

Wainatiles

OF FILE 770



Alan White

MIKE GLYER'S FILE 770

159

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File 770 is available for news, art, arranged trades, or by subscription: \$8 for 5 issues, \$15 for 10 issues, air mail rate is \$2.50.

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Editorial Notes by Mike Glycer



Wake-Up Time! When the last issue came out I was a new father the last time so many months had passed between issues of *File 770*.

The recent hiatus wasn't caused by anything as noble.

I've been in a Hugo-induced funk.

The person who wrote, "Y'know, they're only awards; they're not why we do any of this fan activity" is absolutely right. So, I'm not going to try to justify how deflated I felt after the way things have played out in the Best Fanzine category over the

past two years. I'm just going to acknowledge the fact and move on to a more interesting topic...

How Did I Not Know This? *Letters of Note* posted Robert Heinlein's letter to Forrest J Ackerman offering condolences on the death of his brother, Alden, at the Battle of the Bulge on New Year's Day 1945.

Forry had a brother who died in the war?

It's hardly shocking that another fan would be ignorant of a friend's mundane relatives who passed away decades before the two of them met. But what if that fan has written dozens of news stories about the friend? What if that fan not long ago spent hours researching the friend's obituary? What if that fan is me (coff coff) and the information is on a page I consulted in Harry Warner Jr.'s *All Our Yesterdays*?

His only brother, Alden Lorraine, was killed in the Battle of the Bulge on New Year's Day, 1945. Ackerman published a memorial booklet in which he spoke with a simple eloquence, like a newly matured person.

Forry evidently had asked Heinlein to contribute to the booklet and the letter conveys Heinlein's answer.

Alden Lorraine Ackerman died at the age of 21 while serving in D Company of the 42nd Tank Battalion of the 11th Armored Division. It's entirely possible that his death is the subject of this entry on the unit's webpage describing the events of January 1 (the only deaths specified that day) while the battalion was fighting its way to Bastogne to relieve the 101st Airborne:

Between 1930 and 2000, one enemy airplane bombed Rechrival three times scoring a near miss on one tank which was not dam-

aged. However, two men standing near-by were killed. The rest of the night was marked with scattered artillery fire which did no damage.

Heinlein not only said no to the invitation, he took the opportunity to tee off on fandom for a perceived failure to join the war effort.

One of his milder statements was, "I know that you are solemn in your intention to see to it that Alden's sacrifice does not become meaningless. I am unable to believe that fan activity and fan publications can have anything to do with such intent. I have read the fan publications you have sent me and, with rare exceptions, I find myself utterly disgusted with the way the active fans have met the trial of this war."

Of course, it should not be surprising that in 1945 Heinlein would feel that way toward any able-bodied person who was not in the service or doing war work. Therefore, the most remarkable thing about this letter actually is the warmth Heinlein expresses to Ackerman in closing (after attempting to persuade him to request a transfer to serve in Europe): "We are very fond of you, Forry. You are a fine and gentle soul. This is a very difficult letter to write; if I did not think you were worth it, I would not make the effort."

I was really surprised by this. Until now, all the stories I have ever heard were about the friction between them, such as Heinlein's famous letter telling Ackerman to "Keep your hands off my property" written after Forry sold Heinlein's 1941 Denvention GoH speech to *Vertex* in 1973.

John King Tarpinian also tells me, "Ray [Bradbury] was 4F because of his terrible eyesight. Ray tells the story that Heinlein was mad that Ray did not try harder to get enlisted. So to placate Bob, Ray did volunteer work for the Red Cross."

2011 Duff Delegates Announced

David Cake and Paula McGrath are the 2011 Down Under Fan Fund nominees reports John Hertz, North American fund administrator. Voting will be open through May 31. The chosen delegate will attend this year's Worldcon, Renovation, August 17-21.

Dave Cake was nominated by Randy Byers, Colin Hinz, Sue Ann Barber, Damien Warman and Grant Watson. Paula McGrath was nominated by Sue & Steve Francis, Melissa Morman, Perry Middlemiss, Rose Mitchell and Julian Warner.

Anyone active in fandom by January 1, 2011 may vote. Ballots must be received by May 31, accompanied by a donation of at least \$5 Australian, Canadian, United States, or \$6 New Zealand. Payment instructions are given in the ballot, which is available at File770.com. Payment and voting may be done via PayPal or by snail mail.

Overton Helps Save Arlington Planetarium

When, due to budget cuts, the David M. Brown Planetarium in Arlington, Virginia, faced closure after 40 years of service, the community rallied to raise the \$400,000 needed to keep it open.

Kathi Overton contributed by producing a video "Saving Arlington's Planetarium: Our Story" in support of the campaign. You can find it on the *Save the Arlington Planetarium* website.

Overton explained, "I'm not particularly wealthy, so I can't donate a lot of money, but I thought — hey, I can make a video about it! So I cobbled together a short video to raise awareness about the issue and some people who are trying to fix it. Just say yes to science education!"

On February 25, the Arlington *Sun-Gazette* reported Superintendent Patrick Murphy has abandoned plans to shutter the Planetarium and includes funding in his fiscal 2012 budget proposal to aid refurbishment of the 45-year-old facility. The Save the Arlington Planetarium group expects to finish raising \$400,000 by summer — part of an agreement with the school system to keep the planetarium alive. The group has already raised nearly \$290,000. "Fund-raising has been extremely successful," Murphy told School Board members. "We'll be able to move forward here with a renovation."

Shaun Tan Wins Oscar

Shaun Tan, AussieCon Four Artist GoH, won the Oscar in the Best Short Film (Animation) category for *The Lost Thing*, based on his book. He shares the award with co-director Andrew Ruhemann.

Tan is the first former Worldcon GoH to win an Oscar in competition. (Roger Corman, who was awarded an Oscar statuette in 2009, received an Academy Honorary Award.)

Tan and a small team worked on the adaptation from 2002 to 2010, using CGI with 2D handpainted elements.

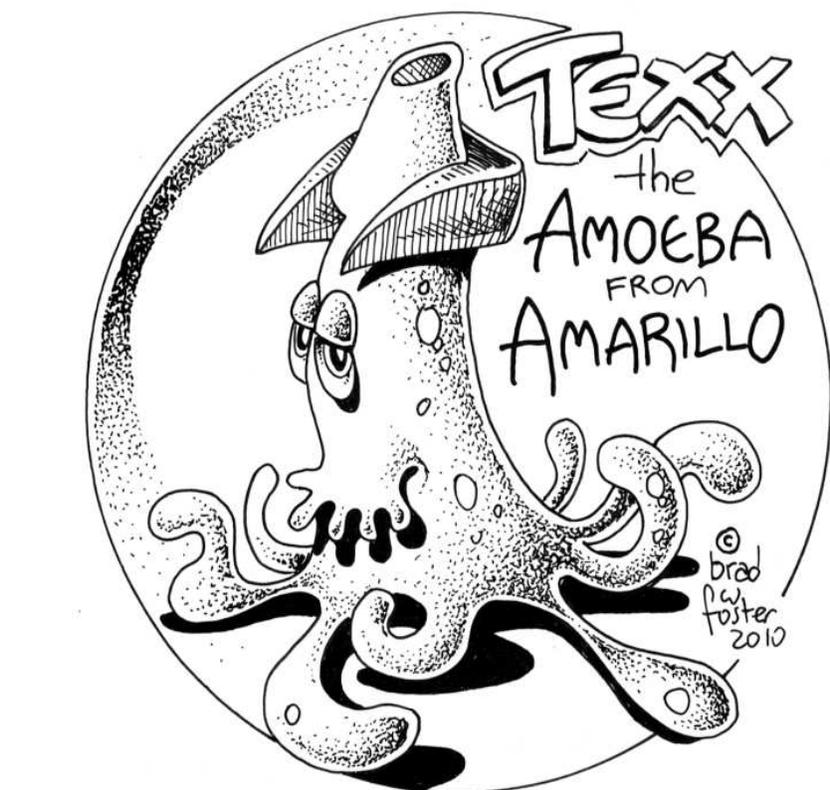
Kramer Seeks Dismissal

Ten years after being charged with child molestation Dragon*Con founder Ed Kramer has yet to stand trial. Continuances have been repeatedly granted due to Kramer's health.

The case took a new turn on September 1, 2010 when Kramer's attorneys filed a motion to dismiss the indictment against him.

Kramer, 49, contends he wants to clear his name but illnesses — listed by his attorney Ed Marger as emphysema, narcolepsy and a degenerative spine — have made it difficult for him to participate in his own defense.

"Since the beginning he's indicated he wants to go to trial," [Kramer's attorney] told the Atlanta Journal-Constitution, "if the judge



News of Fandom

will give him the accommodations his health issues require."

But in September 2007 the Georgia Court of Appeals placed most of the blame on the defendant. "The record strongly indicates that Kramer either sought or knowingly acquiesced in the great majority of the delay and did not want a speedy trial."

The county District Attorney has announced he will fight the motion to dismiss.

The three alleged victims now are all adults; two of them are serving in the Army.

Bullsheet Scores a Century, Changes Editors

No sooner did *Australian SF Bullsheet's* editors Edwina Harvey and Ted Scribner publish their hundredth issue than they put the zine up for adoption.

Harvey and Scribner started editing the *Bullsheet* when founder Marc Ortlieb ended his 7-year tenure as editor in 2002. At that time they reset the numbering, their first issue being #1.

Now Wendy Palmer has stepped up as the *Bullsheet's* new editor and has already produced her first issue. What number was it?

Who knows? The website where it's posted lists only the month and year, not the issue number.

2010 Endeavour Award Winner

Alaska writer David Marusek has won the 2010 Endeavour Award with his novel *Mind Over Ship*, published by Tor Books. The Award is accompanied by an honorarium of \$1,000 and an engraved glass plaque. The award was announced at OryCon.

Four For TAFF

Four fans have answered the bell for the 2011 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund race, the largest field of candidates in a westbound race since 1993:

- **Graham Charnock**, nominated by Harry Bell, Sandra Bond, Rich Coad, Mike Meara, and Robert Lichtman;
- **John Coxon**, nominated by James Bacon, Claire Brialey, Chris Garcia, Dave Langford, and Steve Stiles;
- **Liam Proven**, nominated by Bridget Bradshaw, Lillian Edwards, Nic Farey, Lloyd Penney, and James Shields; and

- **Paul Treadway**, nominated by Vincent Docherty, Fran Dowd, Mike Glycer, Tim Illingworth, and Maureen Kincaid Speller.

The winner will attend the Worldcon in Reno next August.

Voting is open until April 26, 2011.

Alyson Wins

Alyson Abramowitz kept her seat on the Democratic Party County Central Committee for Santa Clara County (CA) State Assembly District 22 in a race decided during the California primary on June 8, 2010. Nine candidates wanted the six available committee posts. Alyson collected the second-highest vote total in the race.

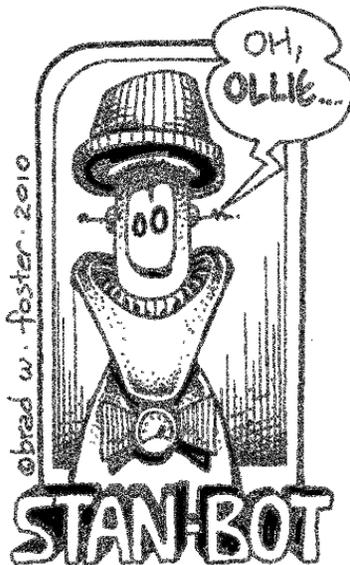
Alyson, known within fandom as a con-runner, also applies these skills as an active member of the Democratic Party.

She enjoyed the best of both in 2004 as the National Chairperson for "High Stakes," a Kerry/Edwards fundraising event that connected donors at local parties in a conference call with Joss Whedon.

California's Democratic Party is governed by the Democratic State Central Committee (DSCC). Members serve two-year terms. She was previously elected to the DSCC in 2000 from the 24th Assembly District and in 2008 from the 22nd District. She ran and lost in 2006.

She was a delegate to the 2004 Democratic National Convention, pledged to Kerry. (And she was an alternate delegate to the 2000 convention.)

Today she's a member of the Finance Committee of the California Democratic Party.



Changes of Address

John Boardman, E-mail: Boardmans42@gmail.com

Terry Jeeves, Broomgrove Nursing Home, 30 Broomgrove Road, Sheffield S10 2LR, Great Britain

Fred Patten, c/o Sherrill Patten, 11113 Moorpark Street, Apt. 105, North Hollywood, CA 91602

Leslie Turek, 113 Chestnut Circle, Lincoln MA 01773

Henry & Letha Welch, 15290 Upper Ellen Rd., Los Gatos, CA 95033

Dave Rowe supplied **Terry Jeeves'** new address, saying "Unfortunately, Terry's condition has regressed to the point where he is

unable to write or type, but if fans would drop him a line occasionally and faneds would send him paper copies of their fanzines (even tho' they won't get a reply) it will certainly help Terry who did so much for fandom over six decades."

Leslie Turek says, "I love my new place. Lincoln is not far from Boston - it's just outside the 128 ring highway and only about 30 minutes from the NESFA clubhouse. But it has a rural small town flavor, with lots of walking trails and conservation land, and a nearby farm where I can buy locally grown vegetables, eggs, and meat. My townhouse condo is nestled in the trees, and a pond with canoe access is a 5-minute hike through the woods. I am told I can walk all the way to Walden Pond having to cross only one major road -- I'm waiting until the heat wave passes before I try that one out. And in the winter I'll be able to enjoy the snow without worrying about shoveling out my driveway."

Fred Patten reports the doctors are moving him to a new hospital, so fanzines will be received at his sister's address.

