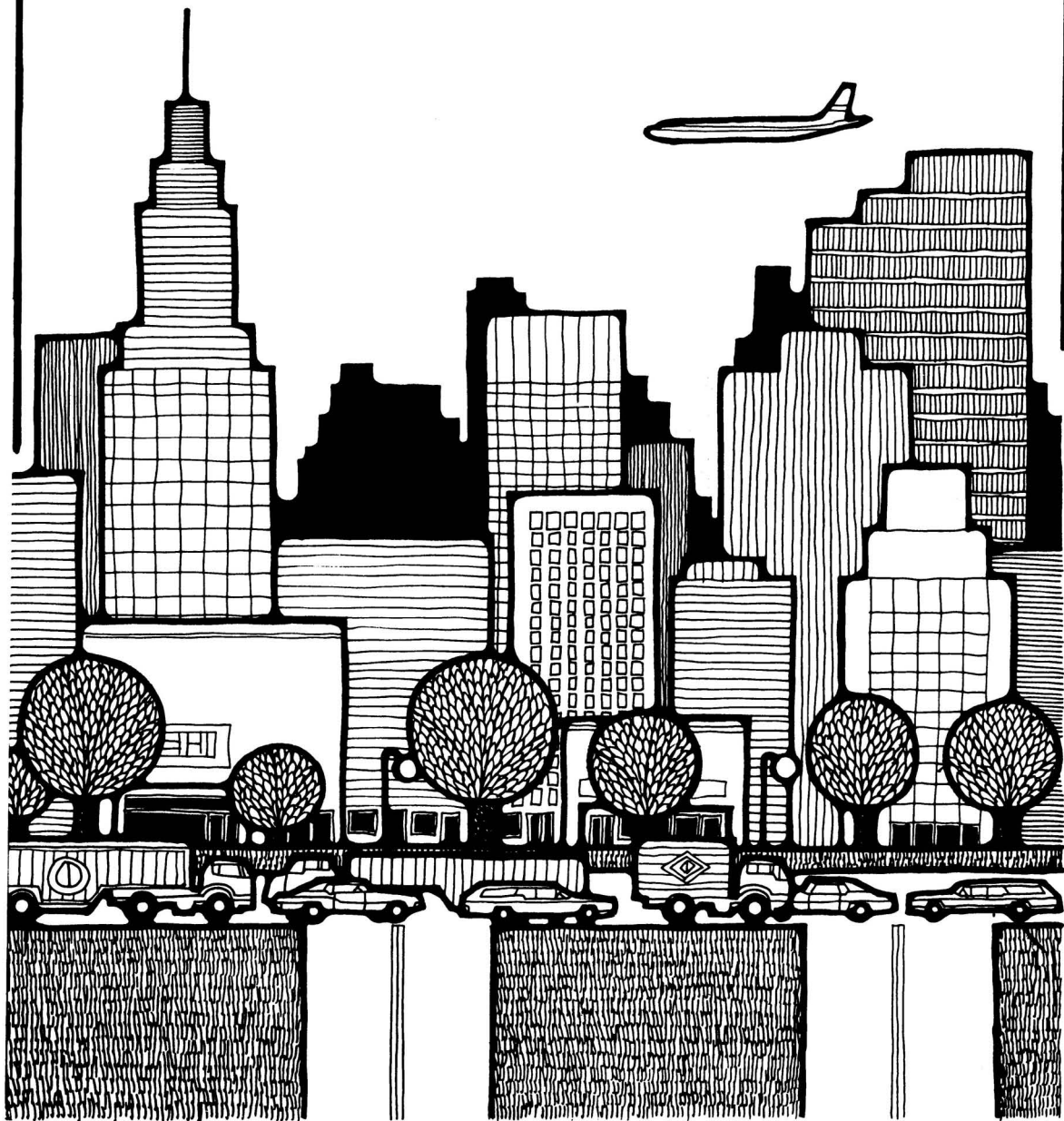


JOURNEY PLANET



Dec. - Journey Planet - 2015

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~EDITORS~

James Bacon ~ Warren Buff ~ Chris Garcia ~ Helen Montgomery

~Editorials~

Sometimes an idea springs fully formed and articulated into our minds, and sometimes it starts as a whisper, growing slowly in volume until it is shouting at you to pay attention to it.

This issue is the second kind of idea.

Throughout my experience in fandom, I have heard story after story of those who are no longer with us. I have heard stories where names were casually dropped, and I had no idea who these people were. I have done the same thing while talking with new friends in fandom – dropping in a name here and there without thinking about the fact that the person I’m talking to hasn’t a clue who I’m nattering on about.

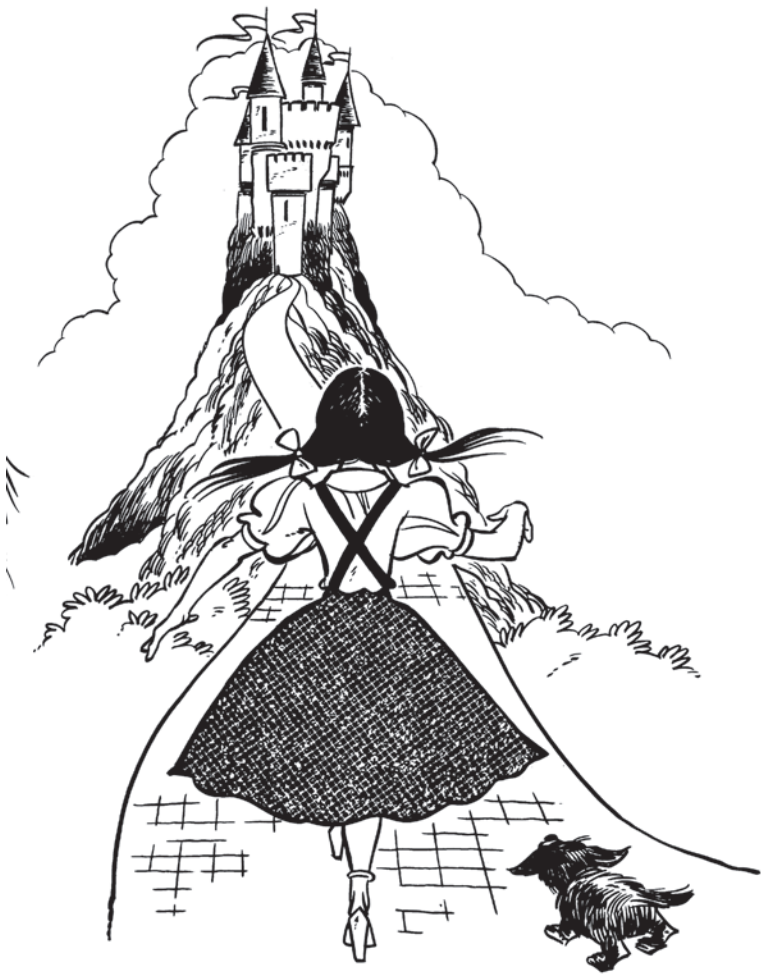
About a year or so ago, I had a vague idea to do an issue of *Journey Planet* that focused on these stories. At the time though I was still coping with the aftermath of being treated for breast cancer, and had very little energy, so the idea drifted away to the back burner of my mind. (Later in 2014 I ended up doing the Sports! Issue of *JP*, thanks to Chris and James, which means that I now have a Hugo Award. Go Sports, indeed!)

At Sasquan, where said Hugo Award was given to us, I attended the WSFS Business Meetings. All of them. While there, I was struck by how often people referenced fans who are deceased, and I realized that there were so many new Business Meeting attendees this year who likely weren’t getting the references about people like Bruce Pelz, Peggy Rae Sapienza, and Bobbie DuFault.

The idea for this issue came roaring back to the forefront of my brain. Apparently it had been simmering on that back burner, slowly reaching a boiling point. Let’s tell these stories. Let’s remember those we have lost who had an influence on our fandom (for better or worse). I approached Chris and James with the idea, and they jumped right on board with me. I then approached Warren to co-edit with me, which was probably one of the smarter things I’ve ever done related to fanzines. His introduction here perfectly encapsulates what I was going for with this issue.

Please sit back, reminisce with us, smile, cry, laugh, and raise your glass to our absent friends.

Letters of Comment
JourneyPlanet@GMail.com



Warren Buff

“After us, they are only legends.”

I had that realization after a weekend sitting around drinking beer with Bob Madle up at Philcon. In the time since then, Bob has come to consider me a reliable source for learning where the party with beer is, so I've been blessed with a number of conversations with him. While Bob is thankfully still with us, the idea holds – we're likely part of the last fannish generation to get to know him (and his contemporaries) as a person, and the folks who come to fandom later will have to make do with hearing the stories. What we're doing with this issue is capturing some of the human moments, trying to remember the fans we've lost as fans and friends, rather than as historical figures. The two folks we've got the most material about – Bruce Pelz and Peggy Rae Sapienza – illustrate the concept quite well. I never met Bruce; by the time he passed away, I was still a strictly local fan in something of a fannish backwater. Peggy Rae, on the other hand, was a friend and mentor; she tried to teach me about management, told me all sorts of conrunning stories, and even hosted me in her home. Bruce is just a legend for me, and my fannish experience is poorer for it, as the many stories we've heard about him illustrate. Peggy Rae is someone I still miss dearly.

“We do not study their stories to fulfill some debt to them; we study their stories so we may tell them to those who never got to meet them, and thus, fulfill our duty.”

Chris Garcia answering Greg Benford's “Why bother with Fan History?” Question

My initial idea for a zine based on that initial phrase was to chronicle stories of personal interactions with members of fandom's first generation (First Fandom, or in latter days the Dinosaurs thereof). Drinking beer with Bob Madle or flirting with Dave Kyle or visiting the Ackermansion or sitting at the feet of John W. Campbell as he held court in a hotel bar – human interactions with the foundational figures of our community. That's still a worthy subject, but it wasn't quite enough to move me to actually get a zine going. Helen approached me with the idea of teaming up on this issue, and her formulation of the idea was stronger – rather than stories of First Fandom, we would collect stories of folks who had passed away. It reminds us that fandom is a continuing community, that it's still being built. And more importantly, it avoids undercutting the idea of focusing on the humans rather than the legends through too narrow a focus on foundational figures. Instead, we've got a collection of stories about folks covering decades, across a wide range of fannish activities and levels of engagement.

This issue isn't about the legends, even when the main players are legendary. You won't find anything about the First Exclusion Act, the Breendoggle, Topic A, the Great Staple War, the Knights of St. Fanthony, *Warhoon 28*, the first *Star Trek* cons, Driplave, the “Both” Westercon site selection, the party in room 770, or the like. Those are all worthy of preservation by fanhistory, and sources like Harry Warner, Jr., *fancylopedia.org*, *Mimosa*, and the SFOHP can help you find out more about them. But they're not the whole of our history. We also need to remember the people who made that history as people. Now, some of the people we cover are the very same folks who are responsible for some of our legends, but we're much more concerned in this issue with who they were rather than what they did.

That distinction means that a great deal of material in this issue is personal. It's full of recollections from fans who still miss old friends (or more). I don't know if that's enough to draw out the very human fan from the mists of legend for someone who never knew them, but hopefully it can at least stir the memories of other old friends. Hopefully, efforts like this can convey some of the character of our community (and its characters) for future readers. Who knows, maybe we'll even remind you of a story that should be retold.

James Bacon

Remembered Well

How well we are remembered is something that can indicate your impact and achievements in life. In Britain, the Doc Weir award exists not to celebrate the leaders, or crowd pleasers, or stage standers, but those who are missed once gone, as was Doc Weir, who was unsung, and so he is remembered along with all those who win the award and have their name added to it.

Stories are another way of remembering, it is easy to give facts, or figures, listing achievements like a baseball statistic, but it is a story, about life, with humour or humility, but always with the touch of humanity that can connect one to a person that we have never known or met.

I was quite taken by Helen's thoughtful and considerate approach, recognising that so many people would just not be known, indeed, I only know the name Bruce Pelz because I read *The White Papers*, which he and Mark Olsen edited for NESFA in 1996, so seeing personal stories is lovely, it makes a real connection.

I think that in this issue, we have done very well, although I also hope that readers are motivated to tell us other stories, about other fans, who they knew, we welcome them in letters of comment, to journeyplanet@gmail.com

To our guest editors and all our contributors, I extend my heartfelt thanks, I think this is a lovely issue, and I hope you all enjoy it as much as I have reading all the articles, and viewing the art.

Many thanks

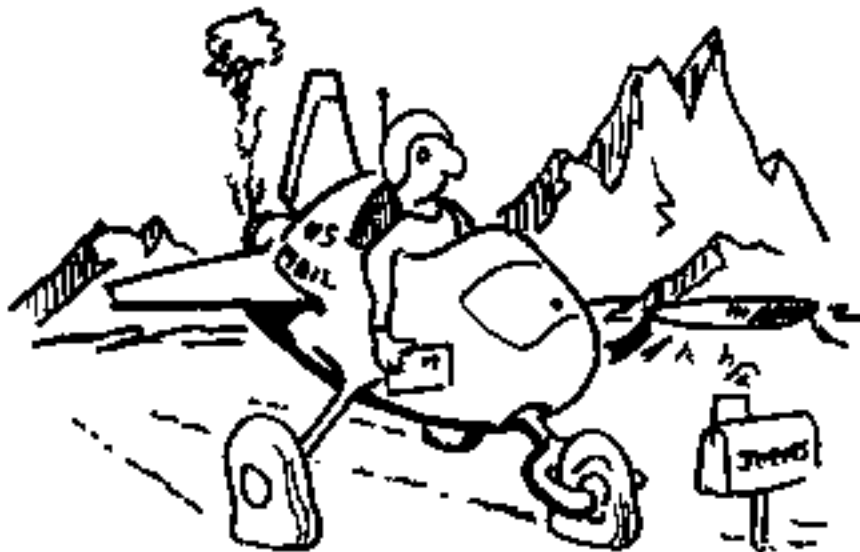
James



Instant Fanzine

Audio SMOFCON Edition

We did something a little different for the instant fanzine this time around. Since we were at Smofcon, Helen announced at the Fannish Inquisition that we would be taking down stories up in the consuite afterwards. Then, Warren stepped somewhere quiet with folks who wanted to tell a story and recorded them on his phone. We've transcribed the results, with perhaps a little cleaning up. We hope the final versions are as close to the speakers' intent as we could get.



Adrian Butterfield

If you never met Adrian Butterfield and Victoria Ridenour, they were a powerhouse costuming couple. Among other things they were part of the big *Eric* group at the Brighton Worldcon in 1987, they did 'Midsummer Night's Dream' at L.A.Con II, amazing, amazing work.

Adrian was non-binary before non-binary was cool.

My first Westercon was in Phoenix and we had adventures in getting there because our car kept breaking down every time we turned it off and wouldn't restart until the block had cooled back down. We eventually get there, and this is my first large convention; I had only been to little tiny things. There we are, and there's this thing called regency dancing and I'm encouraged to go to it - I love social dance. Adrian and Victoria are there in full on Road Warrior kit. Adrian is there as Max, and Victoria is in full-on, giant feather mohawk, wasteland warrior kit. I mean, in like 6" spike heels. Victoria was also blessed with "vast tracts of land" and she was wearing a very good push-up corset, with bicycle reflectors and bumpers around, and the overall effect was...the costumes were astonishing. They were breathtaking. They were terrifying.

I end up in a square pattern dance where they were one of the other couples. We're doing the figures and Victoria gets handed to me and I look at her and smile, and she suddenly realizes that I am not looking at her breasts; I am looking at her face and smiling at her because she's my dance partner, and she breaks into this huge grin, her whole face lights up, and we've been friends since that moment.

We were very lucky when Adrian got sick. One of the last things they did was come to an event that we did; a Zorro weekend where we rented the Hearst hacienda, and five of us were actually in the Hearsts' apartment in the Hearst hacienda, and Adrian and Victoria were the last couple. That was the last costume event that Adrian got to go to.

We discovered at a secondhand shop this really neat Indian armor coat, a jacket; it was a costume obviously, it had been made for something, and I couldn't identify the buttons. I started describing it to them and Adrian stopped me and said, "I made that coat." And we'd found it in a military surplus shop! The cycle just kept spinning around

The world is a smaller place without Adrian in it, but the number of amazing memories that we have around her is really cool.

It's probably also worth telling the story of the Simplicity, or McCall's, pattern challenge at CostumeCon either 3 or 9. There was a challenge, potentially a special award, if you made a costume based on a particular commercial pattern. Adrian built a perfect Nazi uniform recreation, and the judges didn't know what to do. It was an astonishing recreation, it was done as a historical recreation, but it was a Nazi uniform. She did get the prize for using the pattern; I don't recall what other awards she got, but the Sturm and Drang over that, especially for a lesbian woman to be wearing a Nazi uniform, was really wild.

Adrian always encouraged me to take that extra step and be willing to be out there, and fuck 'em if they can't take a joke. One of the best things I ever learned from anybody.



Two Short Pieces on Bruce

A Short Story About Bruce by Glenn Glazer

So this is a story about Bruce Pelz, legendary L.A. Fan, costumer, collector, SMOF...just everything. He went by the nickname 'The Elephant', and he was legendary for his temper. He knew it as well as everybody else did, it wasn't like it was a surprise.

One day we're all sitting around at the LASFS clubhouse, and there are a lot of card tables there because we play Mah-Jongg and Hell and other card games. He walks in and just starts picking up card tables and chairs and ripping the legs off! He's all "Arrr! Grrr!" Gary Louie was like, running for the hills, because God only knows what was going on with Bruce at that moment.

It turns out the joke was all on us. What he'd done was gone out and bought all new card tables for the club, and instead of just, like a normal person, walking in and replacing them, he decided to have fun with his own temper, and go in and rip tables apart!



Westercon Rule 2 by Kevin Standlee

Bruce Pelz was an important figure in my life coming into Science Fiction fandom in the involvement I had with the Worldcon and Westercon Business Meetings. When I showed up I was a young kid, at best I was a crackpot, and I had a tendency to be even more enamored of the sound of my own voice than I later was. Bruce had already had to deal with a gadfly on the East Coast named Robert Sacks, and when I showed up as the West Coast junior version of it, he created what was called Westercon Standing Rule #2, which was, "Shut up, Kevin."

A number of times that he invoked it I would say, "Yeah, I guess you're right". He sort of was a founding figure. I didn't like being told to shut up, but I later figured out, "Yeah, he's probably right". He influenced me a great deal on how I looked at things; not necessarily that I would do things the way he told us how to do them, but he influenced the way I learned how to chair Business Meetings.

If he had still been alive when we had the issues at Sasquan, the 2015 Worldcon, I would have resigned as chairman in his favor because he would have done it better than I did.

Bruce Pelz Deals With Another Election Problem

So we're at the second Vancouver Westercon, and the committee has screwed up the balloting for site selection because the constitution says that a valid ballot has to include your name and your membership number, and nothing that anybody has gotten - including their name badge or progress reports or anything - actually included a membership number, which makes it really hard to cast a valid ballot. We thought they hadn't generated membership numbers; we later found out later that they had generated them, they just didn't bother to tell anybody their number.

