statement to her was that "the collection will be sold."

- Somehow, both the Church and the lawyer have gotten the idea that the monetary worth of the Warner collection is upwards of \$750,000. This was based on erroneous information that the Pelz collection was worth that much when it was acquired by UC-R. Because of this, they want to see how much they can get for it on the open market, regardless of Harry's stated wishes.

- Harry caused some of these problems himself. Portions of his January 2003 SAPSzine, *Rip Fan Winkle*, have been used in court proceedings. In that fanzine he was gloom-and-doom about UC-R's acquisition of the Pelz collection making his fanzines redundant, and whether UC-R might not want them. The lawyer took that information and ran with it. (Robert, could you tell us just how in the hell that fanzine could have wound up in the public record? I am quite sure nobody was poring through past FAPA distributions to find relevant information about Harry's concerns for his estate.) Also, in the eight years since his exchange of letters with UC-R, Harry did nothing to incorporate that information in his will. It has not been any fun at all trying to pick up the pieces in this mess.

- In the meeting with the Church rep., we made sure to stress that the collection needs to be properly cared for in the interim, and that there ought to be some progress reports on how the cataloguing of Harry's estate is proceeding. They said they'd talk to the lawyer, who's overseeing that. I looked in the window of Harry's house while I was there, and there's still a lot of stuff in there that still hasn't yet come out. Supposedly all the fanzines from upstairs have been removed to a "climate-controlled" shed of some kind in a rental-storage place. I saw several college-age guys go in and out (these are the hired help), but I didn't see anything being removed. (We think the only reason we were able to get a meeting with the Church rep. at all is that they wanted to find out if we were a threat and might want to contest the will. When it became clear that wasn't going to happen, the discussion became a bit more open.)

- We think it will be at least a year, maybe as much as two years, before UC-R will be a player in this situation. It will take that long to catalogue everything, and to find out if they can sell it, however unlikely that would be. The Church rep. assured us that nothing in the house would be indiscriminately trashed, especially as they have no real expertise on what Harry's belongings are actually worth.

As far as I can see, this ends my

involvement in the situation. Melissa has direct contact information from here (I think she's planning to send a letter to the Church. I think that UC-R will eventually get the Warner collection. But it will require time and patience.

As I responded to Rich, I know nothing of how the lawyer got hold of the January 2003 SAPSzine with Harry's mailing comment to me: "If the Pelz fanzine collection is going to the University of California, I must start looking around for a different final resting place for mine. There would be an enormous amount of duplication between these two accumulations." He was responding to a couple of sentences in my report on the 2002 Westercon where I mentioned a conversation I had with Elayne Pelz about Bruce's fanzine collection: "I asked Elayne about Bruce's collection. It's going to the UC Riverside SF collection. She wasn't sure they were aware of just how much it comprises, and she told me: 500 bankers boxes of fanzines, 36 shelf feet of bound fanzines, and 20 file cabinets full of fanzines. Wow!" I never had an opportunity to respond to him due to his untimely death.

I passed on the above to Melissa Conway with Lynch's permission, and just today had a reply from her informing me that she and John Hertz were conferring about what to do next.

I wrote Tamara Hoffman at the Herald Mail in early July wondering if she'd be interested in knowing more about the situation, and heard from her near the end of the month. She wrote:

"I've been on vacation and unable to answer your e-mail. I did talk to Noel Brady at Coffman Funeral Home when I went there for a funeral. He told me basically that since the instructions to give the manuscripts and papers to the University of Ca. weren't in the will itself, the church plans to sell them. This is sad, but legal. Common kindness should tell them the right thing to do. They are due to come into quite a bit of money as it is. There has been no settling of the estate nor any hint of a sale. I do remember it takes stages to complete, but by six months after the death and the will is filed, a settlement should start. Of course they could get an extension."

To which I replied:

*"Good to hear from you, and I hope you had an enjoyable vacation. Yes, Harry messed up by not amending his will to include the bequest of his fanzines to UC Riverside. Considering that what I've heard is that he left behind something in the neighborhood of \$600,000 in liquid assets (cash, investments, whatever) in addition to his house and its entire contents, you'd think the church would have ample room **not** to be so greedy about it. (Are they particularly hard up?) The fanzine collection is the most difficult thing to sell for*



someone who's not knowledgeable about its value -- and the value they fancy it being worth is **way** out of line -- and they will get plenty of money from his books, records, etc., all much more easily evaluated. But so it goes."

Ms. Hoffman also indicated that the Herald Mail would likely not take this up as a hot news item for legal reasons, a reasonable position to take at this time.

And there it stands. I continue to feel some responsibility for seeing this through to the extent that I can, since it was at my suggestion that Harry made his arrangements with UC Riverside.

—Robert Lichtman

MIKE GLYER: Rich Lynch wrote the following letter to the Orphans Court on July 21, 2003 to tell the judge his concern that Harry's wishes are not being carried out.

Dear Sirs:

I am writing in reference to the previous court proceedings concerning the estate of the late Harry Warner, Jr. I attended the April 29th probate hearing, where Attorney Charles Wagaman was appointed as the legal representative of the Warner estate and it was learned that most of the Warner estate would go to St. Mark's Lutheran Church. At that time I thought Mr. Wagaman was a reasonable choice as legal representative, but based on a visit to Hagerstown on June 30th, (I was accompanied by Melissa Conway, Head of Special Collections at the University of California-Riverside), we learned that he and the Church have no intention of honoring Harry's written wishes (as documented in a 1995 letter to UC-R) that Harry's large collection of amateur publications (a.k.a.

"fanzines") be given to that university's Eaton Collection.

We also learned that the Church presently has no intention of honoring Harry's written wishes that \$10,000 be set aside from his estate for the packing and shipping of the collection. Somehow both the Church and Mr. Wagaman have gotten the mistaken impression that the Warner collection is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars on the open market, and even though it was explained to them that this is absolutely not true (the value is mostly historical), they are charging ahead with their plan to try to realize a financial killing.

This is just wrong. I was Harry's friend for more than 20 years; I visited him often, and I was editor of his second book (*A Wealth of Fable*, SCIFI Press, 1992). I know that, more than almost anything else, he wanted his fanzines preserved in a university archives. I am very disturbed and saddened that his written wishes are being ignored, just for the sake of greed. It does not seem to me that Mr. Wagaman is behaving appropriately as Mr. Warner's representative, and had I known this would be the outcome I would have raised an objection at the April 29th hearing.

There was other disturbing news that we learned during the trip. The collection itself might well be subject to physical deterioration, as it is apparently being stored (during the cataloguing process) in a rent-a-shed facility near the Interstate -- this would not seem to be the "climate controlled" room that we had been previously assured. Mr. Wagaman has also, so far, not allowed anybody with knowledge of how old books and magazines should be stored and handled to observe the situation, and there have been no progress reports on how the cataloguing process is proceeding. In short, there's no way to know that the collection may suffer damage in however long it takes to catalogue it. There is also no way to assure that it will not wind up in a dumpster once it is finally realized it's the equivalent of a "white elephant."

I'm therefore writing to express my outrage. And I know that if Harry had somehow known, before he died, that this would have resulted, he would have been outraged too. I'm hoping you can find some way of correcting this situation.

RICH LYNCH: *The Washington County Orphans Court replied in a letter (signed by all three judges), recommending that communications be maintained with the Church (and Melissa has info on how to do this), and patience. I didn't actually expect any other outcome; I'd just wanted to get on the record as objecting to what was occurring.*

The letter reads:

"This is in response to your letter of July 21, 2003 in which you express some concerns of the way the estate of Harry B. Warner is being administered. The April 29th hearing was held to determine if the Last Will and Testament of Harry B. Warner, Jr. dated October 12, 1995, would be accepted for probate and for the appointment of a personal representative of his estate.

"Mr. Warner's will met the criteria established by Maryland Law to be a valid will and in Item IV of this will he named those who he wanted to administer his estate, i.e., Charles F. Wagaman, Jr., and Farmer's & Merchants Bank and Trust (now known as Susquehanna Trust and Investment Company.) This court is bound by Maryland Law as to who they may appoint as personal representative, Estates & Trust Code, Section 5-104(1), 'The personal representatives named in a will admitted to probate.' This court made the appointment of the co-personal representatives using these criteria.

"As a court, we also are required to insure that distribution of the estate assets are distributed in accordance with the provisions found in the will. The disposition of Mr. Warner's estate once all outstanding debts and administrative costs are paid will be made pursuant to Item II of his will, a bequest of \$20,000.00 to [a private person], and by Item III, which states the rest and residue of his estate is to go to St. Mark's Lutheran Church."

MIKE GLYER: At least Rich's letter brought these concerns to the attention of the court. Peggy Rae Sapienza went to the courthouse and found both his letter than the judges' answer in the public record of the case. The U. Cal. Riverside Library has said it remains interested in Harry's fanzine collection. So far I am not aware that the Church, or the executors, have gone to anyone knowledgeable about fanzines for an informed opinion about their monetary value.

Sheryl Birkhead reported in a letter to *NASFA Shuttle* that on April 28 she was at an auction house attending the first sale of items from Harry Warner's estate - but not any fanzines. She said beforehand, "I'm hoping to get some of the miscellaneous desktop 'stuff.'"

No Sir, Says Ballard

A secret list of 300 top figures who refused knighthoods, CBEs and other awards bestowed by the Queen of England was revealed in 2003. Singers David Bowie and John Lennon are among those who have refused honors, according to leaked Whitehall files. Bowie turned down a CBE in the Queen's birthday honors of 2000 while Lennon returned his 1965 MBE with a letter protesting Britain's role in Biafra and its

support of the U.S. during the Vietnam era.

The list is reportedly compiled by the ceremonial branch of the Cabinet Office to warn officials that those who have refused honors should not be approached again.

New Wave sf writer JG Ballard, also author of *Empire of the Sun*, refused a CBE this year for "services to literature" because he was opposed to the "preposterous charade" of the honors system. He told the *Sunday Times*: "Thousands of medals are given out in the name of a non-existent empire. It makes us look a laughing stock and encourages deference to the crown. I think it is exploited by politicians and always has been."

Other names in the "refusals" documents, which are not even released under the usual 30-year rule for government papers, include celebrity cook Nigella Lawson, children's author Roald Dahl and actor Kenneth Branagh.

Up to one in five "refuseniks" subsequently accepted an honor including film director Alfred Hitchcock who turned down a CBE in 1962 before accepting a knighthood shortly before his death.

2003 Endeavour Award Winners

Steven Barnes and Kristine Kathryn Rusch jointly won the fifth Endeavour Award, presented last November at OryCon in Portland. Rusch won for *The Disappeared* (Roc Science Fiction) while Barnes won for *Lion's Blood* (Warner Books). The winners each received an etched glass plaque produced by Seattle artist Ashley Harper and a grant of \$500.

The annual Endeavour Award honors a distinguished science fiction or fantasy book, either a novel or a single-author collection of stories, by a writer from the Pacific Northwest. The other finalists for 2003 were: *The Maquisarde* by Washington writer Louise Marley, (Ace Books); *Solitaire*, by Washington writer Kelley Eskridge, (Eos); and *Technogenesis*, by Washington writer Syne Mitchell (ROC Science Fiction). Finalists who attended the ceremony received \$100 to help defray their expenses.

The Award combines judging by fans of the literature and by professional writers and editors of science fiction and fantasy. Entries are scored by seven readers randomly selected from a panel of readers. The five highest scoring books then go to three professional judges. The judges for 2003 were Martin H. Greenberg, Joe Haldeman and Douglas Smith. Greenberg, CEO of Tekno Books, also helped to found the Sci-Fi Channel. He was the Editor Guest of Honor at the 1991 World Science Fiction Convention in Chicago. Joe Haldeman has won five Nebula and four Hugo awards for his fiction and three Rhysling Awards for his poetry. Doug Smith is a Toronto-based writer who was a finalist for the 2001 John W. Campbell Award and won a 2001 Aurora

How I Gave A Hugo Away *By Andrew I. Porter*

I gave a Hugo Award away, but it wasn't mine. Sort of. In 1970, I was assistant editor at F&SF. When the mag won the Hugo at Heicon, Ed Ferman suggested I keep the statue.

The reason/a little background: Heicon was run by very inexperienced fans in Heidelberg, Germany. Apparently, days before the con, they realized they had no Hugo bases. So they cut up a plywood door into big squares and smaller squares, which they glued together, smothered in brown enamel paint, and on which the award plaques were glued. The result: definitely one of the ugliest Hugo Award bases, ever!

So I've had the 1970 F&SF Hugo all these years, even after leaving the mag in 1974. I offered to give the thing back to Ed several times, but every time, he graciously declined.

Jump forward to the present, when Gordon Van Gelder is the new Editor/Publisher, all the fiction mags have seen better days (circulation wise), and the mags themselves don't win the awards: their editors do. I've been threatening several times to travel across the Hudson River to far-off, exotic Hoboken, New Jersey, to give Gordon a big, shiny, phallic rocketship thing.

Instead, I used as a venue a neutral meeting point, the monthly KGB reading series hosted by Ellen Datlow and Gavin Grant. And there, to stunned disbelief on the part of many, perhaps even including Gordon Van Gelder, the transfer was completed.

Not as dramatic as the exchange of spies at Checkpoint Charlie during the height of the Cold War, but far more satisfying for at least two of us.

++ *Andrew I. Porter* (still holding three Hugos, all with my name on them)

Award for best science fiction or fantasy short fiction by a Canadian writer.

The 2004 Endeavour Award will be presented at the next OryCon for a book published during 2003. Writers, editors, agents, and persons who attended the previous year's OryCon, may nominate works for the award. Nomination forms may be printed from the Endeavour Award's home page: www.osfci.org/endeavour

The Endeavour Award is sponsored by Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc. (OSFCI).

2004 HUGO AWARD NOMINEES

Best Novel (462 ballots)

Paladin of Souls — Lois McMaster Bujold (Eos)
Humans — Robert Sawyer (Tor Books)
Ilium — Dan Simmons (Eos)
Singularity Sky — Charles Stross (Ace Books)
Blind Lake — Robert Charles Wilson (Tor Books)

Best Novella (215 ballots)

“Walk in Silence” — Catherine Asaro (*Analog*, April 2003)
 “Empress of Mars” — Kage Baker (*Asimov's*, July 2003)
 “The Green Leopard Plague” — Walter Jon Williams (*Asimov's*, Oct.–Nov. 2003)
 “Just Like the Ones We Used to Know” — Connie Willis (*Asimov's*, Dec. 2003)
 “The Cookie Monster” — Vernor Vinge (*Analog*, Oct. 2003)

Best Novelette (243 ballots)

“Empire of Ice Cream” — Jeffrey Ford (*Sci Fiction*, scifi.com, Feb. 2003)
 “Bernardo’s House” — James Patrick Kelly (*Asimov's*, June 2003)
 “Into the Gardens of Sweet Night” — Jay Lake (*Writers of the Future XIX*, Bridge, 2003)
 “Hexagons” — Robert Reed (*Asimov's*, July 2003)
 “Nightfall” — Charles Stross (*Asimov's*, April 2003)
 “Legions in Time” — Michael Swanwick (*Asimov's*, April 2003)

Best Short Story (310 ballots)

“Paying It Forward” — Michael A. Burstein (*Analog*, Sept. 2003)
 “A Study in Emerald” — Neil Gaiman (*Shadows over Baker Street*, Del Rey, 2003)
 “Four Short Novels” — Joe Haldeman (*Fantasy & Science Fiction*, Nov. 2003)
 “The Tale of the Golden Eagle” — David D. Levine (*Fantasy & Science Fiction*, June 2003)
 “Robots Don’t Cry” — Mike Resnick (*Asimov's*, July 2003)

Best Related Book (243 ballots)

Scores: Reviews 1993–2003 — John Clute (Becon Publications, 2003)
Spectrum 10: The Best in Fantastic Contemporary Art — Cathy & Arnie Fenner (Underwood Books, 2003)
The Chesley Awards for SF & Fantasy Art: A Retrospective — John Grant, Elizabeth L. Humphrey, & Pamela D. Scoville (Artist’s & Photographer’s Press Ltd., 2003)
Dreamer of Dune: The Biography of Frank Herbert — Brian Herbert (Tor Books,

2003)

The Thackery T. Lambshead Guide to Eccentric & Discredited Diseases — Jeff Vandermeer & Mark Roberts (Night Shade Books, 2003)

Master Storyteller: An Illustrated Tour of the Fiction of L. Ron Hubbard — William J. Widder (Bridge, 2003)

Best Dramatic Presentation —

Long Form (363 ballots)

28 Days Later (DNA Films/Fox Searchlight). Directed by Danny Boyle; written by Alex Garland.

Finding Nemo (Pixar/Walt Disney Pictures). Directed by Andrew Stanton & Lee Unkrich; screenplay by Andrew Stanton, Bob Peterson & David Reynolds; story by Andrew Stanton.

The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King (New Line Cinema). Directed by Peter Jackson; screenplay by Fran Walsh, Philippa Boyens & Peter Jackson; based on the novel by J.R.R. Tolkien.

Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl (Walt Disney Pictures). Directed by Gore Verbinski; screenplay by Ted Elliott & Terry Rossio; screen story by Ted Elliott, Terry Rossio, Stuart Beattie & Jay Wolpert.

X2: X-Men United (20th Century Fox/Marvel). Directed by Bryan Singer; screenplay by Michael Dougherty, Dan Harris & David Hayter; story by Zak Penn, David Hayter & Bryan Singer.

Best Dramatic Presentation —

Short Form (212 ballots)

“Chosen” — Buffy the Vampire Slayer (Mutant Enemy Inc./20th Century Fox). Written and directed by Joss Whedon.

“Gollum’s Acceptance Speech at the 2003 MTV Movie Awards” (Wingnut Films/New Line Cinema). Written and directed by Fran Walsh, Philippa Boyens & Peter Jackson.

“Heart of Gold” — Firefly (Mutant Enemy Inc./20th Century Fox). Directed by Thomas J. Wright; written by Brett Matthews.

“The Message” — Firefly (Mutant Enemy Inc./20th Century Fox). Directed by Tim Minear; written by Joss Whedon & Tim

Minear.

“Rosetta” — Smallville (Tollin/Robbins Productions/Warner Brothers). Directed by James Marshall; written by Al Gough & Miles Millar.

Best Professional Editor (319 ballots)

Ellen Datlow
 Gardner Dozois
 David Hartwell
 Stanley Schmidt
 Gordon Van Gelder

Best Professional Artist (241 ballots)

Jim Burns
 Bob Eggleton
 Frank Frazetta
 Frank Kelly Freas
 Donato Giancola

Best Semi-Prozine (199 ballots)

Ansible, ed. Dave Langford
Interzone, ed. David Pringle
Locus, ed. Charles N. Brown, Jennifer A. Hall, and Kirsten Gong-Wong
The New York Review of Science Fiction, ed. Kathryn Cramer, David G. Hartwell, and Kevin Maroney
Third Alternative, ed. Andy Cox

Best Fanzine (211 ballots)

Challenger, ed. Guy H. Lillian III
Emerald City, ed. Cheryl Morgan
File 770, ed. Mike Glyer
Mimosa, ed. Rich and Nicki Lynch
Plokta, ed. Alison Scott, Steve Davies, and Mike Scott

Best Fan Writer (260 ballots)

Jeff Berkwits
 Bob Devney
 John L. Flynn
 Dave Langford
 Cheryl Morgan

Best Fan Artist (190 ballots)

Brad Foster
 Teddy Harvia
 Sue Mason
 Steve Stiles
 Frank Wu

The John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer (192 ballots)

Jay Lake (second year of eligibility)
 David D. Levine (second year of eligibility)
 Karin Lowachee (second year of eligibility)
 Chris Moriarty (first year of eligibility)
 Tim Pratt (second year of eligibility)
 Note: This award is not a Hugo; it is sponsored by Dell Magazines.