John and Perdita Boardman have been moved to a retirement community in Maryland. Their children Karina and Deirdre sent out an explanation: "Our father has finally realized that neither his multiple health conditions nor Perdita's dementia can be ignored any more. With professional advice, we have decided to put them into a retirement community that would offer independent living accommodations with home services for my father, and assisted dementia care living for my mother.... They are at the same facility on the same campus, and John will be free to visit Perdita any time he wants...."

Fans Confront Natural Disasters

Fans have ridden out earthquakes, storms and floods in three different parts of the world since the last issue of File 770.

Japanese Fans Survive Quake

Immediately after a massive quake hit Japan on March 11 fans tried to contact their friends in that country to learn if they came through all right. It has not been easy as limited information has been received so far.

Miho Hiramoto, Takumi and Sachiko Shibano's daughter, told Craig Miller that both she and her mother (and their homes) were fine. Andrew Adams and his wife Tomoko, reached by Martin Easterbrook, were also okay. Nippon 2007 chair Hiroaki Inoue and his wife Tamie Inoue, and Nippon in 2017 bidders Tomoki Kodama and Saori Yamamoto were confirmed fine by Glen Glazer.

LASFSian Tadao Tomomatsu wrote on Facebook that although his parents live in the U.S., 90% of his family lives in Japan and he was waiting to hear how they fared.

Fans Okay After Yasi

Jean Weber, Eric Lindsay and their home near Townsville, Queen-

sland on the northeast coast of Australia came through Tropical Cyclone Yasi unscathed.

The storm left a trail of devastation and damage elsewhere after striking the coast on February 2, 2011 with winds stronger than unleashed by Hurricane Katrina on New Orleans. Authorities said the force of the storm was the greatest in Australia's history.

Nashville Fans Spared Flood Damage

Local flooding forced Nashville fans Tom and Anita Feller to evacuate on May 1, 2010. When they came home they were greatly relieved: "We returned on Wednesday and, to our astonishment and joy, found that both our house and garage were dry and there was no visible damage to the exterior either."

Tom Feller is a former President of the Southern Fandom Confederation and a winner of the DeepSouthCon's Rebel Award, and Anita is a past President of the Middle Tennessee Science Fiction Club.

Fandom's Tangled Web



Sir Terry Pratchett's coat-of-arms.

Terry Pratchett's Coat-of-Arms

The College of Arms, official repository of the coats of arms and pedigrees of English, Welsh, Northern Irish and Commonwealth families and their descendants, granted a coat-of-arms to Sir Terence David John Pratchett of Broad Chalke, Wiltshire on April 28, 2010. A news release gave this formal description:

"Illustrated [above] are the Armorial Bearings granted to Sir Terence David John PRATCHETT of Broad Chalke, Wiltshire, Knight, OBE by Letters Patent of Garter and Clarenceux Kings of Arms dated 28 April 2010.

"The Arms are blazoned: Sable an ankh between four Roundels in saltire each issuing Argent.

"The Crest is Upon a Helm with a Wreath Argent and Sable On Water Barry wavy Sable Argent and Sable an Owl affronty wings displayed and inverted Or supporting thereby two closed Books erect Gules."

The motto means "Do Not Fear the Reaper."

Ruth Speer Update

Patricia Rogers provided Andrew Porter with an update on Ruth Speer, and the preservation being done on Jack Speer's science fiction memorabilia:

"Ruth Speer is doing well. She has moved into a lovely apartment in an adult living complex. Her room is decorated with several SF paintings and lots of photos of Jack. I took

her to Bubonicon (our local SF con) last year and spent time with her on both her birthday and Christmas eve. The Speer home is up for sale and the family has had many garage sales to finish clearing everything out. Last March I packed up the last of 60 large legal size boxes of Jack's SF papers and sent them out to ENMU (Eastern New Mexico University, home of the Jack Williamson Special SF Collection). It was good timing as they had just expanded the space for the Special Collections and had room to take it all. Even included several mimeograph machines and typewriters."

Patricia will be going out in April for the Williamson Lectureship and may have more news then.

Bushyager Novels Available

Linda Bushyager reports her two science fantasy novels are being reprinted by Wilder press/Fantastic Books. The first is now available at Amazon.com for \$13.99 – *Master of Hawks*.

As Linda describes them: "The books are in the vein of science fantasy, the sort of thing that Andre Norton or Marion Zimmer Bradley or Anne McCaffrey write. In *Master of Hawks*, the hero is a telepath who can mind-link with all sorts of birds. His kingdom and several neighboring kingdoms are at war, and he is called upon to be a scout, using his ability to see what the enemy is doing. However circumstances send him into a series of dangerous adventures so that he doesn't expect (or want) to accomplish his mission."

By the way, this is the novel in which a certain fanartist was Tuckerized — made the unseen sorcerous presence who rules the Tarral Empire with an iron hand.

Linda's novel *The Spellstone of Shaltus* also will soon be reprinted and made available on Amazon.com.

Linda also has an sf novel, *Pacifica*, written with John Betancourt, which is available at Amazon.com, Borders.com, and Wildside Press. She says, "It is set in the near future, when a food shortage causes a major corporation to begin farming a new type of algae as a food-substitute, and like the fantasy novels, is a face-paced action-adventure."

ConFederation Reunion Is On!

M. Lee Rogers and Ron Zukowski are holding a ConFederation 25th Anniversary Celebration in June. Their press release says:

Who: (1) You were an attending or supporting member of ConFederation. (2) You

are known to the organizers. (3) Someone known to the organizers can vouch for you. (The criteria are similar to a fan fund.)

What: A party to celebrate one of Southern SF fandom's shining moments: the 1986 World Science Fiction Convention held in downtown Atlanta.

When: Saturday June 18, 2011, 12:00 noon to whenever.

Where: Embassy Suites Alpharetta, off Exit 9 of Georgia 400 (Haynes Bridge Road) near North Point Mall.

Why: Why not?!?

How Much: \$20 per person. Free for members of ConFederation Executive Committee, SFWA, or ASFA. If cost is a problem, talk to Ron or Mike. Any material surplus will be donated to fan funds—this is a not-for-profit venture.

We realize it's fairly short notice, but we are trying to work around Dragon*Con and other regional conventions.

Suites should be available at the hotel. The current rates are around \$100 per night. For reservations, call 1-800-EMBASSY.

We hope you'll come celebrate ConFederation with us that Saturday. It should be a fun evening.

Please RSVP with payment to: M. L. Rogers, 331 Celestial Lane, Hixson, TN 37343-5810.

Dr. Demento Coming to Reno

Dr. Demento will participate in opening night celebrations at Renovation, the 2011 Worldcon, on Wednesday, August 17.

He will appear during Music Night, a festival of music and science fiction that will also feature the band Tricky Pixie, and a performance of *Godson*, a musical with lyrics written by Roger Zelazny.



John Hertz Travels to the Ends of the Earth



Past Worldcon Chairs at Aussiecon 4: (*Standing*) Kent Bloom, Dave Clark, Tony Lewis, Vincent Docherty, Patty Wells, Mark Olson, Leslie Turek, Michael Walsh, Rose Mitchell, Dave McCarty, Kevin Standlee. (*Sitting*) Karen Meschke, René Walling Perry Middlemiss, Roger Sims, Joe Siclari. (*Photo by Helen Montgomery*)

NASFiC Notes

by John Hertz

from *Vanamonde* 898

“Reconstruction” was the 10th Occasional North America Science Fiction Convention, 5-8 August, Raleigh, North Carolina, at the Convention Center and nearby Marriott and Sheraton hotels, the Marriott adjacent with a connecting passage; the NASFiC is occasioned by the World S-F Convention being overseas, as this year (Aussiecon IV, the 68th Worldcon, Melbourne, 2-6 Sep), so that we’ve only had ten since inventing them in 1975; Author Guest of Honor Eric Flint, Graphic Artist GoH Brad Foster, Fan GoH Juanita Coulson, Toastmaster Toni Weisskopf; attendance about 650; chairman Warren Buff, who assured me the name was jes’ fine for a con in the South and I should have seen the others proposed. If London wins its bid for 2014 we’ll need a NASFiC then; hearing mutterings of Cincinnati, I proposed “Consul.”

Weisskopf’s fine conviviality was everywhere. Foster and Coulson, whom I rarely meet in person, were welcome sights; she is herself a Londoner – London, Ohio. James Bacon, whose friendship with Chris Garcia is a frightening fruitful fact, masterminded a United

Kingdom party – actually, there were no parties, the Marriott didn’t permit any; this was a reception or “meet and greet” – over two nights, with U.K. cheeses, biscuits, drinks, fans, and a London in 2014 film. Garcia hosted the Fanzine Lounge. I led three Classics of S-F talks: J. Campbell, “Who Goes There?” (1938); R. Heinlein, *Farmer in the Sky* (1950); M. Shelley, *Frankenstein* (1831). Mary Robinette Kowal had phoned during June to see if we could associate Regency Dancing with her reception to launch a new fantasy set in the Regency; we managed to put both on the same night, dancing first, after which I found her in the Marriott wearing period clothes and having sold all her books.

Kowal was on a panel discussion I moderated, “Editing, the Necessary Evil”, Dan Hoyt, Chris Jackson, MRK, Stanley Schmidt, Lawrence Schoen. I had objected to “Evil” and offered “Editing, the Necessity”, for which I was made moderator. Kowal said “Maybe I like a proposed edit because it shows I didn’t get something across.” Schmidt told of a response “Thank you for your comments, I made the changes you suggested and sold the story to Gordon van Gelder.” Another panel I was given to moderate, having argued it shouldn’t be done at all, was “Butchering the Sacred Cows” (i.e. at s-f cons), on which were Jennifer Liang, Dan Reid, Jim Stratton, Alex von Thorn; at previous cons I’d found this a ranting place for people with a peeve, the Art Show, autograph sessions, the Dealers’ Room, exhib-

its, the Masquerade, panels; we managed a little better; I suggested *If you're trying to grow wheat, a rose is a weed*, and we talked of directing traffic. There are also Hertz' Corollaries to Sullivan's Law, *That which is perceived, rightly or wrongly, as having no function, will come to have no form*, and *If you grieve some form is in disrepair, find and point out its function*.

The weekend was jolly, the many errors were outweighed, the fifteen pizzas which appeared at the Dead Dog Party [after the con has formally ended and until the last dog is –] promptly disappeared, and Weisskopf at Closing Ceremonies said it was “a lovely proof of principle for NASFiC.”

What a Worldcon

by John Hertz

from *Vanamonde* 901

I've come from L.A. to the Worldcon,
To the Aussiecon-Four's-hopes-unfurled con.
All its meeting and such
With s-f friends, as much
As we can, makes it September's Pearl con.

Flick said this limerick wasn't bad enough for the newsletter, *Voice of the Echidna*, of which she was editrix. Alison Scott in the London office contributed several drawings of echidnas. The Aussiecon III newsletter was *The Monotreme*, which might have been all right except for a mascot drawing of a platypus, with sunglasses and a lapsize computer (do platypuses have laps?), so that in one issue (duly sent us Supporting Members) an irritated echidna complained “*The Monotreme? THE Monotreme?*” and something had to be done.

Robert Silverberg said “This is the first time I've had a propeller beanie tipped to me.” I said “There's always a first time.” On Hugo Night, I presented Best Fanwriter, which he accepted for Fred Pohl. The Laurie Mann photo on Pohl's Weblog shows James Daugherty co-head of Hugo Night holding the trophy, me having stepped back, Silverberg speaking, Garth Nix the Master of Ceremonies. A few minutes earlier I accepted Best Fanartist for Brad Foster. Pat Sims and Robin Johnson gave the Big Heart to Merv Binns, whom Johnson in his Fan GoH speech had called the center around which Melbourne s-f had agglutinated for forty years. Right after the ceremony there were Flick and her folks with the vote analyzed on one sheet of paper, the nominations on the other side, and copies for all.

In the Art Show, Kyoko Ogushi the con's Japan agent had brought prints by Nawo Inoue, Naoyuki Katoh who was in the 2007 Worldcon paint-off with Bob Eggleton and Michael Whelan, Masaru Ohishi, and Eiji Yokoyama who again sold everything he sent. In the Masquerade, the Masters of Ceremonies were Nick Stathopoulos who designed this year's Hugo trophy base, and Danny Oz; my co-judges were Lewis Morley who engraved the Hugo trophies, and Marilyn Pride who was Four for Four i.e. attending each Aussiecon; Morley, Pride, and Stathopoulos were the 1986 DUFF delegates, so we were DUFFers together. On Thursday night at Beverley Hope's party for her and Roman Orszanski's new fanzine *Straw & Silk* I learned Orszanski too was Four for Four. There were ribbons. I'd left early, about 1 a.m., and there in the

street peering at my name-badge – I'd put my hat in my shoulder-bag – was Sharee Carton wondering if I knew any good parties, so I sent her to Hope.

Panel discussions are the stomach of our cons. Everything deemed fodder goes into them, some digested. On fanhistory panels Chris Nelson showed fine videos using the Convention Centre's high-tech lecterns. He had gathered images of contemporary fanzines, prozines, and people, and had made graphs, including maps with colored circles for how many letters from which cities appeared in prozine letter-columns. On the Forties panel Alan Roberts and Art Widner traded stories about trading letters sixty years ago. I moderated the Fifties panel. Justin Ackroyd conducted the crowded Fan Funds auction, with intermittent help including mine. He took off his shoes and worked in his socks.

It was grand making new acquaintances and meeting fanziners in person, including Renaldo the Party Sheep. The Program Book treated generously the Fan Funds, DUFF, and me. Karen Babcock did wonders for disabled access and by the end had a Hero badge. Alan Stewart collated the annual edition of WOOFF (World Organization Of Faneditors, invented by Bruce Pelz). There was not one drinking fountain in the Convention Centre. But Australia had Mars bars.