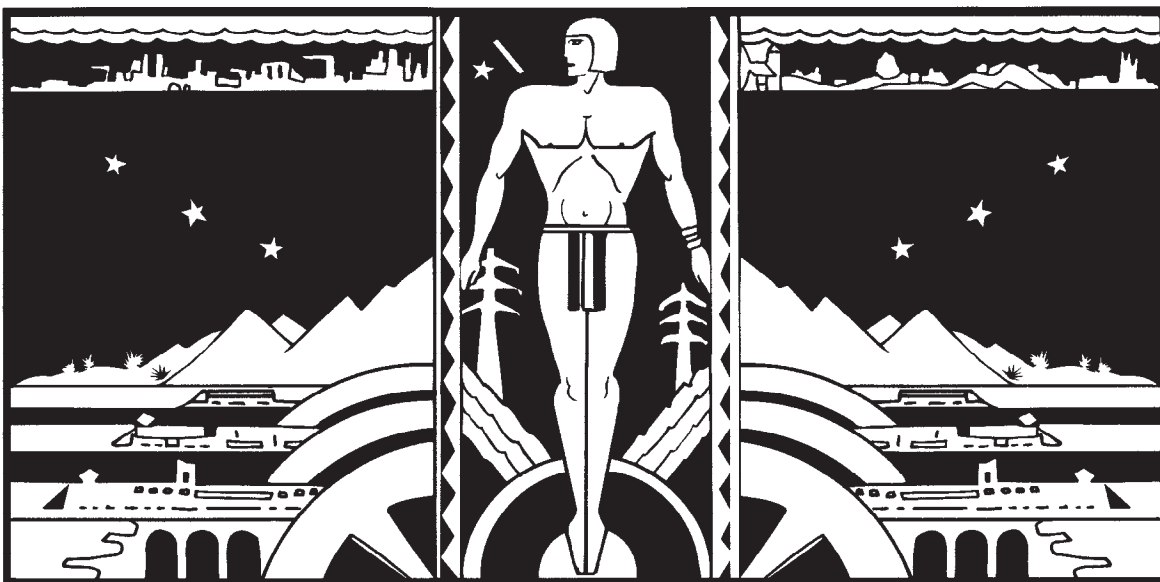
So we're now running site selection with no possibility of actually having a constitutionally valid set of ballots cast. Which means that we can figure out who the people would think would win, but what we can't do is actually follow the constitutional rules for "is this election being decided."

So we all voted. Everything was counted, and we go off to the Business Meeting.

And Bruce Pelz is presiding, and instead of being the usual kind of a setup with a head table and people sitting in the audience facing the head table with the presiding officer, Bruce is sitting in a swivel chair in the middle of a circular kind of arrangement, a hollow square kind of thing. And we're all suddenly at a UN Conference, or a United Planets Conference because we're all from strange places, and Bruce is cheerfully sitting in his swivel chair grandly swinging around and recognizing people, and making it completely clear that we're here for display, we're here for all sorts of things, and what we're not here to do is have anybody raise the point of order that the site selection is completely unconstitutional.

And by sheer force of personality, and clearly having a ball, and we're all sitting there playing the game, everyone of us sat there, played the game, with Bruce just dominating the room from the presiding officer's swivel chair, and nobody challenged it, we had a result selected, the Business Meeting said, "Yup, looks good to us, these people are announced as the winners," and it's entirely Bruce's force of personality that made that thing work, because otherwise there would have been yet another Constitutional crisis.

Of course we then amended the Constitution to say, yes you need to tell people their membership numbers, and failing to tell them their membership numbers doesn't invalidate it. We fixed it so the committee that screwed up in that particular fashion in the future wouldn't need Bruce Pelz and Force of Personality to fix the problem, but...that was Bruce.



Chris Cooper

So Chris Cooper was a British fan who was a very tall gentleman. Now, I'm not exactly short, but Chris towered over everybody, impossible to miss when you walked into a con bar, even if he was sitting down. I was told that he was suffering from a mild version of gigantism and the British fan scientist, Jack Cohen, had been measuring his growth over the years and that when he reached 6' 11", he said to Jack, "Okay, well, you can continue measuring me but you're not allowed to tell me how tall I am. Because basically 6' 11" is just very, very tall, whereas 7' is a freak."

Another tale I heard, was at an Eastercon I think it was, there was a nearby restaurant that was offering a deal whereby if you could finish the 32 oz. steak and all the trimmings that they supplied, that the meal was free. So Chris, being not only a very tall gentleman but a very large gentleman, went down and had this and was rather disappointed when he came back to the con to report that they'd refused his request for a second helping.

I last saw Chris in 2007 when I was on the train station at Shinjuku in Tokyo with my brother and his family who had come over for Nippon 2007, and I bumped into Chris on the platform. He was getting the same train down to Yokohama that we were. I was disheartened to see how much he had shrunk, because that was when he had the first bout of cancer, but he made it across to Japan which he said he loved, and he was still all there upstairs, still a lovely man.

It was a great loss when he passed, but he enriched fandom with his work, his humor, and his strength on occasion.

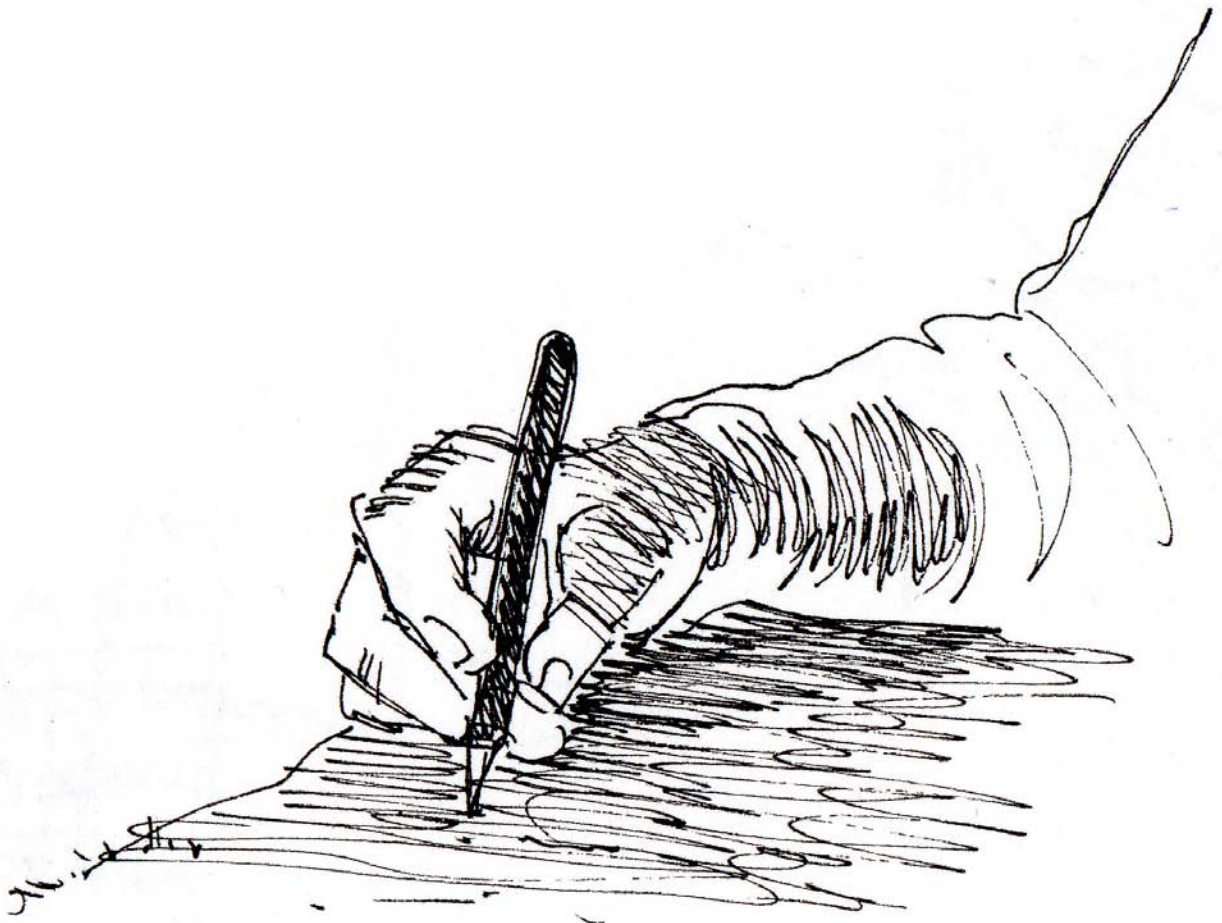


Fred Duarte

I was at LoneStarCon 3, and it was my first Worldcon. Besides the very few people I knew on staff, basically just the people who had recruited me and I worked under (who later of course became friends), I was mostly wandering around aimlessly. I was thankfully invited to the remains of the Hugo Losers Party, and there I wandered out onto a balcony that overlooked a little bit of downtown San Antonio.

I can't remember who it was, but someone introduced me to Fred Duarte. Fred gave me the rundown of questions, the stereotypical fan getting to know another fan - what do you like, what brought you into fandom, what conventions have you worked on, how are you enjoying your first Worldcon - but that's not the most important part to me. The part I always will remember about Fred, and why I consider him one of the people who made me absolutely welcome into fandom, and it's a motto that I continue to this day, to hold in my heart, is when he told me, basically as parting words - because it would be the last time I talked to Fred in person (I had emailed him a couple times, but hearing words is different than reading words) - "Don't let anyone hold you back from doing what you want to do with fandom. Just barrel through the hate."

To this day, I've held it close and true to my heart, and it's led me to join bids, run my own bid, do various panels to make fandom what I would like it to be. If it wasn't for Fred, I don't know what I'd be doing today. So thanks, Fred, for that awesome advice.



My Reminiscences of Gary

So this is a couple of reminiscences about Gary Louie. Gary Louie was a fan in LA. He and I were eternal roommates for large numbers of Worldcons and Westercons and Loscons, and I really miss him.

But one of the things about Gary was his eternal good cheer. At LAcon III there was a crow's nest where Facilities and Exhibits could look down over the convention center, and of course there was a Voice of God microphone to announce things and so on. And we had James White as one of our Guests, and we were doing these crash cart things, you know, medical themed things, so people would be pushed with gurneys and stuff like that, and so Gary needed to get some extra scrubs because they wanted to do more shows and stuff, and so he went to order them. And that was fine, while he was up there. And then one of the dealers came to him and said, "Could you repeat your credit card number? Some of us didn't get all the digits." He'd left the Voice of God microphone on, and the entire floor of the exhibits and dealers and art show heard Gary's credit card number, and nobody thought this was funnier than Gary. It was not like he was going to panic, or tear his hair out, or curse, he just thought it was the funniest thing in the world and kept going. And that's like the soul of Gary.

Another contribution he made, was, you may note if you go to LA conventions and sometimes others, that there are people playing Mah-Jongg. And they're not playing the "Jewish mother" Mah-Jongg that many Americans play. They're playing the Chinese style, and this is all because of Gary. Gary brought Chinese Mah-Jongg to LASFS, taught us the rules, which is pretty easy -- it's basically gin rummy in a sort of way, with stranger tiles and things like that. And it became like the social thing you do with your hands when you're at a gaming day at LASFS. It doesn't take up so much of our minds that we need to truly focus on it like a hard board game or something. It was very social; people would crack a beer or a soda or whatever, and four people would sit down and they would play Mah-Jongg for hours, because it was basically four people chatting at a table and occasional clicking of tiles. It was also kind of accidentally a social phenomenon as well.

The other thing about Gary is that he was the most detailed collector of anything. Anything he wanted to collect, he was the most detailed collector I have met in my entire life -- and there are a lot of collectors in fandom, right? He had a book collection, and wherever he went, he carried with him (this was back in the day, of course) a database for all of them, including editions and all of that, and it was printed on that old computer paper, that long paper with the white stripes and the green stripes. And it was bound in those blue things. He had this huge monstrosity that he would carry with him everywhere.

It extended into things like, we had a yearly expedition to Disneyland in our group -- we would go every Super Bowl Sunday. Why? Because it was a religious holiday, and nobody's in the park. It made a lot of sense. But for Gary, it was an opportunity to find all the Hidden Mickeys, which are these circles with the two little circles on top that are etched into everywhere in Disneyland. He also wanted to collect the Spike, which is the bronze circle which is the original center of the park. And that actually became something personal for me, because the following year after he passed away -- and he passed away very suddenly in his apartment in front of his television, and we were all very surprised; he was my age, so it was like a bullet by the ear. But anyways, we decided to come back to Disneyland on Super Bowl Sunday, and we all came to the Spike, and we had a moment of silence for Gary. That's also the day that I proposed to my wife, at that same time. We were all there together, and the time was right in our relationship. We were all standing arm in arm around the Spike, and I proposed right then and there, and she said, "Of course." And we've been happily married ever since.

Hal Haag by Robert MacIntosh

This was back when they [*Hal Haag and Lance Oszko*] were still basically doing a hoax bid [*Baltimore in '98*]. They were trying to convince a lot of us in the Washington area that they were serious, and we're looking at them and said, "You're going up against Boston? Noooo." So they were playing games where they trying to figure out, well, what are we gonna name this convention? What are we gonna do with this? What's our theme gonna be? We were helping them do the bar, because, basically, they're our friends.

It was getting late in the night, and we were kinda lazing around on the sofas and such. I don't know why, but there was a bunch of old Harlequin romance novels there. And we just got silly. We started reading the passages, to see if we could stay upright. And it was Hal and I, we were basically screwing around doing it. Because, Lance was serious, Hal wasn't that serious. He wanted to have fun. That's just the way Hal was.



Scott Imes by Michael Lee

The person I was thinking of in particular, and he passed away probably over a decade ago, is Scott Imes, who was a bookseller at Uncle Hugo's, which is the most prominent, historical science fiction bookstore in the Twin Cities. And every time you checked in or bought something, he asked, "What have you read lately?" He always asked that to everyone. He was able to be one of those people that, if you had just a little bit of information, would be able to point you to a book, regardless of who it was. The reason he came up was, my understanding was, he was also part of the film crew staff for MidAmeriCon in the 1970s. He did all of the recordings that will be part of MAC II. So he has that history or recording stuff that's fanhistory. So one of the things was very much that being the point that, everyone went to that store, had that experience of "What are you reading lately? Here are recommendations." Regardless of who you were and what kind of things that you said. Even a good distance after he had passed away, his loss is still felt in the community because of that.

Robert Sacks & Chris Carrier Motions

I did not know Robert well, other than through the Worldcon Business Meetings during the period of time when he was still alive and as I was starting to get involved with Worldcons. He was a notorious gadfly. He wasn't tremendously well liked, although he did care a great deal; he just wasn't all that great at getting the political consensus that was necessary. Come on, Rule 1 of Worldcon when Bruce Pelz was presiding was "Shut up, Robert."

And yet at the '93 Worldcon in San Francisco, he had somehow gotten engaged in a feud with a fellow named Chris Carrier from Sacramento, and Carrier proceeded to launch attacks upon Robert, to the extent of introducing formal motions at the WSFS Business Meeting that first of all would have censured him for behavior somewhere in some fanzine that they were involved in, and even more ridiculously, introduced a proposal that would have prohibited Worldcon from being held within 50 miles of the home of Robert Sacks, and if Robert were to move within that range of any seated Worldcon, that Worldcon would be unseated. Robert, however, did express a feeling that perhaps he liked that proposal, because then he could retire on the Danegeld generated by it.

However, WSFS Business Meeting Fandom showed that no matter how much they may have been irritated by Robert, these kind of attacks were beyond the pale, and the Business Meeting rose up on its hind legs and killed four consecutive motions in four minutes, some of the fastest moves I've ever seen at a Worldcon Business Meeting. And for this brief shining moment, the most irritating person in WSFS had the whole Business Meeting on his side. Alas, Robert did not know really how to use this and managed to fritter it all away again, but then, that was the way Robert was.





Part 2 - Raising a Toast to Absent Friends

Bouncing Potatoes and Poul Anderson

NOT A CONVENTION REPORT: 1966

by Fred Hollander, originally written for APA-L, reprinted in *THE BEST OF APA-L #3* (published in 1972, edited by Lee Gold, still available for \$2 plus postage) reprinted again with permission

[This report is about the convention that was the background for Poul Anderson's "Bouncing Potatoes." Italicized material in brackets inserted by Lee Gold]

[Saturday morning] came the first attempt at the hotel management on the convention. During the night someone had held a party on the green of the 18th hole, tearing large holes in it to camouflage the real one. According to the management, they had recognized at 2 AM in the dark, from several hundred miles away, that the people who had done it had been fans wearing their convention badges. So the Westercon was being blamed and the hotel was threatening to throw us out.

[At the costume ball, Saturday evening] the people in costume were all lined up at one end of the room and marched across the stage to the tune of [Tom] Digby on the piano doing sound effects for the contestants. "Till Innini sauntered by, skimpy garment clinging/ To her hips and things like that--" Innini was Luise [Petty, later Perrin], and the song was accurate. She won a Judge's Choice with that costume, and I think it fair to mention that two of the judges were men. [The quotation is from "Orpheus's Song" aka "I Remember Gaudy Days," from John Myers Myers' *Silverlock*. The song can be found in the *Pelz Filksong Manual* with a tune by Gordon Dickson, arranged by Karen Anderson, with chording by Ted Johnstone and Bruce Pelz. Pelz and Johnstone made a trip to Myers' home to get permission from him for printing the songs with fan-written tunes.]

[The next day] I finally decided to go [to the Banquet] I found the last seat at a table containing Poul, Karen and Astrid Anderson, Ted and Lin Johnstone, Jerry Pournelle and Coral Smith. In such spirited and intellectual company the comments on the food ran to a record high. First the salad was commented upon and some of it even eaten. Then the main course arrived: Yankee Pot Roast with gravy and potatoes and stringbeans.... Astrid discovered that the potatoes bounced. Karen tried hers to check this startling news and dropped it from a height of about a foot. It did. And Poul remarked, "Karen, for the first time in my life, I have actually heard a dull, sickening thud," which more or less accurately defined the feelings of the rest of us.

Then Jerry Pournelle discovered that the almonds in the stringbeans tasted peculiarly bitter. Just then Astrid remarked that she felt "a sort of crawling sensation" in her throat, and it was immediately decided that the food was trying to get out again. It didn't manage it, though, but did provoke comment on the order of "Prepared by the Hotel Stardust under the careful supervision of Edgar Allen Poe" and "Yankee Pot Roast a la Lucretia."



Dessert was ice cream, I think. There seems to have been some doubt on the matter. It seems that the hotel accidentally put out some of their display glass scoops of plastic and Astrid was almost sued for hotel breakage before we could prove that she at least had actually been served real ice cream. It took some quick thinking, though, to do it....

The rest of the afternoon was spent talking to fans and generally just having a good time. Then the evening came and the two parties right across the hall from one another, advertising LA in '67 and Berkeley in '67. I spent most of the night in the Los Angeles Party and was rewarded with a folksong session under the able guidance of Ted Johnstone. All of the verses to "Young Man Mulligan," "The Twelve Days of Marxmas," "High Fly the Nazgul," "Oh, Captain Marvel," "Little Teeny Eyes," the Silverlock songs, and that new hit, made up on the spot in a tremendous burst of fannish fervor, "What Shall We Do With the Hotel Manager?" And the verses were numerous and imaginative.

The party broke up rather suddenly around two o'clock....The hotel management had [called the police and] said that a customer had complained. This was later found to be untrue through the clerk at the desk...[The next day] there was a small tussle when the hotel tried to charge us regular rates. All were told to check their bills and get their refunds. And to mention the Stardust Hotel in San Diego in as many places as they could.

BOUNCING POTATOES

by Poul Anderson, referring to the Westercon XIX (1966) at the Stardust Motel, San Diego

to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda"

Once a jolly trufan went to join a Westercon;

He had duly registered and paid every fee.

And he said when he saw what the waitress put before him there,

"You'll come a-bouncing, potatoes, with me."

Chorus: "Bouncing potatoes, bouncing potatoes,

You'll come a-bouncing, potatoes, with me."

And he said when he saw what the waitress put before him there,

"You'll come a-bouncing, potatoes, with me."

"Is this a musketball that was fired at Lexington?"

"No." said the waitress, "that is a pea."