Retrospective Hugo Awards for work done in 1953

Administrator's Note: Below are nominations in 10 categories for the best work of 1953. Three categories were dropped for insufficient nominees: Best Dramatic Presentation — Long Form, Best Semi-Prozine, and Best Fan Artist.

Best Novel of 1953 (113 ballots)

The Caves of Steel — Isaac Asimov (*Galaxy*, Oct.–Dec. 1953)
Fahrenheit 451 — Ray Bradbury (Ballantine)
Childhood's End — Arthur C. Clarke (Ballantine)
Mission of Gravity — Hal Clement (*Astounding*, Feb.–July 1953)
More than Human — Theodore Sturgeon (Ballantine)

Best Novella of 1953 (67 ballots)

"Un-Man" — Poul Anderson (*Astounding*, Jan. 1953)
 "A Case of Conscience" — James Blish (*If*, Sept. 1953)
 "The Rose" — Charles L. Harness (*Authentic Science Fiction Monthly*, March 1953)
 "Three Hearts and Three Lions" by Poul Anderson
 "...And My Fear is Great..." — Theodore Sturgeon (*Beyond Fantasy Fiction*, July 1953)

Best Novelette of 1953 (66 ballots)

"Sam Hall" — Poul Anderson (*Astounding*, Aug. 1953)
 "The Adventure of the Misplaced Hound" — Poul Anderson & Gordon R. Dickson (*Universe*, Dec. 1953)
 "Earthman, Come Home" — James Blish (*Astounding*, Nov. 1953)
 "The Wall Around the World" — Theodore Cogswell (*Beyond Fantasy Fiction*, Sept. 1953)
 "Second Variety" — Philip K. Dick (*Space Science Fiction*, May 1953)

Best Short Story of 1953 (96 ballots)

"Star Light, Star Bright" — Alfred Bester (*Fantasy & Science Fiction*, July 1953)
 "It's a Good Life" — Jerome Bixby (*Star Science Fiction Stories #2*, Ballantine)
 "The Nine Billion Names of God" — Arthur C. Clarke (*Star Science Fiction Stories #1*, Ballantine)
 "Seventh Victim" — Robert Sheckley (*Galaxy*, April 1953)
 "A Saucer of Loneliness" — Theodore Sturgeon (*Galaxy*, Feb. 1953)

Best Related Book of 1953 (21 ballots)

Conquest of the Moon — Wernher von Braun, Fred L. Whipple & Willy Ley (Viking

Press)
Modern Science Fiction: Its Making and Future — Reginald Bretnor (Coward-McCann)
Science-Fiction Handbook — L. Sprague de Camp (Hermitage)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form, of 1953 (96 ballots)

The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms (Mutual Pictures/Warner Brothers). Directed by Eugène Lourié; screenplay by Louis Morheim and Fred Freiberger; based on the story by Ray Bradbury.
Duck Dodgers in the 24 1/2 th Century (Warner Brothers). Directed by Chuck Jones; written by Michael Maltese.
Invaders from Mars (National Pictures/20th Century Fox). Directed by William Cameron Menzies; screenplay by Richard Blake; story by John Tucker Battle.
It Came from Outer Space (Universal). Directed by Jack Arnold; screenplay by Harry Essex; story by Ray Bradbury.
The War of the Worlds (Paramount Pictures). Directed by Byron Haskin; screenplay by Barré Lyndon; based on the novel by H.G. Wells.

Best Professional Editor of 1953 (49 ballots)

Anthony Boucher
 John W. Campbell, Jr.
 H. L. Gold
 Frederik Pohl
 Donald A. Wollheim

Best Professional Artist of 1953 (68 ballots)

Chesley Bonestell
 Ed Emshwiller
 Virgil Finlay
 Frank Kelly Freas
 Richard Powers

Best Fanzine of 1953 (36 ballots)

Hyphen, ed. Chuck Harris & Walter Willis
Quandry, ed. Lee Hoffman
Science Fiction Newsletter, ed. Bob Tucker
Sky Hook, ed. Redd Boggs
Slant, ed. Walter Willis; art editor James White

Best Fan Writer of 1953 (38 ballots)

Redd Boggs
 Lee Hoffman
 Bob Tucker
 James White
 Walter A. Willis

Nominee Note: The originally announced list of 1953 Retro-Hugo nominees was corrected after it was discovered that Judith Merrill's novella "Daughters of Earth" was published in 1952. It was replaced by Poul Anderson's

"Three Hearts and Three Lions."

Postscript:

The 2003 Hugo Award Winners

Best Novel

Hominids by Robert J. Sawyer (*Analog* 1-4/02; Tor)

Best Novella

Coraline by Neil Gaiman (HarperCollins)

Best Novelette

"Slow Life" by Michael Swanwick (*Analog* 12/02)

Best Short Story

"Falling Onto Mars" by Geoffrey A. Landis (*Analog* 7-8/02)

Best Related Book

Better to Have Loved: The Life of Judith Merril, Judith Merril and Emily Pohl-Weary (Between the Lines)

Best Short Form Dramatic Presentation

Buffy the Vampire Slayer, "Conversations With Dead People," (20th Century Fox Television/Mutant Enemy Inc.) Directed by Nick Marck; Teleplay by Jane Espenson & Drew Goddard

Best Long Form Dramatic Presentation

The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers (New Line Cinema), Directed by Peter Jackson; Screenplay by Fran Walsh, Philippa Boyens, Stephen Sinclair & Peter Jackson; based on the novel by J. R. R. Tolkien

Best Professional Editor

Gardner Dozois

Best Professional Artist

Bob Eggleton

Best Semiprozine

Locus, Charles N. Brown, Jennifer A. Hall, and Kirsten Gong-Wong, eds.

Best Fanzine

Mimosa, Rich and Nicki Lynch, eds.

Best Fan Writer

Dave Langford

Best Fan Artist

Sue Mason

John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer

(sponsored by Dell Magazines)
 Wen Spencer



Obituaries

Roy Tackett 1925-2003 by Craig Chrissinger

Roy Tackett, First Fandom member who helped found Bubonicon (one of the longest running conventions in the southwest) and the Albuquerque SF Society, died May 23 in Albuquerque, NM, of heart failure. He was 78 years old.

Tackett first discovered pulp magazines in 1935 at the age of 10 years old while living in Colorado. While in the Marine Corps, he served in the Pacific Theater during WWII and also did a later stint in Japan where he "discovered" Japanese fandom, and received one of the first Japanese Fandom Awards in 1965. After his military service, Tackett eventually settled in New Mexico. It was while searching for other fans that he met Robert Vardeman as they both searched the same shelf at a local bookstore. The Albuquerque SF Society was started soon thereafter.

In addition to helping start up Bubonicon, Tackett also instituted the Green Slime Awards in 1976 to recognize wretchedness in movies, books and such. He also published more than 100 issues of his fanzine "Dynatron" since it's start in 1960, was the 1969 Westercon Fan Guest of Honor, the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund winner in 1976, and the Fan Guest of Honor at the 1997 Worldcon in San Antonio, TX.

One of Tackett's fondest memories was a 1982 First Fandom trip to Yugoslavia and the USSR, where he enjoyed exploring stores and restaurants, and seeing the sights behind the then-existent Iron Curtain. "I had fun teaching the bartender at the Hotel Rus in Kiev how to make a martini, and visiting bookstores in Moscow and St. Petersburg," he told Dave Locke in a 1993 interview. "And getting mistaken for KGB by another KGB agent in Leningrad."

Tackett also was a founding member of the monthly CAPA mailing, contributing to the apa for 42 years, and a 33-year contributing member of FAPA. Within fandom and the many fanzines for which he wrote, he was nicknamed "Roytac" or "HORT." It was Bruce Pelz who saddled him with "Horrible Old Roy Tackett," sometime in the 1960s. "Mostly, I suppose, because I was older than

most of the fen around, and because I could be unpleasant at times," Tackett explained to Locke.

As a clown with the Kiwanis, Tackett was known as "Tacky the Clown," complete with a red nose, white face and costume.

Because of a stroke, Tackett was confined to a wheelchair for almost the last eight years and his quality of life had suffered as a result.

Tackett was married and became a widower twice, first to Chrystal and then to Eleen. The first marriage produced two daughters, Rene and Diana. Tackett was buried in a private family ceremony at the National Cemetery in Santa Fe, NM.

Bubonicon 35 will be dedicated to the memory of Roy Tackett, with a short memorial ceremony before the Green Slime Awards on Sunday, August 24, and a tribute piece by Robert Vardeman in the program book. There also will be a memory board in the lobby area of the Howard Johnson East's convention facility.

++ submitted by Craig Chrissinger (chair, Bubonicon 35)

KIM Campbell by Vince Docherty, {reprinted by permission}

In November we received the sad news that after a long fight against cancer, KIM Campbell had died. Although this was expected, it was no less painful for the many people who knew her.

KIM was a long time fan whose great talent was in engaging and encouraging people. She often expressed her admiration for the 'Knights of St. Fanthony' who welcomed new fans to conventions many years ago, and she emulated their example as often as she could. This can be seen in the online Book of Condolence at <http://www.interaction.worldcon.org.uk/cgi-con/kim/guestbook.cgi> where so many have expressed fond memories of her welcoming approach and encouragement.

Her first year of contact with fandom was 1979 and she participated in many fannish activities, including the fanzine *Kim's Game*, acting and online fanac. She was on numerous convention committees over the years, chaired the 2001 SMOFcon in York where she lived, and co-founded the UK in 2005 Bid, thus being instrumental in the creation of this convention.

We will highlight KIM's life and achievements in future publications and at the [2005] Worldcon itself and her name will also be in the Worldcon Long List

section of all future Worldcon Souvenir books. She was a force for good and will be missed by us all.

To close, KIM's mother Margaret's words seem most appropriate: "Kim died in her sleep on Saturday evening about half an hour after I had said 'good night' to her. She had not been well since she entered the hospice and we all knew that the end was near, but, true to Kim's habits, she surprised us a little. She looked peaceful and at rest when I saw her the next day. The hospice staff had dressed her in her favourite purple and she was in a flower filled room which included purple freesias on a window sill that was lit by the autumn sun. I, too, have lost a friend and as someone has said the world will be less colourful without her. While I have no strong belief in an afterlife, one of the nicest things that has been said to me is 'that wherever she is she will be having fun'. I agree."

Lori Wolf

A pillar of Texas fandom, Lori Wolf, lost her battle with ovarian cancer January 6. The 44-year-old conrunner became a nationally-known fan while she was part of the Cephid Variables at Texas A&M. She was active with Armadillocon, and a past chair of the Fandom Association of Central Texas (FACT).

After earning a Masters degree in Chemistry she joined the world of work at the Pasadena (TX) Police Department as a forensic chemist. She later worked for the Texas Department of Public Safety. She is survived by her husband, A.T. Campbell III. *[[Source: Lisa Greene]]*

Samuel E. Konkin III (1947-2004)

Fandom's most famous frefan, Sam Konkin, was found dead of natural causes in his Los Angeles apartment on February 23.

I met Sam for the first time during a riverboat cruise at the 1975 Rivercon, along with three other libertarian fans moving from New York to California, Rob Cohen, Andy Thornton and J. Neil Schulman. Neil still refers to this journey as coming to the "promised land" and Sam made it such a part of the libertarian legend that I felt I had not simply gone on a boat ride with him, I had witnessed a signal moment in political history -- these libertarians had set out to change the world.

I was not politically well-informed when we met, but I happened to know what a libertarian was because I had been in a USC history class with Shawn Steele, a disenfranchised conservative who'd moved on to libertarianism but still bragged that he was the Young Republican who started everyone booing Nelson Rockefeller at the 1968

Republican Convention. Also, a USC professor, John Hospers, had been the Libertarian Party's first Presidential candidate in 1972. (Sam had traveled to St. Louis in 1969 to attend the convention that formed the Libertarian Party. That same weekend the Worldcon was being held in St Louis and Sam hit both events.) Of course, Sam soured on the "partyarchs" before long, but before that happened, he (unforgettably) defended the Libertarian Party to me as a placeholder "until people could be educated to stop voting altogether."

Fandom is full of extroverts seeking forums for their strong political opinions. While Sam was one, of all the people I've met I think Sam was the most capable of enjoying the company of people he disagreed with. He was passionate about his economic worldview, and even more passionate about his Mac Powerbook, delighted to fence with anyone willing to make an argument. That is a characteristic he had in common with Christian apologist C.S.Lewis, a figure who intrigued Sam enough to stay an active member of the Southern California C.S.Lewis Society for many years.

Sam's good humor about people who were involved with things he opposed kept our relationship pleasant when it might have gone another direction. I took a date to see the movie *Harry's War* in 1981, a kind of comedy that ends with an armed attack on the evile IRS. Lo and behold, who should we meet outside the theater afterwards – Sam, Neil and company handing out a tabloid paper encouraging tax protest. Sam knew I worked for the IRS but greeted me as cordially as ever – we were amused by the coincidence.

Sam contributed some juicy news items in the early days of *File 770*. He stayed busy with a number of publications, making the *New Libertarian Weekly* famous by serializing an interview with Robert A. Heinlein. And his *Daily FreFanzine* stirred the fanpolitical pot at many conventions over the years.

Sam leaves behind a brother in Edmonton and his son, Samuel Konkin IV. His brother took him home to Edmonton to be buried next to his father.

Julius Schwartz

Julius Schwartz died February 8 in the aftermath of a number of serious health problems. He was hospitalized for pneumonia in December and eventually released. He later fell in his home and was rehospitalized. Mark Evanier's excellent, full-length obituary is linked to the *The Comics Journal* "Journalista" website and can be reached directly at <http://www.newsfromme.com/>

Schwartz was co-editor of one of the earliest fanzines, with Mort Weisinger, and an early agent for science fiction writers who sold the first stories by Ray Bradbury. He gained fame as a comic book editor for DC Comics. Evanier credits him with initiating the "Silver



Age of Comics" in *Showcase #4* with a re-styled Flash. He revamped other comics superheroes over the years. Evanier writes, "Later, when sales on Batman were sinking, DC turned to Schwartz to institute a 'new look' and bolster the character, which he did. And when Superman was in need of an editor who knew what he was doing, Julie came to the rescue. How many people in this world could say honestly that they saved both Superman and Batman?"

There seem to be an infinite number of good stories about Julie on Evanier's website, including Elliot S. Maggin's remembrance of the time Julie attended the family's Passover seder and gave a perfect recitation of the Four Questions in Hebrew. "A few days later, back at work, he showed me a gold watch he'd gotten for being the smartest kid in the Hebrew school he attended [in 1928]. It had Hebrew letters for the numbers, and I suggested it ought to run counter-clockwise, but it didn't. 'The Governor's wife came and gave this to me,' he said. And he waited for me to



Coming Back Party: Ray Bradbury and Matthew Tepper pose with Julius Schwartz at a 1990's Loscon. [Photo by Dik Daniels, published by permission of Matthew Tepper.]

realize something, which I didn't. He got impatient quickly. 'So who was the Governor's wife in 1928?' he asked me. Then I realized who the Governor of New York was in the late 1920's -- and that the watch was presented to him by Eleanor Roosevelt."

Julie actively returned to the convention circuit after his wife passed away, I believe in the early 1990's. Around that time one of the Loscons turned into a kind of West Coast "coming-out" party for him, attracting the most stellar list of sf personalities ever to grace the convention's program. Julie frequently returned to Loscon, and the fans who experienced his charm and generosity there are among those who are missing him deeply.

Ken Uhland

Ken Uhland died peacefully in a hospice on May 8 after a long battle with cancer. He was active in Bay Area fandom for many years, serving in many positions at Baycon, SiliCon and ConJose. He was an inveterate worker outside of fandom, too, in community theater, MENSA, and PBS station pledge drives.

Tom Whitmore saluted Ken as "one of the best volunteers I know. For any mailing party or other necessary gruntwork job, Ken was glad to show up and help. He didn't try to put on airs and run things -- he just showed up, did the job, and helped others have a good time doing so."

Ken made his living in the Santa Clara County Communications Center as one of five people who maintained the Computer-Aided Dispatch system for the County's 911/EMS systems.

He is survived by his wife Margaret Fruth and daughter Carrie Fruthland.

In Passing

Benedict Jablonski, aka **Ben Jason**, was an active SF fan who shares credit for designing the Hugo Award, one of the two leading awards in science fiction. In 1955, Jablonski had a rocket-shaped hood ornament from an Oldsmobile 88 retrooled and mounted on a base to serve as the Hugo Award at the World Science Fiction Convention in Cleveland that year. Jablonski also chaired the 1966 Worldcon at which Gene Roddenberry famously presented a preview of his upcoming TV series "Star Trek." He died on May 15, 2003 at age 86, and is survived by his brother, Ernie Jablonski.

Louis Russell Chauvenet ("Russ"), credited with inventing the word "fanzine," died peacefully in his sleep on the night of June 24, 2003 at the age of 83. He attended Harvard University, Boston College and the University of Virginia. He was one of the members of the Boston Stranger Club honored by a group Fan Guest of Honor role at Noreascon III in 1989. Rich Lynch wrote online, "He lived here in the

Washington area for a long time, and Nicki and I visited him at his home a couple of times. He was a bit of a recluse (never attending any of the local conventions or fan meetings), though not nearly so much as Harry Warner, and I never got to know him as well as I wanted to. I remember him as a happy man, with a very sharp mind. I have no reason to doubt he was that way to the end.”

Bibliographer **Bradford M. Day** passed away February 25, 2004 in Pella, Iowa. He was 88. His survivors include Brad Day III, also a fan. *[[Source: Ned Brooks]]*

Rose Mortensen Hamm, sister of LASFS member Liz Mortensen, passed away on October 23, 2003. Her husband of 24 years, Gary, as well as Liz and Ed Green, were there.

Pamela Lynn "P.L." Caruthers-Montgomery passed away August 26, 2003. She had been ill with a variety of ailments and her death was ascribed to natural causes. She is survived by her husband, Larry Montgomery. P.L. was a former president and vice president of the Southern Fandom Confederation. She was a longtime member of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance. Both P.L. and Larry are past winners of DeepSouthCon's Rebel Award. Plans were for P.L.'s body to be cremated and her ashes given to the winds atop Alabama's highest mountain. *[[Source: Guy H. Lillian III]]*

Phoenix fan **Jim Cryer** died November 19, 2003 of a massive heart attack. Jim chaired the 2002 Coppercon in Arizona. He was also a regular fixture at Gallifrey every year in Los Angeles and worked tirelessly in Phoenix fandom. *[[Source: Mike Donahue]]*

David Fallis, 50, died Nov 17, 2003 in Hutchinson, KS. He was a partner in the local Renaissance Shoppe and one of the original members of the Association of Dragons and Starships (ADAS). *[[Source: Charley McCue]]*

On September 29, 2003 **Marjorie Rosen** was taken in for emergency surgery on her heart. Doctors discovered she needed a replacement heart, but she passed away before a transplant could be obtained. Marjorie was well-known as the Bid Party Diva for the successful Seattle in '05 NASFiC bid. She got her earliest conrunning experience volunteering at a Doug Wright con in Los Angeles. She worked many local LA cons over the years in a wide variety of jobs including registration, security, art show, green room, con suite, guest liaison, ops, panelist, and dealer's room. The NASFiC website credits her with establishing the new "15-minutes of Invisibility" rule while running Hospitality for Westercon 50, invoked upon those she deemed too hungry, tired, or

just plain zoned out to continue working without intervention.