Jack Vance receiving his Aussiecon 4 Hugo from Dick Lupoff in California after the con.



Capclave

Rockville Hilton, October 22-24, 2010

by Martin Morse Wooster

Read the pages of the *WSFA Journal* and you'll come across a portrait of a club that is struggling to deal with membership declines caused by high dues (which none of the other area clubs charge), an aging membership, and membership losses caused by periodic expulsions in the club's fratricidal battles. Nonetheless WSFA manages to produce a small and entertaining little convention.

Membership figures haven't been released, but it wouldn't surprise me if Capclave once again was in the 350-person range. Substantial discounts were offered to students and active-duty military. It seemed to me that there were somewhat more young people than last year, and it was hard to tell if any soldiers were present. (As one friend of mine reminded me, off-duty military wouldn't be in uniform.) There was a panel on military sf, which I didn't attend.

Capclave is understandably cagy about its finances. As I understand it, the con barely breaks even but WSFA Press provides the profit margins that keep the con going. This year WSFA Press issued two small books: *Fire Watch* by Connie Willis, and *The Three Quests of the Wizard Sarnod*, by Jeff VanderMeer, both in 500 copy limited editions. These books sold well during the convention, and Subterranean Press purchased most of the remainder for national and international distribution.

The three guests of honor, Connie Willis, Jeff VanderMeer, and Ann VanderMeer, were quite different. Willis was as funny and charming as she has always been over the years. Saturday afternoon Capclave hosted a "Titanic Tea" for Willis, complete with crustless sandwiches.

Willis spent an hour answering questions from the audience. She said that she's asked all the time about what her ten favorite novels were, however she can't answer the question. "But I could name 500 short stories that worked for me." (For starters: Theodore Sturgeon's "The Man Who Lost the Sea," Shirley Jackson's "One Ordinary Day, With Peanuts," and Bob Shaw's "Light of Other Days.")

She also talked a lot about movies. Her "writing hero", she said, was Fred Astaire, "because to get that effortless look you have to work *really* hard behind the scenes."



Astaire, she reminded the audience, would often show up on sets six weeks in advance of production to make sure the dances were right.

At a Sycamore Hill writing workshop, Willis said, the women relaxed after a hard day of critiquing manuscripts by talking about which movie actor they would abandon their husbands for. The winner, the women determined, was Frank Langella in *The Twelve Chairs*.

Willis said that Harlan Ellison then walked in and announced that Langella was gay. Willis and Ellison argued. She explained that they weren't talking about flesh and blood people, but fantasy performances on the screen. Ellison wouldn't listen.

"Well," Willis said, "I'd abandon my husband for John Barrymore in *Prince of*

Fools, and Barrymore's **dead**," Willis said.

I found the VanderMeers less interesting. Jeff VanderMeer, author of *BookLife*, a very good guide to promotion, seemed far more interested in Advancing His Brand then connecting with the audience. If you think that steampunk was the greatest form of sf ever written, you would find the VanderMeers enthralling. I'm not a fan of steampunk, but dutifully sat through their panel.

Most of what the VanderMeers talked about were their projects. There were at least six books in progress, topped by *The Weird*, a forthcoming 700,000-word anthology from Atlantic Monthly Press. The VanderMeers are also the authors of *The Kosher Guide to Imaginary Animals*, and once talked to an interviewer from Swedish public radio who asked, "Are wookies kosher?"

It is far from clear how many steampunks there are in the world, but the VanderMeers seemed to know every one of them. Steampunks seem to me like women who liked to wear extreme clothing, but Jeff VanderMeer said the culture had already divided into the more militant East Coast crowd and the Seattle steampunks, who "have more of a social viewpoint and use their clothes for ordinary wear."

The VanderMeers were also in constant contact with sculptors and artists who create steam-powered thingies. The most extreme was someone who had allegedly created a steam-powered motorcycle. Jeff VanderMeer found that the motorcycle was a fraud; the exhaust pipes were doctored "so that it looked like steam was coming out. The steamcycle polluted even *more* than a normal motorcycle."

Saturday night was for the WSFA award ceremonies. Unlike past years, no one dressed up.

The winner of the WSFA Small Press Award was Tanzy Rayner Roberts, for her story "Siren Beat," in the October 2009 issue of the online zine *Twelfth Planet*. Twelfth Planet's Australian editor announced that Roberts wished she could attend, but she lived in Hobart, Tasmania, "and have a baby strapped to my leg."

Jeff and Ann VanderMeer then announced the Last Drink Bird Head Award,

which are personal awards given to people they feel have done good things for sf. The winners were:

- Gentle Advocacy: Ay-leen the Peacemaker, a blogger
- Tireless Energy: Leslie Howle, Clarion West organizer
- Promotion of Reading: Colleen Cahill, Library of Congress recommending officer for sf
- Expanding Our Vocabulary: Matt Cheney
- International Activism: Lavie Tidhar
- Neil Clarke Special Achievement Award: L. Timmel Duchamp, Aqueduct Press

After the VanderMeers left, Heinlein biographer Bill Patterson announced that

Connie Willis had been elected to the board of the Heinlein Society.

The guests of honor then received their prizes. The VanderMeers received a copy of *The Encyclopedia of Immaturity* and a set of buckyballs. Connie Willis received a full-size portrait by L.W. Perkins of scenes from several of Willis's novels, most notably *To Say Nothing of the Dog*.

"This is just perfect," Willis said about the painting. She then added, "This has just been a wonderful convention. I'm amazed at how many people came to the programming."

Connie Willis's husband Courtney's birthday was on October 24, so everyone who attended sang "Happy Birthday" to him.

Then I had some more cake and left for home.



2010 Sidewise Awards

The winners of the Sidewise Awards were announced at Reconstruction, the 2010 NASFiC.

Short Form: Alastair Reynolds, "The Fixation", from *The Solaris Book of New Science Fiction, Volume 3*, George Mann (ed.) (Solaris)

Long Form: Robert Conroy, *1942* (Ballantine)

A Pre-Historical Pre-History of the Pre-Bid



[Jeff Orth writes about how he, Diane Lacey and Ruth Lichtwardt caught the vision for a KC in 2016 Worldcon bid.]

By Jeff Orth: We have worked as a team for several projects since forming for the Anticipation Hugo Administration. Diane was the Consuite Department head for Anticipation and Ruth and I helped her where we could, both in recruiting staff and taking shifts as needed. It was one of the best consuites I have

ever seen. Not that I am at all unbiased. We also recently worked on-site con registration for the Raleigh NASFiC.

We all worked on ConQuesT 2010, Ruth in Facilities and Diane and me in programming. It was this venue that spawned the idea of a Kansas City Worldcon. (Well that and somebody else trying to thrust \$20 at me. And of course a Worldcon Bid not inspired by late night, drunken conversations would be just wrong. We can, and probably will, make up more stories as we go along.)

After Diane had headed off for Toronto to continue working on SFContario, Ruth and I approached Margene Bahm and asked her to look into facilities downtown. She happily agreed and contacted the Kansas City CVB (called VisitKC [visitkc.com]) Margene made arrangements to tour the hotels and convention center, Bartle Hall, with a representative from VisitKC named Becky. I unashamedly invited myself along. We spent a wonderful day in June touring some of the most wonderful hotels I have ever seen. I don't recall if you were at the KC Smofcon at the Hotel Phillips. It was a great hotel and yet it was not the most impressive of the five we saw. The Hilton President and the Holiday Inn Aladdin, both within 2 blocks of the Convention Center, were at least equally impressive.

Bartle Hall is slightly too large for us, but not so large that any other event of any size could occupy the space we would not use.

Becky referred to us several times as a "City Wide" meaning that we would consume all of the available Hotel Space downtown, thus again precluding any other group from utilizing that space. We would be a big deal in Kansas City, indeed.

We judge the existing hotel space to be more than adequate. If we need to resort to overflow hotels, (the Hyatt Crown Center, where ConQuesT is currently held) it would be a very successful Worldcon. The other two hotels, the Marriott Downtown (which incorporates the old Muehlbach) and the Crown Plaza Downtown are within a block of the convention center, as is the Holiday Inn Aladdin. The Hotel Phillips and the President are two blocks away.

I came away from the tour stunned and more excited about a Kansas City Worldcon than I had ever been. (Margene came away vowing to never take me anywhere, ever again. I think I behaved like a farm boy in the big city for the first time, which isn't far from the truth.)

All of this is, of course, subject to the normal ebb and flow of negotiation. Numbers will be crunched and spreadsheets will be drawn up and disposed of. We expect to have facts for people to chew over and not just the goshwow of a Kansas farmboy. And we do have lots of time to get our ducks lined up.

Which brings me to the non-announcement at NASFiC. We realize that it is too early to bid for a Worldcon in 2016. We believe that fandom has a limited amount of resources (as do we). But, we wanted to get the word out that we are very serious. We actually have fans excited here in the KC area and elsewhere. A bunch of them are likely to be in tow in San Jose in December. (And "in tow" is almost not an exaggeration. Some of them are worried about finals that week. Just where did all these kids come from? Don't answer that, just keep 'em off my lawn.)

Our primary challenge here in KC for the next two years will be keeping the fire stoked. You can judge how well we have done when we start throwing parties for keepsies at Chicago in 2012. We might sneak a few in here and there, just to keep our hand in, look to SFContario and Reno for example. We do like throwing parties, but, we won't be actively soliciting pre-supports until our official announcement two years before the vote. Planning, organizing and having fun for now, and keeping an eye on the fannish landscape are our priorities. Oh, and looking for people all across that landscape who might like to join us in the craziness..

The Annual Fanzine Fans' Get-Together

The 2011 Corflu in Sunnyvale, California

Report by Marty Cantor

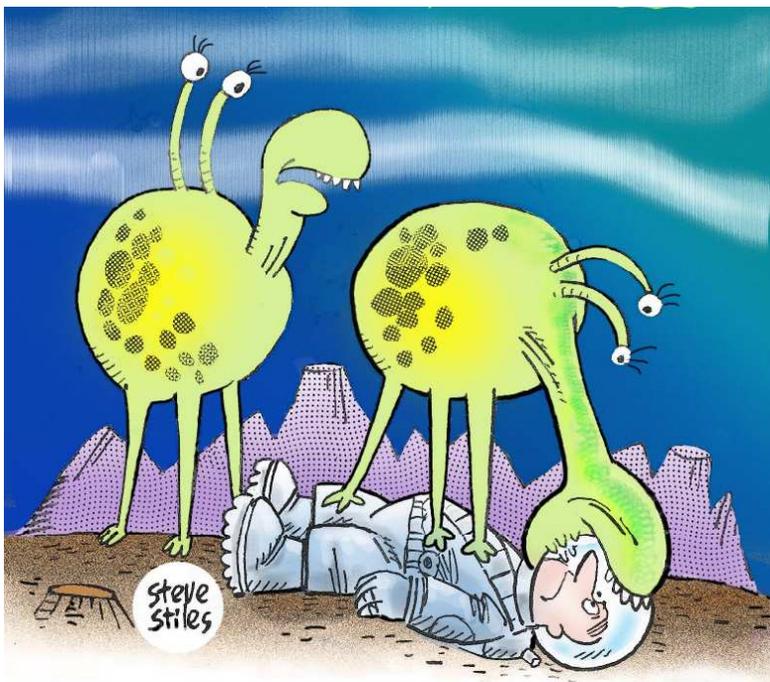
For a hot-house plant like me, even Los Angeles can be cold in February. But a sweater, jacket, overcoat, gloves, and a hat can take care of that whilst the interior of the car warms up. Even over the Grapevine, that gateway to a fast drive on the I-5 north from Los Angeles to the Bay Area. Or, to be more accurate, to Sunnyvale, in the heart of Silicon Valley.

Even in Buttonwillow, 100 miles north of my North Hollywood starting point, where I stopped to put gas into my car, and thence to grab a bite to eat in the rest stop just north of that burg, the cold was barely tolerable when I removed my gloves to remove money from my wallet to pay for the fuel at the gas station and to hold the sandwich I consumed at the rest stop.

But what really warmed me up was the listening to some of my favourite music on my way north. CD players built into automobiles are a boon for people like me, people who like music at least a bit out of the mainstream.

See, I started out listening to two CDs of the secular music from the Renaissance, wonderful sounds from 400+ years in the past. I then moved up 200 years and listened to a CD of Ludwig von Beethoven's overtures – and then got all modern listening to *Catulli Carmina* and *Trionfo Di Afrodite* by Carl Orff, modern music only 100 years old. I was listening to Orff's *Carmina Burana* when I pulled into the parking lot of the Domain Hotel in Sunnyvale, the venue for this year's Corflu, a con celebrating a part of science fiction fandom which started in the 1930s and sometimes feels like it has barely left that time despite the embrace of modern zine-creating technology.

And almost the first thing I did after reg-



“Good Grief, Frnbq, that’s no way to ask for foreign aid!”

istering at the hotel and moving things to my room was to take three other con-goers in my car and drive to the Winchester Mystery House for a tour of same. This weird and wonderful 160-room, Victorian mansion which was continuously a-building for 38 years (until the owner died) seemed a fitting start to a con dedicated to the ideals of what started our hobby. (Unfortunately, we were not allowed to take photographs of any parts of the interiors of the mansion but photos aimed outward from porches and balconies were apparently not forbidden – and I shot some from those viewpoints.) Fandom does, of course, adapt to the new technology to continue producing fanzines, usually much easier to create than it was in bygone days; and, sometimes even showing better repro and other technical niceties.