"But," said the fan, "that is here within my coffee cup —

"You'll come a-bouncing, potatoes, with me."

{chorus}

You'll come a-bouncing, potatoes, with me."

{chorus}

"Is this a hippie-type that I see before me here?

It is as hairy as it can be!"

"No," said the waitress, "that is your ice cream dessert--

You'll come a-bouncing, potatoes, with me."

{chorus}

Upchucked the trufan, leaped into the swimming pool.

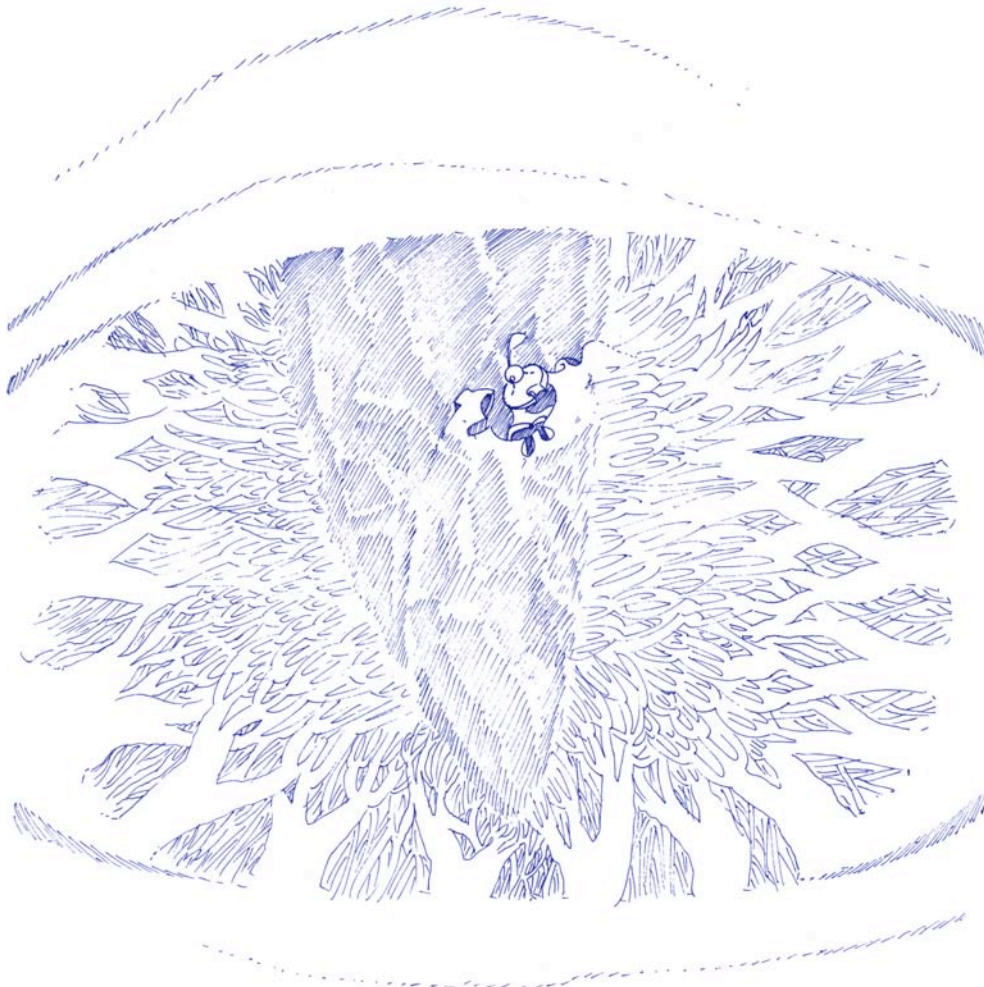
"You'll never take me alive!" cried he.

But his ghost can be heard by the call girls at that swimming pool:

"You'll come a-bouncing, potatoes, with me."

(chorus) quietly

(chorus) standard volume



This is a story about Mitchell Burnside Clapp and me.

Fred Small wrote “Cranes over Hiroshima” you can read at <http://www.songlyrics.com/fred-small/cranes-over-hiroshima-lyrics/> or listen to it, as sung by filker friends of ours <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3prCxS0ixCA> — about a Japanese girl named Sadako Sasaki https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sadako_Sasaki

I translated Small’s lyrics into Japanese that would scan to his tune and published this (well, the transliteration version) in *Xenofilkia* #1. I’m not at all sure that my translation is perfect. I made a number of choices that might not be proper. One was deciding how one should count origami cranes: with the counter for pieces of flat paper or with the counter for birds.



Mitchell Clapp (later to marry TJ Burnside and become Mitchell Burnside Clapp) heard Barry and me singing this song (Barry in English, me in Japanese) and asked me for a copy of the Japanese version. “No, not just the transliteration,” he said; “I want the kanji too. I can read it” So I wrote it all out for him in three lines: a line of transliteration, and a line of ideographs and kana, and a line of literal translation back into English. And I thought that was the end of it.

And then, some years later, I got an email from Mitch, telling me a story.

He’d gone home to visit his family in Australia and was returning to the US by way of Japan. He got into Narita Airport — and discovered that somewhere along the way his wallet had been stolen. He still had his tickets and his carry-on luggage (including his guitar), but he had a twelve hour layover in Narita.

So he got out his guitar and sat in the airport and put it out in front of him, and in his guitar case, he found his copy of “Cranes over Hiroshima” in Japanese, so he sang it.

Awhile later, he found he now had enough money tossed into his open guitar case to pay for dinner and a hotel room. So he was sending me a thank-you note.

Dom Corrado

Dom Corrado was the heart and soul of Lunacon. He gave so much of himself to the convention, the Lunarians, and the children, “Dom’s Kids,” whom he taught and looked after in and outside of the classroom.

I went to the Bronx High School of Science, the school for New York City’s nerds. But the nerds of the nerds belonged to the Science Fiction Club “Sciffie,” and a highlight of their year was the annual pilgrimage to stay overnight at a hotel for Lunacon. When I was a 17 year-old senior, I finally got up the courage to make the pilgrimage, taking the MetroNorth to the “Escher” Hilton in Rye New York, with no idea what I would do when I got there.

When I arrived, many of the other kids from school were surprised to see me, and even more surprised that I didn’t have anywhere to stay. It was agreed that I would meet Dom and he would work it out.

From the outside, his height, weight, and stature were intimidating, not to mention his presence that could silence a room with his booming voice or a certain look he developed in his years of teaching. A model of why you shouldn’t judge a book by its cover, though, Dom sat down, welcomed me, and was soon lecturing me on reproductive health, specifically what he would do to me or anyone else if we did anything that weekend, especially without a condom, which he made freely available.

Dom created a safe and welcoming environment, not only a place for people to be themselves, but a preview of what it takes to learn who you are. Life wasn’t and still isn’t easy, but Dom lent his strength to his “Kids” to go out into the world, strong enough to face another year.

Dom made everyone welcome at Lunacon, even if it meant sharing his room with whoever needed a place to stay at the convention. But he was also there for us year round. When I ran for City Council he supported me financially and advised me on my campaign. As it happened, on the night of Dom’s funeral, my City Council run went from a longshot to what would be an upset victory.

I feel like he’s been looking after me and all of us ever since. Though Dom is gone, he will not be soon forgotten. Now it is our turn to look after one another.

Swedish Meatballs with a Side of Fan History

First a big thanks to *Journey Planet* for doing this issue...brilliant idea which I hope is repeated. Also thanks to Helen Montgomery and Warren Buff for creating this issue. Bravo.

It was either 1996 or 1997, probably the latter. Fred Duarte and I attended Eastercon each of those years on behalf of LoneStarCon 2. We ran a fan table giving out information and selling memberships. Given the distance we were traveling, plus London is a cool city (I did a semester there in college), Fred and I booked a few extra days in London on each trip.

We were roaming around London one afternoon, and bumped into Bruce Pelz. I recognized him, but didn't know him, so asked Fred, "Hey is that Bruce Pelz?" Fred said "Yeah, it is," and called out to Bruce. We stopped to talk for a few moments and Bruce suggested we meet later for dinner at a restaurant on Leicester Square.

We met at a restaurant that was I believe a Swedish smorgasbord (it was a few doors down from the Haagen Daaz, our stop later for dessert). Swedish meatballs was the dish I had in any event, but the food was not important; it was the company that led to such a great evening. A huge fanboy moment for me. When I first got into fandom the historian in me loved to read about fan history. I wanted to know how we get here from there! Bruce along with Fred provided a wealth of fandom history that night. A golden moment I will always cherish.

Without Fred I'd have never had the chance for the dinner with Bruce, and not just because he knew him to strike up the conversation that led to dinner. We too often in busy lives can enjoy moments with little thought into what has gone before to make the moment possible.

I'm writing this in memory of my friend Fred Duarte, Jr.. My friendship with Fred began in the early 1990s when the Texas bid for the 1997 Worldcon started. I signed up for a Friend level pre-support and volunteered to help out, especially at Worldcon since I attended regularly along with my friend Bill Child.

I started to get to know Fred sitting at bid tables with him as well as working bid parties. That and just generally hanging out with him at conventions. Sara Felix, a friend of Fred, said on his passing that though Fred could be "a bit of a curmudgeon sometimes, but did care deeply" and that hanging out at conventions he "always made her laugh". He had a sharp sense of humor and made me laugh a lot too.

Fred was in declining health his last few years, so some folks even if they met or worked with him then didn't get to meet the same man that made me, Sara, and so many of his other friends laugh while enjoying cons and other good times.

Fred brought a passion to science fiction fandom. I've said many times that I'll listen to someone speak about anything if they have a passion for their subject and can communicate that passion. They don't need to be a great orator, just able to spread their passion for the subject. Fred without doubt had a passion for science fiction fandom. Fred chaired or co-chaired many conventions including multiple Armadillocons, World Fantasy, Smofcon, and was a Vice-chair of LoneStarCon 2 the 1997 Worldcon. That was a passion at the highest levels; organizing cons and giving an extraordinary number of hours working on cons.

Fred also had passion at the simplest level of sitting at a bid table or info table of a sitting convention. Often long hours, and a tough position to get volunteers for - truly thankless work, but vital in that if even only a handful of people might stop on a particular day to find out about a future convention, this was a success. A success because a few more fans given the opportunity to enjoy all the many facets of a science fiction fandom was light years better than the none if there was no table.

Fred was largely responsible for my involvement with conrunning. He was the one who invited me to be on the ALAMO, Inc. board, and later the one who called and asked if I would be the other Vice-chair for LoneStarCon 2. There was a committee change a year before LoneStarCon 2, and Fred asked me to be the other Vice-chair. Now, lest I give Fred too much credit, I'm sure Karen Meschke, Willie Siros, Dennis Virzi and a few others were behind my invite to the board as well as becoming a Vice-chair, but it was Fred who even then knew me best and personally made the invites.

Fred was great to hang out with, especially for me, as he was not only a knowledgeable science fiction fan, but a sports fan as well. On many occasions we'd slip off to the bar to see his University of Texas Longhorns football game or watch some baseball.

I'll close with a bit of a silly memory of Fred. After I returned from living in Ireland, one of my first forays back into attending conventions was FenCon.

It is local to me here in the Dallas-Fort Worth area, and where I first got to see Fred again. FenCon is a great convention (Shout out to Tim Miller and company), but the hotel before this year didn't have newspapers for sale at the hotel gift shop. Fred would always call me on Saturday morning and ask if I could pick him up a newspaper, of course I could, one of the local ones. This then became part of my FenCon routine - stopping to pick up a newspaper for Fred. This year I met my father for breakfast on Saturday morning and he asked "You're stopping to get a paper for Fred right?" I told him no as Fred wasn't attending this year.

Sadly, we lost Fred in October this year. Business travel meant I could not attend his wake or funeral, but he and his family were deeply in my thoughts. While missing bringing you the newspaper will always bring a small pang...it is your humor and friendship I will miss, Fred.



Bobbie DuFault

I can't think of one defining story that describes Bobbie. She was a force of nature--you knew she cared about you and loved you, and it made you want to do whatever she asked, and to live up to her expectations.

I am one of the many, many people who consider Bobbie to be their mentor.

We met in 2002 when she recruited Alex von Thorn to be the vice-chair for her bid for what eventually became CascadiaCon, the 2005 NASFiC in Seattle.

She forced me to go outside of my comfort zone. She lent me outfits that were feathers and not much else. She convinced me to have a gastric bypass when I had been unsure; to dye my hair purple (I haven't yet, but I will); and to chair C-Cubed in Spokane in 2012 when she wanted to but couldn't, as she was already chairing Westercon and running Programming for Chicon 7 that year. Up to that point I had only ever co-chaired, but she gave me responsibilities and trusted me to succeed, and I did. I knew I could do it, because she knew it.

LoneStarCon 3 in San Antonio in 2013 – we were bidding for Spokane in 2015. We all knew the vote was going to be close, and that not only did every vote count, but every spot on every ballot would count. We were all telling people to be sure to fill out all the slots on their ballots, but Bobbie was the one who encapsulated that with Vote #2 ribbons. She also recruited Sherry, Gibbitt, and Dawn, who did an incredible job of setting up and working our parties, freeing the rest of us to talk to voters and potential voters.

On the Monday after the giddy whirlwind that was LoneStarCon 3, we said our goodbyes. We hugged each other and said "I love you." And I never saw her again.



George Flynn, Ph.D., F.N.

The New England Science Fiction Association has done a lot of things since its creation in 1967. The group runs The New England Science Fiction Association has done a lot of things since its creation in 1967. The group runs Boskone, an annual regional science fiction convention. It was the group behind Noreascon I, the Worldcon in 1971. It owns a clubhouse with a vast lending library in Somerville, Massachusetts. And in 1972, NESFA published its first hardcover book by one of the Boskone guests of honor, L. Sprague de Camp. Nineteen years later, NESFA began its “NESFA’s Choice” series of books, and NESFA Press became more than just an adjunct to the convention – it became a small press to be reckoned with.

There are a number of people who were responsible for the creation and growth of NESFA Press, but this is about George Flynn, who was an amazing proofreader, and whose death was a loss we all felt in one way or another. He was also one of the oddest, gentlest, smartest people I’ve ever met.

I became aware of George during the run-up to Noreascon Three in 1989. It was the first convention I’d ever worked on (and the first Worldcon I was a member of), and George was very much involved in the convention. He was a division head of the Worldcon, running the Art Show and all of the WSFS matters. It was an odd mix, and the structure would later be called, simply, “the George division.” But professionally, I noticed George first because of his speech difficulties. Since communication – including public speaking – is what I do for a living, my heart went out to someone who struggled so hard to communicate, managed a huge task, and was so valued a member of the organization.

In my field, we know that people who have difficulty speaking are often good writers – this was the case with George. He was a delightful writer, and it is our loss that he could never write articles for this fanzine. He wrote for many APAs and fanzines during his lifetime. His snark was subtle and gentle – and sometimes I wouldn’t get a joke until I was halfway home, or pages beyond the original. He punned in English...but also wrote in German, Russian, Hebrew, Spanish, French, and Italian (all languages he taught himself). George also held a Ph.D. in physical chemistry, and one of the most fannish conversations I’ve ever heard (six chemists discussing how much helium had to be in the mylar balloons we’d bought for an event in order for them to have begun to sink two days later) was solved by his expertise.

I’m not sure there was an art show at a local convention that George didn’t work on. Certainly, he helped at all of the ones I ran or worked on, and he loved the art of science fiction and fantasy. It fascinated me that such a word person was also so intrigued by the visual arts that made those words seem real.

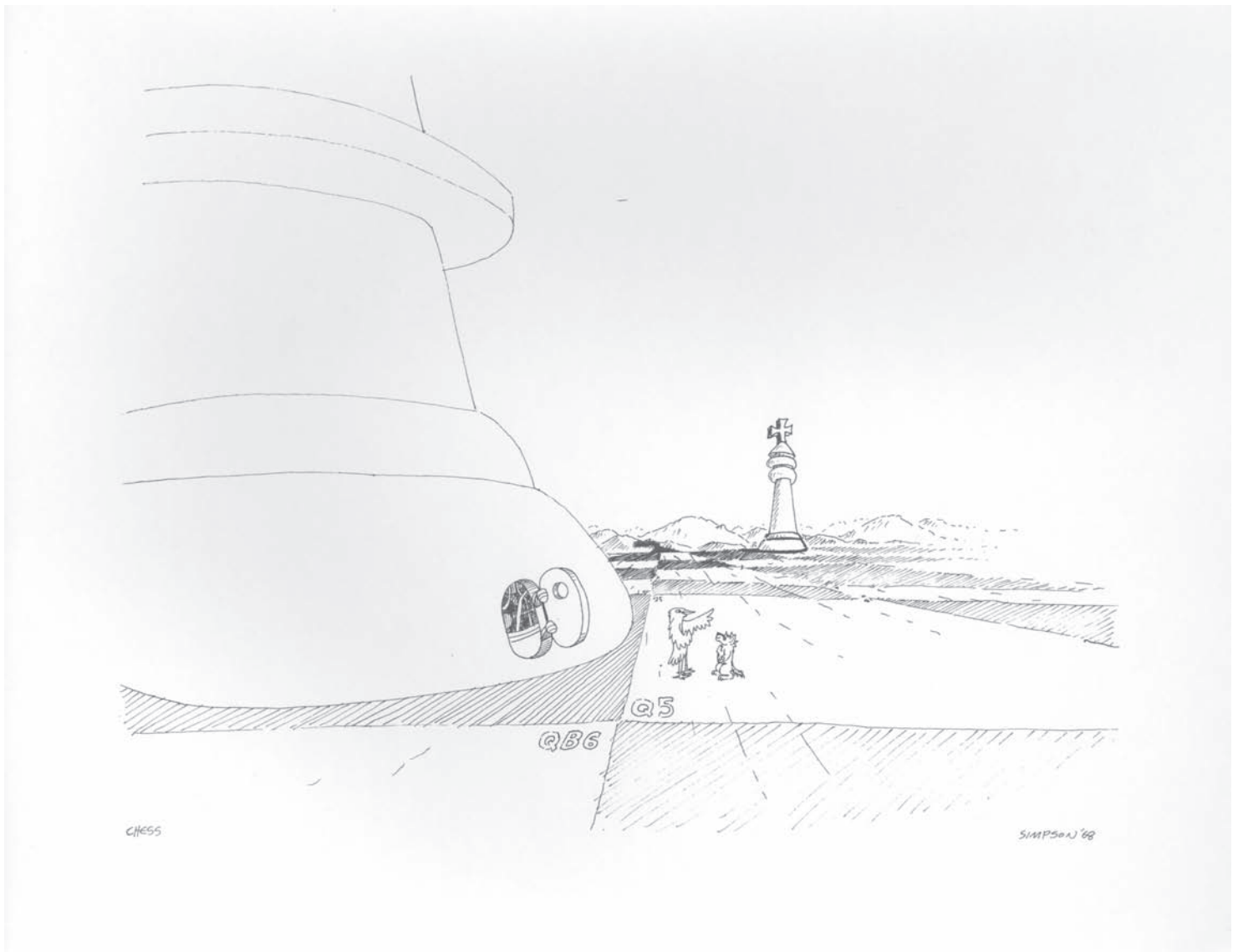
Anyone who edited a book for NESFA Press sought out his help for proofing the book before it went to press. He was one of the finest editors/proofreaders I’ve ever worked with, either in fandom or in the newspaper business. His name became synonymous with the final proofing of any book in NESFA Press. “I’m about finished with the X book,” the book’s editor would say, and then they’d be asked, “Has the book been Georged?”