Bobbie DuFault of the Seattle NASFiC committee wrote online, "We all know how she tried to do everything she could to meet her commitments. We will miss her greatly and our heart goes out to her family."

Gerald Pearce, a popular figure among LA writers, died April 27, 2003 at the age of 74. He had contracted pneumonia on the way home from a con in San Diego.

Harry Clement Stubbs, who wrote science fiction as **Hal Clement**, died October 29, 2003, at his home in Milton, MA.

Born in 1922, Clement was a high school school teacher whose fiction gained a reputation as quintessential hard SF – science fiction firmly based on established physics, chemistry, and astronomy. His novels often depicted highly imagined alien worlds; the most famous was *Mission of Gravity*, set on a heavy, fast-spinning planet where the force of gravity is several times greater at the poles than at the equator. His last novel, *Noise*, was published earlier this year.

Clement was named a Grand Master by the Science Fiction Writers of America in 1999. Among other honors was a Retro-Hugo Award in 1996 for his 1945 story "Uncommon Sense".

Clement is survived by his wife Mary, Mary, two sons George and Richard, daughter Christine Hensel, and grandson Jackson.

Chris M. Barkley wrote, "Leave it Hal to leave on the day the strongest solar storm of the year hits the Earth. *Ad astra*, my friend..."

Patrick Kelly Jr. a founding member of the Baltimore Science Fiction Society, Chair of Balticon 16 in 1982, present member of the BSFS Board of directors and tireless volunteer for the Balticon Science Program passed away Tuesday January 27, 2004 at around 10:50am. Pat was the founder and president emeritus of the Baltimore Metro Chapter of the National Space Society. Funeral arrangements have not been announced at this time. Pat is survived by his wife Miriam; daughters Laurel and Alexandra as well as a number of nephews and nieces. He will be missed by all of us not only as a friend and co-volunteer, but as a conversationalist, voice of reason and source of creative ideas. Michael Walsh wrote online, "I knew Pat for many many years. He was a nice guy, always looking out for folks, willing to lend a hand. For years he worked for the U S Army as a civilian employee. He retired in the late 90s. His office at the Pentagon was destroyed on 9/11. He counted himself lucky." *[[Source: BSFA]]*

Unfortunately, the new heart Kansas City Fan **Dee Willis** received provided only a short-term miracle. Doctors had operated the morn-

ing of February 3, 2004 and by 4:30 pm Dee was sitting up eating Jello. But weeks later she remained in the hospital, and after a number of medical setbacks she passed away on March 8.

The family is burdened both with her loss and overwhelming, unpaid medical bills. Midwestern fans and other readers of *Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol* were called on for help. Contributions should go to: Dee Willis Fund - #005047951625, c/o Bank of America, 6495 Quivira, Shawnee, KS 66126

Shirley Maiewski died suddenly April 12, 2004 at her longtime Hatfield, MA home. She was head of the Star Trek WelCommittee, which was devoted to helping new Trek fans find other groups, find each other, and in general come into fandom more easily. She carried on this volunteer work for many, many years. *[[Source: Bjo Trimble]]*

Marguerite ("Maggie") McClure Bradbury, wife of sf/fantasy writer Ray Bradbury, passed away on November 24, 2003 at the age of 81. Her McClure family tree included the founders of *McClure's Magazine*.

Marguerite was a clerk in an LA bookshop when she met Ray. They married in 1947. Marguerite and Ray eventually had four daughters and eight grandchildren. In the late 1940s, Ray wrote at home and she rode the "Big Red Car" to work and supported them. She typed the manuscript for *The Martian Chronicles*, which Ray dedicated to her. They were married for 56 years.

She was buried at Westwood Village Memorial Park, a small cemetery near UCLA that is the final resting place for such notables as Marilyn Monroe, Dean Martin, Roy Orbison, and Walter Matthau.

Atlanta fan **Jerry Burge** died on April 6. Burge was a founding member of the Atlanta Science Fiction Organization in the 1950s. Along with Carson Jacks, he published the first edition of Sam Moskowitz's *The Immortal Storm* in hardcover in 1954. Burge helped start the Southern Fan Press Association and was the art director of the short-lived *Witchcraft and Sorcery*. Burge was diagnosed with congestive heart failure in December 2003 and in January, he underwent surgery to repair a heart valve. *[[Source: SFsite, Bjo Trimble]]*





Fandom's Tangled Web

Heinlein Prize Launched

The Heinlein Prize, a major new award for practical accomplishments in commercial space activities, was announced Monday at the 54th International Aeronautical Congress underway in Bremen, Germany. Trustees of the Robert A. and Virginia Heinlein Prize Trust revealed that the first Heinlein Prize award has been set at \$500,000 USD.

The Heinlein Prize may be given as frequently as annually to one or more individuals who have achieved practical accomplishments in the field of commercial space activities. The Trustees emphasize that the award is for effort by an individual -- not corporate or government sponsored activities -- and that the Heinlein Prize is intended to be worldwide in scope.

"The purpose of the Heinlein Prize is to provide an incentive to spur the advancement of the commercial use of outer space," explained Arthur M. Dula of Houston, Texas, USA, one of three Trustees. "In order to accomplish that goal, the Trustees will establish an Advisory Board drawn from respected persons in space activities from around the world. The Advisory Board will keep abreast of developments in space commer-

cialization and will review nominations and propose its own candidates for the Heinlein Prize. The Trustees will select recipients of the Prize based upon recommendations from the Advisory Board. The Heinlein Prize will be awarded on July 7 of those years in which the Prize is given."

The Trustees are currently in the process of selecting the Board of Advisors. Until the Board of Advisors is announced, nominations for the Heinlein Prize may be made directly to the Trustees though the Heinlein Prize website at www.heinleinprize.com.

The Heinlein Prize honors the memory of Robert A. Heinlein, a renowned American author. Through his body of work in fiction spanning nearly fifty years during the commencement of man's entry into space, Mr. Heinlein advocated human advancement into space through commercial endeavors. After his death in 1988, his widow,

Virginia Gerstenfeld Heinlein, established the Trust in order to further her husband's vision of humanity's future in space. Funding for the Heinlein Prize came from Mrs. Heinlein's estate after her death in 2003. *[[Source: Keith Stokes]]*

Sidewise Awards

The judges for the Sidewise Awards for Alternate History have announced the finalists for the 2003 awards. Winners will be announced at Noreascon 4. over the Sept. 4-5 weekend.

FINALISTS FOR BEST SHORT-FORM ALTERNATE HISTORY:

Ricard de la Casa and Pedro Jorge Romero. "The Day We Went Through the Transition," Originally "El día que hicimos la Transición," Translated from the Spanish by Yolanda Molina-Gavilán; in *Cosmos Latinos* (eds. Andrea L. Bell and Yolanda Molina-Gavilán), Wesleyan University Press

Geoffrey Landis. "The Eyes of America," Posted at *SciFiction* May 7

Robert L. O'Connell. "The Cuban Missile Crisis: Second Holocaust," in *What Ifs? of American History* (ed. Robert Cowley), Putnam's

Chris Roberson. "O One," in *Live With-*

out a Net (ed. Lou Anders), New American Library

Robert Silverberg. "The Reign of Terror," in *Asimov's Science Fiction*, April, and in *Roma Eterna*, HarperCollins/Eos

FINALISTS FOR BEST LONG-FORM ALTERNATE HISTORY:

Murray Davies. *Collaborator* Macmillan UK

Mitchell Freedman. *Disturbance of Fate*, Seven Locks Press

Larry Kirwan. *Liverpool Fantasy*, Thunder's Mouth Press

S.M. Stirling. *Conquistador*, NAL/Roc

The Sidewise Award Judges are Nicholas Gevers, Karen Hellekson, Evelyn Leeper, Jim Rittenhouse, Robert Schmunk, Stuart Shiffman, Kurt Sidaway, and Steven Silver.

2003 Aurora Winners

Best Long-Form Work in English / Meilleur livre en anglais

Permanence, Karl Schroeder (Tor)

Meilleur livre en français / Best Long-Form Work in French

Le Revenant de Fomalhaut, Jean-Louis Trudel (Médiaspaul)

Best Short-Form Work in English / Meilleure nouvelle en anglais

'Ineluctable', Robert J. Sawyer (*Analog* Nov/2002)

Meilleure nouvelle en français / Best Short-Form Work in French

'La Guerre sans temps', Sylvie Bérard (*Solaris* 143)

Best Work in English (Other) / Meilleur ouvrage en anglais (Autre)

Edo van Belkom, for editing *Be VERY Afraid!* (Tundra Books)

Artistic Achievement / Accomplissement artistique

Mel Vavaroutsos

Fan Achievement (Publication) / Accomplissement fanique (publication)

Made in Canada Newsletter, Don Bassie, ed. [webzine]

Fan Achievement (Organizational) / Accomplissement fanique (Organisation)

Georgina Miles (Toronto Trek 16)

Fan Achievement (Other) / Accomplissement fanique (autre)

Jason Taniguchi, one-man SF parody shows / presentations individuelles de parodies SF

Unkindest Cut

Mark Leeper wrote in his online fanzine:

"You should see me with a turkey. I do carve it, but when I am done it looks like the process was not so much one of carving as one of exploding. Guests at our house must think that it was cut up with military precision. "At D-hour minus four minutes, seventeen hours, fifty-six minutes, the turkey was detonated with explosives." *[[MT Void, 6/6/03]]*

MORE FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS ABOUT SIERRA GRACE



There was a baby around here the last time I wrote. Where has that baby gone, and who is she becoming?

It was August 2003 when I took Sierra to preschool for the first time. I strapped her into a basket-handled car seat and lugged her to my sedan for the drive. I carried my 18-month-old in my arms to the classroom and skeptically handed her over the counter to a preschool teacher. By June 2004, the school year was

ending and my Sierra was loudly insisting on climbing down unaided from her (much larger) car seat, then vaulting from the back seat to the sidewalk, galloping to the classroom, twisting the door handle and letting herself through the half-door to of the counter, and – if reminded – waving me goodbye.

She's grown up fast!

Most days I drop Sierra off at school and

Diana picks her up. Diana and I spent a lot of time investigating and agonizing over child care before Sierra was old enough for a preschool. Once she turned 18-months-old was the decision became very easy – we enrolled her where Sierra's grandmother teaches kindergarten, the best endorsement we could have.

Playing and learning is pretty much the same thing for a toddler. They like repetition of a favorite story, video or song. Why they like what they like isn't always obvious. I never heard of another 2-year-old with an addiction to the movie musical *Singin' in the Rain*. For three weeks in the fall she wanted to watch the entire video every afternoon. I mean *entire*: the girl would have a meltdown if we dared turned it off in the middle of the bonus interview with Betty Comden and Adolph Green. And sometimes in the evening she'd lean against the coffee table and start to hum "Doot-to-doot-doo" while rocking back and forth, which we recognized as her attempt to imitate the way Gene Kelly begins his signature dance number.

Anyway, we soon encountered *Blue's Clues* and that has become Sierra's enduring favorite. We rented episodes at Blockbuster to check it out, started buying copies from Amazon, and now Diana's mother (Sierra's "Omi") tapes them off the air and sends a new cassette every few weeks. Steve, the show's original host, by now has been replaced by Joe, a fellow with a little less *savoir faire*. This has created a schism in our household. Mommy likes Steve. Sierra likes Joe. When the rare Steve episode appears on the screen, Mommy is thrilled. (Hm, should I be worried?)

Blue's Clues is full of easy-to-do activities that are becoming part of our repertoire. Diana has been making drums for Sierra from coffee cans and old pots, and every few weeks the three of us form a marching band and parade around the house. We color portraits of our pals on big sheets of paper, and Mommy posts them on the walls. We make sock puppets. We get real excited when the mail comes. (Well, I



Sierra starts preschool: In the very beginning, Daddy carries her to the car in a basket-seat and hands her over the counter to her teacher.



always did, and now we have a song to celebrate with!)

You know that if we're making drums to give to Sierra, we're not like stereotypical parents who dread Christmas gifts of musical and electronic toys. That's right, we're only half-stereotypical. We gladly would have skipped the entire lot of battery-powered toys with repetitive songs and noises. No such luck, because Santa brought Hokey-Pokey Elmo to live at our house. Elmo is two-feet-tall and upholstered in red plush. When you squeeze his hand he chirps, "Let's do the hokey-pokey!" Then he sings the verse while raising an arm, leg, or spinning around on one foot as commanded by the words.

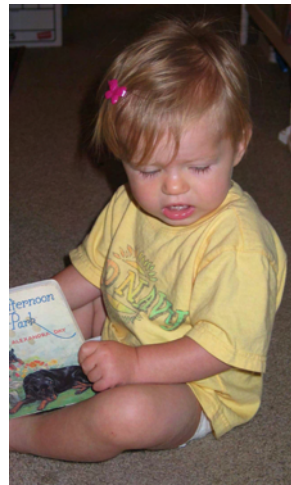
Sierra found Elmo endlessly fascinating for weeks, singing and spinning along with him. She would dance, we would applaud. She would say, "Get up, Daddy!" and pull me to my feet to join her dancing. (I'm not expecting many votes for the Best Dancer Hugo.) When Sierra tired of Elmo's act, she predictably did what toddlers do, whacked him sideways in the middle of his song. He sprawled over, but instead of continuing his mindless dance he did a most surprising thing - he asked someone to help him up! "Whoopsie. Ha ha. Can you help Elmo up, please?" Naturally, Sierra needed to see Elmo's new trick many more times before he finally went on hiatus.

I wrote last time about using basic sign language with Sierra, which we have continued to do. Now we're working much more with spoken words. Teaching vocabulary to a toddler includes lots of pointing to objects and pictures and asking what's-this-what's-that, hoping Sierra will find it entertaining enough to play along. One day, Sierra figured out how to game us back. "Baber," she said. "Baber?" asked Mommy, trying to figure out what word she was saying. "Baber," repeated Sierra, cheerfully. "Baber?" repeated Mommy, unable to associate these syllables with a real word. After many repetitions Diana realized that Sierra was rehearsing her in a completely made-up word, the way Mommy rehearses Sierra in real words.

We tend to take it for granted that Sierra is highly verbal for her age until it surprises somebody else. Sierra and Diana were in the

checkout line at the thrift store chatting about all the tea parties they were going to have with the dishes they were buying. The cashier, who was listening with a puzzled look on her face, asked "How old is she?" The clerk could hardly believe Sierra is just two. Diana added, "Yeah, that's what happens when you live with a writer." The clerk said, "Are you serious?" At that point Sierra felt she was being ignored and emphatically told the clerk, "My mommy is serious." The clerk just about fell over.

Sierra's just about two-and-a-half now. Gone is the helplessness of babyhood. She's quickly passed the toddler stage, becoming coordinated, energetic and fearless. Parents are probably the last to see any limitations on their child, and certainly Diana and I feel that the most difficult thing to predict is whether Sierra will be too busy organizing the Mars colony to fill in for Billy Graham without missing any of her concert piano dates. Life with Sierra just gets better and better.



Through The Year in Pictures:

(Clockwise) (1) Sierra loves stories about Carl the dog; (2) She strikes a pose with stylish sunglasses; (3) Snoozing with her cozy blanket; (4) Our angel in costume for the school Christmas pageant; (5) Goopy fingerpaints make art time a blast; (6) Sierra's a little young for Brunner novels, but then, so is Daddy... Finally, (7) Sierra flies away with a balloon bouquet.



WHY PUBLISHERS USE FREELANCERS

BY FRANCIS HAMIT

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Here's something that most freelance writers don't know: newspaper and magazine publishers depend upon us not just for diverse editorial material, but sometimes for the very survival of a publication.

This is often the case in the domain of trade magazines, where I've spent most of my recent career as a freelance writer. But don't take my word for it, look at the publisher's trade magazine, *Folio: the Magazine for Magazine Management*. In an article in the January 1, 1992 issue, Peggy Schmidt and Sean Callahan wrote, "If a staff writer is producing 10 feature stories a year and you're paying a salary of \$30,000 per year plus 40 percent more in benefits and taxes, each story is costing you \$4,200. If you are confident that you can get the same quality of work from freelancers at half the cost, you may want to cut back in-house staff and reallocate the money to the freelance budget."

The article goes on to make several other recommendations including paying a set price per piece rather than by the word, and paying a little bit more to retain talent. Editors are also advised to develop regular relationships with knowledgeable freelancers by giving them regular assignments and that: "You may even save money since you can often negotiate a lower per-article fee if you can guarantee a writer a set amount of work."

Other advantages touted to using freelancers include their specialized knowledge. In an article called "How to Find Freelancers: A Primer for Editors," published in *Folio* in the April 1, 1998 issue, Marcia Ringel wrote: "Hundreds of freelance writers and editors are waiting to add expertise to your publication." And she also says: "Because freelancers keep abreast of the news, they'll gladly propose article ideas and supply fresh contacts as story sources. A reliable freelancer can prepare a regular column or track certain aspects of your field --tasks your staff would do if they had time." She also points out that using freelancers in distant cities to cover events saves travel costs.

And adds this tidbit: "What if your budget is zero? Call a journalism school and ask for a promising student." Publishers exploit unpaid interns in their offices as well.

Finally she concludes: "As freelancers lighten your load, you'll wonder how you got along without them."

I've been on the other side of this equation for most of my career as a journalist.



I've had regular contributor or "Contributing Editor" next to my name on the publication's masthead at several different publications over the last two decades.

I have hundreds of articles in print, and have often been praised for being so prolific. My reply is always, "It's called making a living". When you support yourself as a writer, you end up taking a lot of work simply to pay your bills. For a number of years I averaged a major feature article about once a week.

In 1993, two things happened that altered the relationship between freelance writers and their editors. One was the introduction of the World Wide Web, with its advanced graphics capability, as the new medium for communicating printed information. It took a few years to sort it out, but it is now obvious that the Web is a print rather than a broadcast medium; one which, because of its digital nature, reduces the cost of distribution to close to zero, and expands the circulation area of a publication to the whole world. Over 600 million people in over 100 nations now access the Web. You can read most of the newspapers in the world online, from the *New York Times* to the *Malaysia Star*.

The second thing that happened was that Jonathan Tasini, a freelance writer and labor activist who was then the President of the National Writer's Union, along with several

colleagues, sued the *New York Times* and other publications for reselling their articles on CD-ROM and through online services. The *New York Times* called this a "revision" of their original collective work.

In 2001, when the case was appealed to the United States Supreme Court, the decision went to the freelance writers. Rather than settle, the *Times* started eliminating freelance articles from its own database, causing outcries from librarians everywhere.

During the intervening years, most publishers sided with the *New York Times* and sold electronic rights they did not own -- and because of a 1981 Federal Court decision called *Quinto vs. Legal Times of Washington* these were rights they should have reasonably known they did not own.

That decision, which was about the reprinting of an article originally published in one newspaper by another, held that the paper reprinting the article had "a duty to inquire" as to the true ownership of the copyright in an article, and also held that the original publisher retained no rights to transfer to anyone else because *Quinto* was neither a member of the staff nor had signed a written contract transferring additional rights.