The Corflu concom — tech-savvy as they were — did not keep their web site updated. It was a decided shock to see some people

showing up who were not listed as members. Make that a “pleasant shock” in many cases, as non-listed Pat Virzi walked into the hotel lobby. The totally unexpected appearance, walking down a hotel corridor, of Victor Gonzalez (with his wife, Tamara) was another “pleasant shock.” Out of the past walked Gary Farber – or so it seemed. At the time I wasn’t sure, as I didn’t think that I had seen Gary since the 1984 Worldcon in Los Angeles. And, even though the day before Graham Charnock was sending messages from London, awaiting the birth of his first grandchild, there he was in the hotel bar when I walked in!

One new person I met was Kat Templeton. On one or another of the e-lists I infest, it had been mentioned that she was going to be producing a fanzine. I asked her about it and she told me it was half-finished. As, maybe, a spur to get her to do more fanzining, I handed her an envelope of Rotsler illos. I had used all of these illos during 2010 and I was originally going to give these to Earl Kemp for use in his on-line zine. But, with Earl not at the con this year, I saw no reason why I should not help a relative newcomer by giving her the Rotslers.

And one of those wonderful, unplanned happenings of cons are the totally unexpected connexions and meetings which spontaneously happen. I more or less slightly overslept on Saturday morning – but I was still the first person down for breakfast. I had just finished eating and was starting my second cup of coffee when Michael Dobson walked in and joined me. He told some interesting anecdotes about some people (non-fans) he knew in DC (where he lives) and we traded some anecdotes about Australia, a

place we had both visited. At the time, I had been planning to take my second cup of coffee and walk up to my room and begin typing this con report on my computer, but it was really more interesting, talking to Michael, so I started working on this account about an hour later than planned. As cons are one of those things which are usually so interesting there is relatively no time during them to do any writing, the only time for typing is either before or just after breakfast for an early riser like me.

Friday night's opening ceremonies were, well, opening-ceremony-like, with the only difference being me taking photographs with my brand-new camera. And, also, taking the microphone and announcing that I had copies of Len Moffatt's fannish autobiography for sale, all proceeds to TAFF and DUFF. (A sudden weird thought – why is it always TAFF and DUFF rather than DUFF and TAFF? Probably it is because TAFF was here first rather than a more usual alphabetical listing. Still, some phrases always bother me because they are so backwards – like the phrase “back and forth”. I mean, how can one come back before one has gone forth? Et bloody silliness.)

As is the protocol at cons, at least for those of us who have been in fandom for awhile and who have attended some cons, almost more important than the usual official starting ceremonies are the individual greetings of those whom one has not seen since the last iteration of the con – especially at Corflus as this meeting of fanzine fans is often the only con attended by those of us who enjoy this part of fandom. Of particular enjoyment are the first meeting with fans with whom one has been corresponding in one or another milieu, often for some time, but with whom this is the first ever face-to-face meeting. such was the case in my meeting with Mike and Pat Meara, over from Old Blighty to experience the American iteration of Corflu and to see how it differs – if at all – from the English version of the con which they attended the previous year. Indeed, I met them almost as soon as I arrived at the con hotel. And they (along with Milt Stevens, the other Angeleno at the con) were my passengers as I drove them to the Winchester Mystery House, theoretically a 10-minute drive from the hotel – according to the map I downloaded before I left North Hollywood – but local traffic made that more than a bit of a joke. But get there we did, and I must say that we all enjoyed the tour of a house with cabinet doors which opened to blank walls, an outside door on a higher floor which opened up to open air and no stairs, a stairway up to a ceiling, a window in the floor, and many other strange constructions. Anybody interested in this over-large anomaly of a building can probably read about it in many places. Needless to say, join-

ing with the British Sandra Bond and the three passengers she drove over from the hotel, we had a fascinating tour of this architectural pile.

After which we all returned to the hotel or went for a meal or did something before we went to the Opening Ceremonies. In my case, even though Milt and I shared a table in the hotel restaurant before going to the opening ceremonies, nothing much which happened on that Friday evening compared to the sensory overload of viewing the Winchester House. At the Opening Ceremonies I remember Carrie Root's name being pulled from the box, therefore making her the Guest of Honour at this Corflu, but not all that much of what else happened at that event – except me making an announcement of the Len Moffatt autobiography which I had printed upon hearing of Len's death. (This autobiography was a compilation of 9 episodes which Len wrote and which I had originally pubbed in nine different issues of my zine, *NO AWARD* (starting over 10 years ago).

Tired from all of this, I went to bed even earlier than usual. So, if anybody is interested in what I did at the room parties and such like at the con, please note that I am an early riser and rarely stay up until midnight at most cons. Indeed, even were I to stay up past midnight, I would be asleep anyway. A night person I am not – unless it is at the tail end of the night, as I awaken before sunup.

Programming at Corflus is always single track. Granted, there are not all that many people at these cons compared to, say, Worldcons, but these are all the sort of people with whom other fanzine fans love to hang around. And talk. And talk. And talk. So, even though whatever the programming at the con happens to be, tailored as it all is to the interests of

Art Widner deciphers his Lifetime Achievement plaque, while Tom Becker looks on.



fanzine fans, sometimes many of the attendees do not much bother the programming which is put on for their enjoyment/edification.

So be it.

This means that I missed the fannish trivia contest where four teams squared off to see which team knew the most useless information. The results, though: the Mike McNerny American team of John D Berry, Milt Stevens, and Gary Farber beat the Sandra Bond English team.

One item of interest was a slide presentation by Dave Hicks, a fanartist brought to the con by the Corflu 50 group. Dave is a fanartist whose artwork I would dearly love to showcase in any genzine I was putting out. If I was putting one out ...

In my case, I was only interested in the Fanzine Auction, put on at 8 on Saturday evening, given that I had brought items to auction off for DUFF. All of the items put up for bid at Corflu auctions are meant only for the support of various fannish charities, usually (and mostly) the various travel funds: TAFF, DUFF, GUFF, and the like. I have participated in fannish auctions before – as an auctioneer – and it turned out that this was to be no exception as Chris Garcia, the con chair, had not made arrangements for anybody else other than him to do the auctioning. As more and more fans straggled in from dinner, the auctioning got more spirited as more people began participating in the bidding. At the end of the scheduled hour, with only a few items left to auction, we called an end to the bidding so that those who had won items could pay for them and the next programme item could commence.

This was a fannish play, written by Andy Hooper. I always seem to enjoy reading them after the fact as I usually have conversations drag me away from the live productions – and this time was no different from the usual.

I went up to the con suite and got into some conversations, including a bit on the virtual con suite, a connexion to interested parties via the internet. This was most ably handled at the Corflu end by Kat Templeton.

Sunday morning saw Jack Calvert arriving for breakfast as I was going in for same. Yeah, I slightly overslept today, too. Jack is a member of LASFAPA, one of the two APAs I run, and he is also a member of Inthebar, the e-list founded by fan artist Harry Bell. As is all too common, I remember that Jack and I had a fine talk during breakfast, with me not remembering any of the details.

Sunday mornings at Corflus usually start slowly as the only scheduled programme item is the Banquet. Of course, eating food is only one of the things we do at the Banquet. The food at this Corflu's Banquet was a brunch – in name, even though it was mostly breakfast

food along with exceedingly spicy chili. Some of us who had already eaten breakfast at the hotel were slightly put out that essentially the same food for lunch. (An aside: a free, full breakfast was included in the price of our hotel rooms. Personally, I find that a wonderful change from the sweet roll and coffee combo called a free breakfast at some hotels. And, as a breakfast, it was very good.)

The food part of the Banquet was served in a room off the lobby of the hotel. So, when we finished our meal we moved to the room we used for Corflu functions, on a hallway in back of the elevators on the second floor. This is where the “business” of the con was then held. Starting with the nominations and voting for the Past President of FWA, Fanzine Writers of America. As explained by Ted White (who ran this part of the meeting), what the members of the con produce are fanzines, and whether drawn or typed, we are all writers, and no matter from whence we came, we are all Americans – at least for the purpose of FWA. And we always vote for last year’s President as there is never any current President of FWA. (Ted explained all this better than me but I was too busy taking photographs to write down any details.) Anyway, after some very spirited voting, Spike was voted Past President of FWA.

Then came the time for Spike to announce the winners of the FAAN Awards, with said Awards being carved on bronze plaques (by Tom Becker). First, though, there was a Special Lifetime Achievement Award given to Art Widner. Art got up to take the award and then sort of hesitated as he attempted to read the words on the plaque. Some wag – not me, this time – wondered, aloud, if the words on the plaque used Art’s spelling. Art mentioned something about them being in “dumb English.”

Below is a list of the FAAN Awards as voted on by fans:

Artist: Steve Stiles
 Letterhack: Robert Lichtman
 Fanzine: Robert Lichtman’s TRAP DOOR
 Writer: Roy Kettle
 Website: eFanzines.com

Carrie Root then gave her Guest of Honor speech; which, in her case, was a slide show of a visit with relatives and Andy Hooper to northern New Mexico. It was well received.

There was then a discussion of where Corflu would be held in 2012, with Ted White presenting a bid for Las Vegas as none of the Vegranats were able to appear at this year’s con. Many of us have good memories of the Corflus previously held in Vegas, so it was with good heart that Las Vegas was awarded the 2012 Corflu.



The end of the Banquet is traditionally the end of the programming at Corflu. The Con Suite will remain open until around midnight or so and there are still get-togethers and fannish food expeditions afterwards, but many people leave for home on Sunday afternoon and evening. Being theoretically retired – well, I run the apartment building in which I live as a supplement to my Social Security check – I usually stay at the hotel an additional night and start my drive home early Monday morning. As I did, this time, except I had the “pleasure” of having rain or drizzle as an accompaniment to my driving all the way south until I arrived at the Grapevine. From the beginning of my ascent into the mountains – and for the remainder of the day – the Sun was shining brightly. A fitting end to a fine con.

2011 FAAn Awards Stats

Here is Spike’s report of FAAn Awards voting. The winners are in italics.

BEST FAN WRITER (53 nominees)

Roy Kettle 72
 Claire Brialey 61
 Mark Plummer 56
 James Bacon 51
 Taral Wayne 38

BEST FAN ARTIST (31 nominees)

Steve Stiles 115
 Dan Steffan 100

D West 74
 Brad Foster 52
 Harry Bell 31

BEST FANZINE (40 nominees)

Trapdoor (Robert Lichtman) 100
Banana Wings (Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer) 87
Chunga (Randy Byers, Andy Hooper, Carl Juarez) 54
Challenger (Guy Lillian III) 37
Sense of Wonder Stories (Rich Coad) 37

BEST FAN WEBSITE (22 nominees)

eFanzines.com 140
 Ansible 32
 file770.com 29
 Fanac Fanzhistory Project 26
 fiawol.org.uk/FanStuff/ 25

Harry Warner, Jr., Memorial Award for BEST FAN CORRESPONDENT (46 nominees)

Robert Lichtman 78
 Lloyd Penney 43
 Jerry Kaufman 40
 Mike Meara 39
 Claire Brialey 31

There were 47 voters: Andy Hooper, Audrey Trend, Barbara Johnson-Haddad, Bill Burns, Bob Sabella, Bruce Townley, Chris Garcia, Claire Brialey, Colin Hinz, Curt Phillips, Dave Hicks, Dave Locke, Eric Mayer, G T Trend, Greg Benford, Guy Lillian, Ian Maule, Jack Calvert, James Bacon, Jay Kinney, Jim Linwood, John Hertz, John Nielsen Hall, Katrina Templeton, Kim Huett, Lenny Bailes, Lloyd Penney, Mark Plummer, Mike Deckinger, Mike McInerney, Mike Meara, Murray Moore, Nic Farey, Pamela Boal, Pat Charnock, Randy Byers, Rich Coad, Rob Jackson, Robert Lichtman, Roy Kettle, Sandra Bond, Spike, Steve Stiles, Taral Wayne, Ulrika O’Brien, William Wright, Yvonne Penney.





Pirates **Tim and Serena Powers** at Mythcon 41, where Tim was guest of honor.

Mythcon 41

At Mythcon 41, Diana, Sierra and I all participated in a reader's theater organized by David Bratman. We reprised one of Charles Williams' Amen House masques. Sierra, then age 8, did a great job as The Manuscript. Emily Rauscher, who took that role in David's first production at a long-ago Mythcon, this time played the Master Librarian. (How long ago was that Mythcon? Well, Emily was probably in high school then, and this year she's a newly-minted Ph.D.) Bernie Phillips Bratman and David were stellar as those rival managers Alexis and Dorinda. Diana took the narrator's role and I played gruff Colin.

At the Pasadena Westercon

I arrived at the Pasadena Hilton on the first day of Westercon 63 to find a big graphic appealing for people to support the Tonopah in 2012 Westercon bid set like a jewel in the midst of the fan table area. The poster showed a brilliant blue sky with a mushroom cloud towering heavenward, and Kuma Bear posed beside a cactus in the foreground. It looked like the place Indiana Jones' refrigerator rolled to a stop. (Of course, doesn't most of Nevada?)

A second poster declared the Tonopah bid

2010 Mythopoeic Award Winners

The winners of the 2010 Mythopoeic Society Awards were announced on July 11 at Mythcon 41 in Dallas.

Fantasy Awards, Adult Literature

Jo Walton, *Lifelode* (NESFA Press)

Fantasy Awards, Children's Literature

Grace Lin, *Where the Mountain Meets the Moon* (Little, Brown)

Scholarship Awards, Inklings Studies

Dimitra Fimi, *Tolkien, Race, and Cultural History: From Fairies to Hobbits* (Palgrave Macmillan, 2009)

Scholarship Awards, Myth and Fantasy Studies

Marek Oziewicz, *One Earth, One People: The Mythopoeic Fantasy Series of Ursula K. Le Guin, Lloyd Alexander, Madeleine L'Engle and Orson Scott Card* (McFarland, 2008)

Also presented at the awards banquet was the first Alexei Kondratiev Student Paper Award. Named for the popular Mythopoeic scholar who passed away prior to the convention, the award is given for a paper read at the conference. The winner was Michael Millburn for "Art According to Romantic Theology: Charles Williams' Analysis of Dante Reapplied to J.R.R. Tolkien's 'Leaf By Niggle'."

is NOT A HOAX. It just happened to be a bid that didn't file (wasn't eligible to file, as Kevin Standlee was eager to explain to anyone who'd listen). The only way it could win was through a series of events beginning with the filed Seattle in 2012 bid failing to outpoll write-ins for Tonopah or None of the Above.

