

ReinCONation V

ReinCONation V

October 13-15, 1995
Regency Plaza Hotel

"Cogitamus Ergo Festivamus"

Our Honored Guests:
Judith Merrill and Andy Hooper

We Cannot Tell a Lie: We Did It:

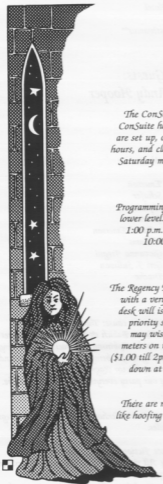
Chairperson: David Emerson
Treasurer: Martin Schafer
Hotel Liaison: Kris Spiess
Registration: Steve Glennon
Programming: Barb Jensen & David Emerson
Parties: Ishmael I. Williams
Art Show/Hucksters Room: Giovanna Fregni
Official Happy Deadwood: Geri F. Sullivan
Publications: Kay Drache

We would to thank the following individuals for their aid to the cause: Thomas M. Juntunen, Publications' own special angel; Guest of Honor Liaisons: Karen Babich & Jeff McNair; Cabaret Host Elise Mattheson; Tony von Krag, wherever you are; Spider Robinson for graciously allowing us to reprint his tribute to Judith Merrill; the Nine Lines Each guys for being willing to profile Andy Hooper; and Charles Piehl, Betsy Lundsten, Mark Jungmann, Victor Raymond, Carl Chada, Raymond Banks and Jules Raberding for helping to make our party everything a party should be.

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We think; therefore we party.



Here's a little general information about the hotel and the convention that we thought you'd find handy.

The ConSuite is in Rooms 350 (nonsmoking) and 353 (smoking). ConSuite hours begin on Friday when Ishmael and his merry band are set up, continue through the music and festivities until the wee hours, and close down to resume around (fannish) breakfast time on Saturday morning. Repeat for Saturday evening, Sunday morning, and Sunday evening till the last dog is hung.

Programming, Art Show, and Dealer's Rooms are all located on the lower level. The Art Show and Dealer's Room will be setting up at 1:00 p.m. on Friday and will be open from 4:00-7:00p.m. Friday, 10:00a.m.-6:00p.m. on Saturday, and 11:00a.m.-4:00p.m. on Sunday.

The Regency Plaza has a nice pool and whirlpool, a decent restaurant with a very personable waitstaff, and off street parking. The front desk will issue you a parking sticker BUT persons with rooms have priority so convention attendees who are not staying at the hotel may wish to choose one of the nearby alternatives, including the meters on the block, the lot across the street at Hennepin and 10th (\$1.00 till 2pm Sat/Sun; \$2.00 0-2 hours; \$4.50 all day), or one block down at the 7th Street ramp (\$2.00 after 4pm Fri.; \$2.50 all day Sat/Sun).

There are myriad restaurants nearby, and if your party doesn't feel like hoofing it, the Regency Plaza's free shuttle bus will pick up and drop off to and from downtown locations.

Checkout is at Noon.

ReinCONation V Program

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13:

- 7:00 pm Opening Ceremonies
Convention Committee and Guests of Honor
- 7:15 pm Guest of Honor Event: An Interview with Judith Merril
conducted by Kay Drache
- 8:00 pm Guest of Honor Event: A Dramatic Reading by Andy Hooper

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14:

- 11:00 am *The Works of Judith Merril*
Her anthologies shaped the tastes of an entire generation of SF readers.
How have they affected you? An audience participation discussion hosted by
Eric Heideman and Second Foundation.
- Noon *Feminists of Gor*
Where is the line between being free to live your own fantasy and buying into
someone else's fantasy? What's with the rise of "bondage chic" in and out
of fandom? Does feminism create its own conservatism?
Debbie Notkin, Jane Hawkins, Jeanne Gomoll, Karen Babich, Barb Jensen, moderator
- 1:00 pm *What Puts the Fizz in Fandom (and Why Does It Fall Flat)?*
Madison fans say, "These are the good old days," and discuss what makes for a
golden age in a local fan group. Synergy and cohesiveness in fan communities --
why, when, how?
Andy Hooper, Hope Kieffer, Sharon Kahn, Geri Sullivan, Steve Swartz, moderator
- 2:00 pm *Short Fiction versus Novels: A Fight to the Finish*
Will the stocky short story K.O. the killer trilogy? An exploration of the difference
between writing (and reading) short fiction and novels.
Judith Merril, Pamela Dean, Peg Ihinger, Debbie Notkin, Terry Garey, Karen Babich,
moderator
- 3:00 pm *Back Into the Gutter Where It Belongs -- Again!*
We shouldn't have done it, but we did: once more, dramatic readings of the world's
worst SF. Or should we say Sci-Fi?
Denny Lien, Andy Hooper, Martin Schaefer
- 4:00 pm *Anticipating Apollo 42: A Case for Space*
What are the latest developments in national and international space programs?
Doug van Dorn, Ann Shjefte, Ben Huset, Andy Hooper, moderator

5:00 pm *Science Fiction As Surrealism*
Judith said, "You could call this the Rorschach panel." How SF reveals our psyches to ourselves. How (and when) does SF create a surrealist consciousness through suggestion and symbolism?