One task George did for Noreascon Four, just as he had for N3: he conducted an “officer poll” when it came time to decide who would chair the Worldcon. Everyone gave George a ballot, and the balloting was completely anonymous. (I’m sure George knew whose was whose. I’m equally sure he never would have told anyone, but he got a kick out of the knowing.) If he hadn’t done the poll – and published the results to our group – I wouldn’t have chaired the convention. And I think he knew that. He looked at me the night we held elections and said, “They really want you, you know. We really want you.” It was one of the kindest things anyone ever said to me.

Near the end of his life, George was in a nursing home and could not make it to meetings or social occasions of either NESFA or the impending 2004 Worldcon. He would call the clubhouse to chat, and he always wanted to talk with me. At first, I just couldn't understand it, because we had never been close...and then it dawned on me that, since I was the chair of the upcoming Worldcon, George viewed me as the person in charge – gentry, of a sort. He would report in to me. He would make sure that I knew what stage publishing projects were in. His faith that I would keep track of everything and ensure that nothing went awry touched me deeply. He asked me to stop by and pick up the last book he proofread for NESFA Press, and I did. We chatted a bit (although chatting was not easy for George, he was insatiably curious about everything and wanted to *know* everything), and that was the last time I ever saw him.

He told us he would not be able to attend the Worldcon, and we were all kind of upset about that. Several of the senior folks at Noreascon Four and I had discussed the problem, and we agreed that we would rent an ambulance and a reclining wheelchair to get George to Noreascon Four. It just didn't seem right not to have him there. But five days before the Worldcon began, George passed away.

George never had children (although he had many nieces and nephews he doted on). But every one of those books he proofread (either professionally or for NESFA Press)? They were his babies. That's a damned fine legacy.



The Trouble with Fan History

It was a Math conference dealing with The Lehmer family and their Number Sieves at Berkeley. It was 2002, and that afternoon, I was heading over to the San Jose Convention Centre for ConJose, the 2002 World-Con. I was excited, waiting waiting waiting for the time to come. I struck up a conversation with an older guy named Sam who seemed to recognize me, I thought from the Museum. Instead, he said he had seen a panel at BayCon where I had talked about 1950s computing.

“So, you going to WorldCon this weekend?” He asked.

“Yup, can’t wait!” I answered.

“I haven’t been since the 1968 Con, but I went to a half-dozen or so before that.”

Now, I have always loved talking to the old timers, and he looked like he might have been 70 or so, which meant that he was probably born somewhere around 1930, so he could certainly have been to those magical WorldCons of the 1950s that I love hearing stories about.

“The 1950s was a crazy time,” he said. “The wife-swapping, the fist-fights, anything Harlan would do, Ted White, Bob Tucker, listening to Heinlein and Asimov pontificate, it was a great time.”

I smiled, and asked what his favorite

“I was at a convention once, the TriCon, and I couldn’t sleep, so I was wandering around the hotel when I heard a ruckus. I walked towards the ruckus and there was a group of fen standing agape as they stared down the aisle of the lobby. I asked someone what happened and they said that they’d been sitting in the lobby bar and suddenly Randall Garrett ran by, naked as the day is long, and headed out the door. Running after him was Phil Farmer, holding a bottle like a club, and after a moment, there came Betty Farmer, covered-up in a sheet, chasing’ after ‘em, screaming’ for Phil not to kill ‘em. I missed it by about a minute, but everyone was totally buzzing about it.”

And that was the first time I heard a story I’ve heard at least twenty times since.

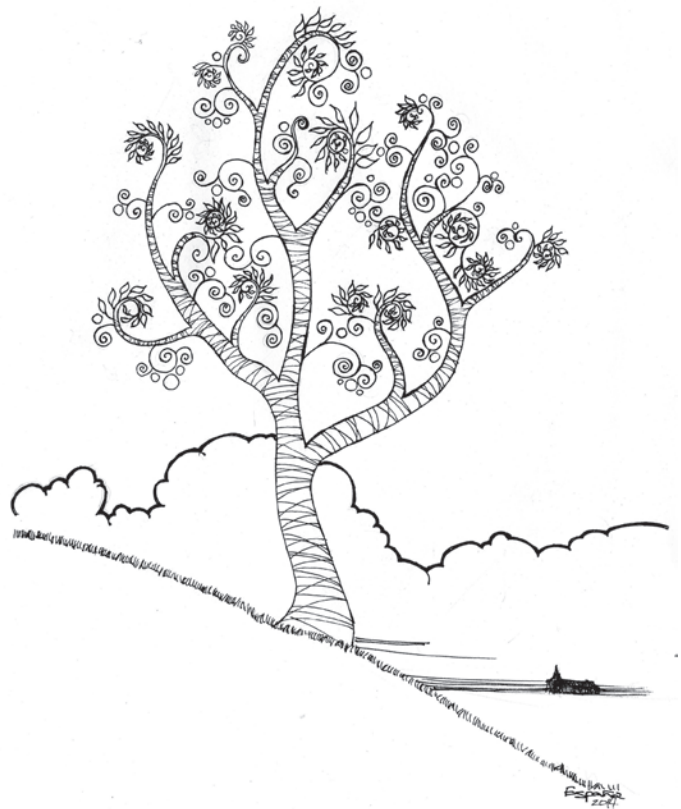
Fast forward - 2006, LACon IV, the Fanzine Lounge. I’m sitting there, chatting with a bunch of LA fans, including Milt Stevens. Somehow, the topic of Randall Garrett comes up. No idea how.

“Well, Randall Garrett used to introduce himself to woman as, ‘Hi, I’m Randall Garrett, wanna fuck?’ You could never get away with that nowadays,” Milt said.

“I heard a story about him, running through a Lobby naked at a WorldCon,” I noted.

I wanna say it was Dick Eney who piped up at that point.

“That was a Midwestcon. He had arranged for a rendez-vous with a young lady, but had stuck around for another drink at the bar. He eventually went upstairs, opened the door, which was unlocked for some reason and let himself in. He undressed, got into bed, and then the couple staying in the room came back. Seeing Randall, and knowing his reputation, the husband assumed he was there to seduce his wife and chased him out into the lobby. Poor Randall left his clothes, wallet, shoes, and



belt behind. Supposedly, the man wore Randall's shoes the next day."

Well, that was a very different version now, wasn't it?

That is the problem with oral history. It's not that the stories are unreliable, because if you look at both those stories, the basics aren't too different. Randall Garrett, a wife, a husband, naked, lobby, the fifties. That's the locked down part of those stories. The details are different, and in some ways EXTREMELY different, but they're still roughly the same story.

Smash-cut to: 2007, Silicon.

I'm sitting in the Fanzine Lounge and Digby's there. Tom Digby's been around longer than almost anyone else, and we're chatting and having a lovely time. Somehow, Randall Garrett's name comes up AGAIN, and this time I get an interesting version of the story.

"Randall was sharing a room with another fan. The two were on the prowl all weekend, attempting to bed as many women as possible. There was a young lady, not attending the convention, and they were both trying to pick her up in the bar. The roommate got her to agree to come back to the room, and Randall was already in there, sleeping off heavy drinking. The roommate had given the young woman the key as he had to run off to the restroom and got dragged into a conversation on the way back. She went to the room, the lights were off, climbed into bed and things progressed. The roommate came back, saw the two of them, and he chased Randall out waving a knife as they ran through the lobby."

Version three is quite different, though the very basic idea is the same.

What's fascinating isn't that the story has morphed from something that really happened, but the ways in which it has morphed. The first one had names attached - Randall, the Farmers, Tricon. The second had the same concept, and the third had a nearly completely different dynamic. The first one, Randall seduced Betty (or vice-versa) and the second it was a complete misunderstanding, which was the same with the third, but a much BIGGER misunderstanding. The addition of the knife in that one is a sweet embellishment.

So which of these is true?

Let's get to that in a minute. The more important thing to answer is what do these stories tell us?

The first thing is simple - Randall Garrett might not be welcome many places today. He was aggressively sexual, and while I've met a couple of folks who said he was aggressive, they also seemed to think he was not predatory. The line is so thin. The fact is, he was out for sex at every turn, and he apparently got it quite a bit. Nothing necessarily wrong with that, so long as there's always consent, and I haven't heard a single story that stated the contrary. In fact, I've heard he took his slaps, when women would say no, and he left them alone afterwards, understood that 'no means no' and that he shouldn't press the issue. Maybe that's not entirely true, at this distance who can say, but the filtered down stories would indicate that.

I'm not naive enough to believe that Fandom in the 1950s was pre-color Pleasantville. There was always sex, and the 1950s wife-swapping stories are, without question, real. I've heard them from too many people over the years. Randall Garrett was operating as many men would in the late 1960s and 70s would, before AIDS, before life-threatening consequences were attached so thoroughly to those kinds of actions. Some would argue he was a Modern Man, Don Draper for SciFi Fandom. I can't go that far, but I can say he was a figure that makes me wonder if all that much has changed, or if it's all just come to the surface.

If you look at the basic premise of these three versions of the story of Randall Garrett running through the lobby naked, they each make a different kind of point. The third story is dumb luck, Randall was gift-wrapped a present, it would seem, and then things went south and he had to run. Randall's the good guy caught up in a bad, and comical, situation. The second story is Randall is a drunk, and like all drunks, he makes a dumb mistake that starts out leading to something fantastic, only to fly completely off the rails. That first story, Randall's a bad guy, macking on married women, and paying the price.

The other, harder question - which of those stories is true?

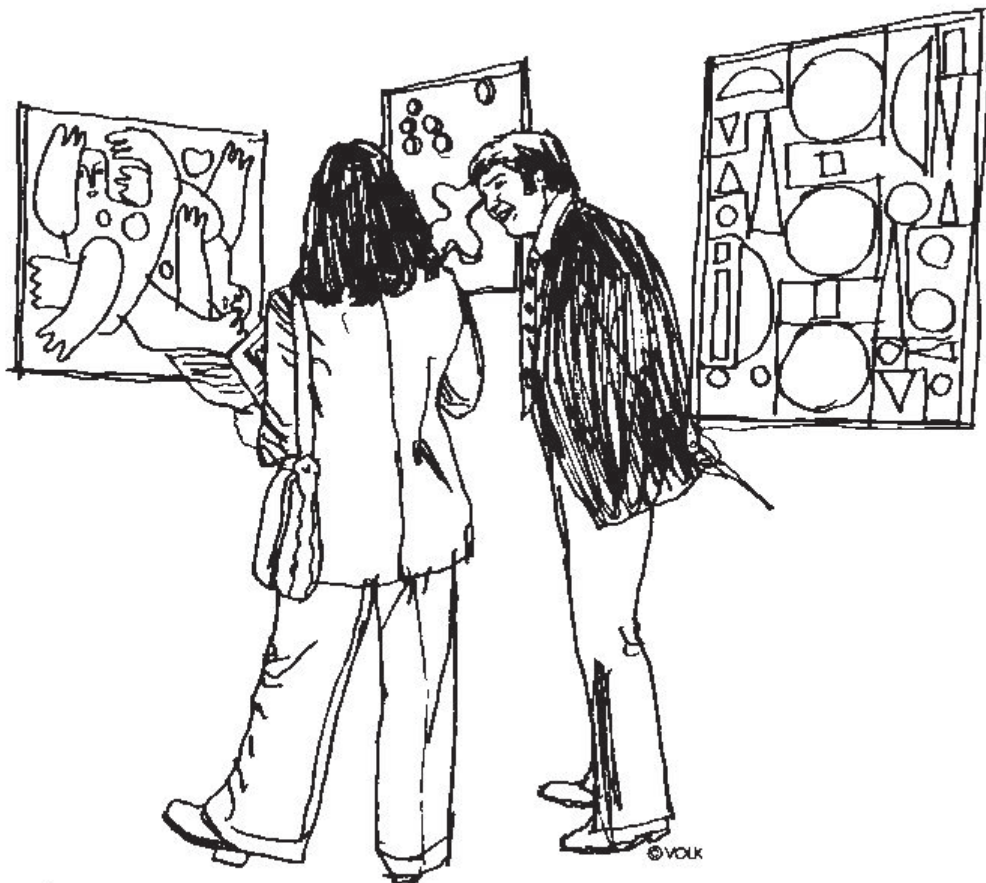
Smash cut: WorldCon 2013, San Antonio

I'm sitting at a table with Milt Stevens, Roger Sims, and someone I don't actually know. He's a man in his 70s, maybe even his 80s. It's hot and we're all trying to get as thoroughly in the firing line of the box fan as possible. Somehow, the topic of the Randall Garrett story comes up. I tell the story (I chose the Farmer version, as it makes the best story) and Milt says, "I'd heard something like that." and the older gentleman nods and mutters something about sounding right and isn't it hot in here. Roger takes on a somewhat quizzical look.

"I don't think that happened. If it had, I probably would have seen it, and certainly would have heard about it."

Hmmmm... that's an interesting twist. Could the legend be just that: a legend? Roger would know, right? So we may have a situation where there's a myth that has been passed on, gaining color (and a naked guy running through the lobby is pretty colorful) and mutating into another story, which not actually being true.

So, the waters are cloudy, not only about what happened, but whether or not it happened at all. What's even cloudier is what does the story/stories tell us about Randall Garrett, and especially about fandom. It does say one thing very clearly - Fans do like their stories.



Jay Haldeman

For most of Worldcon history, the chairmen have been authoritarian, but usually quiet leaders. One that stood out as exceptionally different was the chair of the 1974 Worldcon, Discon II. Jack C. (Jay) Haldeman II had a different kind of personality. Let me tell you a couple of stories about Jay.

Baycon, the 1968 Worldcon, held in the year of the Berkeley riots, has a million stories told about it. Some are even true. In Jay's case, he delighted in telling that the quickest way out of the Baycon hotel, was to dive out of an upper story window and go down a construction chute to reach the outside and the people having "fun" on the streets of San Francisco. Jay thought the entire convention was a blast. For considerably different views of Baycon, talk to Mike Resnick and Ginjer Buchanan, or better yet, read Ginjer's article "I Have Had No Sleep and I Must Giggle".

Jay was not a shy man, nor did he ever lose his sense of the comedic. In 1991, Edie Stern scheduled what we believe to be the first "Sex at 11" panel at Tropicon X. The authors, Joseph Green, Vincent Miranda and Jack C. Haldeman II, were asked to do a reading of their most sexually explicit stories. When they all readily agreed, we upped the ante and asked them to do it in drag. Remember, this is 1991 in Florida, before gender discussions had really started. Jay, never one to shirk his responsibilities, decided to get into character hours before the scheduled program. To prepare for his role, he spent the evening with his brother Joe in the hotel bar, in costume. The photo attached doesn't do him justice. Jay wore a flowered blouse, with a denim skirt and multicolored striped tights. Ladies' sunglasses, and strings of pearls topped off his outfit, along with a pair of mary janes. His beard was braided, with pretty yellow bows. The bartender was a bit nonplussed. Ask Joe how he felt sitting next to him.



Jay Haldeman, and Joe Green escorting each other after the program.

Photo by Peggy Dolan

See http://www.fanac.org/photohtm.php?Other_Cons/TropiCon/t10-020

Tropicon was a December convention, and as it happened, the American Cancer Society was having a Christmas Party in the main ballroom. The other authors for the panel came up the back stairs. Jay of course did not. He came up the main escalator, and to reach the Tropicon program room, had to walk right through the Cancer Society's cocktail tables. It wasn't enough. He danced his way through, sampling the treats on each table. The reaction was perhaps our first example of "shock and awe" at a convention. By the time he got through the tables, all the Cancer Society attendees had retreated from his friendly conversation into the ballroom, and he finally made it to the Tropicon program room.

To finish off his night of revelry, Jay read us a story about an amply endowed midget wrestler that did have some science fiction elements. The audience, who had not seen this preamble, thought the reading was hysterical.

LeeH (Lee Hoffman)

Lee adopted me in 1982 as her twin sister. Our birthdays were only two days apart if you ignored the 20 years difference. She was a revelation to me – an older female fan who hadn't turned into her mother at all. I wanted to grow up to be her.

Lee was Worldcon GoH in 1982, and had pubbed THE fanzine of the early 50s, *Quandry*. For a few years, it was the focal point publication of fandom. She started another fanzine, *Science Fiction Five Yearly*, which kept its relaxed publishing schedule for 50 years, and won the Best Fanzine Hugo in 2005. Her folk music fanzine *Gardylou* morphed into the prozine *Caravan*.

Lee was a renaissance fan in many ways. Her writing career included four science fiction novels, 17 westerns and two romances. She carved teeny tiny things, including a 2 inch sword cane with a wolfshead handle, and a dollhouse sized pallid bust of Pallas. For years, every new interest we developed turned out to be one she had mastered and then moved past. "Lee! Look, we're tooling leather! Oh, you made that really cool belt?... Lee! Look, I'm collecting elephants! Oh, you carved that elephant? ... Lee, look at this coprolite! Oh, wow, that is one big mammoth tooth you found."

I met Lee when we invited her as the first Guest of Honor for Tropicon, the South Florida convention in early 1982. Lee arrived a day early, and insisted on helping us put up the art show hangings. The next year, she arrived wearing a necklace with a working screwdriver hanging from it, and ideas for redesigning the art show hangings. A ghiant in the field, she was an active, if long distance member of the South Florida Science Fiction Society, and worked on a number of Tropicons. Lee was given to the same quirky fannish impulses as are we all. She taught our cat to fetch. She proudly put us up on the same sofa bed that had served Walt Willis, forty years earlier. It had not aged well. We never did hear back from Peter Beagle after Lee and I sent him "The Last Cookie" in homage to his novel. It is because of LeeH that three past Worldcon chairs spent part of their summer vacation this year on a dude ranch in Idaho.

Lee Hoffman, and Banks Mebane at Tropicon III in 1984. Photo by Joe Siclari.

http://www.fanac.org/photohtm.php?Other_Cons/TropiCon/t03-005



Some Memories of Jerry Jacks

Bay Area fandom has always been factionalized. In the 1970s and early 80s, one of the main groups was run out of an apartment in the Marina district of San Francisco, where lived Owen and Hilda Hannifen, Paul Moslander, and Jerry Jacks. Paul was a quiet man, who led the panel at the 1968 Worldcon about comics (Marv Wolfman talking about DC, and Harry Harrison talking about EC: a fairly mainstream view of comics of the day!). Owen and Hilda (now Eclare) were well-known LA fans, and show up in David McDaniel's MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E novel, *The Vampire Affair*, as do several other LA fans.

Jerry was a convention organizer, among other things. His first convention as chair, I believe, was SFCon '70 – a small convention held at an airport hotel near the San Francisco airport. It's not very well remembered at this point, but it was at this convention that Jerry (and Quinn Yarbrow, who was running program) introduced the idea of "three-ring-circus programming." As far as I can tell, this was the start of multi-track programming at conventions: two sets of panels! At the same time! And films running as well. It's also the first convention where people complained about two items being at the same time which really shouldn't have been scheduled to overlap with each other because obviously the same folks were interested in both of them.

He went on to chair a couple of West-ercons and a batch of smaller conventions; he was in discussion to chair a Worldcon bid for 1978, but it never actually happened.

Jerry was also one of the first openly gay convention organizers. He was a costumer, too; he and Ron Bounds did a costume together of "Fafhrd and the Gay Mouser", which won Most Humorous at the LACon Masquerade in 1972. Jerry never made a pass at me that I noticed, but we were leaving a dinner after a committee meeting and the waiter said to Jerry, "Enjoy your chicken." None of us had had chicken – but the waiter thought Jerry was going to be taking me home that night.

Jerry also had a temper, and that makes some people want to forget him, or make him a villain. He wasn't a villain – just a very complex, sometimes difficult man. It's important to remember the bad as well as the good. He got a lot of people to work together to run several conventions, and he shouldn't be forgotten.