But the next night Kevin had to interrupt his own *Match Game SF* show to let teller Sharon Sbarsky "unofficially" announce that fans had voted for Seattle to host the con in 2012. He took the defeat surprisingly well. In fact, he briefly did an ecstatic dance, shouting into his microphone as he spun "You know who was going to have to chair if Tonopah won...!"

Westercon boasted several excellent fan-nish panels, like "The Modern Fanzine." How rarely fanzines are explained with the contagious sense of fun that Kevin Roche, España Sheriff and Jason Schachat, the *Yipe!* editorial staff, brought to the subject. They expanded my horizons about editing a digital fanzine on multiple platforms and fired me up to get back to work on my next ish. (Heaven knows when I'd have finished if I wasn't fired up, eh?)

The secret masters also tried to fire up interest in future Westercons. There's a growing anxiety that this series of cons doesn't justify its continued existence. The question was even asked out loud on a program

"Should We Retire the Westercon at 65?" with Ben Yalow, Kevin Standlee, Glenn Glazer, Bobbie DuFault there to answer.

When fans created Westercon in 1948 as a traveling convention there was no other regular con on the West Coast of the United States. Now every major city in the region has at least one fan-run sf con, often several other commercial cons, and perhaps even a major anime or comics event. There's no vacuum that anyone needs a roving Westercon to fill.

Meantime, Westercon has dwindled in size. Some years it has been run as a kind of oversized party at a resort hotel in Hawaii or Las Vegas.

This panel drew enough fans who believe Westercon should continue to deter anyone at the subsequent business meeting from moving to abolish the con — although such a motion was anticipated.

Con chair Christian McGuire told me Westercon drew over 600 attendees.

If one stops thinking about Westercon as a mere shadow of its formerly glorious self (the 1989 con had 2,500 attendees) and just thinks about it as an event that provides a good time on a holiday weekend for several hundred fans, it's not hard to imagine it going on indefinitely. The only question is whether the loose community of conrunners who shepherd it from year to year will find that idea sufficiently inspiring to keep doing the work.

FILE 770

Obituaries

He Was a Lion: Len Moffatt (1923-2010)

By John Hertz (reprinted from *Vanamonde* 913): I gave him a gilt bottle of mimeograph correction fluid for his 50th birthday. I dressed as Auguste Dupin for him in a presentation at the detective-fiction convention Bouchercon the year he co-chaired. I drank Chivas Regal with him. Len Moffatt was of First Fandom, that happy band active among us at least as early as the first World Science Fiction Convention in 1939. Born in Arizona, by his teens he was a founder of the Western Pennsylvania Science Fictioners, doing fanzines – a word not yet invented – and corresponding with fans around the United States and United Kingdom. In World War II he joined the Navy like his ancestors and served as a hospital-corpsman with the Marines; he was in Nagasaki after the atomic bomb. In 1946 he joined the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. He always pronounced *LASFS* to rhyme with *mass sass*. He did a lot of rhyming, sometimes as the clown Pike Pickens, sometimes clowning himself.

Some fans sell s-f, some become quite active as pros. In 1949 the LASFS began a yearly Fanquet honoring the member who sold the most words in the previous year. Moffatt tied for that honor in 1951. In 2004 the LASFS gave him its Forry Award — named after Forry Ackerman — for lifetime achievement in s-f, putting him in the company of Ray Bradbury, Kelly Freas, and C.L. Moore. In 2008 his poem “What a Friend We Have in Sherlock” appeared in *Ellery Queen’s Mystery Magazine*. Detective fiction has long been our next-door neighbor. Bouchercon, of which Len and his second wife June were co-founders, was named for Tony Boucher, a top and — if I may say so — tony editor and author there and here. It gave them its Anthony Award for lifetime achievement in 1999.

Len was probably Rick Sneary’s best friend. Both were active in the Outlanders, one of the many s-f clubs outside the LASFS — often overlapping the LASFS membership



Len Moffatt at a LASFS party in the Sixties. Photo by Bruce Pelz.

— that have flourished from time to time. Sneary lived in South Gate. In 1948 he began, first as a joke, the slogan *South Gate in '58*. It caught on. The Worldcon moves around so as to be each year in someone’s back yard. In 1957 the con was in London. It voted for South Gate. Be careful what you wish. Luckily the mayors of South Gate and Los Angeles by joint proclamation constituted the premises of the Hotel Alexandria as South Gate for the duration and purposes of the Worldcon. The con was called “Solacon” in honor of the combination. It also combined with that year’s Westercon, the West Coast Science Fantasy Conference. Len was in the thick of it all. A decade and a half later he was Fan Guest of Honor at Westercon XXV.

Besides fanzines we have apas, amateur publishing associations, which distribute

fanzines. We did not invent apas but we gave them our own life. Our first was the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, older than Worldcons. The distinction between science fiction and fantasy has long been known and blurred. The Moffatt FAPA-zine was *Moonshine*. This was appropriate. Among Len’s achievements was fan fiction — in our sense, i.e. fiction about fans — that Terry Carr thought was factual anecdote. Len and June were in APA-L, much younger than FAPA, over thirty years until Len’s death. June still is.

Conviviality, hospitality were with Len’s wit, amplified, if possible, by June. Together clubmen and party hosts — the suffix *-man* is not masculine — they also welcomed and sponsored newcomers with open arms, and discernment, for them no paradox. Fine fannish things happened at Moffatt House and when the Moffatts went abroad. They went well abroad in 1973 as the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund delegates, nominated by Terry Jeeves, Ethel Lindsay, Juanita Coulson, Fred Patten, and Roy Tackett, attending the British national s-f con, and publishing their TAFF report in good time. In 1981 they were Fan Guests of Honor at our local s-f con Loscon. In 1994 they were given the Evans-Freehafer Award for service to the LASFS. Shortly before I had the honor of co-editing with them the Rick Sneary memorial fanzine *Button-Tack*. It seems like yesterday.

He was a lion. I loved him. Good-bye.

Mike Glicksohn (1946-2011)

Mike Glicksohn, an iconic figure at conventions with his flowing beard and Australian bush hat, passed away March 18 after suffering a stroke. This came at the end of a years-long struggle with cancer. Mike was 64. He is survived by Susan Manchester, his wife of almost 18 years.

I was fortunate to know Mike from my earliest days in fandom, meeting first in fanzines, and soon after at conventions. Mike’s written personality struck me as the epitome of “cool” — ironic, outwardly unaffected by crisis, with a clever and cutting sense of humor — but in person he was much more than that, as I discovered when we met at the 1972 Worldcon. Mike was colorful, sure of himself, and smiled a lot. A man would recognize in Glicksohn’s witty demeanor a challenge and have to decide — was he laughing with me, or at me? Also, while he enjoyed socializing he was always winnowing the crowd in search of who was really worth his time. Mike especially cherished the company of fandom’s legends, like Ackerman, Bloch and Tucker, as he wrote in *Mimosa* 30.

From where I was viewing things as a relatively new fan Mike was already a legend

himself — yet he'd only been in fandom four years longer than me. Mike attended his first Worldcon in 1966, Tricon in Cleveland, after learning about it from an ad in *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. He also co-founded the Ontario Science Fiction Club (OSFiC) that year. He came to the next Worldcon with a contingent of Canadian fans, who wore Spock ears as they watched the banquet from an overlooking balcony. (Spock ears were still cool in 1967.) These fans formed the core of the winning 1973 Worldcon bid.

Back home in Toronto Mike made his living as a high school mathematics teacher. He and Susan Wood had married in 1970 after meeting at Boskone the year before. Together they published the leading fannish fanzine, *Energumen*, for several years, turning out 15 impeccably mimeographed issues filled with brilliant art and contributions from the most sought-after fanwriters. Their zine won a Hugo at Torcon II in 1973. However, by that time their marriage had broken up although they remained on terms that allowed them to accept Aussiecon's invitation to be joint Fan Guests of Honor at the 1975 Worldcon. *The Hat Goes Home* is Mike's report of that trip.

In the coming years Mike won three Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards (FAAn) as Best LoC Writer. He was nominated for a Hugo as Best Fan Writer in 1977. He was even selected Past President of fwa (Fanzine Writers of America) at the 2006 Conflu.

Mike reviewed fanzines for my genzine *Prehensile* in his notorious fanzine-killing column "The Zineophobic Eye." I don't say "fanzine-killing" because he indulged in KTF-style reviews. Rather, Mike took a perverse pride in the way every one of the host fanzines had expired soon after it started running his column. Mike's column had appeared in Richard Labonte's *Hugin & Munin* (as "The Zinephobic"), Mike's own *Energumen*, and *Osfc Quarterly*. That's why Mike began his first installment for me with a warning: "Read this issue of *Prehensile* carefully friends. Savor it, enjoy it, admire it; it's very likely one of the last issues you'll be seeing..." And in that respect my fanzine did not disappoint: his first column appeared in *Prehensile* 11 and the zine ended its run four issues later.

If Mike had a fannish philosophy, I'd say it was something he'd inject into the dialogue when, now and then, things got a little heated: Unless you were having fun, there wasn't any point in staying in fandom.



Mike Glicksohn accepting Susan Wood's 1981 Best Fan Writer Hugo, which she won posthumously.

He was always ready to enjoy the good times and help create them. He'd play along with the joke — like when he let Elst Weinstein and I make him co-GoH of the 1978 Hogu Ranquet. He even refused to let us pay for his hamburger.

Mike liked the fun, but not necessarily the publicity that ensued. He once told me, "I've only had seven embarrassing moments in fandom — and Jay Kay Klein was there to photograph every damn one of them! One was at PghLange: I took off all my clothes and was sitting on the floor naked, talking to people, and Jay Kay was there to photograph it."

Similarly, Mike, who was famously devoted to playing poker, once took part in a game held in an elevator car at a Canadian convention hotel. But when Lloyd Penney wrote this in a LoC Mike followed with his own letter saying the story was completely apocryphal, or at least he'd completely forgotten about it "because those brain cells were destroyed."

There was also a serious side to Mike. He was sensitive to injustice within fandom. He helped fight our battles. A motion he made with Marty Cantor to change the Best Fanzine Hugo rules launched a discussion that spun off *Locus* and several other perennial award contenders into a new Best Semiprozine category in 1982. As Cantor remembers, "Mike and I felt that zines which either start as amateur zines and grow into something else (or start as something else) provided unfair competition to those who wish to re-main amateurs (in the best and original sense of that word, doing it strictly and only for the love of

doing it without any thought of making at least part of their living doing it) should be able to compete on a level playing field, competing only with like-minded fans."

He was also instrumental in returning the Worldcon to Toronto for the first time in 30 years, co-chairing the Toronto bid for 2003. And because it was Mike Glicksohn who called to invite me as Torcon 3's fan guest of honor, that meant the world to me.

It was just two years after that Worldcon, in 2005, that Mike was first diagnosed with cancer. In 2006 surgeons removed his right ureter because a cancerous tumour had been found there. At the same time his right kidney was taken out. Cancer was detected again in 2008. Doctors removed his gall bladder. There were courses of chemotherapy prior to all the surgeries. For a six-month stretch in 2009 tests came back with no sign of cancer, but it showed up again in November and thereafter Mike and his medical team were in a

non-stop battle. Despite that, whenever Mike sent out an e-mail telling about his progress he always tried to sound at least one lighter note amid the heavy medical news, such as the time he wrote, "I think Nietzsche was wrong. What almost killed me left me weaker but I'm working on it!"

And in mid-2010 Mike was well enough "to attend a mini family reunion on Vancouver Island in the context of my brother's wedding, so I'm not complaining."

But in January 2011 Mike said his team had recommended a short session of additional chemo as the cancer had not been eliminated. That was the last time I heard from him.

Mike will be remembered with tremendous affection. And although forewarned this day was coming his friends still will find it hard to let him go.

Glen GoodKnight (1941-2010)

Glen GoodKnight, founder of the Mythopoeic Society, died November 3.

Bonnie Callahan, making the announcement on a Yahoo group, wrote: "He had been in poor health for a number of years, but was actively participating in many online activities, cataloging his collection for eventual sale/donation, and appeared to be in stable condition."

I was often in the home of Glen GoodKnight and his partner Ken Lauw when I was on Glen's 1997 Mythcon committee. It was the ideal fan home, walls covered with bookcases. Unlike other fans' shelves, Glen's were filled with editions of *Lord of the Rings* in every language that it had appeared —

collecting them was his passion. He was a highly interesting and very knowledgeable fan.

Because of the way these things work in fandom I never really gave a lot of thought to whether GoodKnight was his “real” name – but it was. He was born October 1, 1941, the eldest of three children of Glen GoodKnight, whose last name was an anglicized version of the German “Gutknecht,” according to his family.

Glen founded the Mythopoeic Society in 1967 in the aftermath of the legendary “Bilbo-Frodo Birthday Picnic” held in September of that year. He invited fans to his house on October 12 to form a continuing group. The 17 attendees became the Society’s first members. Within a few years they had planted 14 discussion groups around the country. In 1972 at the suggestion of Ed Meskys of the Tolkien Society of America the two organizations merged and overnight the Society grew to more than a thousand members.

Mythcon I was organized in 1970 to help knit the Society’s different groups together. Glen married Bonnie GoodKnight (later Callahan) at Mythcon II in 1971.