Judith Merril, Samuel R. Delany, Alex Eisenstein, Steve Swartz, Jeanne Gomoll, Michael Butler

6:00 pm *My Fair Midwest Side Mimeo On the Roof: Fan Theater*
Fandom's little-known history of thoughtful and thilly theater. Copiously illustrated with actual performances from real live fannish plays.

Andy Hooper, Denny Lien, Susan Ryan, Linda Lounsbury, Dave Romm; David Emerson, moderator

7:00 pm *dinner break*

9:00 pm *The Fabulous Third Annual ReinCONation Cabaret!*
Including the New Blockbuster Play by Andy Hooper, "Ten Zines That Shook the World," A drama of time travel, fandom, and the Russian Revolution.

Elise Mattheson host

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15:

Noon *Fragen sie Herr Doktor Mike*
The ever popular science and pseudo science pundit ponders your questions.
John M. Ford

1:00 pm *What If the North Had Won the Civil War?*
Why is the U.S. Civil War such a frequent topic for alternate-history SF? What minor historical differences might have made drastic changes in our lives today? How much Leeway do alternate histories Grant?

Andy Hooper, Will Shetterly, John M. Ford; Mike Levin, moderator

2:00 pm *Music as Metaphor*
Intersections between music and SF. Does the complexity and interwovenness of SF make it like jazz? What music provides what kind of metaphor for SF?

Judith Merril, Samuel R. Delany, David Emerson, Terry Garey, Floyd Henderson; Sharon Kahn, moderator

3:00 pm *Closing Ceremonies*
The tattered and toasted remains of the ConCom



Yes folks, its time. Time that is for Something Silly. Ishmael in Parties doesn't know I'm writing this, but I'll bet he won't be surprised. You know me well enough for that, 'Don't You, Ish? You see...but nevermind. Lets get on with it. Here, with no further ado, the one, the only, you've all been waiting since you read that registration info in the Progress Report¹, the highly over-rated

"Pop" Quiz

1. It's 10-2-4: time for a _____.
2. When did they take the coke out of Coca-Cola?
3. What goes best with a Moon Pie?
4. They took the bark out of Moxie but it still has its bite. What kind of Bark was it?
5. What notable figure from a television action series, the grandson and namesake of another character played by the same actor in an earlier series, dislikes being called "Pop"?
6. There is no question 6.
7. "All the sugar and twice the caffeine." Must be _____.
8. The name: Walter O'Reilly. The drink: _____.
9. Which was the first "soft drink" mass marketed in the United States?
10. Essay: What is this traditional "Just Because" rate all about, anyway?

Extra Credit: Substantiate or disprove the rumor that Seven-Up once contained lithium. Cite your sources.²

Quizzes will be evaluated by everybody who can read whenever they get around to it. The Unsubstantiated Rumor that Prizes Will Be Awarded for Favorite Essay Answer and Favorite Extra Credit Answer may be verified or disproven at Closing Ceremonies.³

¹ *Speaking of Registration, memberships are available at the traditional rate of \$19.73 (or \$20.00 for those who like round numbers) until September 15. At the door rate is \$30.00, and we are offering One Day At-the door memberships for \$15.00. Foreign members may register at the door for the pre-registration rate, to avoid the nuisance of early currency exchange. Under age 12, registration is \$10.00 any time. Make your check payable to RegiCO'Nation V. There will be a pop quiz later." (Bold mine. Actually, the original is mine too, if you can call something so obviously cribbed from Geri Sullivan original.)*

² *Provided by the Completely Unfazed Parties Host*

³ *Whose Favorite? Well, if you knew that then you could influence the judges, couldn't you? I mean, Think About It.*



Judith Merrill, Planetary Treasure

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Spider Robinson

*(a speech given at the 1992
Harbourfront Tribute to Judith Merrill, Toronto, Ontario)*

*Listening to some of the things that have been said here tonight about Judith Merrill, I'm reminded powerfully of the recent outpouring of stories about Isaac Asimov from those who loved him...which ran in the issue of *Locus* that carried his obituary. Too often we wait to praise and*

honour people we love, until they're not around to hear us. My thanks to Greg Gatenby and Harbourfront for organizing this event before its honouree became, in the vernacular, existence-challenged.