*Ron Bounds and Jerry Jacks as
Fafhrd and the Gay Mouser at LACon in 1972
Photo by David Dyer-Bennet*

Mikey & The Lampshade



I can't actually recall when I first met Mike Jelenski. His best friend, also Mike, but known as Ciggy, had been helping with Capricon's special events. At some point, Ciggy dragged Mikey into helping as well. Together, I called them "my Mikeys".

He wasn't someone I knew very well, actually, but he was a memorable guy. I remember Mikey as being quick to smile, quicker to laugh. I remember them putting together the Scalzi scale in 2011, and I remember him offering me his water bottle while they were doing it, laughing as I realized that it was, in

fact, vodka – hey, we Polish folks stick together. I remember the Mikeys' bachelor party that they threw at Capricon – best friends who managed to find their brides so close together in time. I remember his delight when he became a father.

But mostly I remember the lampshade.

The Mikeys were half of my Special Events crew for Capricon 30 in 2010, and the ones who would build amazing things for our Opening Ceremonies. That year's theme was "Celebration!" – Capricon's birthday and/or anniversary, Valentine's Day, Chinese New Year, President's Day, and a few other things fell on our weekend, so we were celebrating all of it. We have a mascot for Capricon, a goat by the name of Capricious, and a guy who wears the goat suit during Opening Ceremonies. That guy isn't Mikey, but it's important to know.

I told my Mikeys that I wanted Capricious to jump out of a birthday cake during Opening Ceremonies. "Like a stripper cake," I said. The story of that cake can be found elsewhere in this issue of Journey Planet, and I laugh every time I think about how epic it was.

The conglom would come dancing into Opening Ceremonies to the song "Celebration", dancing down the aisle, pulling attendees in with us, and then head to the stage and finish it out as a sing-a-long (and then wonder where Capricious was...cue the cake!).

The four people running Special Events were inspired by the old tales of people celebrating too much and ending up with a lampshade on their head. So they each made a wild and crazy lampshade, which they wore as we danced up the aisle.

Mikey's was a velvet leopard print.

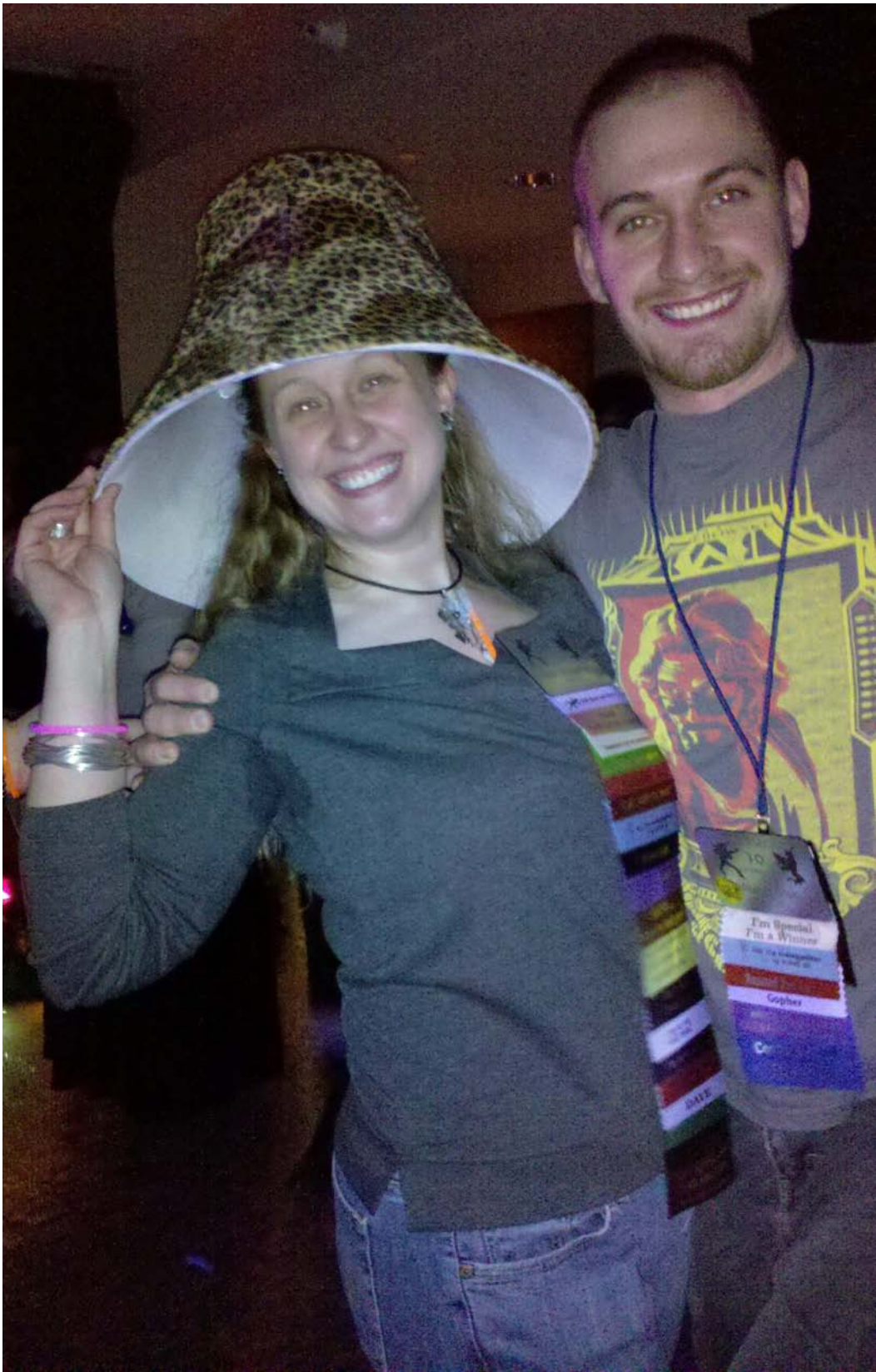
Later that evening as we hit the party floors, Mikey and I were wandering around together, and I decided I needed to wear the lampshade. The rest of the night was me walking around, somewhat intoxicated, reminding people that "I'm the conchair, and I have a lampshade!" Mikey thought this was hysterical every time.

At some point in the evening we parted ways, and the lampshade stayed with me. I tried to give it back to him later in the weekend, but he insisted that I keep it.

That lampshade still resides in my living room, worn with pride by a giant stuffed unicorn named Beets. (That's a whole different story.) Every time I see it, I grin and remember my Capricon.

On Friday, November 22, 2013, we got the news that Mikey had died. An accident in the home. He left behind his wife, his newborn baby girl, and too many friends to count.

That night, when I came home and saw the lampshade, I cried.



Mike Jelenski

Mike Jelenski was a fellow boilermaker who I met on the job at a power plant. I was his boss and he couldn't believe I was taking time off work to go to a sci-fi convention. He gave me a hard time for weeks about taking an unpaid vacation for this. Little did we know 2 years later he'd be working with me on special events at Capricon.

Mikey was such a character! He and I built the giant balance scale to give author John Scalzi his weight in Coke Zero. We assembled it in Mikey's backyard and he proceeded to test it like an adult see saw. That goof ball learned pretty quick not to use it as a toy because he almost knocked himself unconscious when he was the only person on the scale and tried to swing like Tarzan.

Another example of our escapades for Capricon was when we were asked to make a giant cake for someone to pop out of at opening ceremonies. The conversations that occurred and the debates over how large to make this cake were on the grandiose scale. When we finally settled on a size and started to build, we learned the size of the cake superseded the size of the garage, so we had to build the cake in sections. In the end, it turned out okay, but we were sweating bullets when we assembled it at Capricon because neither of us knew what it would look like.



Not only did we not know what it would look like, but Mikey and I had no idea how to transport this massive amount of plywood and 2x4s from Hammond, IN to Wheeling, IL. His solution was to purchase a \$40,000 big-boy pick-up truck. That year, he used Capricon to justify the purchase of a lifetime, his dream truck. Because, of course, who in their right mind would waste \$100 on a U-Haul rental truck when they FINALLY found the best excuse to drop \$40,000 on the truck of their dreams?

Mikey had a big heart. He participated in Relay for Life for many years and one year he won a door prize from Home Depot, a door.

In the end, better than the icing on any massive cake we had could have ever built, Mikey was the best man at my wedding and accompanied me in our matching utilikilts and combat boots with his Star Trek commander pips.

By Mike "Ciggy" Cyganiewicz and Lisa Malec

Jell-o, Cloud Seeding, and the Fannish Life

I remember sitting in the living room of Tara Hall (Ted Johnstone's / Dave McDaniel's apartment at 619 South Hobart Blvd.) with Ted and [his wife] Joyce and with Phil Castora, discussing cloud seeding.

"Do you have to use silver particles?" I asked, "or would any fine particles do?"

"Any fine particles would do," people said.

"So you could use dry Jell-o powder instead?" I asked.

"Just think of the weather bulletins," said Phil — and fell into a radio announcer voice. "Jello today. Strawberry falling in the Los Angeles Basin, changing to Lemon and Lime in the foothills and mountains."

I don't remember exactly when I got a call one afternoon from Phil Castora to ask if I were free to chat, but I'm pretty sure it was after we bought our home, so it was in 1979 or later.

After awhile Phil mentioned that he'd felt a cold coming on so he'd decided to take some Vitamin C. He'd crushed the pills to powder and put them in orange juice and swallowed them. He'd crushed a whole bottle of a hundred 500 mg Vitamin C pills. He'd swallowed FIFTY GRAMS of powdered Vitamin C. And then, because he knew that Vitamin C was acidic, he'd followed that up with a swallow of Pepto-Bismol.

"I'd think that would give you something like the effects of eating lots of fruit," I said. "The kind of diarrhea that Barry calls fruititis."

"I've been sitting on the toilet for two hours," Phil said and then changed the subject and we went on talking.

And after awhile I said, "Phil, I just remembered. You don't have a telephone."

"No, I don't," he agreed. "I'm calling from my neighbor's apartment. He's letting me use his phone and his bathroom, because I got so bored in my own bathroom." And we went on talking.

I remember that I broke off at a little before 6 PM to start skinning and then broiling chicken pieces — and then to eat dinner with Barry when he came home from work, and then to watch Jeopardy at 7 PM. And that at 7:30 PM, Phil called back and first Barry and then I talked with him for awhile before we said goodbye and told him he'd have to spend the rest of his long night talking to someone else.

When I mentioned this incident at LASFS a week or so later, Phil said triumphantly, "But I didn't catch the cold!"

(I met Phil when I joined LASFS in 1967. He died sometime in July, 2009, at about 75 years old.)

Gary Louie

I don't remember when I first met Gary. It may have been at WesterColt 45, The Westercon in Phoenix, Arizona in 1988. He was an active LA area fan (a member of LASFS and SCIFI), always helping someone or with something. He was easy to spot, wearing a blue vest with buttons on it (just a few, not enough to be rated for armor), one of the buttons would say "Not Lex Nakashima".

At Noreascon Three, Boston, 1989, he helped Ruth Sachter, John Lorentz and myself with At-Con Registration. He was there nearly as much as the three of us. Helping where needed, making good decisions if necessary to get the members registered, out of Hall A and into the Worldcon where they could enjoy themselves.

After that there wasn't a Worldcon, Westercon, or Smofcon that both of us were there that we didn't try to find each other to spend some time visiting, share a meal or help each other with whatever current project we had. We discovered that we were both big sushi fans. One memorable meal was during the '94 Westercon in LA. We went to an all-you-can-eat-in-an-hour restaurant called Cowboy Sushi. Gary started ordering by picking pieces in order on the menu; I was ordering my favorites. Gary soon switched to ordering the same thing I was. We discovered that this helped the chef prepare the pieces quicker and the whole group was soon in sync.

We had so much fun at that meal that we always tried to find a sushi restaurant at every convention we were both at, no matter what city. Sometimes Gary would research the restaurants in advance, sometimes we would take our chances using the local Yellow Pages. Occasionally, I would return to the same restaurant twice in a trip just to make sure that Gary and I shared a sushi meal. I did that at both Bucconeer and Smofcon 16 in Colorado Springs.

At Worldcons and Westercons there would also be "sweet wine" parties. People would contribute an Ice Wein or Trachen Beren Auslese to share among friends. Gary didn't drink quite as much as the other participants, but he enjoyed the get together and always made sure that it wasn't forgotten. He would email people in advance, help find a good evening (that wasn't overloaded with people working bid parties, etc.) and a location (sometimes offering his room), and provide a supply of plastic glasses.

As I mentioned, Gary often helped with whatever I was involved with. He would help with bid parties for Boston/Orlando in 1998/2001, sometimes even when he could have been helping with an LA area party. Many Boston area fans met him and appreciated his help and his humor. In 1997, Jim Mann asked me to run the Staff Den at LoneStarCon 2. I don't remember whether I asked Gary to help, or if he volunteered first. He was glad to get away from the exhibit work he had been doing at Worldcons, but when they needed his expertise, he explained to me and helped with the setup. But that didn't stop him from feeling bad that he couldn't offer as many hours to me.

Just because Gary helped me, that didn't mean that he wasn't busy with five million other things. He worked hard on all the SCIFI run Westercons, Worldcons, NASFiC, etc. Local LA conventions such as Loscon and Gallifrey, and I'm sure many other conventions when other friends ask him to help. Last Westercon in San Diego I always found him behind the Art Show desk. I'm sure that if he lived on the East Coast, he would have been a valued member of the Floating East Coast Art Show Crew.

A job that he did for LASFS was purchasing books for the LASFS library. He was concerned that he would be missing new NESFA Press books, so he asked how he could get notices of when we would publish new books. Since, at the time, we didn't have a mailing list for announcements; I suggested that by joining NESFA he would find out our publishing schedules by reading *Instant Message* and never miss a notice. We learned to expect the double order from him for LASFS and his personal collection, to be picked up at Boskone by Bruce Pelz. Soon he enjoyed being a NESFAn, reading about what we were doing, the escapades of Mr. Skunk and other items of interest.

He always wanted to attend a Boskone, but recently it conflicted with the LA area convention, Gallifrey. He told me that maybe next year he could escape and come east in February. Then he was even more interested in coming when he found that there was a Lego store in Waltham. He wanted to know how far away from Framingham, Waltham was. Besides con-running, Gary was a huge Lego fan and collector. When he found the Internet newsgroups, he was excited to find the Lego newsgroup where people would trade hard to find Lego pieces. I'm not sure how he had time for everything.

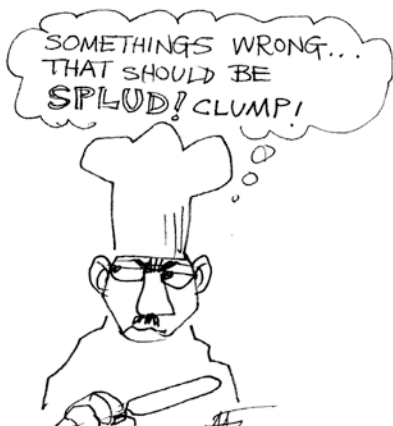
Gary always had something interesting to talk about. I was fascinated by his knowledge of Chinese heritage and history. It was detailed and complex and Gary immersed himself in learning more with as much intensity as he did everything else. I wish that we talked more about his heritage.

Once you were Gary's friend, you found that he cared about you. It didn't matter if you were 3000 miles away. He was genuinely concerned when I needed help and rejoiced in my good news, when he had a problem or needed help he would email or call to ask my advice.

Gary died February 2, 1999. Boskone 36 was just ten days later, February 12-14, I was busy being online liaison and GoH liaison among other jobs. I was thinking that I hadn't heard from him in a while and meant to send an email to check on him, but didn't get to it. I'm sorry I didn't. Gary was a good friend; I still miss him a lot.

Priscilla Olson asked me to write a few paragraphs for *Helmuth*, the Boskone newsletter, so I took the time to write this article. It was longer than she expected, so a shorter version appeared there.

CLUMP!
SPLUD!
CLUMP!
SPLUD!
CLUMP!
SPLUD!



Remembering Joe

(Revised from a piece published in the July 2000 WSFA Journal)

“Fine as frog’s hair!”

– Joe’s usual response to the question, “How are you, Joe?”

It has been fifteen years since Joseph Thomas Mayhew passed away after a month-long battle with what may have been Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease, an uncommon variety of encephalitis related to Mad Cow disease. I was shocked when researching this article and saw Joe had only been 57 when he died — five years younger than I am now. I always thought of him as one of the wise elders of this village we call Fandom. He did play the curmudgeon very well. Joe was brilliant and a gifted conservationist capable of great charm. However, he also harbored a capacity to stir up trouble for his own perverse amusement. Nothing could trigger Peggy Rae Sapienza’s head-toss eye-roll than mention of Joe’s latest mischief — a mixture of exasperation and fondness.

Joe’s memorial service took place on June 17, 2000 in St. Bernard’s, a Catholic church in Riverdale, Maryland. The main space was a large T-shaped area — three sets of pews facing a central altar — religion in the round, so to speak. It was a beautiful location for the service. The large stained glass windows were made with slab glass — pieces of glass an inch or more thick, roughly shaped with hammer and chisel and cemented together. It was a marked contrast from the thin delicate pieces of glass joined by lead or copper foil in traditional stained glass windows. I had never seen such large and detailed stained glass projects done with slab glass. They were like Joe. He was a big guy and you didn’t expect him to be capable of creating such detailed and fine work when you first met him. One window amused me particularly. One of the window panels showed a pair of dice. I think Joe would have seen and remarked on the pun — since it was obviously a picture of Paradise.

I did not pay much attention during the service — a sermon about Jesus and Lazarus Long or something. I was thinking about Joe and what I would say if the priest asked people to come up to talk about him. Joe was the first friend I have ever lost. My mom had died three years earlier and a number of relatives have passed on, but Joe was the first friend to go. Everything I thought of saying seemed like a cliché. How it felt like there was a Joe-sized hole in my heart and that WSFA meetings and conventions would never feel completely right again without Joe.

I remembered my first visit to see him in the hospital. He was still awake for brief periods at that time. It was like *The Giving Tree* by Shel Silverstein. Unable to talk — perhaps not ever able to understand what people were saying — Joe freely gave the only thing he had left to give... his smile. I think he was trying to make his visitors feel better — to reassure them and to comfort them even while he was trapped within his own body. For someone like Joe who truly loved language, it must have been especially terrifying to lose the ability to communicate.

I really did not get to know Joe well until I started asking him for artwork for the Baltimore in 1998 Worldcon bid ads in 1993. I had foolishly volunteered to produce ads and flyers without any previous experience. My first ad, for one of the ConAdian (the 1994 Worldcon) progress reports, had been a crude piece using a genetic WordPerfect clipart graphic.



In Memory: Ann Newell McKnight, Long-Time PSFS Member

Ann and Jack McKnight were fixtures at PSFS meetings when I joined the club in 1979. There were few others of “the old guard” who attended as regularly. Though content to let the new generation handle the work of the growing Philcon, Ann was a panelist for one of the earliest Hugo Panels, in 1983.

Nancy Newell was born in San Francisco in 1924, the daughter of a professor of radiology at Stanford. (She didn’t like her name and later changed it to Ann.) She had little patience with the social niceties and her mother’s efforts to mold her into a debutante. She started to study radiology, and enlisted in the WAVES when WWII began. She was stationed in the South Pacific as a medical technician. When the war was over, she attended Cranbrook Academy of Art in Michigan. The veterans were not permitted to live in the dormitories because they were too “worldly” to associate with the younger girls. Her specialty was weaving.

She and Jack were married in the backyard of a friend. I think it was in Warminster, because she mentioned it when we were driving nearby. She would have liked to have had a child, but it didn’t come to be. Jack’s daughters, Toni and Peggy Rae, lived with their mother.