Glen edited 78 issues of the Society journal *Mythlore* between 1970 and 1998.

After staying away from Mythcons for several years, Glen returned in 2007 to celebrate the Society’s 40th anniversary at Berkeley in 2007. Greeted with a standing ovation, he delivered an emotion-filled reminiscence of the Society’s early days. Glen came back to Mythcon the following year, too. I was glad to see him renewing his links with the Society. Now I’m sad to know I won’t be in his company again.

The Council of Stewards of the Mythopoeic Society has renamed its “Starving Scholars Fund,” which helps selected academics afford to attend Mythcons, the “Glen GoodKnight Scholarship Fund,” memorializing Glen’s focus on scholarship and his encouragement of new scholars.

Jerry Weist

Jerry Weist, one of the leading collectors and dealers in the comics field, died January 7 after battling cancer for several years.

Weist authored *Bradbury: An Illustrated Life*, *The Comic Art Price Guide*, and *The Art of Frank R. Paul*. From 1990 to 2001 he was a consultant specializing in popular culture at Sotheby’s, where he oversaw the auction of Sam Moskowitz’s collection. A few years ago Weist acquired the Harry Warner collection and sold the fanzines to James Halperin of Dallas, co-owner of Heritage



Ken Lauw and Glen GoodKnight at the 2007 Mythcon in Berkeley, California.

Rare Coin Galleries.

Jerry Weist grew up in Wichita. He was introduced to comics while working at his father’s grocery store. Discovering *Famous Monsters of Filmland* on the grocery store rack led him to fandom. He later started *Squa Tront*, the E.C. fanzine, and opened one of the first specialty comic stores, *The Million Year Picnic* on Harvard Square.

When he announced Weist’s death on the PulpMags list Doug Ellis added, “We can look forward to a few more projects coming out that he was working on — he completed the third edition of his comic art price guide, which should be out later this summer, and I think he also completed an expanded Frank R. Paul book which will be forthcoming — but these are just a few of the things that he had planned. It’s a very sad day.”

George Scithers

One of the very few fans who did it all, George Scithers, died of a heart attack on April 19 at the age of 80.

He was a small press publisher, fiction writer, prozine editor, Worldcon chair, and Hugo-winning fanzine editor.

His plaid jacket was almost as well-known as Ben Yalow’s bow tie. Scithers was Fan Guest of Honor at the 1979 NASFiC (NorthAmericon) and the 2001 Worldcon (Millennium Philcon).

It was as an editor Scithers engraved his mark on the science fiction and fantasy fields.

Scithers was the founding editor of *Isaac Asimov’s Science Fiction Magazine* (1977), for which he won the Hugo twice, once in 1979 and again in 1981. After he departed *Asimov’s* in 1982, Scithers edited *Amazing*

until 1986 and thereafter was active in the revival of *Weird Tales*.

It’s in every prozine editor’s interest to cultivate new talent, but while Scithers was at *Asimov’s* that was his profound mission and made him highly visible at conventions and in workshops.

His fanzine, *Amra*, was devoted to sword-and-sorcery fiction — indeed, the term first appeared in its pages. *Amra* won the Best Fanzine Hugo in 1964. Although Robert A. Heinlein never wrote anything for the zine, he was moved to dedicate *Glory Road* to “George H. Scithers and the regular patrons of the Terminus, Owlswick, and Ft. Mudge Electric Street Railway” — the latter being a press name for Scithers’ fanac — because the book was inspired by Scithers’ postcard asking the question, “What happens *after* the Hero wins the hand of the princess and half the kingdom.”

Scithers chaired Discon, the 1963 Worldcon, attracting 600 fans to Washington D.C. Afterward he wrote *The Con-Committee Chairman’s Guide: The Story if Discon I* (1965), reflecting the kinder and gentler days of single-track programming. When I was working on the Nolacon II program in 1988 Bruce Pelz showed me Scithers’ remarks: “For the Discon, we set up most of the convention program in July, which seemed early enough to us...” I had a long, hysterical giggle.

Scithers was a West Point graduate, a Signal Corps officer who had seen service in the Korean War and had retired as a lieutenant colonel. He was still in the service when I first met him.

Scithers founded specialty publisher Owlswick Press in 1973. Its eclectic titles included the cannibal cookbook *To Serve Man*.

He also edited numerous anthologies, the latest being *Cat Tales: Fantastic Feline Fiction* (2008) and very recently *Cat Tales 2*.

In 1992, Scithers and Darrell Schweitzer won a World Fantasy Award for their work on *Weird Tales*. At the 2002 World Fantasy Convention in Minneapolis both Scithers and Forrest J Ackerman won World Fantasy Lifetime Achievement Awards.

John Betancourt reports that cards may be sent to Scithers’ longtime partner, Larry Fiege, at 218 Blandford St., Rockville, MD 20850-2629.

Ruth Kyle

Ruth Kyle died January 5 after a brief illness. She had turned 81 only the day before.

She met her future husband, noted fan Dave Kyle, at a convention in 1955. The next

year she served as Secretary of the New York Worldcon in Dave chaired. The year after they married and trufannishly honeymooned at the 1957 Worldcon in England. They traveled there with 53 friends and in-laws on a specially chartered flight.

A memorial service will be held in the spring. In lieu of flowers, contributions in her name can be made to Trinity Church, 8 Maple Street, Potsdam NY 13676-1181.

Margaret Vartanoff

By Martin Morse Wooster: Margaret Ellen Vartanoff, mother of fans Irene and Ellen Vartanoff, grandmother of Trevor Vartanoff, and mother-in-law of Scott Edelman, died on November 13, one day before her 96th birthday. Her Rockville, Maryland home hosted many meetings of the Potomac River Science Fiction Society and the Washington branches of the Mythopoeic Society and Burroughs Bibliophiles over the past 20 years.

She was born in Chicago as Margaret Brown in 1914. Her daughter Irene recalled that as a teenager Margaret was so smart that she took class notes in French to keep from being bored. She kept learning for most of her life. "Before the Internet, there was my mother," her daughter Irene recalled. "She was my own family's own Wikipedia."

After she was graduated from the University of Chicago, Margaret Brown went to Washington, where she worked for the Army Map Service. Her supervisor was Michael

"Misha" Vartanoff. They fell in love and married. Misha and Margaret Vartanoff had three children. They also co-wrote two books, *What is It In Space Age Russian?* (1963) and *What Is It In Elementary Russian?* (1965).

Although not a fan, Margaret Vartanoff encouraged her daughters to read, and allowed her teenage daughters Ellen and Irene to attend sf and comics conventions from the 1960s onward. Margaret Vartanoff accompanied her daughter Ellen to the 1987 Worldcon, but spent her time sightseeing while Ellen went to the convention.

A funeral service was held on November 20 at St. Mary Magdalene Episcopal Church in Silver Spring. About 20 fans were in the audience, and another half-dozen were in the choir.

Ann Cecil

Ann Cecil died January 11 of cancer. She co-founded the Pittsburgh sf club PARSEC and remained active into 2010, holding office and leading discussions at meetings. She was 71.

Ann was revered for her participation in the Alpha SF/F/H Workshop for Young Writers, affiliated with the club's annual convention, Confluence, that she also helped found. Writer Dave Kirtley, part of the Alpha staff, said about her, "She was well-practiced at evaluating writing, as she owned a massive science fiction library and would write notes in each book analyzing its strengths and weaknesses. A lot of author friends knew this, and when they visited her home they would have to decide whether they dared take a peek at their own books and learn what she thought of them."

Ray Mariella

Dr. Raymond Peel Mariella Sr., 91, co-founder of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, passed away March 17 reports the *P.S.F.S. News*.

Mariella and Milton Rothman formed the eleventh chapter of the Science Fiction League in 1934. The following year they combined with the stronger Boy's SF Club, of which Robert A. Madle was a member, and adopted a new name — the Philadelphia SF Society.

Mariella enjoyed a distinguished career at Loyola University of Chicago where he chaired the Chemistry Department and later served as Dean of Graduate Schools. He was a gifted



Ruth Kyle in 2010.

teacher of future doctors and nurses at his university, and also the general public as host of a program for school-age children called "Fun With Chemistry" on a local Chicago station, then as moderator of a regional weekly series for CBS called "Science Unlimited," interviewing scientists and discussing the latest discoveries.

Bob Null

One of the most popular and hardworking active members of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Bob Null, passed away June 23 after a long fight against cancer. He was 72.

Bob first walked into the club in 1979 and in the following decades served 20 terms as the club's vice-president — no sinecure, but a demanding job with responsibilities like opening and closing the clubhouse at all hours several days each week, and shepherding a myriad of club property.

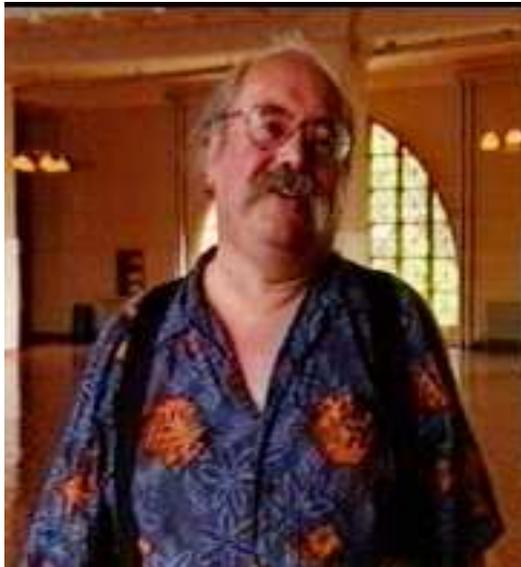
Bob served many terms on the LASFS Board of Directors, too, and made himself indispensable to local conventions, such as the club's annual Loscon. His mastery of logistics was universally acknowledged. Everyone referred to his assignment as "the Bob Null position."

One of my memories of Bob is when we introduced the L.A.con III staff during a general committee meeting with lots of out-of-towners present. Bob Null got the biggest round of applause. His work was respected by fans everywhere.

The folks at the annual Doctor Who convention, Gallifrey One, went into detail about his contributions. "[Bob] has been an important part of Gallifrey One since our founda-

Ruth and Dave Kyle on honeymoon in 1957.





(Left) Celtic scholar **Alexei Kondratiev**. (Right) **George Brickner**, aka Dupa T. Parrot.

tion. Bob made certain our supply truck was ordered, supervised its loading and unloading, and provided material management throughout the convention. He purchased supplies for the Con Suite, organized our office equipment, supervised the loading and unloading of our TARDIS, and verified the usability of equipment such as our art show displays and main stage pipe & drape.”

LASFS has a tradition of honoring substantial donors as Patron Saints, one or two each week. Bob is celebrated at the 19th meeting of each year. Of course, he’ll be remembered every time a truckload of equipment is sent off to a con or anyone works on the club archives— in fact, just about every time the key turns in the clubhouse lock.

Alexei Kondratiev

Celtic scholar, linguist and long-time member of the Mythopoeic Society, Alexei Kondratiev died May 27 at the age of 61 of a heart attack.

Alexei was born in New York to a French mother and a Russian father. Raised in rural France near the site of ancient Celtic remains, he was inspired to learn the Irish language, first from books he found in libraries, then by living in the Aran Islands among native speakers.

For the past 25 years he taught Irish language at the Irish Arts Centre in New York as well as courses on Celtic mythology, early Celtic Christianity, and the history of Celtic traditional music. He authored *The Apple Branch: A Path to Celtic Ritual*. He was scholar guest of honor at the 2002 Mythcon in Boulder.

I always felt Alexei was a prototypical Mythopoeic Society member — someone fascinated by a linguistic and literary subject

who spent his life mastering its intricacies, yet (here’s the exceptional part) just as willing to hear about your scholarly passions as he was willing to share his own.

George Brickner

Chicago-area fan George Brickner, 58, died November 5. While the cause of death has yet to be reported, he blogged in April 2009 that he had been diagnosed with prostate cancer and wrote often about his treatment and health.

Also known as Dupa T. Parrot, George was one of the most amusing and popular members of Compuserve’s Science Fiction forums where I got to know him in the mid-1990s.

A devoted cat owner, George was active online in *The Pets Forums* and through that message board friends learned of his passing. Police had called a member listed in George’s cell phone as they attempted to notify relatives.

Everett Bleiler

Everett Bleiler, compiler of the monumental *Checklist of Fantastic Literature*, died June 13 at the age of 90.

Occasionally the death announcement of a major historical figure in the sf community brings with it the implicit surprise that the person has been alive all along despite having made no news for years. At least, that’s how I reacted to reading that Bleiler passed away. I never met him. I heard his name reverently mentioned in many fannish conversations up by “completist” collectors who found his *Checklist* invaluable and aspired to own everything it listed.

The full title was: *The Checklist of Fan-*

tastic Literature: A Bibliography of Fantasy, Weird and Science Fiction Books Published in the English Language. Shasta Publishers issued it in 1948 with a dramatic cover by artist Hannes Bok. Harry Warner Jr. said in his fanhistory *All Our Yesterdays* that in the eyes of his contemporaries, “[T]his was found to be a first-rate accomplishment: a listing of more than 5,000 titles, well-indexed, with essays by Korshak and Bleiler on relevant subjects. Ackerman called it ‘the single greatest contribution ever made to the field of fantasy enjoyment.’”

Seventy people helped assemble the information, beginning by listing the holdings of major collections and

later consulting the Library of Congress and the British Museum. Shasta printed 2,000 copies and charged \$6.00 — a princely sum in 1948.

If 1940s fans were the people best-equipped to appreciate the magnitude of this project, they also were the people most likely to nitpick the result. Warner himself wrote that the 5,000-title figure included some “books of whimsy or way-out humor rather than genuine fantasy.”