Despite this decision, an identical situation was allowed to develop by hundreds of publications with articles by thousands of writers. The publishers signed deals with firms called "aggregators" who digitized the content of thousands of magazines to create huge databases with millions of articles. This was additional money in the publishers' pockets. They get between 30 and 75 percent of the gross.

These databases are searchable and allow a user to retrieve and print out any one article. This was the basis of the Supreme Court Decision mentioned above. The "collective work" copyright does not include contributions by independent contractors. These contributions have their own copyrights.

The aggregators and their clients, which include major database providers such as Lexis-Nexis, Factiva, Dialog and Ingenta, relying upon contractual assurances by the original publishers, refuse to deal with freelancers directly on copyright infringement and point them back to the publishers who originally supplied the articles. Yes, they did have a "duty to inquire," but they were also entitled to rely upon the written assurances of the publishers and take them in good faith.

This traffic in what are essentially stolen goods gives the original publishers a new, undisclosed profit center, much like reprints

made of these same articles for marketing and publicity purposes and sold without the author/copyright-owner's knowledge. (That's also an infringement of the copyright.)

Because publishers have been careful to conceal these arrangements even from their own staff editors, most writers whose articles are being infringed don't even know it.

Not so long ago there was a "second rights" market where a freelance writer could take an article originally sold to one publication and sell it to another, usually in a distant non-competing market. The Web changed all of that. Not only did publications start putting up electronic editions of their issues for the world to see, but some started selling them to the aggregators who resold them directly to the market for library databases and, indirectly, through the database firms to the extensive commercial market for article reprints. Originally such articles were delivered by fax or courier service, but the Web made them instantly accessible online to those willing to pay for subscriptions or by the "pay per view" method to read and/or copy them. Because electronic publication now often happens simultaneously with print publication, the second rights market has been pretty much destroyed.

Undoubtedly, almost all of the millions of articles provided this way are properly and legally cleared as to copyright ownership and the rights transferred. But consider the following not so hypothetical situation: A freelance writer, working on an oral agreement like the one in the *Quinto* case, writes and is paid for an article in a particular publication. All the publication has purchased, unless there is a written agreement to the contrary, is the right to publish that article once, in print. If it sells reprints to someone, that is an infringement. If it puts it up on its own web site, that is infringement. If it sells it to an aggregator who resells it to all the other electronic markets, that is many infringements.

Web-based databases for libraries were introduced in 1997 and they've flown under the radar of public consciousness so far. Since they allow any library patron not just to read, but to print out and to e-mail an article to third parties without any real restriction, the impact upon the freelancers' potential to resell the articles themselves is devastating. The aggregators have not only defined the market, they've marketed and distributed in a way that crowds out all other competition. While the amount derived for a single copy of an article can range from a fraction of a cent to a few dollars, the total revenues are in the billions of dollars. It's a very large, and global, business.

Full-time freelancers are rare. It's a very tough way to make a living, and bargaining power is eroded by the large number of people who do it part-time for too little money, or do it for free just to see their name on a

byline or to advance a cause or another business enterprise. Only the fact that competent, reliable freelancers save publications substantial amounts of money on staffing makes it a viable business. Given that, you would think that publishers would want to nurture these relationships by sharing the revenues from these secondary markets or, alternatively, by buying all rights at a fair price that reflects the value of this aftermarket.

Until the *Tasini* decision forced the issue, they did neither. Now they are very insistent on "all rights" or "work for hire" contracts, but offer no additional compensation, much less a portion of the additional revenues. This is both greedy and short-sighted.

Freelancers are essentially small business people who don't yet enjoy collective bargaining rights. If they try to agree on a common minimum price for their work, they are threatened with anti-trust suits for price fixing. Each has to determine the worth of their work on their own. Added to that is the fact that the publishers have concealed the revenues they make from the resale of the freelancers work, especially when they have no rights to it.

And they conceal that fact from the aggregators and database firms as well. They claim ownership of the copyright of everything in an issue of a publication in the contract, and are so credited in the databases. Nowhere will you find credit given where credit is due where freelance work is concerned. This is a violation of another section of the Copyright Act: Section 1202, which does not deal with infringement per se, but with "copyright management information."

This is the part of the Digital Millennium Copyright Act of 1998 that no one apparently bothers to read. It makes it a violation to deliberately alter titles, bylines, or to change or conceal true ownership of a copyright. The aggregators and their clients may be innocent in this, the publishers who provided the article, two years after the *Tasini* decision became the law of the land, certainly are not!

If a publisher who does not own rights beyond first print publication exploits them anyway, either directly or by selling them to a third party, then that is theft. If that publisher, to facilitate that sale, also claims to own rights which are retained by the freelancer, then that is fraud.

I could go on with the ins and out of this. At this point, having researched this on my own behalf for about two years, I could probably write a book on this, but I think you get the idea. If you wrote freelance articles for anyone on an oral first serial print rights basis, then you need to check online to see if your work is infringed and if the copyright ownership is properly credited. Start at your local library and see which publications are on those marvelous electronic databases. That's in the part called "title lists."

Then, since this is not legal advice, and I'm not a lawyer, you need to see one who specializes in intellectual property law if you think you may have a cause of action. Especially if it's a "credit where credit is due" issue.

Section 1202 seems to, along with the other parts of that chapter, stand apart from the rest of the Copyright Act. It neither refers to them nor is referred to by them. That means, if your "copyright management information" is distorted by anyone, damages under Section 1203 (the civil penalties portion of the Act) may well include statutory damages up to \$25,000 per violation regardless of when you actually register your copyrights.

I have my own cases going forward on these matters. Legal fees and costs are very expensive -- something else which publishers rely upon to keep us freelancers at bay. If you have found this article helpful and wish to make a donation, please send it to:

Francis Hamit
Legal Fund
P.O. Box 5499
Frazier Park, CA 93222-5499

I thank you in advance.

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Faanish Vocabulary Power

herniator: (hĈr'nÂ-ª-tor) If Deb Geisler gets her wish, "herniator" will be added to the lexicon to describe NESFA Press books over 600 pages in length. A recently approved addendum will allow NESFA Press to publish its Chad Oliver collection in two hardcover volumes "rather than one herniator." (Oxford English Dictionary editors, please request *Instant Message 722*.)

Strange Cargo

Kathi Overton and **John Pomerantz** drove to Torcon and were happy that the border patrol didn't want to inspect their car, sparing them from having to explain "the 10 liter dewar for liquid nitrogen." (Couldn't they have just told authorities that it was the first-stage booster for Robert Sawyer's Hugo?) Kathi's other best-known fanac is her work on "Fast Forward: Contemporary Science Fiction," the cable tv show she and John have been running since 1989.



*For a true World-con
Let us join hands East and West
Who love the same stars*

Seventeen syllables can be your key to honor and treasure in the Nippon in '07 haiku contest. If you practiced writing haiku during a high school poetry unit, here at long last is your chance to answer the proverbial question, "What use is this in real life?" Or at least, real fandom. If this verse form is unknown by you, here's a help. Haiku have three lines: the first and last lines contain five syllables, and the middle line contains seven syllables.

The contest has been launched to attract attention to the bid to bring the 2007 Worldcon to Yokohama, Japan. The winners will be announced Friday, September 3 at Noreascon 4. The bid's North America agent, Peggy Rae Sapienza, is accepting entries via peggy-raes@comcast.net, or P.O. Box 314, Annapolis Junction, MD 20701. The deadline for entries to reach her is August 28.

Peggy Rae will find this responsibility less burdensome than chairing Bucconeer, even if she has to provide the treasure herself (thus explaining the bid flyer's warning that it is "not necessarily of monetary value.") Whether she will do the judging has been left to her discretion – the publicity reads, "She claims no knowledge of any language but English. She may appoint suitable judges, but her decisions will be final. They would have been anyhow."

In an early burst of enthusiasm, the committee announced, "We may publish the results of the contest." So do your best to make them proud!



Torcon 3 candid: Chaz Boston Baden and Art Widner.

Conventional Reportage

FILKING AT TORCON by Lee Gold

Worldcon 2003 at Toronto was by general consensus less organized than it should have been. I noticed the first symptoms of this when I got emails from Programming telling me about several filk program items I was on — with information on the times and the program topics that didn't correspond with what I'd received from the filk track head. I replied to Programming and to Judith Hayman, the filk track head. Judith Hayman promptly wrote me back telling me to disregard Programming's misinformation and go by what she'd previously written me. Programming never replied, although I wrote them once again on this topic.

When we got to Worldcon, we checked into the Royal York, half a mile or more from the Convention Center, but still with the honor not only of hosting filk events but also of being the convention party hotel. Filkers usually reserve rooms at the hotel where the evening filksings will take place because of the encumbrance of carrying around songbooks, instruments, and perhaps a music stand.

Afterwards we went to the Convention Center, were informed that the pocket program would be ready soon, but was unreliable, and that we should rely on daily publications which would list when and where the programs would actually occur. These daily schedules were printed each morning for that day's programs, which meant that if you stayed up all night filking (or partying), you either had to stay up till the day's schedule appeared to plan what to see that day, set an alarm to go get the schedule and then go back to sleep, or not bother attending any of the program items — except for the filk schedule, which was accurate, showed program items for the entire length of the convention, and was available in the filk lounge, in the Royal York.

There was a newsletter distribution point at the Royal York on the main mezzanine by the filking rooms, down one floor from the party rooms. The newsletter got there regularly, several times a day. The daily schedules, however, were under other management and didn't show up there. I've asked other filkers who stayed at the Royal York what they did to get up-to-date daily programs. Some didn't bother. Some walked (or taxied) to the Convention Center every day, even if they didn't always find something they wanted to do there (quite likely because the Art Show and Dealer Room were so lackluster). One reported finding out that Program Ops in the Royal York had a couple of extra copies of the daily program they were willing to give away. One reported using his PDA to find the daily program on the convention web page. My guess is that filkers' experiences were true for many of the other fans staying at the Royal York.

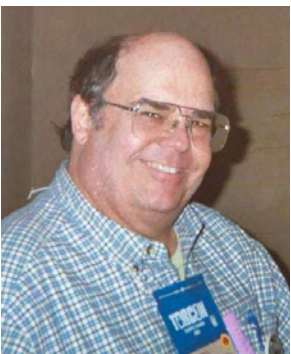
I don't know what branch of the Torcon concomm was responsible for posting schedules outside the program rooms stating what program items would be held there each day. But the schedules posted outside the filkrooms took their information from Programming rather than from the Filk department, and we sometimes had to resort to crossing out inaccurate listings and writing in new ones.

Usually, pocket programs are fairly accurate, and all updates are carried in the newsletter which is distributed in the convention center and all major convention hotels. If updates are to be done by a separate department, I think they should still be distributed along with the newsletter — as well as in additional places if that seems desirable. And all updates should be shared with whoever is responsible for room signage. The way Torcon's concomm members handled this problem had the inadvertent effect of isolating filkers, party-goers, and other fans staying at the Royal York, and presumably of lowering attendance at non-Royal York convention program items.



Thanks Torcon 3 for making me your Fan GoH. (A) I got to interview Connie Willis; (B) Nephew Adam Iglehart was my right-hand man; (C) N4 provided a colonial

band for Closing Ceremonies; (D) Photogenic Guy Lillian III; (E) Ken Keller and I put our own spin on KC and LA Worldcons; (F) G.R.R. Martin finally won "the Big One."



LOOKING BACK AT TORCON 3



Worldcon Chairs, 2003 Edition: Kneeling, L-R: Robin Johnson, Leslie Turek, Peter Jarvis (*Torcon 3* chair), Roger Sims, Tony Lewis, Vincent Docherty, Ken Keller; Middle, L-R: Craig Miller, Joe Siclari, Deb Geisler, Dave

Clark, Peggy Rae Sapienza, Suzanne Carnival; Back, L-R: Christian McGuire, Mark Olson, Michael Walsh, Mike Glycer, Todd Dashoff, Kevin Standlee, John Mansfield. Photo by Cheryl Morgan, used by permission.

POLITICS MAKES STRANGE GRAVEFELLOWS: A HISTORY OF THE QUAINT CUSTOM OF THE MINN-STF PRESIDENCY PASSING BY ASSASSINATION BY DENNIS LIEN

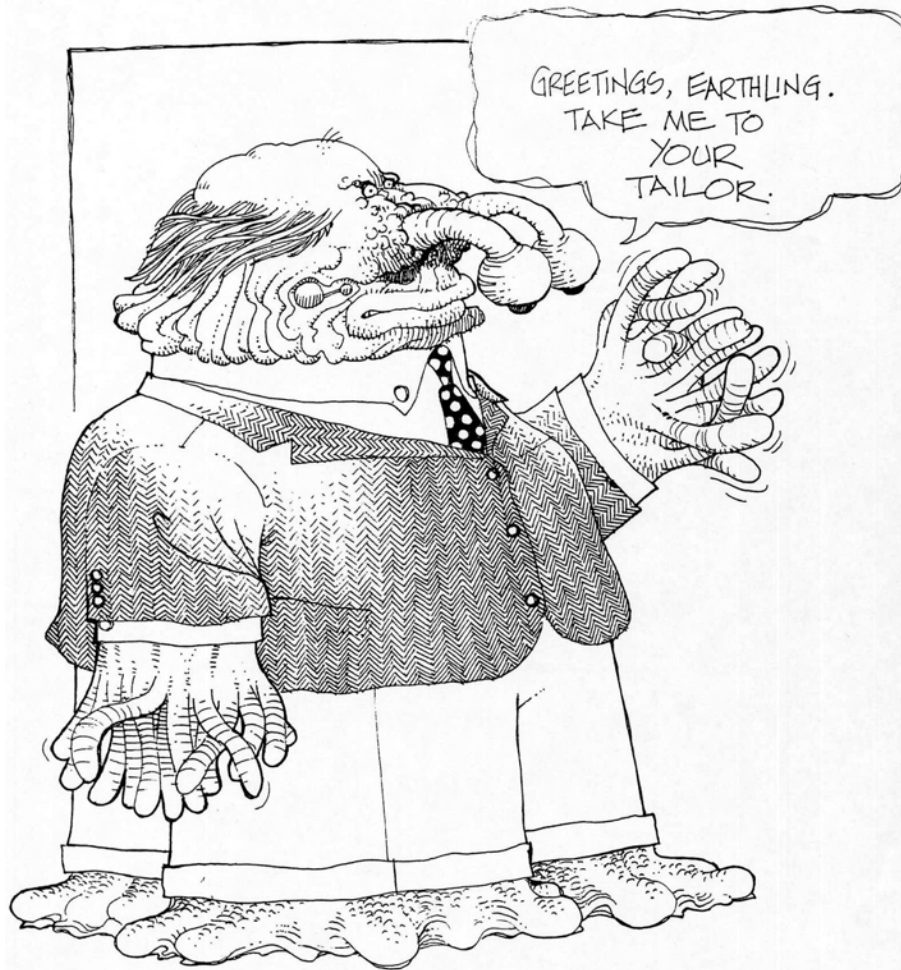
[[Prepared for the 2003 Minicon program book by Dennis Lien. Reprinted by permission.]]

If it's true that history is written by the survivors, it's fairly obvious why I've had so much difficulty compiling a history of the quarter-century-old tradition of Minn-STF assassinating its presidents: all of us concerned are dead. (Or at least not at all well.)

Ordinarily, talking to the dead should be a task of only medium difficulty, at least for us intrepid seance fiction fans. However, several of our formerly fearless former leaders have gone one step beyond death into the ultimate pit of gafia-tion and all my attempts at contacting them, via either the US mails (and its dead letter offices) or E-mail ("E" for ectoplasm, of course) came to Naught (a small town in North Dakota, I believe). Still worse, some of the undead who did rouse themselves to reply admitted to brain decay

and had forgotten or suppressed the needed details, while others clearly remembered things which seemed to be contradicted by other testimony (truly, I was tempted to agree with the Mad Arab that "that is not dead, which can eternal lie, or at least can improve the truth a bit for the sake of a good story").

Even compiling a complete list of past Minn-STF presidents from the period in question proved impossible, at least without doing something desperate like unpacking all of the boxes in my attic to try to find a paper trail. (The last time we had one of those in the attic we blamed it on the squirrels, and plugged up the holes.) The first few years below are from my memory; the years from about 1990 on can be verified with old *Ein-blatts* to hand (at least after they also become



to eyeball and to brain), but in between there are a number of years in which the Truth may be Out There, but if so it apparently has no plans to come In Here anytime soon.

Anyway--

In the early days after Minn-STF got (sort of) Organized, Frank Stodolka and Chuck Holst had served as presidents, and for one year (1974-75) the five members of the Board of Directors rotated the office among themselves. I got stuck with the job for two years starting in 1975 and, having carefully avoided doing much of anything for those terms (not a difficult achievement, since the Minn-STF president is essentially a figure-head whose only real duty is lining up locations for meetings), decided to at least go out of office with a bang. Or a sploooosh anyway. I commandeered a few minutes of

Minnicon closing ceremonies for an Outaugural Message, did a bit of bad joke *schtick* including a Samson-like shearing of most of my facial hair, and concluded that a proper Fannish goal should be eliminating peaceful handing over of power(lessness) in favor of something more exciting, like assassination--at which point the incoming president, Nate Bucklin, rose from his front row seat with a clarion call of "Death to all tyrants!" and hit me with a shaving-cream pie, followed by a rousing cheer of "The king is dead! Long live the king!" over my rather sticky corpse.

Offing politicians is like eating peanuts: it's hard to stop with one. Nate did his year as presidential peanut and faced a Stern awakening at the end, as successor Jerry Stearns shot him down at 1978 closing ceremonies,

then took guitar in (gun)hand and claimed that "Some Dumb Duke Did It." Few were fooled.

The next few years are a blur. Somewhere in the succeeding decade Judy Cilcain became president; a gentle soul, she found herself unable to pull the trigger on her predecessor (possibly Jerry) and had to accept the aid of trained assassin Steve Brust. The trigger may have connected to a water pistol--at least I recall one president being water-pistoled to death, but details are lost. (I don't think s/he claimed to be melting and cried "what a world, what a world," but it wouldn't have been a bad idea). Judy served two years and was presumably killed off twice (it being quickly established that even death isn't a good enough excuse to get out of the presidency if nobody else can be talked into the

job), but remembers only one in which she was killed by an excess of kindness in the form of sweets and a toy boy.

Dean Gahlon also served two years sometime in the 1980s. Dean boasted a fine traveling drinks cabinet and a sense of adventure; Steve Brust attempted to kill him off with a series of ghastly mixed drinks modeled on those made infamous in *Midwest Side Story* ("Everclear and Near Beer" and such), finally bringing him to his doom with "Perrier . . . Lite." It seems likely Dean's years were 1982-84. It seems semi-established that Geri Sullivan was president for 1984-85, but no memories of eventual offings have surfaced. David Cummer also served as president for one or perhaps two years, but again no details could be verified.

Bill Bader was president from 1989 to 1991, and remembers causing the death of David Dyer-Bennet to achieve that office, so DD-B presumably served 1988-89. Bill gave him apoplexy by explaining to him that as part of his presidential duties he would be expected to transcribe all club minutes -- on a Mac -- in COBOL. Bill also has a memory of a karate duel to the death with Steve Brust, which doesn't seem to fit in the chronology (but sounds like fun. To have watched. From a safe distance.) This may have been the cause of his first death; like other two-termers he was restored to life (a process made easier, or at least more traditional, by Minicon's habit of being held over Easter) and sent back to the bureaucratic salt mines. For his second and final death (1990), he was punned to death by Ann Totusek and his own successor, Laura Krentz.