He was medium-sized and lean; she was large and red-haired and tended to be quiet in larger groups because she couldn’t hear well. They lived in an apartment a block off Cowpath in Hatfield, very private along the creek, for many years. Bookcases lined nearly every wall, including overhead in the narrow hallway, and boxes and boxes overflowed. Ann did the billing and bookkeeping for Jack’s machine shop while working at a local hospital. I think her loom lived at the machine shop.

Ann and Jack went to Worldcons when they were small and everyone knew everyone else. When I complained about a particular author who copied whole pages from one book to another, just changing the names of the aliens, she said, “Yes, but we forgave him because he needed the money.”

After Jack died in the late 80s, Ann sold his shop (it took a while in those days of sky-high interest rates). She moved to an apartment in Glenside and went to Temple for a masters in medical records. She was 65 when she started the program. After graduating, she worked at HUP for several years. For an adventure, she took a tour to Ecuador and the Galapagos. It was exhausting and she didn’t see as much as she’d have liked. After I moved nearby, she’d come over and chat and pet my cat Mrfl and flirt (unsuccessfully) with my dad. She lost her brother Allen, a pioneer in artificial intelligence, a few years after Jack. Her mother lived well into her 90s in a San Francisco retirement home.

From the time she moved, Ann planned to retire to Arkansas to be near Toni and her family. First, she needed to sort through thousands of books, Jack’s military history collection as well as SF, and donate, give away or sell them. She finally moved around 2000. The loom came back into use again once she had room, and she joined a local weaving club. One of the pictures she shared on her Facebook page last summer showed that it had pride of place, the wall shelved to hold many spindles of yarn.

She joined LinkedIn a couple of years ago and later Facebook in order to keep in touch. There are some pictures on her account from her 91st birthday last June.



Breakfast of con champions - Mick O'Connor

So, the story goes, *Babylon 5* was loved by many, had caught the imagination of fans and was coming to its end as a multi series science fiction extravaganza that seemed to engage intelligent fans. So a convention was planned entitled the 'Wrap Party', but unlike other conventions, this would be a celebration of the writers. A group of Dublin based fans had decided that the 'Wrap Party' was worth going to, seeing as JMS would be there, and so went to Heathrow for this convention, staring the scribes who brought the series to life.

It was a heavy duty weekend, Mick O'Connor was one of Dubliners who was there, a fan who liked to drink long and late and who did so on the Friday, but knew the rules and got down in reasonable time for breakfast on Saturday. He piled a plate high, eyeing the sustenance to another long day which would also sate a gnawing hunger, and sat at an empty table, his mission determined, food. He was briefly interrupted as some people enquired if they could sit at the table and without missing a forkful, he intoned a welcome paying them the least attention, and returning to his work in progress, the food was good, the tea was warm, he was enjoying the feed.

Others joined those already there, but O'Connor cannot recall exactly who or when, until an atmosphere descended upon his immediate surroundings, and he suddenly realised that he was the focus not only of everyone's attention, but also of some angry and pointed utterances from an angry man. 'That's disgusting' came the ire of one of the those present, there was a pause.

'Heh', said the O'Connor, a natural response unsure what or why he suddenly deserved this unwanted and indeed somewhat unwarranted attention. 'Disgusting, I cannot sit here' said the short angry American, O'Connor not wishing to cause a scene decided better than to engage, and returned to his food, ignoring further coming and goings from the table.

Like us all, embarrassment or upset can be slow to manifest, and indeed much drinking and enjoyment was on the agenda, but Mick was hurt, in a way.

Matters did not improve, despite the convention proceeding very well, stories of the angry man deciding to storm a bedroom adjacent to him screaming and shouting and waking fans from their slumber accusing them of partying, mistakenly of course, circulated, while other interactions were, tense to say the least.

On the Sunday Mick had decided to go for a walk. And like two fleets travelling unbeknown in uncharted waters, soon he saw in the distance a murder of writers, on a collision trajectory. Including his nemesis.

Mick saw the angry writer, and with time to consider, he prepared himself for the encounter. Once he had drawn close he challenged the writer, politely but pointedly, and asked for an apology. The fellows colleagues circumvented the two men and continued a little bit, but the angry man dismissed Mick aghast at the challenge and denying any and all knowledge, belittling the man with insignificance. O'Connor stood his ground but could see no apology forthcoming, and so he gave way and started to walk on.

He then stopped, turned and called out "Mr Ellison, you are a fecking gobshite" pointing his stick at the suddenly silent man, now with his colleagues, all looking on like a gallery, and the angry man, who without time to reply was soon looking at the back of a proud Irish fan, who had the final word, and was now striding powerfully away.

So the story goes.

Bruce Pelz - Fan Guest of Honor

Published in the Westercon XXXII (1979) program book

During the daytime, a mild-mannered Engineering Department Librarian at a state university (UCLA), Bruce Pelz is in reality SMOF #2. (Just check his license plate if you doubt me.)

Pelz's first club activity was in the 1950s as a spelunker. That was at the University of Florida in Gainesville (a place which was shortly later to graduate Tom Digby as well). Soon Pelz (and several of the other spelunker club members) sunk to his proper level and became a science fiction fan.

Leaving Florida in 1960, he came to Los Angeles and, except for brief excursions to fannish conventions, has remained there ever since. In his fanhome, the Tower (currently Tower VI, a home in Granada Hills), Pelz has for over a decade hosted some of the LASFS's most popular parties, among them the annual Ellik-Jacobs Memorial Wine & Cheese Tasting Party (recently renamed as a D.R.E.G.S. [Drinking Readers Extropic and Gaming Society]) function and the early fall Baskin-Robbins Party, to which admission is a pint of Baskin-Robbins ice cream.

Pelz has been active in many areas of fandom, but in one he once achieved a distinction unlikely ever to be equaled these days: he was an OMNIAPAN, a member of ALL the apas in existence. (Of course, in those innocent days of the early 60s, there were only five apas in fandom: FAPA, the Cult, N'APA, OMPA and SAPS.) Old filksongs still attest to the fact that he objected if lazier multiapans attempted to run the same material in more than one apa.

These days Pelz is again a member of the Cult (recently having served as its Official Arbiter), Lasfapa, an occasional contributor to the weekly APA-L, and the Official Encapsulator of WOOF, the Worldcon APA which has been appearing at each worldcon for several years now and to which he is a never-failed contributor.

Pelz has long been a major force in LASFS, most notably for having guided the Incorporated Club for over six years as dual Board and Procedural treasurer during the period that the LASFS's Building Fund got pushed to the point that Realsoonnow became Reality and the LASFS actually bought its own Clubhouse. Shaped by that period, for some time the post of Treasurer loomed in LA fan circles as equivalent in importance to that of Secretary in the Communist Party. Pelz still serves the LASFS as Comptroller (aka Treasurer) of the Board of Directors.

Pelz holds two other standing LASFS positions, exercised infrequently and informally perhaps but forever his. The first is as Devil's Advocate at Large. The duties and perquisites of this office have never been fully defined, but its function does seem to fit in well with Pelz's general character. The second, created during his stay as Continual Treasurer, was his status as The Committee to Gouge Money out of the LASFS, a post which enabled him to conduct minor and major auctions, set up fund raising activities, and otherwise somehow actually get the money needed for down payment and mortgage payments on the Clubhouse.

Pelz is also active in several more or less disorganized LASFS ingroups (besides the Board of Directors). Back in August of 1966 he started the Blackguards for the purpose of proving LASFSians will join anything. The group went in for poker, bowling and miniature golf — and put out four issues of the infamous Victorian Digest, usually referred to by its initials. The Blackguards are now inactive, but Pelz still frequently spends parties at the poker table that the group purchased in its heyday. He also became a tournament bridge player in the early '70s with currently 116 registered master points to his credit.

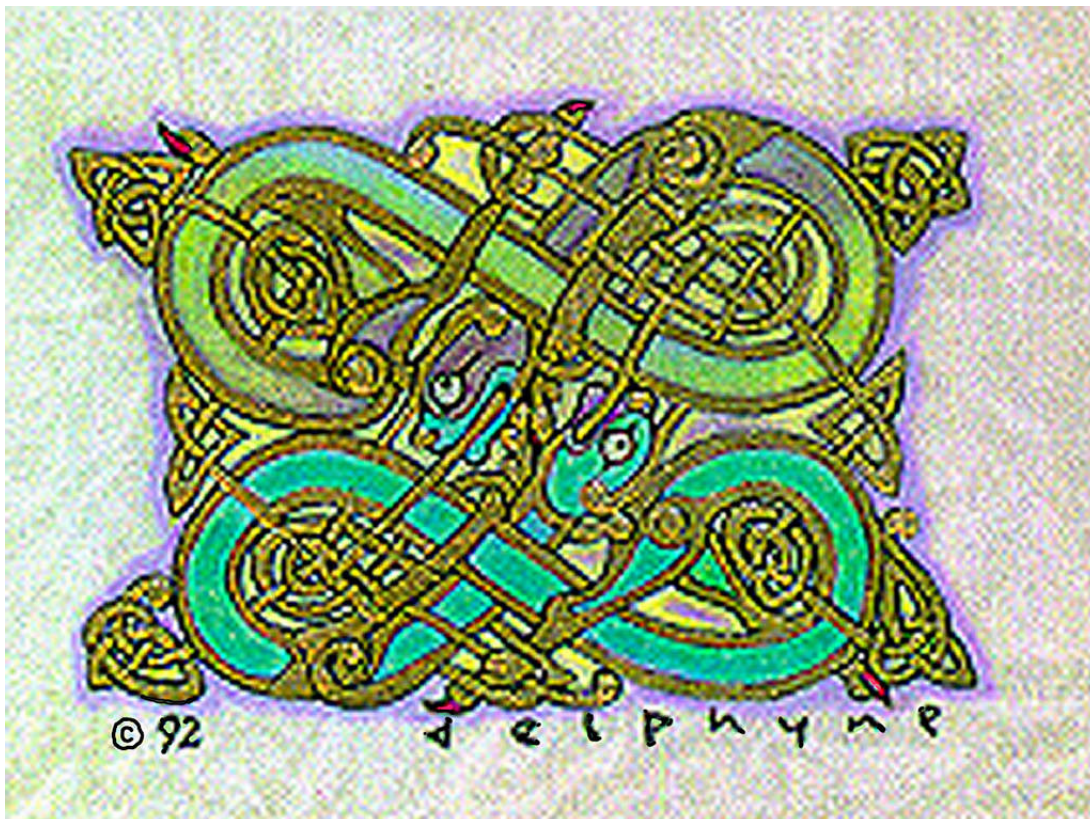
Pelz is also a notable collector, not only of paperbacks and hardbacks (like most fen) but also of (speak it softly) fanzines. His are organized. Most of his runs are complete. Many are even bound. He has nine filing cabinets of loose fanzines and one bookcase wall of bound fanzines (in addition to his several rooms lined with books). And he keeps them indexed (with the aid of a friendly computer).

Pelz also serves as curator for the Institute for Specialized Literature, ephemera division. The purpose of this institute is “the support of research in the Science Fiction field through the accumulation, ordering, and preserving of research materials.” Fen may wish to note that donations to the ISL are tax-deductible and may be sent Book or Library rate to Pelz. (And the ISL states it is usually able to repay postage.)

Pelz also serves as LASFS Fanzine Librarian, a job that involves organizing and maintaining the LASFS’s vast and highly miscellaneous collection of fanzines, augmented at irregular intervals by donations from members who have grown tired of the things.

Pelz has also been long active in the field of filk songs, not only as a writer of lyrics (“DNQ Rally Song,” “Sir Fanalot’s Lament,” and numerous others) and composed (among other things he did the music for [some of] the Silverlock Songs by John Myers Myers), but also as publisher of the Filksong Manuals, now finally reissued again. Unlike any other publisher of filk songs, Pelz takes care to publish not just the lyrics but the full score of the song, thus enabling a fan who has never heard the song’s tune to still attempt to sing it. Since quite a few of the West Coast filk songs are set to original tunes, this makes Pelz’s Filksong Manual invaluable.

How to recognize Bruce Pelz? I don’t know whether this program book will carry a picture of him, but he’s unmistakable. Just look for a medium height, stocky fellow who gives the impression of wearing a bear and being dressed in black (and may even be doing so at the time you see him). (Once upon a time at Disneyland, Ted Johnstone lost track of Pelz and checked with the manager of the last Main Street Shop he had seen him in. “Bearded fellow in black?” said the mundane. “Oh yes, he went through that door.” Ted checked and sure enough, there was Bruce. It was only on closer inspection that Ted noticed that Bruce had shaved off his beard and was wearing a pastel shirt and pants.)



Conventions

F-UN CON (1968): assistant chairman

Westercon (1969): co-chairman

Eastercon (1970): ran the convention — in New York. This mad escapade began at the suggestion of the Fano-clasts at the 1969 Eastercon that Pelz bid for t he next Eastercon for LA. He did so and won.

Presicon (1971): co-chairman

LA CON (1972 Worldcon): co-chairman

Westercon (1979): chairman

and other concom positions in many others

Costume Awards for

Westercon:

1963: Heavy Trooper (from DRAGON MASTERS)

1965: Gorice of Carce (with Dian as the Lady Sriva)

1966: The Fat Fury (with Dian as Ticklepuss) (from the Herby comics)

1967: Barquentine (from TITUS GROAN)

1978: Nick van Rijn (from the Poul 'Anderson series)

Worldcon:

1963: Fafhrd (with Ted Johnstone as the Gray Mouser and Dian as Ningauble)

1966: Chun the Unavoidable

1968: Heavy Trooper (from DRAGON MASTERS)

1969: Countess Gertrude of Groan (from TITUS GROAN)

1970: Gorice of Carce

Of these costumes, the one I particularly remember was Countess Gertrude. Bruce wore a green and gold caftan, a green cap, and a string of snails. He spent the presentation murmuring to a dove which perched on his finger (and was actually stuffed). No one recognized him including old friend Charlie Brown, who actually helped "Gertrude" up the ramp. The panel of judges was sufficiently impressed by the whole affair to award him MOST EVERYTHING, including Most Beautiful, Best Presentation, and Best Group (after all, there was Gertrude and the Dove). When the name of the winner was announced, the entire audience burst into applause.

Diplomacy: Pelz is a one-time Diplomacy player though still on some PBM mailing lists. He played Russia in RURITANIA, the second Play by Mail Diplomacy game ever held, in 1961-64. He also played in LASFS Diplomacy as chronicled in WITDIP, a game which died in the flaming wreckage of a Cobal Bomb, which was dropped to end the unenjoyable wrangling over just who had moved where and what the result was, when it turned out even the referee and those he consulted couldn't figure it out.

Fanzines

ProFANity (genzine)

Glamdring (reviews)

Menace of the LASFS (minutes)

Savoyard (N'APA-OMPA)

Ankus (FAPA)

Nyet Vremia (APA-L)

Everything (SFPA)

Valday (VALAPA)

and course the four *Filksong Manuals*, now reissued in one volume

Tantrum (personalzine)

Ratatosk (news)

SpeleoBem (SAPS)

Rache (N'APA)

Angmar (The Cult)

Kiarans'Tuncheon (Lasfapa)

Old Ship (NAPA - Mishap)

The Time Bruce Pelz Lost His Voice For Me

Bruce was a talker. He talked about books, told stories, shared fan history, and spoke his mind freely about whatever he chose. Talking was how Bruce interacted with his world. Well, yes, he did a lot, too, but most of what he did was accomplished through talking.

Easter weekend, 1999, I was chairing my first Minicon. And, well, my first convention, for that matter. I'd organized weekend-long Not-A-Cons, either as tourist outings or as in-town parties. Those drew anywhere from a few dozen to a hundred or more people, but they weren't formal conventions, with a concom and all.

When I signed on to work on Minicon 34, I volunteered to head publications. But then, well, life, stories, reality, and All That Jazz. I ended up as the Facilitator; at con in particular, I was in the Chair role.

This was the first "Hi-Res" Minicon. There was considerable tension surrounding pretty much everything about it. I arranged to share a suite with Don Fitch and put him in charge of making sure there was food on hand for when I needed ready sustenance, and I asked Bruce Pelz to look out for me, to have my back. As part of that, I gave him the power of a command voice that I would listen to no matter what. The idea was that if he saw me about to do something incredibly stupid, he could do whatever he needed to in the way of speaking up and stopping me, and I wouldn't just blow him off; I would listen.

The role was primarily personal, but I also intended it as a protection for the convention. Bruce had seen pretty much everything there was to be seen in the ways conventions could go pear-shaped, and, in particular, how an individual's decisions and actions could speed them along that path. While my whole con committee also had my back (and did a great job of handling things on site), Bruce had experience and perspective well beyond the passions, sensibilities, and righteous certainties we brought to the table.

So. Yes. It was a fraught year. One really neat thing happened after I turned in on New Year's Eve (well, New Year's Day by that point, but you get the idea. In the wee hours as 1999 dawned). I had a Convention Fantasy Dream. Up until that point in my convention-running experience stretching back about 15 years, I'd occasionally have Convention Anxiety Dreams (like you do), but never before had I been gifted with a Convention Fantasy Dream.

In that dream, it was Sunday of Minicon 34. People were packing up, checking out of the hotel, heading out at the end of the convention, and I was asking them how their Minicon went. What they thought now that they'd experienced what we'd done, what we'd been talking about. In the dream, people were pretty darned favorable. They hadn't liked everything, but they'd had a good time and thought Minicon 34 went well.

And the way I knew without a doubt that it was a fantasy was that in the dream, I still had my voice. For years and years before that, by the time Sunday of Minicon rolled around on the guitar, my voice was long-gone, a husky croak at best.

That dream was a great way to start the year.

So, back to Easter weekend and the convention itself. Bruce only needed to use the voice of command once. I was standing around at one point and made a comment about how if I were wise, I would go take a short nap before whatever program item I needed to be at started in another 90 minutes or so. Bruce said, "Yes, go do that." Pretty much everyone who knows me at all knows how likely I would be under normal circumstances to actually go take such a nap, missing even a minute, let alone an hour of a convention. FOMS, indeed.*

But I'd given Bruce the power, so I listened when he used it. And I was in much better shape for the program item and the rest of the day as a result. Win.

On Easter Sunday, my fantasy dream seemed to be turning real: I still had my voice.

I soon learned why. But first, another digression.

On more than one occasion, I've woken without a hangover despite everything I'd done the night before to earn and deserve one. That same day, I've run into someone else who felt utterly wretched despite the fact that they'd imbibed nothing to trigger it the night before. I always apologize and thank them; they're the poor soul who ended up with my hangover.

Easter Sunday, 1999, Bruce Pelz woke up without a voice. It was totally gone; he could barely get a whisper out.

Bruce. Voiceless. Unable to talk.