Let's start with the publicly available facts:

First, biographical:

Judith Merrill was born in 1923 in Manhattan.

Some authorities say she was born Juliet (which in Latin means "Youthful"), others say Josephine (Hebrew: "She shall increase"), but she preferred name Judith (Hebrew: "Admired").

Her father Samuel Grossman was the son of a famous Philadelphia rabbi; her mother Ethel Hurwitsch immigrated from Russia at age 5, and was raised in Boston. Samuel had been a writer and critic; Ethel was an early suffragette, and a founding member of Hadassah.

When Judith was 13, her mother, by now a widow, moved them back to New York, where Judith discovered the Trotskyist group the Young People's Socialist League, or YPSL, pronounced ypsl. "I was born a Zionist," she said later, "in those golden days of socialist Zionism, and until I was in my early teens at least, knew that my future was in a Kibbutz: I was preparing for it, and studied Hebrew until I was about fifteen, by which time I had progressed from social Zionism to socialism to the YPSLs, and no longer knew that my future was in a Kibbutz.

"When I was about fifteen, it dawned on me that my mother meant for me to be a writer, and I stopped writing completely, and I didn't start again until after I had a baby and I was in San Francisco and my mother was in New York."

In 1940 she married a YPSL friend named Zissman and moved to Philly. One winter she got a toothache and the gripe at the same time. Too ill to go to a dentist, she fell back on reading to ease the pain. In desperation she opened one of her husband's sf magazines, and in it was an installment of Robert Heinlein's *Methuselah's Children* and another of L. Sprague de Camp's *The Stolen Dormouse*. "I don't remember what else, but that was enough. As soon as I was well, ignoring the dentist, I went down to the magazine store and got some more."

In 1941 they moved to New York, where their daughter Merrill was born the following year. Judy took her daughter's name as a pseudonym, and later adopted it legally.

When her husband entered the Navy for the war, Judith moved to New York and took an apartment in the Village, and became involved through John Michel with the Futurian Society, the legendary protocommune of writers, editors and wannabes which ultimately included Isaac Asimov, James Blisch, Cyril Kornbluth, Fred Pohl, Virginia Kidd, Larry Shaw, Donald Wolfheim, and Damon Knight. "The Futurians were a very motley crew," she said in 1976, "Callow, or extremely unattractive, or both. I felt I belonged very much in such a group, and I think this was characteristic of everyone there, that each of us regarded ourselves as grotesque, and felt comfortable in a gathering of grotesques."

At the 1947 Worldcon in Philadelphia (Philcon 47), the 5th Worldcon, and the second since the war, Judith and Fred Pohl connected. "I had met her briefly a year of two earlier." Fred wrote in his autobiography, *The Way the Future Was*. "We had both been married at the time; now neither of us were. Judy had just published 'That Only A Mother,' a brilliant dismaying story about a woman who gives birth to a radiation-damaged child, the sort of story that gets right in among the glands and squeezes pretty basic parts of the psyche, so she was a writer to be respected. She was also a person to be known better, in her mid-twenties, with a small, incredibly beautiful blonde daughter. My friend Jacques LeCrox, arguably the best portrait photographer in Paris at the time, described her as having 'the capacity for great beauty.'"

Judith's recollection of their first meeting is clear: writer-editor Doc Lowmides brought Fred over to her apartment, and she found him "strange, interesting—not at that point attractive, but

interesting, and I wanted the conversation to go on." Unfortunately, Bob Lowndes and Fred got into a vodka-drinking contest—which she claims Fred lost.

She remembers their Philcon 47 meeting as well: "I had meant to go just for the day, but it looked like a pretty good party, and I wanted to stay overnight... and then Fred wandered by, and although I barely knew him... he looked like somebody who had some money, so I tapped him and said, 'Have you got five dollars you can lend me for a hotel room?' And he said 'Sure I do,' and gave it to me, and I got my room. And then that evening was when I got uproariously, joyously, gloriously drunk... the next time I met Fred, at the first meeting of the Hydra Club, I gave him back the five dollars, and then a few days after that he called up and asked me to go out with him. During that evening he said he was fascinated, because when he gave me the five dollars he had expected to sleep with me, and I had gotten so rotten drunk nobody could think about it, but the last thing he had expected was that I would give him back the five dollars."