Laura has tragically killed the following year (1992) in an offstage cattle stampede, and was succeeded by Victor Raymond, who refused to be cowed by the dangers of office. Alas, no memories of his demise (1993) have surfaced. His successor was Charles Piehl. My memory is that he served out his year and was killed off by treachery among an honor guard he brought out to closing ceremonies with him; another respondent is equally positive that he left office early (when he was ordained as an Episcopal Deacon) and wouldn't have been available for killing (unless Henry II had joined Minn-STF by that time). He was in any case succeeded by Ed Eastman, who served from 1993-94 and started a second term but resigned early for personal reasons; Ed's second term was filled out by Steve Brust, who by this time had become the usual Executive Vice President in Charge of Executions. If Steve was himself assassinated in 1995, no one seems to recall it.

Lydia Nickerson was stuck with the job for 1995-96, and was killed off in a poker table skit with Steve Brust whose point seems to have vanished. I think this is the one that involved the services of the Martian

League of Assassins--when she realized being protected meant she would have to continue in office, she wound up paying the League to allow her to be killed instead. Don Bailey followed for one year, and at the 1997 Minicon was put in a box by Steve as part of a graphic demonstration of the Schroedinger's Cat problem. The box was trundled offstage and, when successor Scott Raun asked Steve when he would be opening the box to see if Don was still alive, got only an enigmatic smile and a questioning "Open it??"

Downsizing was the word of the day in 1998. In keeping with the new emphasis on a leaner, no-frills Minicon, Steve simply asked Scott to drop dead--which he did. Michael Pins followed for a year, dying in 1999 in another poker skit--of shock when Steve admitted, against all his well-known principles, to have been bluffing. Margo Bratton was the next president, but was in Europe at Eastercon when the 2000 Minicon rolled around. While this was a good example of How Not To Be Seen, it failed as far-flung European agents of the club carried out the assassination for us; attendees at closing ceremonies could hear the explosion at the other end of the international phone call.

Emulating Grover Cleveland, Lydia Nickerson was dragged back into office the following year, and died in 2001 in yet another poker sketch involving Steve Brust and a shocking revelation, this time of his political change of heart. Andrew Bertke followed: at opening ceremonies in 2002, he revealed that he had become so gung-ho for the job that not only did he want to continue indefinitely, he was reviving the Minneapolis WorldCon bid. He was immediately rushed by an angry mob (all of whom just happened to be sitting in the front two), swept off, and trampled to death offstage. Minn-STF was thus prexyless for the duration of the con, but muddled through somehow. At closing ceremonies his body was returned to stage and computer whiz Steve Brust managed to reboot him. Using a real boot.

The 2003 Minicon closing ceremony is only hours away, and there's already a scent of blood in the air--an undercurrent of sinister whispers in the alleys--a ghastly event looming in the consciousness of the precogs... as yet another innocent Year King approaches the end of his reign. It's violent. It's frightening. It's nerve-wracking and bloody and in poor taste. But it's cheaper than pensions, and it's traditional, and for Minn-STF it's the Fannish Thing To Do (preferably with the candlestick, in the ballroom, by Colonel Mustard).

Next? "Room for one more, sir..."

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When long-time New York fan and former president of Lunarians **Seth Breidbart** was asked whether it was lawyers, guns or money that took him away from the Big Apple, he laconically answered, "Money."

"We are moving across town and have acquired a Postal box in order to preserve zines and other publications from the shredder which is the drop-slot in our new front door," jokes **Ruth Shields**. (Uh, it was a joke, wasn't it?) "I'm sure you can appreciate the fun we are having relocating 20+ years of Stuff. In addition, Rickey's sister is moving into our old house, so we are transferring boxes in two directions, and the furniture will be moved this weekend and next." After Thanksgiving, they all planned to collapse for awhile.

Eric Lindsay is digging an e-mail hole and pulling it in after him. "All of my old e-mail addresses will be set to start bouncing all e-mail, probably well before Xmas. Sorry about this, but the spammers are beating me down. In future, I will be blocking and deleting all incorrectly addressed email to my domain. The date of this change will depend pretty much on when the incoming spam and viral attacks go really ballistic, rather than the current 100 or 200 spams and worms per valid email. Please do not put any of my email addresses on any web page or news group. If you wish to be taken off [my] mailing list, the return address is totally valid, there is a human being reading the email, and I will remove your current address (yes, I know, spammers probably say that also)."

John Hertz's Westercon Notebook

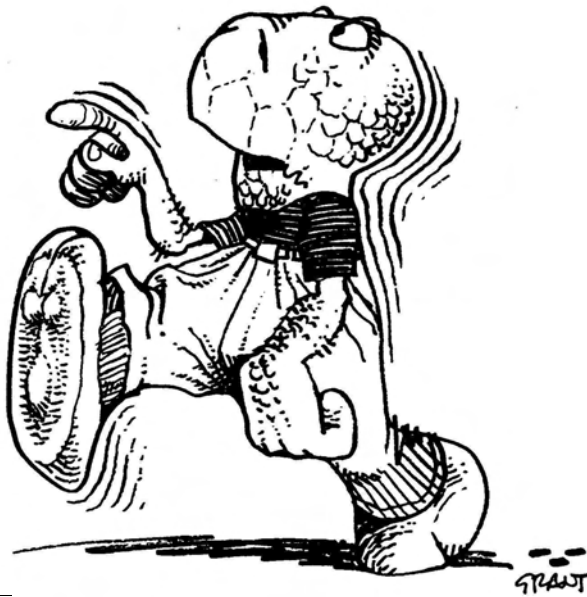
Westercon 56, July 3-6, 2003

Seattle-Tacoma Doubletree Hotel

Writer Guest of Honor Bruce Serling, Artist GoH Lisa Snellings, Scientist GoH Michio Kaku, Fan GoH Saul Jaffe, Editor GoH Claire Eddy, Toastmaster Connie Willis. Attendance about 1,400.

"Eugene, Oregon," said an 8-year-old boarding my plane ahead of me; "who wants to go there?" I said, "It's the home of the Eastern Europe Folklife Center. You could learn to play the Bulgarian bagpipe. Start now." I never know what will happen; he gave me thumbs-up. We flew over Crater Lake, deepest in the U.S. I went on to Seattle feeling it might be a good weekend.

My first panel was Thursday evening at seven. This had seemed doubtful to me, but many came to discuss Zelazny's *Lord of Light* (1967), Hugo and Nebula winner. Westercon



in Germany. Mike Willmoth tried not to mention Mercedes Lackey. Westercon LVI instead of "only soft drinks at open parties" ruled "must have a registered sober host", an improvement. Clifford Wind pursued my Van Vogt theory. The collapse of Buddhism in *Light* bothered him. Where did all those monks go? Yet the scene of Sam's facing Yama, like a Buddhist, is strong.

Morning. Sally Woehrle, chair of Westercon L, ran the Green Room. I love these Cincinnatus moments. Real nourishment in the Green Room, if budget allows, is a blessing when one has a lot to do and hopes to refuel on the run. There is a risk of developing a sub-con where the hip hide, a nasty unfannishness we'd better not fall into. For *1984* I moderated Richard Dahm, Roberta Gregory, Pierce Ludke, Bruce Taylor. June 25th was the 100th anniversary of Orwell's birth. Dahm

said *1984* was like *Dilbert*, people read it but what happens? Ludke said good art was inherently disturbing. From the audience: if art asks you to change it's political. Taylor read aloud about doublethink. I tried asking about literature. Is it an accident we open with Smith's horrid notes of that war film? What happened to Julia's earlier men? This struck no sparks. The room was seized with approval of a message.

I have strewn it with such flowers as my high spirits have permitted.

Beaumarchais

LVI was pleased with the "S-F Classics" panels last year, and scheduled several. I did *Light* and Orwell's *1984* (1949), both of which, I cracked, could have been written by Van Vogt. Like his famous technique they so dazzle, overwhelm, that one hardly notices what is going on, and hardly cares. For *Light* I moderated Raymond Eich, Duane Wilkins, and Robyn Sondra Wills. Weeks later I found my own copy; meanwhile a public library had the 1979 Gregg Press hardback reprint with illustrations by Freff, goshwow.

What is a classic? I've been saying it's an artwork that survives its time, that's revealed as having merit even after the currents it first floated on are changed. David Howell in the audience said a seminal work may not be a classic. If it holds many messages, does that make it timeless? Is a classic one to which we return only to think "I was wrong last time"? Howell said it should resonate across a range of people. I said James Joyce reached a top and middle, but no bottom; the film *A New Hope* (1977) reached a bottom and top, but no middle. Wilkins suggested Burnett's *Secret Garden* (1911) was more of a classic than her *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1886). Art

Widner in the audience compared *Light* to Hesse's *Siddhartha* (1922). I said the real joke in *Light* was Nerriti, whose soulless hordes really were soulless — they're androids. Wills said *1984* meant more to mundanes, *Light* more to us, but I showed the chock-full library check-out card, and from the audience Anthony Ward, a librarian, said copies of *Light* wear out. It may be Zelazny's most poetic.

Drinks in the bar with Widner and the Busbys. Widner was writing up Jack Speer, one of two Fan GoH for Noreascon IV (2004 Worldcon). Widner said "He invented a move in Interplanetary even I didn't see." Sandra Childress & James Briggs, Ed Green, and a host of others put on a joke bid for a Westercon in '05 at Port Barrow, Alaska. At their party Childress served snow cones, naturally, flavored with Midori or lemon. By high tech I saw the World-Wide Web site. They would have Regency nose-rubbing (not

Ingeniously ugly.

Anna Leonowens

my fault, honest) and mukluks. They liked to say "mukluks". At the Silicon Valley for '05 Westercon party Sharon Sbarsky told of cars driving at 200 miles an hour on the Autobahn

Something beyond flesh.

Faulkner

"Convention Experience" was Dahm, Janice Gelb, Raven McCracken, and Edward Steiner, me moderating. Calm went before a storm of people aggrieved at long mistreatment and urging that without them there would be no conventions. A pro writer was followed by an Operations volunteer (not Gelb), a Green Room host (not Woehrle), a con producer. It did not help that all was true. The topic had been *How to get the most out of your* — and finally I offered the old Zen monastery rule "Everybody works, everybody eats". However, each had a fair turn, and with a clear conscience I went to Ulrika O'Brien's docent tour of the Art Show.

This year's docents were Astrid Bear, Greg Bear, Mark Ferrari, me, O'Brien, Margaret Organ-Kean, and Tom Whitmore. I like to take other docents' tours, and I notice they do too. The Art Show, under Lacey Axmaker, had 1,200 pieces from 90 artists, sales \$14,000 — again attendance □ 10. When I engage the docents, as this year, I try for a variety of pros and fans, women and men, graphic artists and people just good at talking about art. Knowing history or being able to make things can help, but the vital element is, as Kelly Freas put it, "Say what you see." We can't see *skillful*, or *clumsy*; however accurate, these are conclusions: what do we see? O'Brien, perceptive and articulate, I hope may be within reach of a Worldcon to lead a tour soon. Organ-Kean's pen-and-ink "Game of One" won Best Monochrome, a lady alone with chess pieces as candles burn low, the drapery of her gown and the feathers of her headdress setting off a window of deep black. Whitmore found Tim Kirk, who was at the con in connection with the forming Paul Allen s-f museum. In the *Locus* Awards, Bob Eggleton won Best Artist, and Tor won Best Publisher. I saw O'Brien again at Regency dancing. Rum punch at the Kansas City for '06 Worldcon party. At the Los Angeles for '06 party Christian McGuire said "The Jell-O makes it fannish."

"Fanzine Publishing" at 10 a.m. Saturday with Jerry Kaufman & Suzle. A note on a whiteboard, about what vampires should wear, we could not help applying to our topic. "Dress for Success" was *Trial by Air*. "Dress for Camouflage" was *Uncle Smiley's Bookcase*. "Dress to Overwhelm" was *Plokta*. "Dress for Repose" was *Vanamonde*. Suzle & Kaufman broke into "76 Fanzines Led the *Locus* Poll", which once counted such things; "followed by rows and rows o' the finest offset illos, the dream of every Big Name Fan." We adjourned to the Fanzine Lounge. Pat Diggs, who did Treasury at Intersection ('95 Worldcon) but admittedly knew little of fanzines, to be helpful had accepted the role of hostess. Suzle &

Not the leisure which wealth or a secure pride convey, but repose and the spontaneous action of the mind.

Hilaire Belloc

Kaufman had brought Peter Roberts' 1977 TAFF report *New Routes in America*. He too found them liable to burst into song. I had brought thirty or forty current zines for reading copies. Over the weekend as we all dropped in from time to time Diggs told what adventures she'd had in the meanwhile. One fellow in armor, clanking as he sat, stayed reading fanzines for an hour.

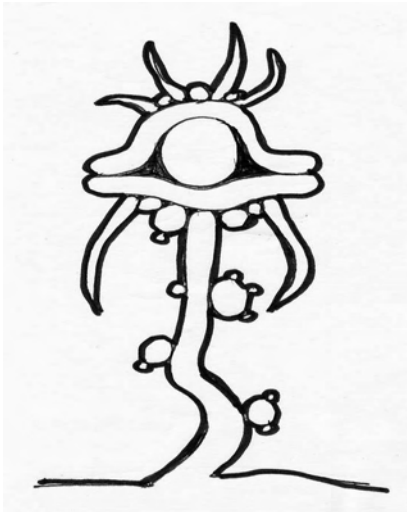
Greg Bear on his docent tour said "The fan crowd really likes animals and attitude." He praised Rob Alexander, who won popular-choice Best in Show, for showing sketches as well as finished pictures. Ferrari said "Look what success he has with narrow color ranges." Astrid & Greg had decided to lead separate tours. In between Greg hosted a presentation of the museum, which is for now under the name "The S-F Experience". Kirk stood at an easel taking notes — I mean the notes were Tim Kirk drawings. As it happens I'd never met him in person. In his days drawing actively for APA-L (e.g. "Harlan Elephant") our paths crossed only in print; no more when as editor of the L.A. con II Program Book ('84 Worldcon) I made sure he was in the "L.A. Artists" portfolio. But from one look at the easel he was unmistakable. The museum will naturally start by exploiting images from film and television. Equally natural is the slogan on a current flier "Remember when the future seemed scarier than the present? Ah, the good old days." In the audience I sat with

Looking for a donkey while riding it.

Wang Yang-ming

Tom Doherty wondering about books. I wondered further too.

Astrid Bear shared her tour with Whitmore, whom the con had scheduled earlier than he'd arrived. We were much impressed by the Canadian artist Quynh Mai Nguyen's painted silk in the modern (founded late 19th Century) Ling Nan style, with bright colors and some Impressionist technique. She won popular-choice Best Application of Media. Here was an artist with a full career (and a Web site *moifa.com*) who brought dragons and phoenixes for us. Bear told how this medium worked. Whitmore showed how in Adrian Bourne's "Bleeding Stones", which O'Brien had likened to stained glass, the light source was



a demon's hand, spread over the background like the word *Europe* on a map in Poe's "Purloined Letter" (1845). Pippin Sardo, who'd posed for Lida & Carl Sloan's "Light Lady", pointed out that the Sloans' work was photographic, not computer-generated.

Moira Stern joined Mark Chanen, Dahm, and me for "Bardic Traditions". Stern and I apologized for missing each other when her harp concert was scheduled against Regency dancing. I volunteered to be the one who said filkers seem the closest we have to bards. From the audience: "What if they ushered cons in and out, at Opening and Closing Ceremonies, as bards did their kings?" Stern said Turlough O'Carolan (1670-1738) sang for his supper. Dahm had tales of drumming, and of bardery in the Society for Creative Anachronism. We talked of "killing satire". I asked if beauty perpetuated ugly matter, as the Nazis had sought. Chanen said when there was no written history, killing a bard was like burning a library.

I judged the Masquerade with Astrid Bear, Susan Courtney, Kevin Roche, and the Wombat; JoAnne Kirley, Workmanship Judge; David Bigelow, Master of Ceremonies; Michael Kenmir, Director. Bigelow wore a gold-brocade Julian May robe, recently donated by this writer-costumer to the local community; Greg Sardo and many others, not in competition, modeled more. In the Novice class, Sandra Manning and Chet Cady with "The World of Jules Verne", and Tod Mayes as Marvin the Martian, won Honorable Mentions. Bethany

True, strong, natural, and sweet.

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Roulett, "Padmé Amidala's Packing Dress" (Workmanship Award for beading), and a woman we knew only as Atika, "Madame Hootch", tied for Best Re-Creation. Most Original was Elizabeth Fellows, "The Sugar Plaid Fairy" (Workmanship Award for hand sewing) in red with a plaid sash that spread like wings. Best in Class was Holly Forbes' "Queen of Hearts", based on Tenniel with a Disney soundtrack (Workmanship Award, best re-creation).

Two more Cadys, with Frances Burns, Roslyn Jeppesen, and Diane Harris, won Best Journeyman with "Diplomatic Faux Paw", crediting *Winter Range* (1932), *Pride of Chanur* (1982), and Tullamore Dew; among Victorian cat people, a stuffy man was put in his place by the woman who had real authority. Best Master was Sue Lyn Taylor's "Wizard and Roo of Wicky Woo", based on *The Witch and the 'Roo of Wicky Woo* (1996) by Jan Loudin, the wizard being Taylor's son Kristofer; in a neat exchange the kangaroo, with butterfly wings, met him, carried a doll

for a flight sequence, then ended with Kris again. For “The Black Riders of Mordor” (Master) the M.C. credited stunt riding to Betty Bigelow, and read off a dozen names from Deborah Strub to Peter Jackson. Lights up. Music. Pounding hooves. “Those were the Black Riders of Mordor.” We gave this a special award. There were trophies for the awards ceremony; curiously, the one Courney handed Betty Bigelow was invisible.

At the Phoenix party for Westercon LVII, Gary Feldbaum talked about hall costumes at Phillycon. Ellen Battle liked the brevity and eclecticism of *Vanamonde*. Shucks. A long conversation about old books and reverse snobbery with her and Edna Lam drew a crowd. Luckily there was plenty of cheese fondue and Barq’s. At the ’04 Baycon party Frank Wu, whose “Courtesy of Guests” I’d liked in the Art Show, boxfuls of things including outer space, said “All the boxes hold things I own,” which I preferred taken literally. Gelb said she wanted to grow up to be Widner. Since he was my roommate I felt entitled to tell him. He did not believe. I brought them together and she admitted it. Pursuing the 1984 panel he said 1984 showed pain slavery, Huxley’s *Brave New World* (1932) showed pleasure slavery. Calgary, beating the Silicon Valley 136-59,

The delight thereof departed and the headache therefrom descended.

As-Sarri ar-Raffa’ of Mosul

said Westercon LVIII will be called Due North.

Ferrari, renowned for colored pencils, won the popular-choice Best Digital or Electronic Manipulation. He gave two docent tours. On the second, Sunday morning, the Art Show crackled with excitement in the last hour before auction. At Richard Hescoc’s painting, “The Pacifist” — Hescoc walked up as this was going on; he’d won Best S-F for “Double Nocturne”, also the popular-choice Most Awe-Inspiring — Ferrari said “Paintings succeed or fail on abstract qualities more often than on a subject,” and showed how surface texture was implied by the edges of shadows. He asked for favorites. I liked a 7-sided wooden hand drum by Brian Hasted, which led Ferrari to talk of syncopation and order. Blake Flynn’s “End of Time” won the director’s-choice Best Use of Digital Media, a red sunset beach with a tilting clock frame and a man between pocket watches and ripples.