He had some major credits as an editor before going into a corporate publishing career. With T.E. Ditty he edited the first annual Year’s Best anthology series. *The Best Science Fiction Stories* appeared annually from 1949-54. Later in his career, he produced two massive reference books: *SF: The Early Years* (1990) and *SF: The Gernsback Years* (1998).

Then, Bleiler worked at Dover Publications from 1955 to 1977, becoming executive vice president, and after that at Charles Scribner’s Sons until 1986.

Michael Dirda in a post on *Washingtonpost.com* compared Bleiler to the late Martin Gardner and called him a polymath.

Joy K. Sanderson

Joy K. Sanderson, 87, an actfan on both sides of the Atlantic since the 1950s, widow of Sandy Sanderson and Vincent Clarke, died April 22. She was last known to reside in Oakdale, NY.

“After Joy and Sandy Sanderson moved from England to the U.S. in the early 1960s,” Andrew Porter wrote online, “they came to some science fiction fan meetings in the New York City area. They also attended the 1963 World SF Convention in Washington, DC, over Labor Day weekend, getting there on

Sandy's motorbike, all the way down the New Jersey Turnpike! I had fallen out of touch with them after that, until Joy resurfaced following the death of Sandy."

In Passing

Leading Portland fan **John Andrews** passed away April 9 at the age of 58. He contended with muscular dystrophy for many years. Andrews assisted the rebirth of Portland fandom in the 1970s. He was treasurer of the Portland Science Fiction Society and personally fronted the money for the first OryCon in 1979.

Joanne Siegel, the widow of Superman creator Jerry Siegel and inspiration for the Lois Lane character, passed away February 14 at age 93 reports *Comics Beat*.

R. Lance Christie died November 4, reports David Klaus: "I don't know the circumstances but I presume it was the pancreatic cancer which he had been living with that finally overwhelmed him."

Lance and Oberon Zell-Ravenheart founded the Church of All Worlds on April 7, 1962 while both were students at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri. It was named after the Church of All Worlds in *Stranger in a Strange Land* by Robert A. Heinlein.

Donald H. Tuck, Australia's first Hugo Award winner, died October 13 at the age of 87.

Tuck's *The Handbook of Science Fiction and Fantasy* was awarded a Special Hugo Award in 1962, while *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Fantasy* won both a 1979 World Fantasy Award and a 1984 Hugo Award (for Volume Three).

Bruce Gillespie wrote, "Don did all the SF work he was known for while living [in Tasmania] and only later came to live in Melbourne. He was officially Fan GoH at Aussiecon 1, but failed to turn up, and none of us saw him again. We knew he lived in an outer eastern suburb of Melbourne, and that he seemed to have lost all interest in SF."

Alf van der Poorten, a Sydney fan, died October 9 at the age of 68. He was most active in the 1960s/1970s. "He was at the first Syncon (beginning of 1970)," recalls Bruce Gillespie, "and was a particular friend of Charlie Brown, who he had met during an overseas trip. Alf was one of a group who manned the *Locus* table at each of the 1975, 1985 and 1999 Worldcons."

In mundane life van der Poorten was an award-winning mathematician.

Asenath Katrina Hammond, 50, died November 22 at Cedars-Sinai hospital in L.A.

She was active in many sfnal communi-

ties over the years, among them NESFA (Boston), Minneapolis, New York fandom (residing at the Avocado Pit), and the LASFS (which she joined in 1978).

She is survived by Joshua, her son with Rick Sternbach, and other family.

MacIntyre Death Confirmed

After a long delay authorities formally identified F. Gwynplaine MacIntyre as the man who burned to death in a Brooklyn apartment on June 25. The circumstances of his death and mysteries surrounding his life and identity attracted the attention of a New York *Times* writer. His profile of the author contrasted MacIntyre's acceptance as a writer, and by online communities, with his everyday life as a pariah in his apartment building. Andrew Porter was interviewed, resulting in a mention of *File 770* in the *Times*: "It was the bizarre death of a man who lived a bizarre life," said Andrew Porter, a Brooklyn writer who was among the first to announce Mr. MacIntyre's demise, on the sci-fi fan blog *File 770*. "What was his real name? Where was he born? No one knows. Froggy was weird, and his death is just as weird."

Len Moffatt Memorial

More than 60 fans attended the LASFS' memorial for Len Moffatt on Saturday, January 22 at the clubhouse.

June Moffatt and her daughter Caty Konigsberg were there from the family. Charles Lee Jackson II served as MC, introducing participants. Arlene Satin, LASFS President, and Karl Lembke, Chairman of the Board, were among the club officers who spoke.

Ed Green said, "Len Moffatt was by any measure a great man." Milt Stevens, who met Len at the first LASFS meeting he attended in 1960, when Milt was 17, noted that while many fans got into feuds over the years, Len didn't — he was laid back. Another fan said

when difficulties broke out Len would be the peacemaker.

During the program Barry and Lee Gold led everyone in singing a filk song written by Len Moffatt, "The Old Fannish Trail." (Sung to the tune "The Old Chisolm Trail"). The verses contain many in-references, explained by Len in a page of footnotes added to the lyric sheet. One of the more self-explanatory reads:

You can blame Claude Degler
For the Superfan plan
And you can blame "sci-fi"
On the Ackerman

The Golds also led us in singing Lee's composition about beloved LASFSians who have passed away, "When the (Patron) Saints Come Marching In" (to the obvious tune). In LASFS lore "patron saints" are members who have contributed a significant amount (originally \$500) to the club building fund. The first verse goes:

Oh, when we're at the LASFS Club
There are people we don't see.
But Death did not Release them.
They are ours eternally

— playing on LASFS' rule that once a member, always a member, because "Death does not release you, even if you die."

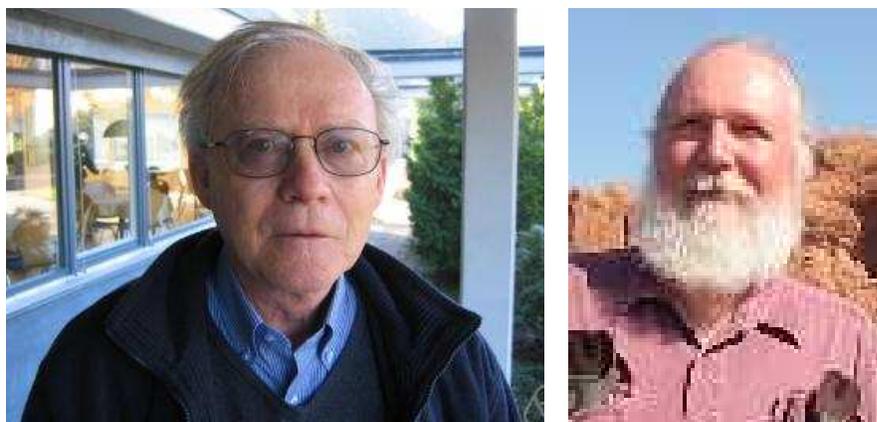
David Gerrold's tribute to Len, posted on Facebook while the memorial was under way, was read aloud by Karl Lembke.

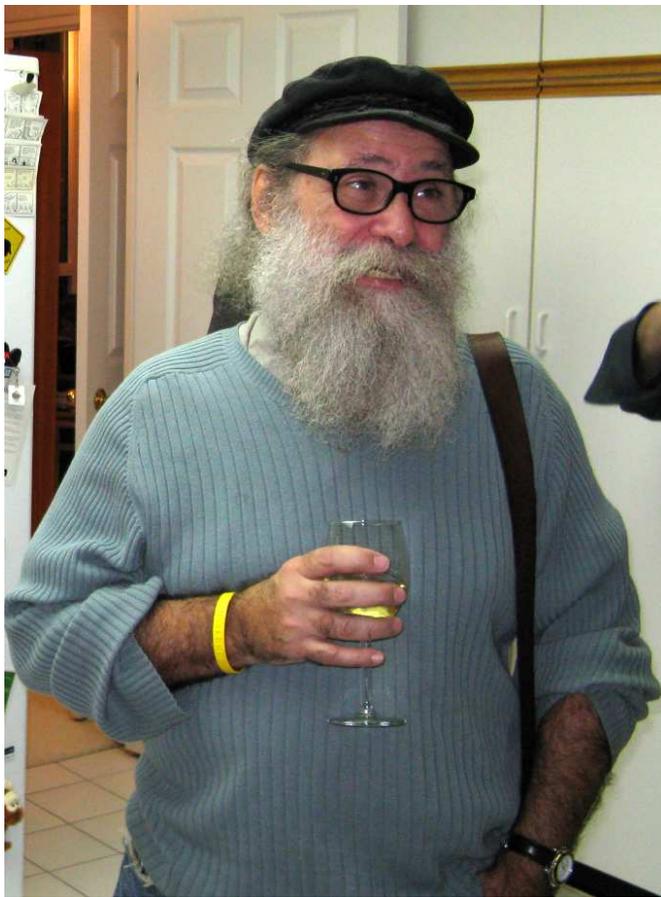
Barbara Harmon remembered when she and her late husband, Jim, double-dated with Len and June.

June Moffatt, who wore her Loscon propeller beanie to the event, spoke briefly. Then John Hertz, also wearing his beanie, was called up to pose with her. Hertz smiled, "I can think of few people who I am happier to bear a family resemblance."

For the occasion Marty Cantor published a special collection of Len's *Califania Tales*, nine autobiographical articles that originally ran in Marty's *No Award*. There was a free

(Left) Alf van der Poorten. (Right) Lance Christie.





(Above) Mike Glicksohn. (Opposite page) Susan Manchester. Both photos taken by Robert Sawyer at a party he hosted in December 2008.

copy for everyone there. It's quite a well-designed zine. Len would have appreciated all the Rotsler cartoons adorning his work.

Glicksohn Memorial Service

By Murray Moore

[Murray reports on the memorial service was held for Mike on March 23, 2011 at Windermere United Church in Toronto.]

Susan Manchester and Mike Glicksohn, I am sure, enjoyed their honeymoon, nearly 18 years ago, in a hotel in Wales. Members of a tour group, I equally am confident, clearly remember Mike, although they and Mike were not formally introduced.

The newlyweds were informed that the group was arriving at 5 a.m. The Singaporeans arrived. Noisily. "Jabbering" was Mike's description. Mike got out of their bed, opened their room's door, and, holding a finger to his lips, said "Sssh."

Susan, when Mike returned to bed: "That seemed to work."

Mike to Susan: "Maybe the sight of a naked Caucasian shocked them into it."

"He was very hairy, you see," Susan explained, describing "my amazing husband" to the family and friends attending her late husband's memorial service on Wednesday evening.

Many of the places in the pews of Windermere United Church, Susan's church, were filled by people who, to attend, trudged through the result of a late-winter day-long snowfall.

(The snow must have been a shock to one of my neighbours, who, a couple of days ago, was raking his lawn.)

Perhaps as many people attended Mike's memorial service as attended Susan's and Mike's wedding. "He didn't want to invite very many people to our wedding. 'Who would come!?' he asked. I invited 200!"

Mike attended church with Susan only at Christmas and Easter. "Mike didn't ask for this" memorial celebration, Susan said. "I am not sure that he would like it very much."

Rev. Kate Young confessed that she was not sure she would like Mike when Susan invited her to their home for supper. She knew Mike was an atheist, a math teacher, and a science fiction reader. She was nervous. Mike won her over quickly: "Can I get you a drink?"

Mike was delighted that Susan attended church: Mike admired her for her faith: "Susan will say a prayer for you" Mike would tell friends who were in a stressful situation.

Mike was a twinkly child. "I don't know anyone who twinkled like Mike did," Manning Glicksohn, Mike's older brother by 16 months, said.

Manning taught at Humberside Collegiate for several years, but moved to another school before Mike started his long career at the same school. Manning is tall and bald. His younger brother was neither. One day a student delighted Mike by asking "Mr. Glicksohn, did you used to be bald and teach French?"

Love was a word spoken often during the memorial service. Manning said of his brother, "Mike had a deep belief in the reality of love. Mike embodied it." Mike loved and helped others love. Also "Mike really knew who he was and he refused to be anyone else."

Mike Glicksohn was a model for young Robert Sawyer. Robert attended the same high school as did Mike, but 15 years later. Mike's name was on a varnished wood scholarship plaque. "I saw his name every day. I wanted to be a SF writer. And here was a guy from my neighbourhood who had won a Hugo." (Torcon 2, 1973, Best Fanzine, for co-editing *Energumen*).

When Worldcon returned to Toronto (Torcon 3, 2003) Robert J. Sawyer won the Best Novel Hugo for his *Hominids*. Rob explained that in *Hominids* he needed a word for his Neanderthals to use describing the best qualities of humans. The word Rob created was Gliksin. "Mike was wonderfully pleased."

Rob explained that inserting a reference to Mike into one of his works was difficult because Rob is not a fantasy writer: "I had nowhere to put an overgrown hobbit."

"People are mourning all over the world" because, Rob said, "Mike was world famous among SF readers. Australia, France, Germany, the United Kingdom, Japan, China, all over. Mike touched people all over the world."

An audience member said Mike was a curmudgeon about the internet. But "When Mike was with you, he was with you 100 per cent. He didn't need FaceBook."

A Mike story. A young child at a meal clearly announced "I have to go potty. I have to poop." Mike put his hand on the child's hand and told the child "Thank you for sharing."

Susan's uncle praised Mike for giving his niece "the ability to grow, room to do that. Mike accepted people as they are."

A Mike story. Mike attended a Blue Jays game that lasted 22 innings. Mike was one of the few who stayed in his seat to the end of the 22nd inning. The television camera panned the seats to show the mostly vacant seats. "Look at this man," the announcer said, meaning Mike. "When this game started, he was clean-shaven!"