Fred & Lester del Rey formed the Hydra Club (since it began with nine members) in New York. Judith was one of the founding members of the group, which over time included Fletcher Pratt, Willy Ley, L. Jerome Stanton of Astounding, William Tenn, George O. Smith, Dave Kyle, Harry Harrison, Arthur Clarke, and just about every science fiction writer in the general area of New York. "A sociology student named Jean Haynes came into the Hydra Club around that time," Fred writes, "and decided to do her master's thesis on kinship ties in our social microcosm. She spent three months trying to sort out who was married to whom and which had been married to what, not to mention less formal alliances, and gave up in despair. The game was Musical Beds. At its peak it was hard to get a quorum of the Hydra Club to transact business, since so many of its officers were divorcing and remarrying so many others. At the time of the New York convention, however, Judy and I were pretty solidly married. We had even decided to risk parenthood, and two or three months later, on the 25th of Sept 1950, our daughter Ann was born. (Ann, by the way, made Judith a grandmother in 1973.)"

In Spring 1951, Fred & Judith moved (from Judith's basement apartment in the East Village) into a big old house just across the river from Red Bank, New Jersey, a permanent home base, and within three months had decided to get a divorce.

In 1956, Judith and Damon Knight, with help from Jim Blish, organized the first Milford Science Fiction Writers Conference in Milford PA—which attracted some forty people, including Ted Sturgeon, Tony Boucher, Phil Klass, Bob Silverberg, Harlan Ellison, Sprague de Camp, and Forrest J. Ackerman. The Milford Conference became an annual event, prestigious and influential and creatively fruitful.

In the late fifties Judith was married again, to a merchant mariner and union organizer, Daniel Sugrue; the last time I asked, they were still married, though they have been separated for decades.

Now, literary data:

Judith's first story, the famous "That Only A Mother," was published in Astounding in 1948; it is arguably the most impressive debut in science fiction history, and has been anthologized numberless times.

She collaborated with Cyril Kornbluth on two novels under the pseudonym Cyril Judd. Then, while living with Fred Pohl, she wrote her first solo novel, *A Shadow On the Hearth*, which was published in 1950, and subsequently televised as *Atomic Attack*.

Her collections include *Daughters of Earth*, *Out of Bounds*, *Survival Ship & Other Stories*, and *The Best of Judith Merrill*. She edited her first anthology, *Shot In The Dark*, an anthology of sf by mystery writers, in 1951. She followed this with several one-shot anthologies of sf, including *Beyond Human Ken*, *Beyond the Barriers of Time and Space*, *Human* and *Off the Beaten Orbit*.

But from 1956 to 1968, her legendary annual series of best of the year anthologies, under various titles beginning with *SF: The Year's Greatest Science Fiction and Fantasy* and ending with *SF 12*, single-handedly redefined the science fiction field. Numerous authors including Harlan Ellison and Bob Shuckley have told me of how agonizing—and how creatively inspiring—was their desperate need to have something of their included in one of Judith's collections, how significant and delicious was her stamp of literary approval—and how hard they had to work to get it. Her anthology series, which heretically included speculative fiction by nongenre writers, (heresy in both sf and mainstream circles) helped to bring sf an unprecedented degree of literary respectability, and arguably did more than any other single factor to lead sf out of its literary "ghetto" status. Her 5-year tenure as *Book Reviewer for F&SF* further reinforced her influence on the field.

In 1966-7, she spent a year in England, where she gathered material for her *New Wave* anthology, *England Swings SF* (obviously given a different title in England), again championing experimental fiction and stylistic innovation. Some say she coined the term "New Wave," a term hard to define. I think "sf that causes fistfights at conventions," or "sf that annoys its readers enough to get their full attention," come close.

Then she moved to Toronto, to join an experimental college called *Rochdale*...

As she said in 1977, "I was involved in helping all these draft-dodgers and deserters, and for two or three years I was one of the adult figures in the counterculture. *Rochdale* was an eighteen-story high-rise hippie college. It has been in the process of folding since shortly after it began. However, the offshoots from it have permeated the city and various parts of Canada to such an extent that in certain ways it continues regardless...so it either folded a year and half after it started, or it is now folding, or it didn't fold at all."

She became a successful "documentarist" for *CBC Radio*—choosing a topic, finding people to talk about it, making and editing tapes for *CBC* broadcast. Her book collection, solicited from her by Harry Campbell, Chief Librarian in Toronto, became the nucleus for what came to be known as the *Spaced-Out Library* (now the *Merril Collection*), the largest sf library in Canada, and possibly the world, presently directed by Lorna Toolis. At this time Judith also began her prodigious input of energy into the *Writers Union of Canada*, became involved in a schools-curricula project outlining available Canadian science fiction, traveled widely to give readings, workshops and lectures, and soon perforce became the world's only expert in Canadian science fiction.