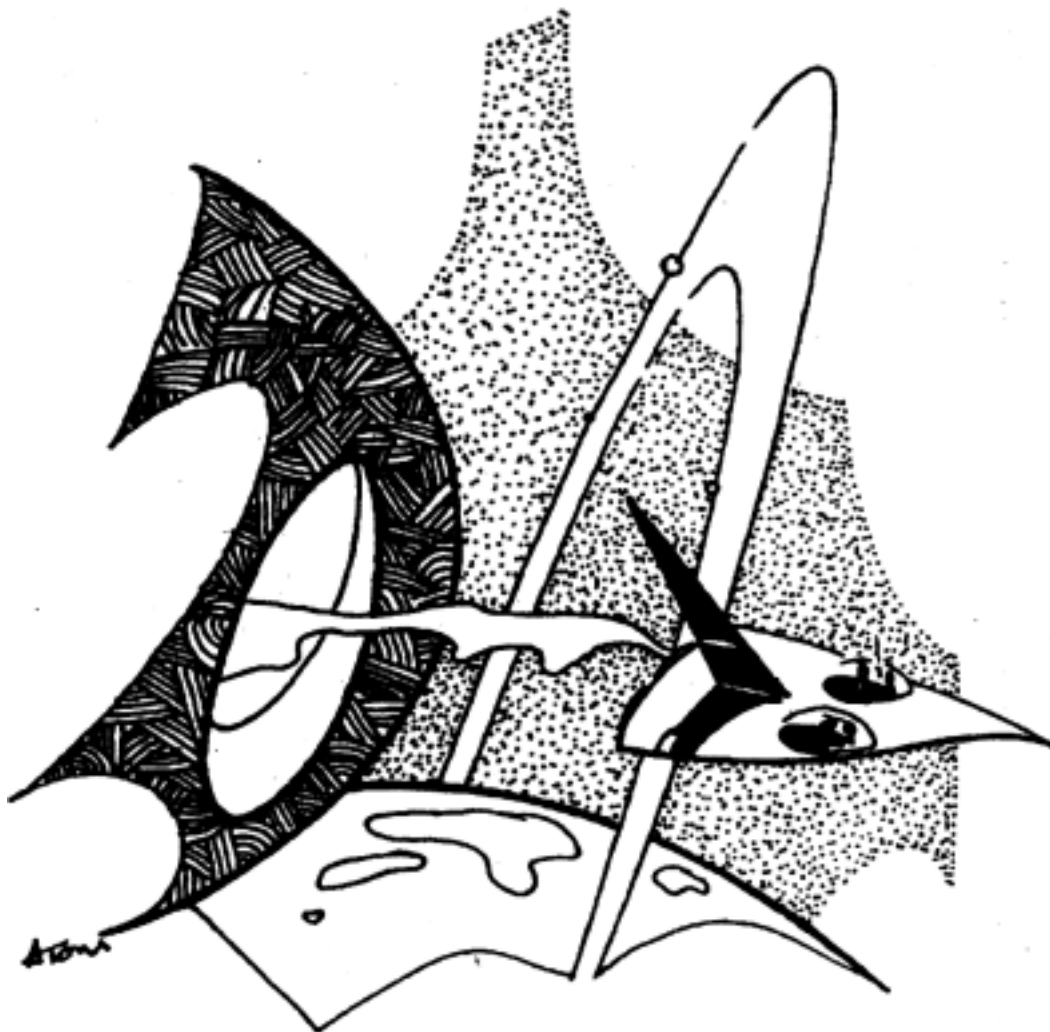
Bruce.

It was such a cruel fate, so very frustrating for him. It was the only time I ever encountered him speechless.

Okay, it's not that Bruce losing his voice was actually why I hadn't lost mine, but it certainly felt that way. And, y'know, he was the sort that if it had been in his power to take on my laryngitis so that I could continue talking all the way through that particular Minicon, he would have.

Bruce looked out for me. He gave me the space and support to stand on my own two feet, without steam-rolling me or stepping in to "save" me when he saw me under attack, but I always knew he had my back. Even if it meant losing his voice in the process.

*Fear Of Missing Something



Some Memories of Bruce E. Pelz

Bruce Pelz may not have been the first person I met in fandom, but he was, and still is, many years after his death, certainly the most influential. But then, Bruce played a large part in many a fan's life and was most definitely the heart and soul of L.A. fandom for decades.

I recently learned that the "E" stood for Edward, which surprised me. I always thought it stood for Elfin, because that's how I thought of him. That which was Bruce was elfin; mischievous, clever, creative, fun. Or maybe 'energy'; or how about 'enemy' - something you did not want to make of him. Or maybe it stood for 'excess', because that, too, was Bruce. He didn't just enjoy things; Bruce delighted in them. To our benefit, he delighted in fandom - he was a costumer, a filker, a con-runner, both a fan writer and a pro, a collector, a bookseller, and the best damned party host in the West. When he collected fanzines, he gathered every single fanzine published and then hard bound them. He was an avid contributor to APA's - all of them; for a period of time he contributed to every single one published. If there was fun to be had, Bruce had it. For heaven's sake, he even made his divorce fun (yes, there really was a party with a cake and bride & groom ornaments facing opposite directions).

Bruce was our walking encyclopedia of fannish history and loved to tell stories of conventions and BNF's past to us young'ns. And it was Bruce that conceived of and maintained The Chart. It was the '60's/early '70's - peace, love, the sexual revolution and all that. The Chart was a graphical representation of the sexual liaisons between active LASFSian's. It wasn't a secret, all knew about it, and even consulted it sometimes when making important decisions. Fun and mischief.

Bruce loved good wine and good food and was the daddy of SWEETS. Not the version that some may know as a gathering of dessert wine lovers at Worldcons (although dollars to donuts they're related), but the one that began at the Tower (all Bruce's dwellings were named "The Tower") with a bottle of Santino botrytized Riesling so dense and sweet it was immediately dubbed pancake syrup (and yes, we did try it poured over ice cream later that night). Bruce soon discovered that sipping pancake syrup in the hot tub (Bruce was a major fan of hot tubs) with a gaggle of lovely ladies was pretty darn spiffy, and the Sweet Wine Enthusiast's Entropic Tasting Society was born. Bruce bought each of the regulars their own engraved wine glass - never with one's actual name, but rather how he thought you'd fit in with the theme (mine was Ms. Sot) and from that time forward sweet wine was a part of Tower parties (the hot tub always had been).

It was Bruce who instigated the elopement that was my second marriage. 'Yah, sure, why not?', with less than a week's notice, he bundled us into The Ox (that venerable van with the license plate SMOF2) - Elayne, Ron Bounds, and me - and drove us to the fun side of Lake Tahoe where Bruce and Elayne (Elephant & Springbok) stood by our side (Owl & Bounder) at one of the many Nevada-style insta-wedding chapels, after which we promptly hit the casinos and gambled until morning. Okay, to tell the truth, Bruce gambled until morning - the rest of us, well, it was my wedding night, after all.

Bruce was a notorious punster and one of my favorite memories of him took place at one of the LASFS Halloween parties at Chez Niven. Costumes were optional, but encouraged, and the theme - not surprisingly - was fantasy and science fiction. Lots of comic book characters, silly witches and Draculas. Bruce, dressed normally, approached each person at the party, stopping in front of them, pausing a moment to get their attention, and then with a can of Diet Coke in one hand and small bottle of food coloring in the other, slowly dripped a couple of drops of green into the Coke can. Then he would look up at them, smiling expectantly, and ask, "Well?" The inevitable result was a blank look, and then he would sigh and move on. I failed the test as well, until about an hour later when it hit me - Bruce had come in costume alright - he was "Dying of the Light".

Just some memories - the puns, the parties, the good times and the bad, Bruce was always there. He made my life better by being in it and me a better person for having been his friend. To those of you who did not know him, I'm sorry. You missed a good one and he would have made your life better, too.

Bruce Pelz

(This brief sketch is based on material that previously appeared in *Apa-L*, the *apa* of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society.)

Bruce Pelz introduced plonking to the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society (LASFS), one of the oldest and most prestigious fan clubs. Plonking is a fan word meaning deliberate rudeness. As an example, Fred Patten and I had been up all night running off convention program books. We were carrying the heavy boxes into the convention when I badly needed to stop and use the restroom in the hotel lobby. I asked Bruce Pelz if he would keep an eye on my box for a few minutes. He said “No,” and walked away. I had been plonked.

Bruce ran the LASFS contest for Fugghead of the Year, and many people wanted Jerry Pournelle to win. I never knew whether it was personal or political, but Dan Alderson and I liked Jerry and so we voted for No Award.

Dan was one of my best friends in LASFS, a brilliant man. In high school, he created a science fair project on the gravitational field of a non-spherical planet. One of the judges, from Jet Propulsion Laboratory, was so impressed that he arranged for a scholarship that put the dirt-poor Dan through college. Dan worked for JPL for the remainder of his tragically short life. He lived in a fantasy world where there was a planet, Wibblefubwilda, on which everyone could get whatever it was he wanted.

He shared some of his science fiction ideas with writer Larry Niven, who honored him by naming the Alderson Drive after him, a method of interstellar travel that appeared in *The Mote in God’s Eye* and other stories by Niven and Pournelle.

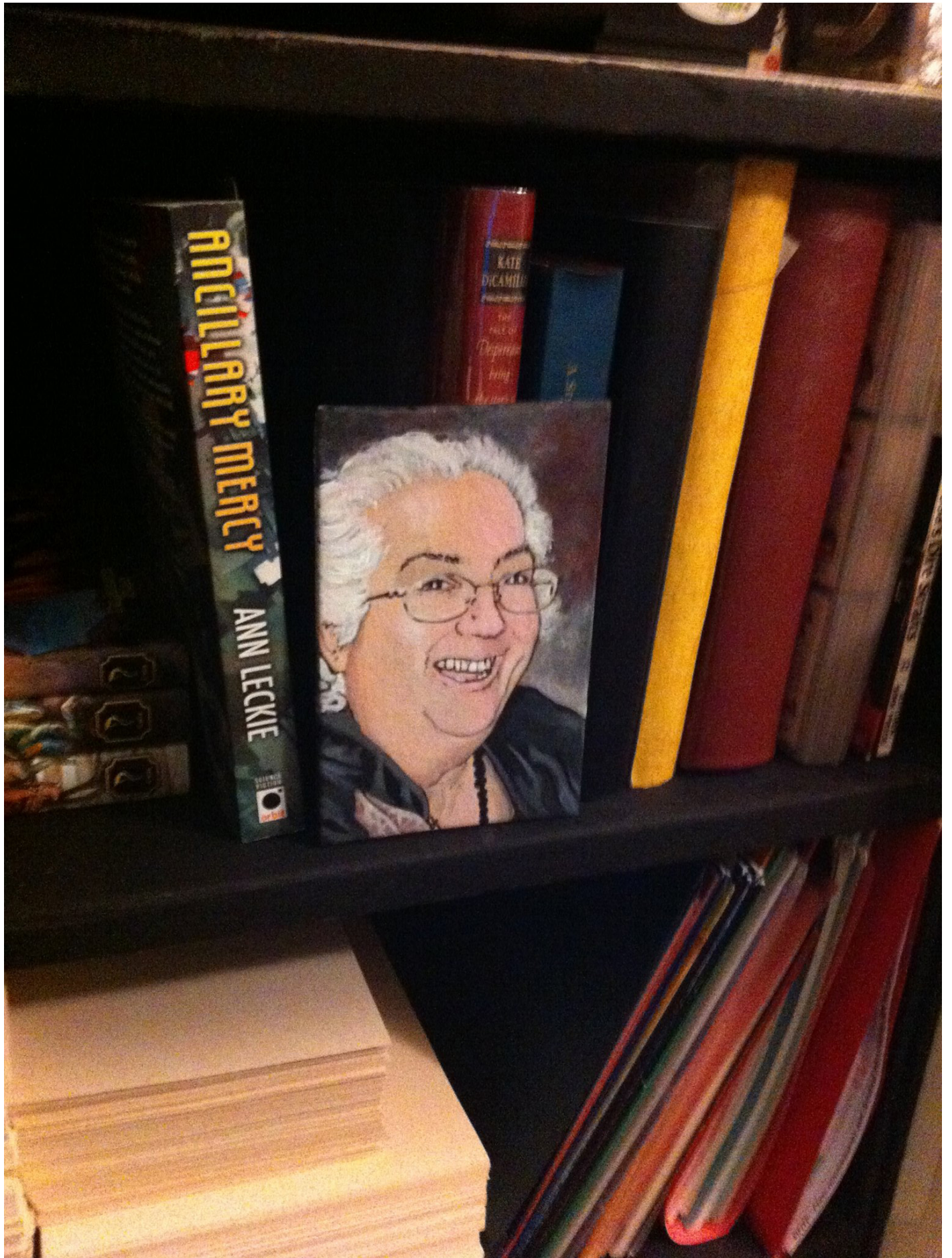
I only met Jerry Pournelle a few times, and we never discussed politics. He, Dan, and I were all fans of the Belgium graphic novels about Asterix and Obelix. But I was happy to go along with Dan in voting No Award over Jerry for Fugghead of the Year.

Bruce Pelz founded the Fugghead of the Year award to raise money for LASFS. You voted by putting money in a jar. Whoever’s jar had the most money at midnight on election day “won” the contest. As it neared the hour when the winner would be declared, Dan put another dollar in the No Award jar. “Why?” I asked. “We’re already ahead.” Dan didn’t say anything. At two seconds to midnight, Fred Patton slipped a dollar into the Jerry Pournelle jar.

Thanks to Dan’s foresight and extra dollar, No Award won.

Bruce Pelz had the plaque inscribed “First Place: Noah Ward – DARN. Second Place: Jerry Pournelle.” When challenged on the DARN, he explained it was just the initials of the two fans who had put the most money in the jar.





“Genesis of a Bid: Peggy Rae’s House in 2010”

There are many fans that have influenced fandom. Some we meet and some are only stories. Many of the stories grow in the telling. If everyone who said they attended the last Disclave had actually attended, the list of attendees would be twice as long as it was. Well, I wasn’t at that con, so not my story to tell.

Peggy Rae Sapienza was a longtime fan and conrunner in the DC area. Her family is integral to the story of the Hugo Awards. She was a master at bringing people into the fold and making them feel welcome. She chaired a Worldcon, was the Fan Guest of Honor at Chicon 7, and co-chaired the 2014 World Fantasy Convention. There are many stories that people can tell about her, including why people talk about mowing Peggy Rae’s lawn, but those are not my stories; others will have to share them.

Many times when you meet someone officially for the first time, there isn’t much to say. It just happens and is hardly memorable. That is not the case for my first meeting with Peggy Rae. It was not simple, there is a story, THIS is my story.

The beginning of my tale is not one that started with too many drinks. In this case, it was a bad joke. In 2007, Japan hosted the 65th Worldcon and Peggy Rae was the North American Agent for the convention. During the voting for site selection that year, someone voted for Peggy Rae’s House. That led to much amusement on one of the Washington DC area fan email lists as many of her friends were on the list and continued to pile on the jokes. This discussion eventually led to a top ten list:

- 10) Peggy Rae’s 2010; potential for exponential fun.
- 9) There is no way it will win, so you can vote for it!
- 8) Why not?
- 7) No bid should be uncontested
- 6) No Kangaroos crashing the Consuite
- 5) If anyone could host it in their home; it would be Peggy Rae
- 4) The Aussies aren’t throwing enough bid parties
- 3) The look on John and Peggy Rae’s faces when they win
- 2) The look on the Aussies’ faces when they lose
- 1) The Sapienzas were planning to add on anyhow

The troublemaker and smartass that I am led to there being much more. Please note that at this time I had still not met Peggy Rae, but I was starting a bid to run a con in her house. BUT, it was a good excuse to throw a party.

At Capclave that fall, I had a bright yellow t-shirt with the list of reasons to vote for Peggy Rae’s house made. I wore it proudly to the Saturday evening event. The crowd was gathered to see the presentation of the first WSFA Small Press Award. People gathered and chatted. I kept one eye out just in case, but all was well. At one point in the evening I heard a screech of delight and saw someone rapidly approaching. I got a huge laugh and hug from Peggy Rae, and that is how we met. Later many of us went to the first PRH party and ate cake.

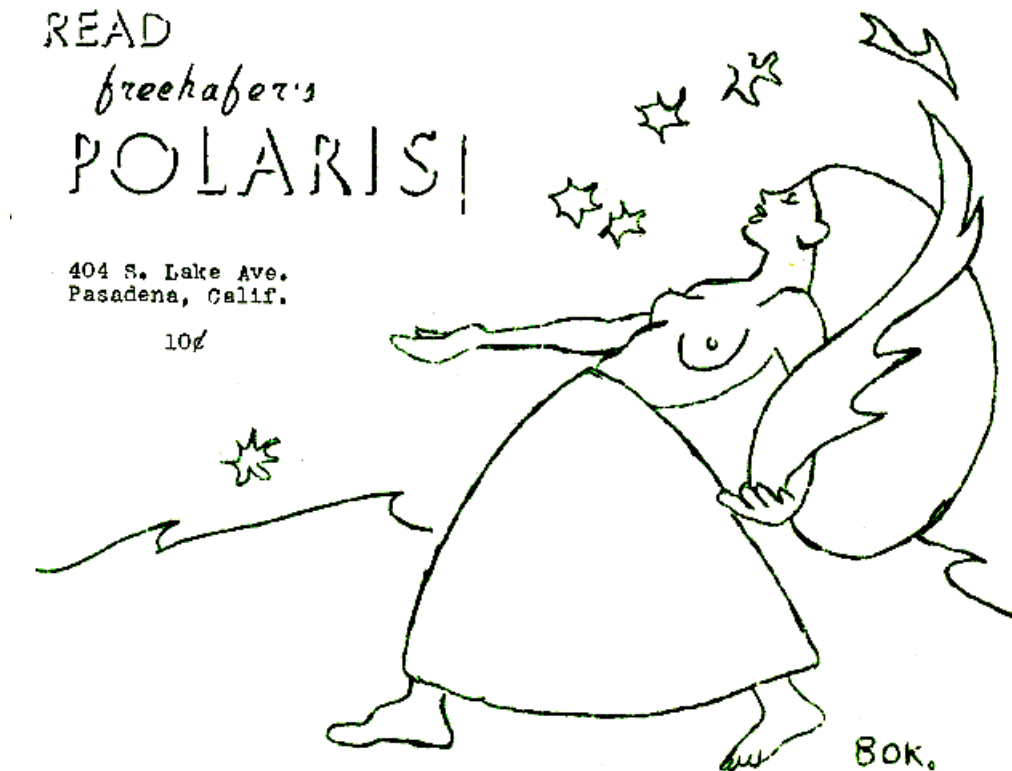
By Balticon of 2008, new blue t-shirts had been made and Peggy Rae’s house in 2010 was launched with one change to the list. 10) I gave \$20 and all I got was this t-shirt replaced the potential for exponential fun. We promoted having well over 100,000 cm² of function space.

Peggy Rae said if her house won, she was going to still host the convention in Australia, but they would just have to rename the facilities Peggy Rae’s House for the week. We hosted a party at Denvention that seemed to never end. Or was it six parties in four days? Oh well, that’s another story.

Sadly, the bid came in third to Australia and Xerpes, but based on the ratio of the number of votes received to days spent bidding, Peggy Rae's House won going away. The t-shirts are still worn around the world with many members of Japanese Fandom getting one at Denvention that summer. We, in the DC area, often joke that it was the hottest t-shirt in Japanese fandom that year.

So that's how I met Peggy Rae and ended up running a faux bid. We became friends, I was her GoH liaison for Chicon 7, and we helped each other out as needed.

One more fun fact, some people still vote for Peggy Rae's House during Worldcon site selection.



Peggy Rae by John T. Sapienza

Peggy Rae Sapienza chaired *Bucconeer*, the 56th Worldcon in Baltimore, MD, in 1998. Bidding for that Worldcon was fierce, as there were four contenders. Although we were bidding with a pirate theme, Peggy Rae always guided us in competing with courtesy.

That sank in, as at the 1995 Worldcon in Glasgow, Scotland, where the vote was held, our "pirate crew" thought it would be fun to assault and capture the "bouncing castle" in the main hall. Then one sober pirate said to the others, "we can't do that—Mom wouldn't like it." The expression stuck, and every now and then leading up to giving *Bucconeer*, some proposal would be deflected because "Mom wouldn't like it." Of course, at that point Mom was ConChair.

Dave Stewart - Sane & Sensible

Sane and Sensible.