Former students, said a former colleague of Mike's, when they met their teacher on the street, retired since 2006, greeted him "Hello Mr. Glicksohn. How are you?" The greetings were the "mark of a man who did his job. And Michael certainly did his." Also "I thought it was important that a student be taught for one class by The Glick."

Mike was a strict but fair teacher. The very young daughter of his

great friend and fellow teacher, Mike Harper, decided Mike's name was Honey after she heard one-too-many daily phone calls by Mike when he was courting Susan. The young Miss Harper and some others called Mike 'Honey', Susan said, "but certainly not his students."

Susan's minister was pleased to see Mike in church: "He looked like Jesus!" She admired the sense of humour and the courage with which he met each setback. The progress/lack of progress e-mails which Mike sent were both "hilarious" and "life-affirming."

When Mike was in St. Joseph's Hospital Mike gave his minister a straight line. Mike wanted to know if she thought his asking to have the crucifix in his room covered would be offensive? "Not to me," she told him. "I'm not Catholic."

"Of course he was a sweet man. He was a great hugger," Susan said. "And he loved to play card games: trump games, poker. I'm not sorry if you lost money to Mike. I benefited from it."

"He was an incredible man, a beautiful man to so many, my dear husband. Not a day went by that we did not say I Love You to each other. And what else is there to say?"

After the Piper Played By Taral Wayne

I see that Murray has already reported on the Funeral and left little behind that I can add.

Worse, I hardly heard a word of the service. I arrived almost exactly at seven, in time to see the piper in his kilts and bearskin, skirling "Amazing Grace." Next thing I knew I was being seated in a pew next to Shirley Meier. At the altar, a woman had begun to sing an unfamiliar solo. There was an unobtrusive prayer. Susan Manchester spoke, then Mike's brother, Manning. Mike Harper took the microphone next, and finally Robert Sawyer. A number of other people paid their last respects from an open mike passed around. Now and then I would make out a tantalizing "Mike" or "atheist" or "avocado" but never enough to piece together a coherent thought.

After the service I talked with Robert Sawyer about this. Being familiar with my hearing loss, Rob was aware that I probably heard nothing of what he said. But he added that it was a weak mike, and that most of the speakers were too far from it as well. I guess that made me feel a little better about missing what was evidently a very humane and entertaining service.

So I filled the time by counting heads, instead. There were 300 seats, and most seemed filled. My estimate is that around 275 attended, to whom I could put names to around 25. I recognized a few other faces as well. It did seem as though everyone in the local fandom who might have attended, did. The other 250 I assume were friends of Mike's, family, neighbors, and people he worked with. Some were, indeed, Mike's old students.

The service made no bones about Mike's atheism and that the prayers were to console Susan more than to ease his way into the hereafter. It was not a secular ceremony, unless one counts the piper – and no Scot would consider the pipes as anything but a religious observance. (I wonder who among us was Scottish?) Prayers were called and hymns sung. Those of us who don't attend church learn to follow the crowd and lip synch. Yet if it was a religious funeral, it was far from stolid or grim. As Murray took great pains to reproduce, the eulogies were sprinkled with humour and anecdotes that shed light on a man with a very positive outlook on life.

However, Murray was forced to return home right after the service, and missed the reception afterward. I don't think he was far off the mark for how many turned up Mike and Susan's home.

I should mention that the snowstorm that day was one of the worst experienced in Toronto this winter, and was clearly much later in the year than is normal. Weather Canada warned us to expect up to 4 or 5 cm. – about two inches to those of you who still use the "American"



measure. We got as much as 10 cm. or four inches in the space of an eight hour working day, which is outrageous at the end of March. It was hard not to imagine some purpose behind this last minute winter-blast.

Fortunately, the snow ended sometime during the service. The house on Windermere was only three or four blocks away, though, so it's all too easy to imagine 200 people trying to squeeze into a modest two-story brick building. There was actually a line to get in out of the cold. Once in, it was as tricky finding where to step through the boots and shoes as it would be to tiptoe through a well-planned minefield. Once past the mountain of footwear, you came abruptly to a solid wall of humanity. There might not have been 200 people in that house, but 75 is easy to believe.

There was one thing you could always say about MikeCon if you came on the party night. Mike and Susan laid out the best table you can picture, with lox and bagels, fresh pastries of all kinds, cookies, fruit, cheese, crackers and, of course, beer and wine. Though I overheard Susan to say, "We have a little food," the reception after the service was *in no way* second place to a MikeCon. I have a weakness for such spreads. I tend to make a pig of myself, but since I rarely have such delicacies at home, I can't resist having one of everything. Maybe two of those. More of something else. And there was plenty to go around. I probably had a spot more wine than as good for me too. By the end of the evening I was feeling just fuzzy enough that I knew I had to stop.

There was, after all, the long arduous trip home to consider.

The house looked a little smaller than I remembered it, but that might have been because of the crush of people. I believe it was even more crowded than MikeCons had ever been. Could anyone actually *be* this well-liked by so many people, I wondered? I'd feel lucky if anyone found an old cardboard carton to put me in, and if six people turned up to see the box taped shut. In a way, too, I felt a little phony

being there, seething with ambivalent feelings. But despite my ability to find the wrong motives behind anything I do, I was glad I had decided to heed the invitation. There were people present who I hadn't seen or spoken to in literally decades. As well, the light-hearted air of the service continued through the reception. There were no black veils or floral wreaths, but plenty of warm, humorous conversations. Many were about Mike, but as many about the use of Photoshop to imitate oil painting, popular *vers libre*, Edwardian architectural details, *Kinder Surprises*, blue cheeses, and when the next issue of Colin Hinz's fanzine was coming out. Just out of earshot I overheard Lloyd Penney discuss details of a Glicksohn scholarship with David Warren. There was even a debate over whether it was better to stand out in the cold on the verandah than endure the crush inside, but it was a very short debate as the cons quickly won their point.

Over it all presided Susan, who was warm, open and friendly to all.

You just wished it had been merely a MikeCon of yore. During a momentary lull, shortly before I left, I asked Susan a question I had been dreading to bring up. The best way I was able to put it was, "I know this is too soon to ask, but I doubt I'll have opportunity to speak with you again for some time. I wonder if you have made arrangements to donate Mike's fanzines to the Merrill Collection at the Library?" I needn't have worried. She wasn't offended. In fact, arrangements *were* being made.

It was too bad there was no whiskey. Perhaps it might have flowed for me if I had asked, but none was served openly. Although I despise the vile taste of the stuff, I would liked to have hoisted one in Mike's honour.

LA Throws Week-Long Celebration of Ray Bradbury's 90th Birthday

Ray Bradbury's hometown of Los Angeles threw a 7-day celebration to honor his 90th birthday. The Los Angeles City Council voted a resolution proclaiming Ray Bradbury Week in Los Angeles, August 22-28, 2010. Steven Paul Leiva deserves a great deal of credit for engineering these festivities.

Here are some of the key events from that week: The Writers Guild Foundation hosted a Ray Bradbury Exhibit. The Diversity Department of the Writers Guild of America, West presented a staged reading of Ray Bradbury's one-act play, "The Better Part of Wisdom" which Leiva directed.

The Playboy Foundation screened *Fahrenheit 451*, preceded by a discussion with Ray Bradbury and Hugh Hefner, moderated by Los Angeles *Times* reporter and *Hero Complex* blogger Geoff Boucher. John King Tarpinian attended: "Among the things said by Hef was how grateful he was to have met Ray at the right time in both their lives. How Ray introduced him to Charles Beaumont which resulted in *The Crooked Man* being the first piece of fiction published in *Playboy*."

The Los Angeles Public Library's Richard J. Riordan Central Library hosted a screening of *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit*. Tarpinian was there, too, gaining insights about the performers: "One of Joe Mantegna's first paying acting jobs was for Chicago's Organic Theatre Company's production of *Ice Cream Suit*...which was F. Murray Abraham's *first* paying acting gig as the tailor. Stuart Gordon, best known for the cult classic, *Re-Animator*, and Joe entertained the audience about stories about filming the movie. They said that when Sid Caesar was on the set filming each take was different and funnier than the one before...the crew was laughing so hard that they were the ones ruining the shot."



At the 1987 Worldcon, L-to-R: Ken Bulmer, Ethel Lindsay, ?, George "Lan" Laskowski, Pat Virzi, Mike Glicksohn. By Andrew Porter.



(Above) Proclaiming Birthday Week: Cynthia Shor, director of the Walt Whitman Association; Steven Paul Leiva; Eric Garcetti, President of the Los Angeles City Council; Ray Bradbury. Planetary Society reps hold a birthday card (Below) On stage: Hugh Hefner, Charles Boucher of L.A. *Times*, Ray and Richard Stayton of *Written By* magazine.



Taking Hugos Home, Then and Now

You don't need to be told how different airport security is today from what it used to be. Controversies about that subject are constantly in the news. But my jaw dropped when I read about the problems Cheryl Morgan had trying to take her Hugo home from Aussiecon 4. She really experienced something I only vaguely worried about when I flew home with a Hugo from another Aussiecon 25 years ago.

I transported my Hugo to the plane in a carry-on bag after deciding it would be safer there than in my suitcase. In 1985 security checkers inspected passenger carry-ons with an x-ray machine at the entrance to the boarding lounge. I knew a hunk of solid metal shaped like a mortar round would show up quite spectacularly so I went through the line rehearsing an explanation for the guard about my "literary award." But I need not have bothered, and my pride suffered a little when he looked up and said, "Oh, you've got one of these too." The guard had already checked in Charlie Brown with his Hugo for *Locus* and Fred Pohl with the Hugo he'd accepted for Jack Williamson.

Today's scanners display an even more impressive image of the Hugo. Unfortunately, the guards are not in the least jolly about it.

Cheryl Morgan had a horrible experience trying to depart Australia with a Hugo packed in her checked luggage. She wrote online: "Firstly the check-in lady did not pass my comments about the Hugo in the bag on to security (the Thai Airways staff admitted to this). Secondly, having found the Hugo (which I must say lights up magnificently on the scans - I saw a print-out), the security people did not check with the airline, they called the police. And the police, having got involved, were determined to treat the whole incident as a potential terrorist threat." All of which added up to a nightmare.

Cheryl was finally turned loose and made her flight in spite of everything. She wrote afterwards, "Thankfully all my fears came to naught, and the suitcase and Hugo arrived safely at baggage claim in Heathrow."

It may not always be true that all's well that ends well, but as Cheryl and her Hugo reached England together it's a little less problematic that word of Cheryl's predicament spread until someone allegedly contacted Australian artist Nick Stathopoulos, asking if the designer of this year's Hugo base could make a replacement. He told his Facebook friends, "Cheryl Morgan's Hugo Award may have been blown up at Singapore airport..." I swallowed the hook long enough to e-mail Cheryl and ask if she'd subsequently discovered damage to her Hugo.

Cheryl cleared things up directly. "You'll

note that Nick also mentioned Singapore, while my post mentions Bangkok. You may want to Google the Australian term 'larrikin.' Alternatively you may just want to kick Nick's butt next time you see him."

Larrikinism, I now know, is the name given to "the Australian folk tradition of irreverence, mockery of authority and disregard for rigid norms of propriety." One might say *larrikin* is the mundane Australians' word for "faanish humor."

One last note: The Aussiecon 4 committee offered to have the Hugos shipped and almost half the winners accepted, whether to avoid security hassles or just yielding to the convenience.



Sold Out!

This is the internet of our discontent.

Fans complain when an e-commerce site crashes and keeps them from making a desired purchase.

They also complain when a site works with perfect efficiency.

There ain't no justice!

Tickets to San Diego's Comic-Con International 2011 sold out in seven hours last Saturday, February 5. Internet and TV news outlets made breathless reports that the overwhelming demand crashed the online ticketing system three times. Fans vented their frustration about repeatedly getting "Over Capacity" error messages.

Ticket Leap reached out with technical explanations about why their system was not prepared for the unprecedented strain: "In 2009, [Comic-Con] sold out after 6 months. In 2010, it sold out in 2 months. On Saturday, Comic-Con International 2011 sold out in 7 HOURS (200x faster than last year if

you're keeping track). Needless to say, the demand was unbelievable, reaching a peak of 403,000 page requests per minute and a total of more than 35 million total page requests throughout the day."

An interesting contrast to the Comic-Con ticket story is what happened the first day that the 2011 Worldcon accepted online hotel reservations.

Renovation's hotels the Atlantis, Peppermill and Courtyard by Marriott began taking online reservations on January 18. The Atlantis is the designated party hotel and it's the closest to the convention center, to which it's inked by an air-conditioned sky bridge. Doubtless these attributes are the why fans reserved every available room in the Atlantis on the first day.

When that happened a few fans felt the committee deserved criticism, yet it's hard to pin down what they ought to be blamed for. Quite unlike Comic-Con's situation, fans wanting to reserve a room for the Worldcon seemed to have no trouble getting through to request reservations. And I personally think *that* was the story. No system crash. Information readily available. Either people were able to make reservations where they wanted, or they immediately found out their first choice was unavailable and they needed to pick an alternative.

That's an infinitely better situation than the days of paper forms when it'd be weeks before you found out whether the tourist bureau had put you in your first choice or somewhere else. (That's right! When I was your age we didn't have the internet, we had to walk 20 miles through the snow to...) And rooms are still available at the other official Worldcon hotels.

However, all the Comic-Con tickets are gone. Honestly, beneath the media's surface treatment of this as a pop culture consumer crisis the stories really seemed to be a coded celebration of Comic-Con's commercial prowess. *So many people want tickets they broke the computer!*

Surely Comic-Con's organizers must be delighted when news coverage increases the pressure felt by the City of San Diego to do whatever it takes to keep the event in town for the long term. Because overshadowing last weekend's story about frustrated ticket customers is the fact that an enormous number of people do have tickets and will be coming in July to enrich the local economy.