At the post-Masquerade session I was asked about a Regency lady. She was very authentic, I said, but we couldn’t see any science fiction or fantasy element. In fact I

had spoken with her afterward. A Best in Show trophy had been provided for us, but we found no Best in Show and didn’t give it. There is no escape from the existentialist quality of Masquerade judging. Much is confided into our discretion, and we have been put there to use it. We always have to compare apples and androids. We’d better be jolly quick too: if there were, say, fifty-five entries and we took a minute on each, we’d be out deliberating for an hour. It’s excruciating, exhilarating work.

In the hall I asked Whitmore how the ConJosé (’02 Worldcon) “Thanks a Mint” party had gone. He said “Better than expected. Actually, with Geri Sullivan in charge, it wasn’t better than expected.” On to “Neglected Authors”, with John Dalmas, Norman Hartman, Rachel Holmen, Ray Vukcevic, Ted Butler to moderate. I keep saying Rafi Zabor, *The Bear Comes Home*, is the best fantasy of 1999. Hartman proposed Willy Ley, particularly *Engineers’ Dreams*

His thoughts being his own, you leave them alone, too.

Roger Zelazny

(1964). When I gave Hermann Hesse, for *The Glass Bead Game* (1943), Widner in the audience held up YHOS 59, shucks; Holmen gave Eleanor Cameron and *The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet* (1954), but my copy of *Twink* 30 was in the Fanzine Lounge. Eric Frank Russell, whose name made the room cry out with joy. Murray Leinster. Dalmas said, “He’s not *lit’ry*.” I said he was craftsmanly. Widner said “Let’s not forget the mighty R.A. Lafferty.”

Helping take down the Art Show, I saw Ruth Sachter had successfully bid for Patricia McCracken’s “Snowfall”, under Hiroshige blue a snow creature in *kimono* with coal eyes, a carrot nose. It won Best Humorous. Snellings won Best Surrealism for “Sheep”, and the director’s-choice Best Application of Media for “Limited Edition Carrousel”, with which she has been terrifying people for years. Dinner off-site with Sean Smith. Roche’s League of Evil Geniuses party covered the walls with only a few from the

Sipping their wine in contentment and gossiping with one another in a neighborly way while they waited for the historian.

Mark Twain

gallery Andy Trembley and Roche had made. I proposed Arnold Zeck. Roche said it was harder when graphics-media images weren’t around. I wondered if Zeck had been in the

Nero Wolfe comic strips. From comics, what about Vandal Savage? At the end Saul Jaffe touched me on the shoulder. “Tag: you’re It.” Next morning Widner had grapes rescued from Lin & Rich McAllister’s party. It was time to go.



Glyer's Extra Words

I’ve written about the wonderful life I have as Sierra’s daddy, and do again later in this issue, but I finally realized it it’s not fatherhood that is handicapping my fanac, but all the writing I do in my new job.

Having your work interfere with fanac is a problem most of you take for granted, so I forgive you for being skeptical when I say this is a brand new problem for *me*. In 1978, I thought up this fanzine, designed its news coverage, named the departments, and chose the artists while I was working full-time in a warehouse in 1978. Taking inventory and packing shipments never interfered with my thoughts about the first issue of *File 770* (hardly a surprise, eh?) Really, the only thing I couldn’t do at the warehouse was type the silly stencils — something I *was* allowed to do in an earlier secretarial job at college: when I was typing fanzines I looked busy, so no one thought about cutting the position from the Dean’s budget.

CON-VERSION 20

by Dale Speirs

Calgary's annual SF convention returned in 2003 to one of its original locations, the Westin Hotel in the downtown core. Guests of Honor were Terry Brooks, Robert J. Sawyer, Esther Friesner, and D.C. Fontana. The event was held August 15 to 17, at the height of the forest fire season. Calgarians who normally brag about how clear the air is and how crisp and blue the adjacent Rocky Mountains are, had been instead reduced to muttering as they swept the ashfall off their cars. My two bright red Honda Civics had been converted to a deep pink colour the day before the convention by the ash fallout of the Crowsnest Pass, Mount Joffre, and Banff National Park fires burning in the mountains to the southwest of Calgary. Spectacular sunsets though, even if one couldn't even see the outline of the mountains.

A Rough Start: This complaint proved to be trivial, as the day before the convention began southern Ontario was blacked out from Windsor to Ottawa by a massive power failure originating across the border in Niagara Falls, New York. Calgary International Airport discontinued all flights to and from southern Ontario, and the Premier of that province declared a state of emergency. Air Canada's back-up flight planning centre promptly failed (the diesel generator ran out of fuel), and even though other airlines were flying, Air Canada had to cancel all its flights worldwide because its central control was gone. My immediate thoughts: (a) Were Lloyd and Yvonne Penney (of Toronto) in the elevator on the way to their 17th floor apartment when the power went off?, and (b) How many Con-Version Guests of Honor were stuck in airports?

I needn't have worried. After getting through the registration line, the first person I recognized was SF author Robert Sawyer of Toronto. He told me he had been in town for several days already for a writers' workshop and so had missed the blackout. His wife Carolyn Clink had not, but she was flying out on Westjet. At the opening ceremonies, all the guests were there, so that was one less worry.

When I first arrived at the Westin Hotel, the registration line was very long, which surprised me because in past years those such as I who had preregistered could breeze in and get our badge and goodie bag in thirty seconds. This year, preregistered and those buying memberships at the door were in the same lineup, slowing it down considerably. There are a few steps up from the hotel lobby



to the convention concourse, and those in line were timing how long it took for the line to move past the steps. It was two minutes per step.

After several people, myself included, suggested to passing volunteers that a separate line be opened for preregisters, it was finally done. However, the new line only moved marginally faster than the at-the-door registration line, because the badges were filed numerically by membership number, not by name. The staff had a database on a laptop to check the names and cross-reference the badge number. Computers, of course, slow things down.

All was explained after I got my goodie bag and read the program book while waiting for the opening ceremonies to start. The Chairwoman's report explained that "... we had a bit of an upheaval in March, and we ended up getting an almost all-new convention committee." Another case for

Canfandom historian Garth Spencer to add to his "Those Who Will Not Learn From History" file. The convention badges had no graphics but were just the convention name, member name, and membership number in Ariel font. Easy to run off fake badges at home, should one be so inclined. The Friday night programming was delayed a half hour all the way down the schedule due to the lineups, but other than that, things seemed to go well after the rough start. During the rest of the convention, I failed to notice anything untoward.

Anime Alberta played a DVD at the opening ceremony to honour the guests. Normally I cringe at homemade videos but this was quite well done, with an hilarious detoured Star Trek: TNG clip at the end that left the audience rolling in the aisles.

Magazines And The World Wide Web: The first panel I attended was ostensibly about the impact of the Internet on SF publishing, but soon drifted off into a discussion about editing. Amber Van Dyk and Chelsea Polk represented a magazine I had never heard of, *Ideomancer*, and Karl and Stephanie Johansen represented a new start-up called *Neo-Opis*. Van Dyk said that ad-supported fiction Websites are not viable economically. She said that fiction submissions should be in legible typefaces, and that Courier is still the preferred standard in publishing because it is non-proportional and goes with any text system. At this point Karl interjected that his favorite typeface for submissions was Wingdings, although he wondered why he never seemed to get any replies.

Polk mentioned a problem that print magazines don't have, in that Websites can cut off customers who don't have the latest software or fast broadband connections (Flash was mentioned as the main culprit). She said she lost an argument with the company Webmaster who refused to make the *Ideomancer* Website backwards compatible with older versions of browsers or other software. He felt it was the customer's responsibility to upgrade continuously in order to access the site. I had to wonder if he had taken any marketing courses.

There was also some discussion about standards to qualify for membership in SFFWA, SF Canada, and other authors' leagues. These organizations have minimum standards such as three professional sales, but there is strong prejudice against sales to Websites.

From The Titanic To Columbia: Subtitled "An Economy Of Disaster", this was a talk by Roy Brander, a municipal waterworks engineer. He started off by saying that this panel, held opposite one by Terry Brooks, was for people who get vaguely ill at the sight of a unicorn. He reviewed the trend of disasters over time, rather than just providing a capsule history of wrecks and explosions. Brander noted that attitudes to technology have not changed over time, whether it was cutting-edge steamships or spacecraft. Each generation makes the same mistakes once the previous generation is no longer around to constrain them.

These mistakes include: (1) failure to imagine all reasonable scenarios, (2) lack of defence in depth (multiple redundancy) such as double hulls in steamships, (3) complaints by contractors about government regulations (such as passenger jet maintenance), (4) industries always come to dominate the agencies that regulate them, (5) society only acts after many major fatalities, (6) hold costs down at the expense of safety.

All of these result in normalization of deviation from standards. This is caused by managers shaving safety margins without any problems, so the reduced margin of error becomes the new standard. The cycle is repeated until the margins pass into a catastrophe, such as unseated O-rings in space shuttles (before Challenger, they were not considered a problem even though the original design specifications said no unseated rings). Foam had fallen off shuttle boosters many times before Columbia, so why hold the manufacturer liable if nothing happened? Easier to re-write the standards.

Writers At The Improv: The Imaginative Fiction Writers Association is a Calgary writing workshop group that brings loads of fun each year to Con-Version. Their improv session pits three pairs of writers against the audience. It starts off by someone suggesting a word from the audience, which the writers have one minute to incorporate into a sentence. When time is called, the sentences are read off and the audience votes on the best one. The process is repeated and a story of sorts is built up. This year's story follows; the underlined words are the ones suggested by the audience.

"Fergo woke from his third blackout of the day to find himself lying in a pool of something sticky and green. He looked up into the soulful brown eyes of a huge walrus. "Pardon me," the walrus said. "I really should lay off the fermented blubber shakes." Fargo groaned. He'd woken up after accidental prestidigitation, ironing his fingers, and the day was just getting worse. A platypus at the nearest table leaned across to his companion, a narwhal, and said, "What's his kind doing in an Aquatic Animal Bar?"

Suddenly a wallaby burst through the double doors, screeching "Aquatic animal bars discriminate against marsupials! You could fill a Mint [*actual word suggested was 'filament'*] with the money they're using to keep us out!"

"Of corset could all be in my head", the wallaby said, wide-eyed as the aquatic mammals rose as one and turned toward him, eyes ablaze with anger.

[*The next word suggested was 'evacuation', but the writers' sentences were uniformly dull, so for the first time in the Improv's history, the audience voted 'none of the above'.*]

"You want I should take him out, Capo Lini?" [*actual word suggested was 'cappuccino'*], snarled Guido Sambucca, the ever-present Italian hitman who ran the bar. "No," said Capo Lini magnanimously. "Don't you see we can let him in as an honorary member? Go fetch me the tam marine [*actual word suggested was 'tambourine'*] for him to wear."

Fergo chose that moment to stagger to his feet. "Has anyone seen my Schroedinger's kit-kat? I followed it here from another dimension and I can't find it anywhere."

"What kind of semi-colon, I mean, half-assed story is that?", Sambucca snarled.* "Take him out!" But at that moment, a semitransparent cat either did or did not jump into Fergo's arms, who either did or did not disappear, and that is The End, or maybe not.

(*The panel of writers had been spelling out the punctuation during this Improv when reading aloud their sentences, so this was funnier to the audience than it might be in cold print.)

The Changing Role Of Women In SF 1925 to 1945: After Canadian palaeofan Bob Gibson passed away in 2001 at the age of 92, his son donated Bob's collection of 30,000 to 40,000 books and periodicals to the University of Calgary. The Gibson collection is still being catalogued, but it is already being used for research. Helen Clark presented a talk on the depiction of women on WEIRD TALES covers, illustrating the erotic and sometimes outright pornographic covers that would still be controversial today in our supposedly small-I liberal society. It is nice to see that the collection is already being used, not just filed and forgotten.

Dinosaurs In SF: Dr. Phil Currie is not only a curator at the Royal Tyrell Museum of Palaeontology (the world's largest fossil museum) in nearby Drumheller, but is an Edgar Rice Burroughs fan, having published a zine on the subject several decades ago. His talk was a mix of what is new in fossil hunting and covers of SF books and magazines depicting dinosaurs. He mentioned that it was recently shown that the mythological griffin has been traced back to its point of origin in central Asia, where

miners commonly dug up bones of *Protoceratops* and ascribed them to the griffin.

Currie showed that images of dinosaurs now surround us, from the homemade statues scattered about Drumheller as folk art, to political cartoons (old politicians and parties that have been too long in power). Most of the current boom in dinosaurs dates from *Jurassic Park*. Currie mentioned that when he was young, books about dinosaurs were relatively scarce, compared to the shelves full of them today, and he had to hunt down ERB and SF books to get his dinosaur fix. This correlates to something I noticed, as up to the late 1970s I had no trouble building a reasonably complete collection of dinosaur books in print, but had to give up when a flood of such books rolled out in the 1980s.

Guest Of Honor Speeches: Esther Friesner was the Toastmaster, and started off with a list of dumb questions that Canucks can expect to hear at the forthcoming World SF Convention in Toronto on the Labour Day weekend. Examples were: "What happens if a moose gets into the building?", "How many books to a trilogy up here?" [to which my reply would be "The same as down there: ten."], and, at a cash register, "Can you break a queenie?" [the Canadian \$1 coin is called a loonie, and the \$2 coin either a doubloon or toonie; all Canadian coins have a portrait of the Queen of Canada on the reverse].

She (Esther, not the Queen) introduced each guest with a verse from a song to which she taught the audience the chorus "There's a little of the omnivore in us all". Terry Brooks began his speech by saying that his mother was born in Hamilton, Ontario, and the next time Con-Version needed a Canadian GoH... He had driven up from Seattle, thinking he and the family could enjoy the spectacular mountain scenery, but they ended up taking some substantial detours due to highways closed by forest fires. He mentioned that some of his writing is inspired by the landscapes he sees in his travels, so if forest fires feature prominently in his next book, you'll know why.

Future Cons: Con-Version 21, barring SARS, blackouts, and forest fires raging through the skyscrapers of downtown Cowtown, will be at the Westin Hotel again, the weekend of August 6 to 8, 2004. One announced GoH is George R.R. Martin. Details at www.con-version.org

In 2005, Calgary will host Westercon 58, on the July 1 to 4 weekend, with S.M. Stirling as GoH. Details to be had at www.calgaryin2005.org

WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION

REPORT BY MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER

**Hyatt Regency Capitol Hill
Washington, D.C.**

October 30-November 2, 2003

By now the reputation of the World Fantasy Convention is set: a highbrow convention, where pros and editors gather to sign off on big deals. I kept trying to see a Big Deal during the weekend, and kept looking for telltale signs: the pro kissing an editor's ring, the snap of lightning when a contract was signed. But I never managed to see these events.

I was told that a lot of business got done at World Fantasy Convention; British editor Jo Fletcher, said one source, held 30 meetings with American writers and editors. And since about half of the 850 members were writers, this meant there were a great many meetings. But for me, the World Fantasy Convention seemed like a super relaxacon, with better food than usual in the con suite, and a bunch of fans from all across the country.

The programming was organized by Paul and Aly Parsons, two old and dear friends of mine. Thus if I had attended panels, I wouldn't have commented on them. However, I managed to attend one-half of one panel in three days; I was having too much fun talking to fen, buying books, and having good meals to sit and listen to writers at panels. So I'm not going to report on the programming.

The dealers' room was, as usual, devoted to specialty presses and high-spot book dealers, along with a few dealers selling what I was told was very good jewelry. But somehow the treasures on display were a little bit tawdry; the rarest item I saw was a first of *Nine Princes in Amber*, which sold in dust jacket for \$2,000. All right, I know this is a very rare book, but it looks like...well, a typical Doubleday book of the period. You could read it on the subway and no one would think you were enjoying a very rare book.

I thought the program book was a major disappointment. World Fantasy Conventions are known for their

densely packed books, full of fiction and reminiscences. But this year's version, edited and designed by Dennis McCunney, was very thin, about on par with an average Worldcon book. And there was one major and persistent typo: someone should have told McCunney that Fred Pohl's first name is Frederik (not "Frederick").

The art show had all the stars of fantasy art, but the piece of art I found most enjoyable was an "Edwardian spaceship" designed by Joanne Klukas. The "spaceship" is hard to describe, but imagine an armoire crossed with a six-foot-high starship and you'll have a rough approximation of the object. It was an amazing and intricate object, which the artist said took her 2-1/2 months to construct.

One tradition the World Fantasy Convention holds which sf conventions might adopt was the "Musical Interlude," which featured pros singing in a folk revue. Peter Heck was quite good at singing traditional nineteenth-century ballads, and Heather Wood provided a few British songs (including some acerbic blasts at President Bush). I found the band comprising Charles and Marianne de Lint, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, and Nina Kiriki Hoffman. This is a format which might well please fen interested in listening to good music, as well as being having broader appeal than filk (which is too inbred for me).

The banquet was MC'd by toastmaster Douglas Winter, who was quite entertaining. He announced that the World Fantasy Convention should give awards for the best

world fantasy. And the nominees: *I Can Write a Book Too*, by Madonna, *A Children's Book Should Weight as Much as a Child*, by J.K. Rowling, *I Must Publish This Book Because it Is My Duty*, by Paul Burrell (Princess Diana's butler), and *An American Fantasy: Elections*. The winner? Well, "there are only losers." Winter then followed this by a list of exciting new reality shows, including "The Fellowship of the West Wing," "Trading Places, Changing Tombs," and "Joe Publisher" (he'll *publish* and *promote* your book, ha ha).

Winners of the 2003 World Fantasy Awards:

Special Award (Non-Professional): Jason Williams, Jeremy Lassen, Benjamin Cossel (Night Shade Books)

Special Award (Professional): Gordon Van Gelder (*Fantasy and Science Fiction*)

Collection: Jeffrey Ford, *The Fantasy Writer's Assistant and Other Stories*

Anthology: (tie): Ellen Datlow and Terri Windling, eds., *The Green Man*; Jeff VanderMeer and Forrest Aguirre, eds., *Leviathan 3*

Short Fiction: Jeffrey Ford, *Creation (Fantasy and Science Fiction)*

Novella: Zoran Zivkovic, "The Library" (*Leviathan 3*)

Novel: (tie): Graham Joyce, *The Facts of Life*, Patricia McKillip, *Ombria in Amber*

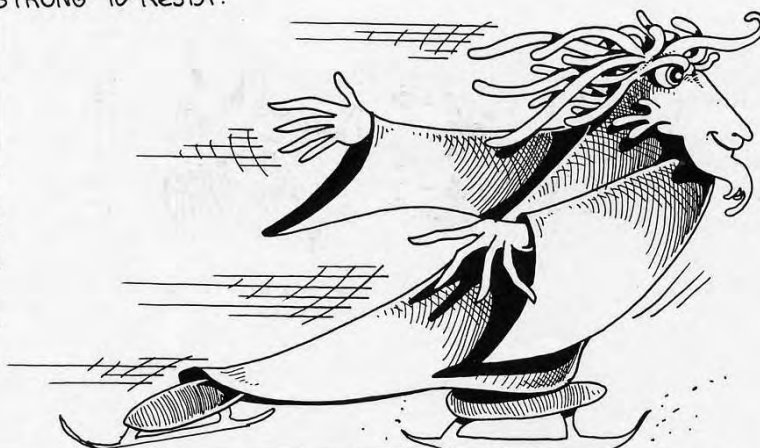
Life Achievement: Lloyd Alexander, Donald M. Grant

The hidden financial secret of World Fantasy Conventions is that they charge what a

Worldcon does but don't use expensive convention centers. Since there's no pass through, this means healthy profits for the organizations that sponsor them. I was told by a high-ranking member of the Washington Science Fiction Association that WSFA expects to clear between \$10,000 and \$15,000 from the World Fantasy Convention, which will replenish a depleted treasury.