There was a nervousness about Dave, he looked at me hesitantly; he, like everyone else, had been quite impressed with what could only be described as a spiritual transition, myself and Stefan had gone from rebellious rabble rousing dodgy con runner to this, in charge of the most precious commodity at the Worldcon - the children.

He gently went from one foot to the other, 'well I am sure you will say the right type of thing, I will be bringing the Press over, and just try to be sensible or at least sane', he was to the point.

And so, I may have had a plastic bag on my head, as we let the girls bleach our hair, or maybe my hair was already white and lumps of scalp were scabbing up nicely, either way, Dave was shocked by my sudden change, but I could only see that in his eyes that the sudden appearance of blonde people was linked to our madness, he of course was professional and did not miss a beat, although I could see him pondering, what the hell we were at now.

'People of the Press' he authoritatively pronounced, and then skilfully recited much of what we had written for convention. I was well impressed, he then unleashed the note takers upon me, and with a stern flash across his face, I gave sensible, positive and indeed enthusiastic and science related responses, which seemed to meet his approval and theirs and soon he was skilfully steering them away, and grateful smile and thankful wave.

And so I watched the most senior Irish person on the 2005 Worldcon walk away, his work would be in the papers the next day, astoundingly positive and wonderful reportage, something that had alluded 1995, badly, and those of us from home were so proud of him. Dave Stewart, lover of chocolate loved by Irish fandom.



Sandy Swank

Gregory A. “Sandy” Swank was a well-known costumer, regularly appearing in Masquerades up and down the East Coast of the United States, as well as at Worldcons and Costume Cons. Among other activities, he was a member of the International Costumers Guild (ICG) and President of the Greater Delaware Valley Costumers Guild (GDVCG). And that is how I met Sandy. I, along with my mother, were members and Sandy was our leader. One year we followed our fearless leader to the moo-n and back.

If there is one thing you must know about Sandy it is that he was a punster of the greatest ilk. Many of his costumes were puns or bad jokes stitched together into a presentation. In 2000, Sandy convinced all of the GDVCG to go along with what may be his greatest pun ever.

With the Worldcon in Chicago, for the Masquerade Sandy wanted to poke fun at Chicago’s greatest mythos, Miss Catherine O’Leary’s cow having started the Great Chicago Fire. His idea: a series of costumes based on cow puns. The group would be called “Mad Cows Through History.” There was The Cowtic Warrior, Bovita Peron: First Heifer of Argentina, Cownan the Barbarian, Royal Cownadian Mounted Policeman, myself as Hugh Heifer complete with my Playcow, Sandy as Aramoos the Mooskowteer, and others, all wearing appropriate costumes decked out in cow print.

Sandy moo-tivated us all that year. I realized rather close to Worldcon that I hadn’t put much work into my costume, but because of Sandy I spent a weekend sewing black patches onto white pajama pants.

When I didn’t win an individual award, the immature teenager in me broke down and ran from the green room. Sandy, along with my mother, came after me and brought me back just in time to hear that the group won “Moo-st Humoo-rous” from the Masquerade judges.

Sure, it was fun and an escape to put on a costume and make a bad joke, but I’d bet a whole cash cow on the fact that many of us did it because Sandy was such a great leader, a great friend, and because he was willing to put his own costume on and go out there and take the groans from the audience with the rest of us.

Sandy passed away in 2015 after a bout with respiratory illness, but not until after he co-chaired Costume Con 33 with his husband, Robert Himmelsbach, in Charleston, SC, to which they had retired.



Judith Ward. July 4, 1934 – July 3, 2006



She was third person to make a lasting impact on me when I entered fandom back in the summer of 1988. And with the name “Admiral Lord God Ma’am Sir,” there is no doubt why Judith Ward had such an impact on my tender fannish soul.

It was November 1988, I was 19 years old and at my second ever con, a Thanksgiving weekend Dallas Fantasy Faire. I was still unsure what the social rules were in this new and crazy world I had discovered. Judith had been running the con suite at DFF for years by this point. A friend dragged me into her lair to get a drink and something to snack on. I KNEW I did not belong here. This was a room with free food and must be for the paid staff or the important guests at the con. There is no way someone with a \$12 weekend badge would have access to this place.

So I am nervously standing around watching this guy I know steal this food from what must be the VIP green room when the stereotypical ‘mongrel hoard of gamers’ come in to raid and pillage. No kidding, this is the kind of thing that everyone talks about happening but most of us are not sure we believe actually ever happens. Well, I promise you, this November

day in Dallas 1988, it really did happen. If CSI (or the Diary of a Wimpy Kid movies) were to make an episode about gamers at a con, they would have filmed pretty much what I saw.

And then...

“STAND DOWN!!!!” This little old lady in the corner of the room (Old? She was probably in her early 50s, but I was not quite 20 yet. Everyone over 30 is old why you’re that age).

Everyone stopped where there were and turned to look. Admiral Lord God Ma’am Sir was standing up now. “If you are going to behave like that, than you will not be welcome in this room,” she said. The unruly hoard of gamers all bowed their heads and mumbled “yes, ma’am.”

MS Ward soon had them in an orderly line and was putting out more bottles of Dr. Pepper and Mountain Dew and refilling the bowl of BBQ potato chips. She was telling them all to wait their turn and not to take too much because the room was for everyone at the con, not just them.

I was quite honestly amazed, and a little bit frightened by what I had just seen. And I was still not 100% certain that I was allowed to be in this room anyway.

In a few short moments, the mongrel horde of gamers were sitting and quietly talking like 2nd graders at vacation bible school at snack time.

Admiral Lord God Ma’am Sir looked around the hospitality room, like an ancient leader surveying her domain. And then... she saw ME. I knew I was busted. This was not a place I was allowed to be. I just knew it. She smiled at me, and with the most inviting San Antonio drawl, said “Hi, can I get you anything?”

The woman that tamed the almost cartoon like, but I promise you very real, rabble of gamers, welcomed me into fandom and the joys that are the convention con suite, assured me that my membership badge did allow me access to the con suite and I was more than welcome to stay as long as I wanted, and she encouraged me to work on the puzzle set out on the coffee table.

Judith continued to work the con suites at almost every convention I went too, including LoneStarCon 2 in her native San Antonio in 1997.

She stopped working hospitality shortly after that, but was still a fixture at conventions in and around Texas. In 2005, At ApolloCon in Houston, I asked Judith if she would do us the honor of being our Fan GOH at next years FenCon in Dallas. Her face lit up and she eagerly said yes. At the following ApolloCon (still before FenCon III), I happened across Judith and Dallas area writer Lee Martindale plotting something in the hallway. They both noticed me at once and called out to me.

“We have an idea for FenCon,” they said. “We want to do scooter races! Do you think you can find a space for that?”

Sadly, that was the last time I ever got to talk with Admiral Lord God Ma’am Sir. Less than 3 weeks later, we heard of her passing on July 3, 2006. One day before her 72nd birthday.

Because of her almost permanent place running consuites across Texas, FenCon named our con suite in her memory, “The Admiral’s Club.”

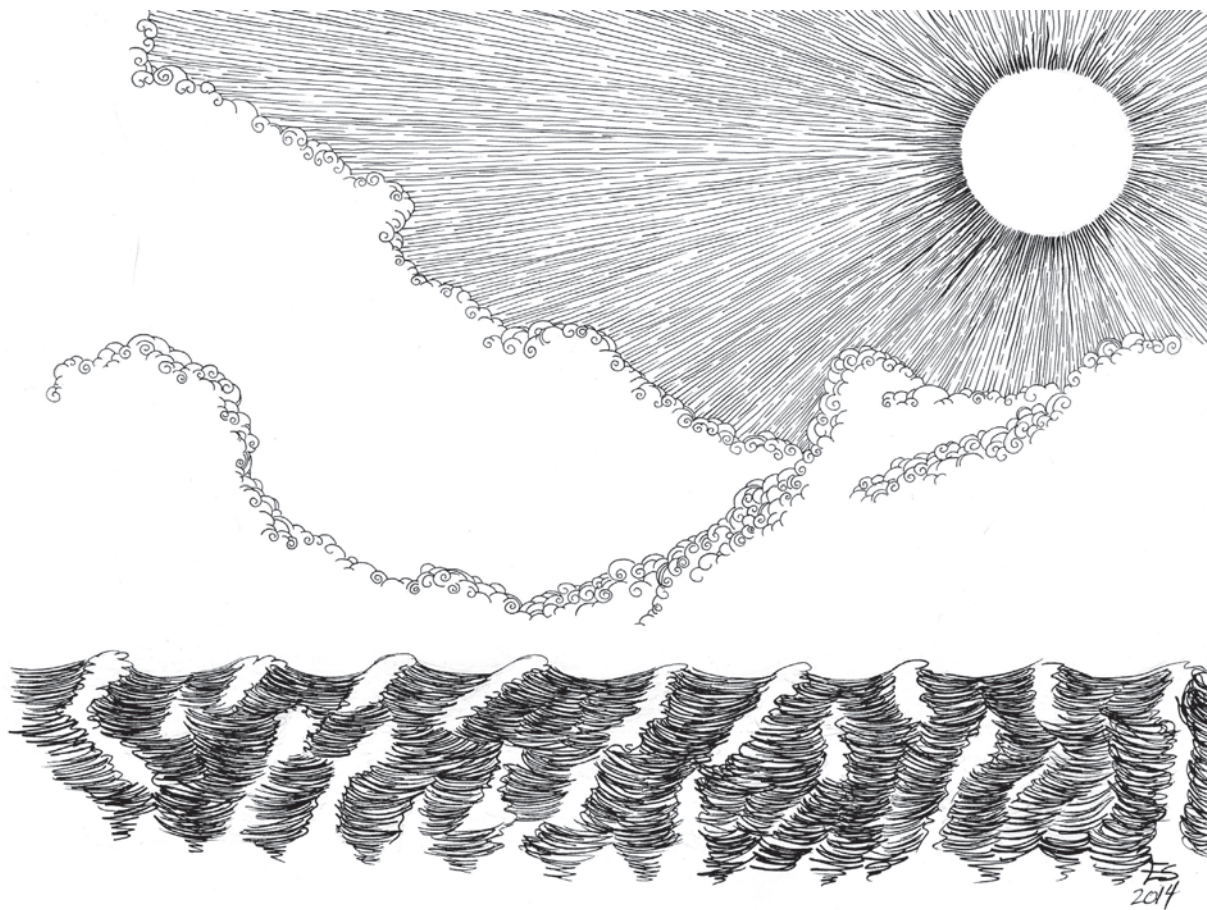


Monty Wells

Monty Wells was a lesser-known member of NESFA. He got involved in fandom through MITSFS, as so many Boston fans did; he graduated MIT in 1962 but continued to be connected to local fandom. He only attended Worldcon when it was in Boston--his personal finances didn't allow much travel--but he was instrumental in building the NESFA clubhouse. He also built various other things, including parts of the golf course used at the Orlando Worldcon (1992), the display cases still used by Worldcons, and more. He mentored many new fans, including my husband and I, and was a chemistry teacher at Newton North High School. He died on April 12, 1998, the day before my daughter was born, from stomach cancer.

Monty was also a car enthusiast. He used to say, "In my car club, I'm the smartest; at NESFA, I'm the handsomest." Monty was a great punster as well; NESFA nominated him as 'Punster of the Year' too many times to count. He also was a Fellow of NESFA. When the club bought a broken-down former dry cleaners in Somerville, it was Monty who showed a bunch of nerds how to repair walls, replace floors, and fix it up. I particularly recall when the times when he would emerge from some messy project, covered with sprayed wood stain or brick dust, the outline of chemical goggles and a mask on his grinning face.

One of my fondest memories of Monty was when we were building one of the golf course holes for Magicon in 1992. We commiserated because neither of us were actually attending the convention, though both of us were working on it. I spent days at the NESFA clubhouse pulling apart a Christmas tree, and rewiring the branches into chicken wire to turn one of the convention center pillars into NESFA's pine tree. He built a rocket out of wood, chicken wire, and papier mache which, to this day, is still in some back corner of the clubhouse. NESFA, and Worldcon fandom, owes a great deal to Monty Wells.



James or Jim

'James or Jim' I asked. The soft spoken Irishman sitting across from me, smiled slowly and assuredly. 'Which do you prefer' he asked. I said 'I like people calling me James, but to be honest, my granddad who for many years was a great pal, was called Jim, so I do not mind.'

He thought about this, and went from leaning back on his chair to leaning forward, 'Well I will let you into a secret. I like people who call me Jim, as they feel they are my friends, and I like friends'. 'I see', I said, enraptured by this wise thought.

Time passed, enough for me to recall the sharpness of a man who would apologise for writing you a letter on the back of a galley proof page, but I had learned, like me, he was a fan first.

'I do prefer James though and if you would like to call me that, that would be very fine with me, and I would consider you a friend too.' I smiled and he returned the smile, and so, he returned to some *New Worlds* that I had brought to get signed, asked me what I made of them, and then promptly signed, 'To James, thank you, James White'.



Southern Fans I Met Too Briefly

As I got involved in Southern Fandom, I was quickly glad at how often folks introduced me to some of the leading lights of the region (and much of this rapid introduction was at my first LibertyCon). By my second DeepSouthCon, I was pleased at the number of winners of the Rebel Award I'd gotten to know in that year. By my third, the names of my friends and acquaintances on the list were beginning to shift from "I know them" to "I knew them", and the hits have just kept on coming ever since. This year, during the trip to DeepSouthCon alone, we lost Jerry Proctor and Fred Duarte, and while neither of them had been recognized with our lifetime achievement award, both had made substantial contributions to fandom, and were heavy blows to all assembled. With that in mind, I'd like to write a little about a few of the times I got to meet some of Southern Fandom's lost lights.

I'd be remiss if I didn't mention Hank Reinhardt right up near the top. He figured prominently in many of the stories of the early days of Southern Fandom, but I only got to meet him once. I knew from reading some history zines that hearts was the game of choice of old Southern Fandom, so I came expecting to play (and probably lose). I found Hank at the table with Pat Gibbs, Robert Zielke, and Bill Zielke. Any one of those players could be considered a regular threat to win the Hearts Championship of the Known Universe, so I was clearly jumping into the deep end if I wanted to play with them. Hank was clearly the best player in the group, and managed to whip the lot of us in a five-handed game (one player sits out each hand in rotation) while regaling us with various tales from fanhistory and making the case for Shelby Vick to be chosen as the winner of the Rebel Award (and while it didn't happen in the year I was asking about, Shelby was finally honored, alongside the Zielke family, at DeepSouthCon 50). The next morning, Hank gave a sword demonstration, with some of the most critical lessons being demonstrated on a ham (which was at times covered with various sorts of armor to show how they were useful, such as how mail doesn't stop injury, but prevents the limb from being severed). He remarked that he hoped to one day collect all his essays and notes into a book on the actual use of medieval weapons (which was ultimately published posthumously). It would prove to be the only time I got to meet him.

I also met Bill Payne at that LibertyCon, when I overheard him ranting about how uncouth it was that OmegaCon (a one-off disaster of a convention in Birmingham) was going to be on the same dates as the next year's DeepSouthCon. Since I was involved with the next year's DSC, I asked him what his particular objection to it was. He told me about how the conventions in the Southeast who found themselves using the same few months had gotten together and formed a gentlemen's agreement about who would use which weekends to avoid conflicts (which seems to have held up for quite some time). While none of us involved in that DSC knew about the agreement, it gave us confidence that the usual crowd of DSC would still be coming to the convention, and would almost universally skip OmegaCon.

A few months later, I had the pleasure of meeting Khen Moore at DeepSouthCon. I had heard of him as a prominent conrunner who had stepped away after decades of service, so I was glad to meet him that first night. Glug had brought along a bottle of Glenmorangie, and (feeling the need for a drink after our 15-hour drive to the con) offered it to share, which led to four of us standing around the bottle. He poured me a bit, and a small serving for a lady who asked for just a little, and a few fingers for himself, before turning to Khen, who was holding a red Solo cup, and saying, "You're a big boy, say when." That was the precise moment we learned that Khen Moore had a drinking problem -- he never said "when", and proceeded to drink fifteen ounces of single malt Scotch before moving along to the other beverages on offer.

Some of the other Rebel winners I met were folks I mainly knew through the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, our regional APA. Don Markstein was an absolutely regular contributor, and always sent the same number of pages, never a mailing comment, always with a number of subjects repeated from previous issues -- homemade

ice cream, his family, libertarian political opinions, Donald Duck, and of course, the progress he was making in his magnum opus of comics scholarship, the website Toonopedia. Just once in my time in SFFPA, I managed to write something that got a mailing comment out of Markstein, which felt a bit like finding the Holy Grail (all of the other members had by that point had plenty to say to me). I never got the chance to meet him in person, but from what I understand, it's probably better that way.

I did get one chance to see Ned Brooks in the flesh, at the Atlanta DeepSouthCon in 2013. I was a bit surprised how small he was, and how his demeanor exaggerated his size (he was obviously anxious about crowds, and only attended one day of the convention). By mail and email, however, he was charming and generous. I traded him program books from conventions he didn't attend for some duplicate zines and buttons that read "Frodo lives!" in Elvish. I also managed to talk him into digitizing the entire tables of contents of the 300+ mailings of SFFPA, though I'm not sure how. I suggested the idea, he said it sounded like a lot of work, and three days later, he uploaded a file, much to my surprise.

With the exception of Ned, I didn't get to know any of them well enough to really call myself a friend, but I have fond memories of all of them. I'd like to see a good long while pass before we lose another Rebel, though. Too many are now good friends.



~On The Art~

This issue means a lot to me. I know it means a lot to all of us. I've lost some people I admire so much, and recent reports for others I love are no kinder. I grow old, I grow old...

I had an idea for the visual theme of this issue early on- I wanted to use nothing but Fan Art from those artists who had left us. Helen talked me out of that one, wisely, I think. It should be so much of a mausoleum as a celebration. I also knew I wanted it to be largely black and white, mostly line type stuff. So, mixed in with those artists we've lost are some of my faves of today - Evelyn Nelson (16) who does a lot of *Doctor Who* art. Espana Sheriff (and Congrats on her marriage to my hero, Mr. John Coxon... sorry, Mr. John Sheriff!), Mo Starkey, Alexis Gilliland (in collaboration with Bill Rotsler from the 1980s), and, of course, Mr. Clip Art.

Those Artists That Left Us

ATom - 1927 - 1990 Page 46

Amazing prolific and iconic British Fan Artist. His work is in the Cartoon Museum in London. Won the Rotsler (post-humously), and was a TAFF delegate.

Terry Jeeves - 1922 - 2011 Page 6

Prolific for decades, and one of the most recognisable of all British fan artists. The man was active from the 1940s into the 2000s! Won the Rotsler.

Joe Mayhew - 1942 - 2000 Pages 38, 39, & 55

Hugo winner, and Washington area fan. I admired his work, largely in Mimosa where I saw it, but he was a club fan, an editor, and a awesome artist.

Bill Rotsler - 1926 - 1997 Pages 4 & 59 (plus 37 with Alexis Gilliland)

You can say a lot about the man. A whole lot. I never got to meet him, but he knew my Dad. His art graced thousands of issues of 'zines from around the world. He was complicated, like everyone, I guess, and a Hugo winner. He may have defined what fanzines looked like in the 1960s.

Stu Shiffman - 1954 - 2014 Page 15

A legend, a Hugo Winner, a Rotsler winner, and an all around really nice guy. He'd given me several pieces a year before his stroke. I'm glad I got to sit down and actually talk with him a couple of time. He was a Holmes guy, just like me!

delphyne woods - 1945 - 2013 Page 43

Of all the departed fan artists, Delphyne was the one who sent the most art my way. She was a wonderful woman and I am so glad I got to meet her at Reno. Won a Hugo, and was a major force in all sorts of zines, especially for the Media Zine Scene.