Next year's World Fantasy Convention will be in Tempe, Arizona, followed in 2005 by Madison, Wisconsin.

THE NORMALLY STAIID
and CONSERVATIVE
PROF. MESHANKLEY
FINDS the CALL of
SMOOTH ICE TOO
STRONG TO RESIST!



©brad w. foster. 2001

HALL OF FAME

Keith Stokes Celebrates Wilson Tucker's Addition to SF Hall of Fame

The Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame was founded in 1996 by the Kansas City Science Fiction and Fantasy Society and the J. Wayne and Elsie M. Gumm Center for the Study of Science Fiction at the University of Kansas. Each year, the Hall of Fame honors four individuals on the basis of their continued excellence and long-time contribution to the science fiction and fantasy field. The 2003 inductees were announced at ConQuesT 34 on Memorial Day weekend in Kansas City, Missouri: Wilson Tucker and Kate Wilhelm. Posthumous inductees were Damon Knight and Edgar Rice Burroughs.

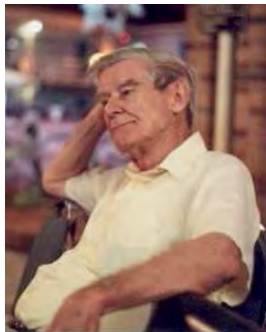
Keith Stokes spoke on behalf of Tucker at the induction ceremony. His speech appears below, together with written remarks provided by Tucker for the occasion.

Introduction by Keith Stokes

In the Program Book from the 1976 World Science Fiction Convention, Robert Bloch wrote, "Hugo Gernsback has often been called the Father of Science Fiction, but I wouldn't count Tucker out until I see a paternity-test. Certainly Tucker was one of the first of the Big Name Fans - and heaven help us all, he still holds that distinction today. He went on to become a big Name Pro, in mys-



Left: Keith Stokes at the 2002 Midwestcon. **Right: Wilson Tucker** at the 2001 Tucker Tribute.



tery-fiction and science fiction both. Bob Tucker has been honored and acclaimed for his manifold achievements, and just so. But I think, in the last analysis, his greatest reward has come in the form of the genuine love and devotion he has inspired throughout fandom during his lifetime of distinguished effort. Here is a man who commands -- and deserves -- our admiration."

Arthur Wilson Tucker has been known by many names. His professional work was published as Wilson A. Tucker and Sanford Vaid. Some of his fan writing was identified as Hoy Ping Pong. Many folks online now know him as Codger. But most of us know him as Bob.

Bob was born in 1914. He lived in an orphanage from about 1925 to 1930, when he ran away by riding boxcars. Two or three weeks later the police in some small Illinois town picked him up and shipped him back to his father in Bloomington, Illinois. He says that's why he's been skinny all his life -- food is scarce on the road.

He eventually found work as a projectionist and worked at every theater in town. Among other things he was the relief projectionist as the others took their vacations. He also worked part time as the electrician for concerts and road companies at Illinois State University. The university electricians wouldn't touch the boards for the road shows and 10-20 times a year Tucker would assemble a crew and meet the trucks at 5 a.m. They would unload, set up for the show, have an evening performance, than tear down and load the trucks to leave for the next city.

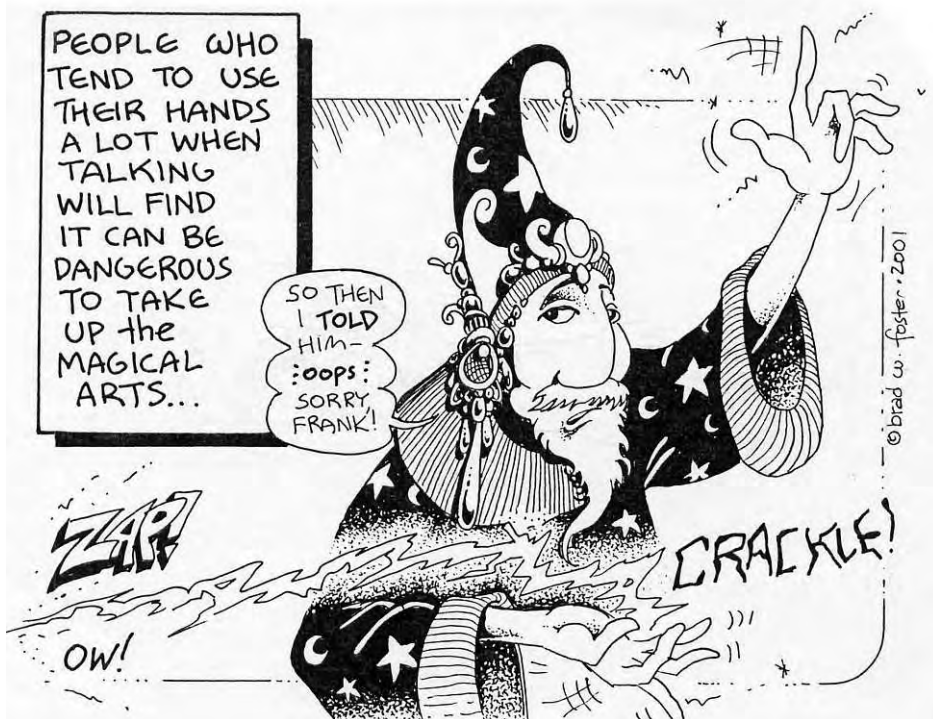
Bob met Fern Brooks while working at the Castle Theater. She was 19 and worked for State Farm during the day and cashiered at the Castle in the evening. He filled in two weeks for each of the four projectionists, so he worked eight weeks at the Castle that summer. They were married the following year.

Bob discovered science fiction in 1930 when he found a closet-full of year-old magazines. The first story read was a serial in *Argosy* called "Brand New World" by Ray Cummings. Bob says that hooked him, although as he grew older and gained a bit of knowledge he never did discover how a planet can leave its solar system and swim across space to join our solar system.

Tucker discovered fandom a year later, when he began writing to the people in the magazine letter columns. First class postage was only two cents. He doesn't remember the first fanzine he received, but it inspired him to produce one of his own. That was *The Planetoid* and it lasted two issues, December 1932 and January 1933.

The best known of Tucker's fanzines is probably *LeZombie* (Published every time a zombie awakens) first published in December of 1938. It was published regularly for a few years, then irregularly until the present time when occasional new issues are available online as *eZombie*.

Other well known Tucker fanzines included *Bloomington News Letter* and *Science Fiction News Letter*. In 1970 Bob received



the Hugo Award for Fan Writing and in 2001, I had the honor of accepting a 1950 Retro Fanzine Hugo Award on his behalf.

But going back to 1930, there was another event in Bob's life. He bought a used typewriter for \$11 and at once began writing stories for *Argosy* -- and they rejected every one. Bob says "with good reason." He continued to get rejection slips for the next ten years until finally selling a story in 1940. That story was "Interstellar Way-Station" and it was published in *Super Science Stories* in May 1941. The following year he had four short stories published.

Bob's first novel was the mystery *Chinese Doll* and his first science fiction novel was *City in the Sea*. He went on to publish over 60 short stories and novels. The best known among them being *The Lincoln Hunters*, *Long Loud Silence* and *Year of the Quiet Sun*. *Long Loud Silence*, published in 1952, was one of the Hugo Award nominees for that year, but lost to Alfred Bester's *The Demolished Man*.

Year of the Quiet Sun was published in 1970 and was nominated for both the Nebula and Hugo Awards. The John W. Campbell Memorial Award was started in 1973, but in 1976, the award committee felt that no truly outstanding original novel had been published in 1975 and made a "special retrospective award" to *Year of the Quiet Sun* as a "truly outstanding original novel that was not adequately recognized in the year of its publication."

"Originality" is probably the word most used to explain the popularity of Bob's work, but I believe the reason for the length and depth of his success is because of his characters. Bob's stories tell us a lot about history or the future, but the most important thing is the way that history or future impact the people in his stories.

For that reason, his work has aged well. *The Long Loud Silence* with its short leap forward in time to the year 2000 would be sadly out of date if the focus was about the year 2000, but it is about the impact that traveling to that time has on his characters..

Bob retired from writing professionally in 1982, but continued to attend conventions and receive honors across the country. At a ceremony on the Queen Mary in 1996, Wilson Tucker was the second person honored by the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America as Author Emeritus.

His work is still occasionally reissued, most recently in *Architects of Dreams: The SFWA Author Emeritus Anthology* edited by Robin Wayne Bailey. Bob has also sold one story which has never been published, "Dick and Jane go to Mars" which was sold to *Last Dangerous Visions*.



Lionel Fanthorpe talking about the Templars at the 2004 British Eastercon. [Photo by Keith Stokes]

Unable to travel for the last three years, Bob is still active online in the science fiction community. In 2001, fandom brought two events to Bloomington, Illinois to honor him and allow his participation. Ditto, the fanzine convention, and the Tucker Tribute. The Tribute brought together over 100 of Tucker's friends and family to honor him and Fern.

I could talk about Bob for much longer. "Tuckerism," his practice of inserting the names of other authors and fans into his work. His coining the phrase "space opera." "Smoothing," which brings countless fans together to share bottles of Beam's Choice whiskey.

The people in this room could easily share enough Bob Tucker stories to fill this weekend, but let me simply close with Bob's acceptance of his Induction in the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame...

Acceptance by Bob Tucker

Sixty-two years ago I took that first fateful step toward becoming a rich and famous

writer (almost) when a perceptive editor who was wise beyond his years accepted and published my first story. Not the first story I had written and submitted, mind you, but the first to find a buyer -- the first editor who was willing to risk his job and publish me. Ten years of sorry rejections ended in 1941 when that perceptive editor recognized the jewel he held in his hand, recognized a newcomer who was ready to blossom in one of his science fiction magazines -- a writer destined to become rich and famous. (Almost.)

It is a happy coincidence that the wise, courageous editor who opened his pages to me sixty-two years ago and provided my first step toward the Hall of Fame is here this week participating in the activities. The editor who made me rich and famous (almost) is Fred Pohl -- and I am eternally grateful to him and his science fiction magazine, the May 1941 issue of *Super Science Novels*.

A thousand thanks to all of you!

++ Wilson (Bob) Tucker, July 7, 2003

2004 SF&F Hall of Fame

The 2004 inductees in the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame have been announced, Harry Harrison and Brian Aldiss, and posthumous inductees are E. E. "Doc" Smith and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Hall of Fame Chairman, Robin Wayne Bailey, announced that both Aldiss and Harrison will be attending the ceremony, which will take place during the Campbell Conference in Lawrence, Kansas on July 9.

After this year's inductions in the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame, it will be renamed the Science Fiction Hall of Fame and incorporated into the Experience Science Fiction museum which is opening in Seattle in June.

The Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame was founded in 1996 by the J. Wayne and Elsie M. Gunn Center for the Study of Science Fiction (at the University of Kansas) and the Kansas City Science Fiction and Fantasy Society.

The 2004 Campbell Conference will be held July 9-11. The conference provides a setting for the presentation of two other honors: the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for the best science fiction novel of the year; and the Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award for the best short science fiction of the year.

Details of the conference and awards dinner are available at: <http://www.ku.edu/~sfcenter/campbell-conference.htm>



John Clute and Peter Nicholls mark the 10th anniversary of their *SF Encyclopedia* on a panel during the British Eastercon at Blackpool, UK April 9-12, 2004. [Photo by Keith Stokes]

The Fanivore

Ed Meskys

Just finished having the latest ish read to me, and enjoyed as always. Excellent history of fanzine publishing *[[by Taral]]* but I have a question. The article said that mimeo was the preferred method of early fanzines with letterpress and hekto used occasionally. I thought that hekto was the major method before WWII. The original FAPA pagecount was set to the number of copies which could be easily run off by hekto. Also I remember Sam Moskowitz reminiscing at an ESFA meeting when I was attending regularly until I moved to California in 1962, and then from 1966 when I returned to 1969 when I got married for the first time. Anyhow SaM spoke of how hekto was the default method but he and other members of some club/group at the time found a source of mimeo stencils for only five cents each. Thus they were able to mimeo their zine which was as spectacular as "today" (circa 1960) doing a zine with set type and a five-color process cover. Now SaM had this predilection for making his group the best one with the only trufen in it so I do not know for sure how accurate this reminiscence was.

[[I copied your e-mail to Taral, and he answered:

[[Taral: "I think SaM's remark 'default' choice says it all. Hekto was the method you could always fall back on -- somebody always had a machine around somewhere. But I've seen a lot of 40's zines and while a number were hekto or ditto, I'd have to say their numbers don't exceed the number of typeset and printed fanmags around. The majority that I've seen were mimeographed. Now having said that, I'm aware that the stats are probably skewed to favour genzines and mimeo. There might easily have been hundreds of humble titles of a few pages each that appeared in Saps or Fapa or other apas, whose tiny, restricted print runs make them highly likely to be overlooked. The grubs and earthworms of fanzine ecology."]]

Brad W. Foster

Yes, when you publish so regularly for a few decades, it does kind of build up a certain level of expectation in your readership beyond what we expect of most other zines. But hey, if you've got to go to an annual, I won't complain as long as you do manage to get new issues out!

Congrats on the 50...closing in too rapidly



on that myself. Funny though, even with the shiny pate and lots of white starting to pop out in the face hairs, I still don't feel like an adult. Maybe the fact I'm still doing goofy stuff. Of course, now I'm seeing people who are running things are younger than me.... nice of them to step in for me!

Another incredible piece from Canfield for the cover. We've got to get that in front of the Art Car folks and see if someone can make it a reality!

Oh yeah, insert appropriate cooing noises here for the pictures of Sierra. Cindy's were louder than mine when she got to those pages, but, you know...chicks.... they get that way.

I'm still trying to slowly spread the word of sf&f to the outside world. I was selected to be the official artist for the Tulsa, Oklahoma Oktoberfest next fall. (Yes, beer drinking and foot stomping and pretzel chomping fun in Oklahoma!), and I did up a poster design featuring a dragon clinking a giant stein with two other folks. Now, if I can get them to let me do it another year down the way, since I've softened them up with the fantasy stuff, maybe a beer stein rocketing to the moon? It could happen.

Going to miss the WorldCon this summer for the first time in years.... going to be very odd. But, one has to do what one must. Just as your time is now taken up so much more with the youngest in your family, Cindy and I find we have to spend more and more of our time now taking care of her ailing father. I will say that, on the plus side, I'm learning a heck of a lot about planning for my own old age, dealing with Medicare and other institutions, etc. Family is family, and you do what you have to.

So, looking forward to all the news, reports and assorted wonderful whatnots that will be appearing in the next issue, whenever you feel you can get one out. Now, go hug your daughter for us!

Bill Warren

I liked your writeup on Bruce; it was one of the few that actually made some reference to his, um, darker side. Very thorough and well-researched.

Also, I liked the article about Marty Cantor distributing the remaining *Masques*. Only one small correction: all of them were collated on one day, not one month at a time. (And my hospitalization put a big hole in the schedule.) Stan Burns agreed to hold onto all this stuff -- and there was a vast amount, once all the pages were printed -- until a small group of us went down there and collated the whole shebang. Stan is owed public thanks, as well as those in the collating party: Beverly, Sandy Cohen, Len Wein and Allan Rothstein, as well as Stan and I.

Harold Drake

Received my copy of *File 770:142* which finally found its way to our house. I found it interesting reading generally, but specifically because this issue contained articles about people whom I knew or have met. I even read some of the news articles to my wife while she was eating lunch!

Most of 2002 and thus far in 2003 have been busy times for me; sometimes busy in ways that I would rather avoid.

My nonfiction book about A. E. van Vogt was published in February, 2002. It can be found on-line at: <http://www.booklocker.com/books/335.html>. The book is available in paperback or as an e-book.

I had 6-months of chemotherapy starting last September. I am in temporary remission

as my leukemia cannot be cured; its progress can only be slowed down.

We purchased another house and moved during my chemotherapy! We are still attempting to sell the house that we previously lived in for 19-years.

In the past year I have also had a few skin cancer surgeries--two of which, were far more involved than I had anticipated and I am still cleaning and dressing one of the surgery sites on my leg.

I am not traveling as much as I used to, but, thinking about finding an sf con that I can drive to. (I wouldn't mind driving to Glasgow, Scotland...but...for some reason my wife doesn't think that I should attempt such a drive!)

Last year I suggested that I would send you reports on a couple of cons that I was planning to attend. But then, things in my life started taking turns in directions that I hadn't expected, causing me to put a hold on any and all trips.

So...this is where I'm at. Thanks again for *File 770:142* and the informative articles. By the way, I cited Harry Warner, Jr. a few times in my van Vogt book and he subsequently wrote me a nice letter. He was going to write again about a detail. Now, I know why I haven't received the second letter!

[[As I was finishing this issue I wrote to ask Harold how he has been doing. He replied:]]

I'm still in remission as of my November checkup. Basically, doing all right. A basic problem that I have in doing work around the house is that I am reminded everyday that I am not 25 anymore! I am 67....

Henry Welch

Your zine was both a blessing and a curse. It was great to see you publish again, but the hiatus was so long that there were too many depressing obituaries. Fandom has lost too many good people in the last year or so.

You do realize that you are raising Sierra in the wrong state. A fine cheese connoisseur such as Sierra needs to be raised on the finest Wisconsin cheese, not that Kraft faux cheese.

I hadn't heard the suggestions about teaching toddlers sign language. It makes sense if they have the appropriate motor skills. In our school district most of the classrooms are teaching sign language in bits and pieces to the kids. This is one language that my kids will always be more fluent in than I am.

Joy V. Smith

It is such a pleasure seeing an issue of *File 770* again! You certainly have been busy! I knew you had your hands full with Sierra Grace--love the photos, btw. She is adorable

and enthusiastic. Amazing how soon they can start covering a lot of territory... (Btw, that is a beautiful name!) I didn't realize you were working on Westercon. Oh, and you have a challenging job too. That was a productive year! The birthday parties sound like a lot of fun.

Great, fun cover by Grant Canfield; and I enjoyed getting my news fix. I've shared the mystery apazine info with the AOL Mystery: Hardboiled folder. The Rotsler *Masque* fanzine project is a fantastic idea. And I see that there's a Rotsler Memorial Fanzine Artist Award. Thank you for all the memorials to those who've passed on. Thanks for the awards listings also.

I enjoyed the "Fellowship of the Ring" New Zealand Trip Report by Bill Welden. Fascinating details and background. Being able to touch the props and see the details and hard work that went into the production was a wonderful opportunity.

Great selection of con reports, including "John Hertz's Westercon Notebook." (I always enjoy his quotes interspersed throughout the article.) Interesting Harlan Ellison anecdote about *The Glass Bead Game* panel. I also enjoyed Dale Speirs' Con-Version 19 report. Re: SF in Education panel: I was surprised that a teacher opposed it...

"The Fanzine Tool Kit" by Taral Wayne was really, really wonderful--an essential part of a book on fandom. The Fanivore column is full of interesting and fun letters, but I enjoyed most the first letter with your response: "I finally finished F770:141." [[I

feel the same way about F770:142!]] Re: Craig E. Engler's response re: SF Weekly; it is full of book references. I often post links on the AOL SF Author board from their e-mail newsletter. Re: Emerald City, I liked learning why Cheryl Morgan named it that. Interesting back cover, though I'm not sure what the checkered pyramid means. What am I missing?!

Jerry Kaufman

I hadn't realized just how long it's been. It took the "Obituary" section to bring it all home. By the way, your appreciation of Bruce Pelz was wonderful. I learned a lot. I remember that Bruce was one of the members of the Cult. Could he have been one of its founders? The group members were fond of calling themselves "the nastiest bastards in fandom," or something similar, and I think that Bruce loved projecting this image of himself as mean, nasty, sneaky and so forth, but in a very ironic way. (Isn't that why the rat was the emblem of so many LA area Worldcons?)

[[The Orwellian image of the rat originated with *L.A.con II*, the 1984 Worldcon, lingering thereafter as a kind of LA convention trademark. But you are right in another sense because choosing the rat was a way to "spin" fans' long-standing ambivalence about LA convention bids, something acknowledged sufficiently long ago for there to have been a "Mordor in '64" bid. In my time, Milt Stevens suggested we bid under the slogan: "LA, the city that gave evil a bad name."]]

Thanks for mentioning our publishing plans, especially my reprint of Peter Roberts' *New Routes* - it led to another sale.

A couple of comments in Dale Speirs' Con-version report caught my attention. He mentions that "the literary conventions tend to be erratic, about every few years rather than a steady annual convention." Of the cons I would consider to be literary, Potlatch has been annual since it started 12 years ago, though we've managed this by rotating it between Seattle and the Bay area with a few jaunts to Oregon. I think Wiscon's a literary con, and it's been going over 20 years (maybe over 25). Readercon lasted a long time, but it may on hiatus at the moment.

Nasa's annoying low-oxygen sensors sound for all



the world like car alarms. I take a ferry to and from work, and there's scarcely an afternoon trip that doesn't include an announcement like this: "Would the owner of a lime-green BMW on the lower car deck please return to your car and secure your alarm." Very annoying.

I look forward to another issue in less than a year. Say hello to Diana and little Sierra Grace for me.

Lloyd Penney

Hello! Recovered yet from Torcon? I'm not...still not sleeping well. I think most of local fandom here is trying to put it behind them and get on with normal fannish life, as normal as it gets, anyway. For me, that's tackling the huge stack of fanzines that have accumulated since then, and one zine that's been sitting too long is *File 770:142*.

Happy birthday to you and the File! We're happy to say here that with our work in getting the LA in 2006 bidders settled into Toronto with everything they need for some successful parties and a winning bid, we now know good folks like Craig Miller, Genny Dazzo, Shawn and Colleen Crosby, Ed Green, Chaz Boston Baden and Christian McGuire. As I've said before, it's a shame a surfeit of geography keeps us all apart.

Oooh, a plug for *Fears For Ears*! Many thanks. Since its release, the CD has tied for the 2002 Golden Ogle Award for Best Fantasy/Horror Audio production. I have ten copies left myself, and with luck, may sell some at the local filk convention coming up in April.

The Seiums were handed out in Japan and announced at Torcon. I would like to pick up a copy of *Illegal Alien in Japan*, and see how good Dr. Penney's Japanese is.

It's easy to see that Sierra has happy parents, and that you are one happy dad. Keep publishing the pictures...I hope Sierra knows she's got lots of aunts and uncles she just hasn't met yet.

Interesting CoA for Richard Labonté. Many thanks for that, he says as he tucks the address away for future reference...hmmm...

Far too many zines details far too many deaths, and I know you don't want the File to become an obitazine, but our numbers are not nearly as legion as they used to be. It does get depressing, especially with Pelz, Foyster and Warner leaving our midst. We knew of George Alec Efinger's medical problems...when GAE was a guest at Ad Astra some years ago, we took him to a Blue Jays game at the Skydome. The game was a real defensive battle, we bought him all the souvenirs he wanted, and we bought him some ballpark food,

which was the best he'd tasted. The convention became a anticlimax to the weekend, and he enjoyed himself immensely. However, that wasn't the main reason that weekend was memorable. Barbara Hambly was a guest that weekend, too, and that's where their relationship started and blossomed, from what I am told. We were also saddened by Annette Lotz's passing. The Globe and Mail published an essay about Annette's life, and thank Ghu, mentioned her enjoyment of science fiction and fandom.

I know some LA bidders are very angry that Chicago fandom is bidding for a Worldcon without a set year in mind. Your article here says 2009, but there seemed to be some debate at Torcon about whether it's 2009 or 2008. Guess it depends on whether the return to a two-year lead time is ratified at No-reason.

Dale Spiers' Con-Version report is always interesting, especially his comments on club bloc voting for the Auroras. I can unhappily report that much the same thing happened this year, the local Trek club and con bloc voted their friends some pointy trophies. It's easy to carp about this, but it is an indication that the rest of Canadian fandom is letting the Trekkers in Toronto control the national awards. This cannot stand, and all of us here must promote participation in nominating and voting.

The local...thank you to Allan Burrows for my VoicePrint publicity. Another division related to VoicePrint is AudioVision, which creates additional descriptive scripts for movies for the blind and low-sighted so they can enjoy these movies, too. Allan and his girlfriend Ellen Megannety are two of the writers of those scripts, and recently, I was given the chance to read and tape one of those scripts. My voice appears on the described version of *Jigsaw*, a 1949 crime drama starring Franchot Tone.

My loc...still no word about the *Illegal*

Alien screenplay. Hope still springs eternal, and there's lots of demand for screenplays these days.

Marie Rengstorff

Just yesterday, I 'finished' my novel. I am trying to resist the urge to edit again, one-more-time. I feel the panic of having to print it out and have it judged.

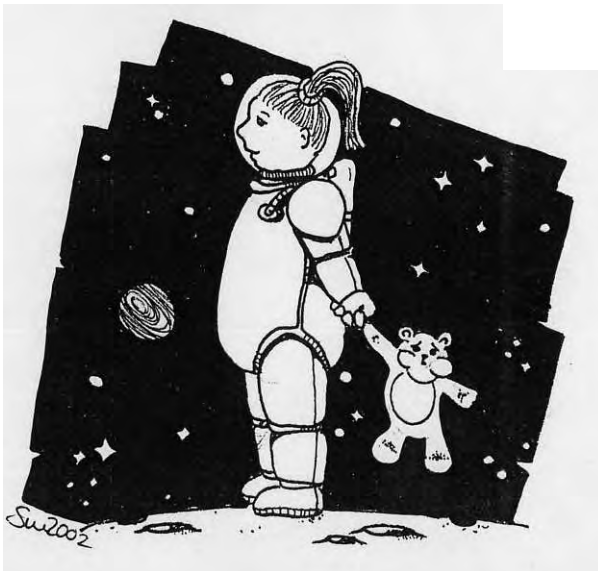
I have watched so many of my friends, with far more illustrious careers in SF writing behind them than I have, not being able to sell in the current market. I have reached a very egocentric stage in my fiction writing – my new fiction gets paid for or it stays in my cabinet. This really does not have a thing to do with money. I have enough of that to make my life comfortable. A new BMW convertible is not a logical choice on my budget, but I can get a Mitsubishi Eclipse convertible without straining finances at all.

So, what is my problem? I just don't think it's right, at this current level of technology, to push people into all these new kinds of Vanity Presses. Some of the online publishing houses pay nothing but small royalties. They also make the person sign contracts to advertise for the publisher. That means the authors can easily spend way more than what they receive. Similar things happen with POD.

And, one man I know is actually using an old fashioned Vanity press and has purchased 30,000 copies of his political book. He suffers from a mental illness (a cross between mania and mild schizophrenia), does not talk in a straight line, and comes from a family with new BMW money as petty cash. His family will buy all copies of his book and try to remove all copies from circulation. I hope they understand this will only inspire him to write another.

Anyway, for every published author I know, I know a few dozen who have tangled themselves up with some kind of Vanity press under some new, high tech jargon name. At least my first novel was published by a fanzine with an established circulation. When it made money (not allowed), we spent it on conventions to advertise the book some more (is allowed). We, the publisher/pres-of-the-fan-club and I, had a blast. We never met. She is in Pennsylvania and I was in Calif. at the time. We went to our respective coasts to goof around. Her act of publishing my novel, as #36 of Dr. McCoy's Medical Log, got her an interview with DeForest Kelley, the hero of my book. I think it was the biggest thrill of her life.

Anyway, neither of us had to put out a penny. If we had, we would have made it back in the fun of SF fanzine related activities and friends. What I've seen in terms of online and POD publishing has



not been my definition of fun.

So, either my book sells, or it sits in my locked files. What the heck, two of the stories from it have already sold to *Analog*.

My non-fiction remains open for snatching. What the heck, Penguin snatched some out of a fanzine and printed an article of mine in a ROC book, under the name of Marie Greene. I asked them for three copies of the book and \$50. After a few letters, I was totally ignored. I had to buy my own book. That is pathetic. I keep that book locked up in my files. I only have seen the one copy and will not buy another. This one is 'evidence.' Evidence of what I'm not sure, except it is proof that really bad writing can get printed.

Must run. This is not edited. It is as bad as the article printed by Penguin. If you decide to share any of this, be kinder than Penguin and fix the obvious errors.

J. R. Madden

File 770:142 arrived safely. I am glad you were able to get yet another issue out despite the increased familial responsibilities you have entered upon with Sierra Grace.

I was pleased with the objective journalism exhibited by the article "FAQ Sierra Grace" and evidenced by the use of adjectives such as glamorous, beautiful, graceful.

My sensitivities were whelmed by the year's worth of obituaries contained within the issue. Though I was already familiar with most of those named, reading them collected in one location was... whelming.

Have you considered use of PayPal on the Internet for funds transfer on behalf of subscriptions to *File 770* in the future? I have used it on occasion in regard to eBay purchases and found it to work well and securely.

[[I opened a PayPal account to buy things like my online rotisserie baseball teams. I had the option of opening an account which could also receive payments. I decided not to because the zine's sporadic schedule has pretty much killed subscribers' interest in renewing. Also, I recently changed my e-mail address and as long as I don't put it up on the web it's harder for the spammers to find me, but potential subscribers from my web site typically want to request a sample (paper) issue before committing.]]

As a lot of folks in Baton Rouge and other environs keep asking about "little Paul Grady," I thought I would include a recent family photo for your edification and enjoyment.

Paul Grady is currently stationed at Camp Pendleton just north of San Diego, California. He is about to purchase a Blazer (his first vehicle on his own) as he is the only Lance Corporal in his unit without own at the mo-



Corporal's Guard: Daphne G. Grady, LCpl Paul Grady Madden, USMC, J. R. Madden. Sunday, May 25, 2003. Photo used by permission.

ment ... as such, he pulls more than his fair share of weekend duty when the others cannot be found!

For myself, I was let go from my employer of the past six and a half years, Atos Origin, Inc., at the end of February 2003. Since then, I have been seeking work in the SAP R/3 area either as a contractor or as a W-2 employee. I have had lots of nibbles to date but no firm offer has arisen. Nevertheless, optimism continues to abide.

Yesterday afternoon, I rode along on a Red Cross Disaster Action Team (DAT) response to a family in house trailer east of Baton Rouge that had sustained some water damage from the passing of Tropical Storm Bill on Sunday and Monday. The family lost their clothes as the water contained something that irritates their skin but will not wash out in the laundry. Unfortunately, the Red Cross could not help with that sort of loss.

Taral Wayne

Goodness. I was beginning to think the reason for the name *File 770* was that there were 770 days between issues! Seriously though, it was a nice juicy issue and I was glad to see "The Fanzine Tool Kit" in print. I've gotten a wee bit impatient, though, and farmed the Ditto report out to Twink, hoping it might get published before the next Ditto happened. (There's still a chance.) I spotted Allan Burrows comments right away. Alas, I'm not even on the ballot, let alone "bringing the award home to Toronto." It's the one year it might have done me some good, since I've never been able to be present at a worldcon where I was nominated. But the voters are fickle. (I resist the urge to spell that "finks".) Actually, it doesn't seem to be coming across as a particularly Canadian worldcon in any respect, just another impersonal manifesta-

tion of Worldcon Inc. I get a little bit of inside dope from some informants, and it seems to have been a conscious decision not to be Canadian in any special way. I've also heard the opinion that for the most part the concom is not very fannish either (and this from a *pro* I know). Be that as it may, it doesn't actually look like they're going to screw up, and I suppose that's about all anyone can expect.

Tim Marion

Reading thru all these obituaries (good one for Bruce, Mike!!!!) gets very depressing after a while, and almost gives one a distorted view of reality...if it is distorted, that is. Also brings to mind that I never wrote you about John Faucette, with whom I worked for a while. I did think to write *Locus*, but since I don't get *Locus*, I'll be darned if I can remember what I wrote for them. Basically, he has written Ace Double novels in the past (*Warrior of Terra* comes to mind) which I have not read, and more recently he was the creator of something called 'Black Science Fiction' (as I gather he considered himself to be black). Actually, I guess I've written about him in my apazines which I've sent you, so if you wanted to mention him, you could have, I guess. I can't even remember now when it was he passed away, but it was definitely in this time period (last 12 months).

Tom Feller

Thanks for sending the zine. I'm glad to see you're publishing again.

Excellent article by Taral Wayne.

Lloyd Penney's comment on Dale Speirs's Conversion report reminded me of the time I worked the door to a Charlotte in 2004 party at Chattacon. I introduced the custom of stickers to several neofen and also had to explain what a Worldcon is and how the voting works.

Robert Lichtman

Nice to see an issue appear in my mailbox after all this time, especially since I'd just re-upped my sub before your untimely disappearance. Good FAQ about Sierra, who's lookin' good.

In your obituary of Bruce Pelz you write regarding Bruce's ocean cruises that "he wrote up the highlights of these trips in his annual FAPazine, *Tripe Report*." Actually his APazine was *Ankus*, though those issues had various subtitles. You're confusing them with the "Tripe Report Card," a series of actual tourist postcards on which Bruce would affix little messages printed on labels and send to his friends. There were 52 of

them altogether. Bruce also did two dozen "issues" of the "Postcon Postcard," sent out at obvious times, and three issues of "When You Care Enough...You Send the Furry Beast Zoocard," postcards from zoos he and Elayne visited.

The quote from Harry Warner Jr. in his obituary from the February 2003 *DASFaX* concerning his collection ("Mine would duplicate to a large extent the Pelz holdings") and your comment ("So the ultimate fate of his collection remains to be seen") is not the current situation. As it turns out, Harry never got around to adding his fanzine bequest to his will, but his correspondence with Eaton curator George Slusser was found in the same place as his will and apparently will be honored.

Taral's article contains a number of minor factual errors, but the main one is that Russ Chauvenet invented the word "fanzine" in 1941.

Good cover by Grant Canfield -- how long has it been sitting in your files?

[[Only a couple of years. When Canfield received the Rotsler Award he sent me copies his work, okaying its publication. I suspect most of it must have appeared in print before, but I don't know for certain. If these are reprints, there are plenty of long-time fans on this list and I imagine sooner or later someone will pop up with the original credit.]]

Eric Lindsay

Is this issue even more massive than usual? Sure seems like it. I guess that is what happens when time gets away. Belated congratulations on your 50th birthday.

Mention of Larry Niven singing reminds me of a story about Flash Crowds, which I'm sure was his. Just noticed that people are using internet messaging to generate flash crowds where a bunch of people turn up to do something silly and random, and confuse onlookers.

I'm staggered to learn of any fan who is athletic. Not the associations I have with fandom.

Thank you as always for the GUFF publicity. Votes are coming in, but more are always welcome.

The mention of preservation and catalogue costs of \$20 per item does help explain why so many SF collections intended for libraries end up getting broken up and sold instead.

Interesting view on the Libertarian Hall of Fame award choices, and political purity. Consistency is a disadvantage in fandom.

Are your books sufficiently high to avoid the extending grasp of Sierra Grace?

I am glad that so many fans appear to remember Donn Brazier and his wonderful fanzine *Title*. I got to meet him a few times, once at his museum, and he was in every

sense a gentleman. I managed several times to seek out distant fans, such as Ed Cagle. I've never regretted those visits.

There are far too many obituaries in this issue.

Laura Brodian Freas's tale of how she threw an airport into chaos with an unattended bag is symptomatic of the sort of travel situation that has made me very reluctant to visit the US again. When travel gets too annoying, and you are doing it for pleasure, after a while you just stop doing it.

I very much enjoyed John Hertz's *Westcon Notebook*. He does a fine, evocative in very few words.

Taral did a nice history of fanzine tools, and their effects. I remember multiple styluses, shading plates and even weird uncontrollable stuff like brush stencils (used with a cutting liquid that gave paint like effects). Had lots of them. Not sure who ended up with all that stuff. Electrostencils were real expensive here. Some nice speculation on why fanzines didn't get fancier when computer and photocopies became common.

Joseph T. Major

Wall of Fame: I have seen a book with pictures on the liberation of Iraq that includes full-color reproductions of the infamous Rowena pictures. Is there a copyright question in the offing?

Check It Out!: Yes, the Gibson Collection will remain at the University of Calgary. Until a new chief librarian, in 10 or 20 years, decides to deaccession this trash to the dumpster.

Forry Has Left the Building: Obviously, Ray Ferry is hanging on until 4SJ dies. Once the transfer arrangements are found fraudulent, then a new class of creditors, with bigger claims than Ackerman, will emerge. Or some judgment will be in error, forcing yet another realignment. And so on. At least 4SJ is better off than the woman whose health-club millionaire husband hired two thugs to shoot her, leaving her paralyzed from the waist down, then when she sued and won \$60 million, had transferred all his assets overseas.

Paula Murray

[[A response to "Is Your Club Dead Yet?" The 1998 article is available on the File 770 website.]]

Here in Kansas City, a few years ago we started doing our fall KaCSFFS meetings as Communiversities courses (a local UMKC outreach thingie). One of the positive upshots of that is that we're attracting college-age and slightly older new members. We also did have to post (via our email group) that 'remember to be kind to newbies' message.

Mostly because we have a bunch of crusty, old members who want things to be "the old way" -- whatever that is.

Jim and I joined KaCSFFS after the '76 Worldcon and are now surprised to find ourselves among the oldest consecutive members of the club. However, we've tried to be a forward-looking influence on the group, going "we were new once and this is what we found off-putting." Don't slam new ideas, they may be good ones!

We Also Heard From

Marc Ortlieb: Many thanks for issue 142, but could you please delete me from your mailing list. As of Continuum, Melbourne's most recent convention, I consider myself to be officially gafiated. I had a membership but, rather than attend, I went bike riding instead. I didn't miss the convention in the least and really enjoyed the bike ride. (Cath, Michael and Natalie attended, so I guess there is still an Ortlieb presence in fandom.)

The Australian SF Site on Vicnet will be closing on August 28th - my 51st birthday present to myself. (I am sending an archive copy to Joe Siclari.)

From here-on-in, my one connection to fandom will be ferrying other people's AN-ZAPA contributions to David Grigg. (There's a nice bike path between my place and David and Sue's.)

It's been a pleasant 28 year acquaintance but I figure it's time to move on. Perhaps I'll be back when my legs are too knackered to go bike riding....

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Sheryl Birkhead: 8
Grant Canfield: 26, 28
Diana Glycer: (photos) 2, 20, 21,
Cheryl Morgan: 25
Mike Glycer: about 90% of
 uncredited photos

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