In 1972, with Judith's assistance, *SOL* and *McGill* co-sponsored *SeCon*, the *Secondary Universe Conference*, which brought scholars, critics and teachers of sf together from all across Canada and the world, and a scattering of writers too.

In 1977 Judith came to Halifax to do one of her famous weekend workshops, at the request of Norman Horrocks of the *Dalhousie University Library School*. The event made so much noise in the local sf community that it was retroactively declared to have been a convention, and named *Halcon I*. That's where I first met Judith. On my part, the hero-worship with which I approached her melted almost instantly, turning into profound affection; we worked and played hard together for days, and parted old friends.

In 1979 we *Haligonians* had a second convention to commemorate the first one (we moved slowly in the Maritimes; no sense rushing things), and called it *Halcon II*. *Halcon III*, in 1980, is now remembered as the first *Cancon*, at which, at my suggestion, John Bell, Bob Atkinson and Sheldon Goodman organized and launched the national *Canadian SF & F Award*, now the *Aurora*, and interfaced with fan groups in other Canadian cities so that it could be truly nationally voted.

Judith, as I recall, was only able to attend one or two of the *Halcons*, but all this led, in the end, to the now-established tradition of a rotating *Canadian national science fiction convention* and the annual *Aurora awards*—all Judith's fault, however indirectly. And *Halcon*—now called *Novacon*—is still, so far, held every year in Halifax, as is *Wolfcon* at *Acadia University* in *Wolfville*, *Nova Scotia*.

In 1985, Judith edited her twentieth anthology of science fiction and fantasy, *Tesseract*, for Press Porcépic (now Beach Holme) in Victoria. It was the first-ever anthology of contemporary Canadian science fiction and fantasy. (John Robert Colombo's equally groundbreaking 1979 anthology, *Other Canadas*, covered a 200-year period, and included sf about Canada; and John Bell and Lesley Choyce's 1981 anthology was limited to Atlantic Canada). The *Tesseract* anthology series is still active today, presently in its third incarnation, still showcasing and supporting Canadian speculative fiction, most recently under the editorship of Canadas Jane Dorsey and Gerry Truscott—both of whom were published by Judith in the original *Tesseract*s.

There is probably no writer or group or institution involving science fiction anywhere in Canada that does not bear, somewhere, the mark of Judith Merril. (Certainly I do: her advice and letters of recommendation have helped me land a number of Canada Council grants without which I might long since have given up sf for something stable, like theater or dance or politics...)

Her most recent appearance in print is the afterword to Lesley Choyce's new anthology from Pottersfield Press, *Ark of Ice: Canadian Futurefiction*, from which I quote:

Once upon a time, in the shining years of the youth movements, the time of turning on and tuning in, the days of draft dodgers and deserters and Fuller domes, first Moon landings, and *Whole Earth Catalogues*, there was a high rise building in Toronto called Rochdale College, a "free university," student-owned and run, dedicated to a concept of education that had everything to do with learning and almost nothing to do with teaching. The elder members like me—anyone over 35 was an elder—were not Professors, but "Resource Persons." It was a good place to be, for a while; and of course, it lasted only a short while. But for a few years, Rochdale was a moiling boiling collective centre for people—artists, social scientists, planners, politicians—trying to create (yes!) a truly new world order, to carve the future to a shape and in a substance better suited to the planet and its humans than the painful present we were experiencing, let alone what we knew of the past.

Most of the people at Rochdale read science fiction.

The Rochdale building is now a senior citizens' residence, and I, for one, am now a senior citizen.

The Space Race fell off the pop charts long before the US-USSR wargames (and the Soviet Union itself) collapsed, and the liberation generation students of the 60s and 70s are now mostly struggling with middle-age middle class mortgages and migraines. The new youth are addicted to nostalgia instead of novelty, and prefer medieval fantasy to speculative future fiction.

The future seems to be on hold.

I came to Rochdale in 1968 from a fairly cushy spot in the world of US science fiction—a world that was just then in the process of exploding out of a dirty-little-genre ghetto into both literary and commercial respectability. I came to Rochdale, and for that matter to Canada, for the same reason I have invested the largest part of my adult life in speculative fiction: I wanted to change the world. I still want to change the world. We are supposed to get over that as we mature. Perhaps I just got old without maturing. (No mortgages, no migraines.) The longer I live, the more urgently, the more thoroughly the world seems to need changing—in wider, deeper and more demanding dimensions...

Now I approach three-score-and-ten, and in the past decade many of us Earthlings have come to understand that all our hungers, honors and ailments may be irrelevant in view of the damage inflicted by humanity on Gaia, the earth, the planet from which our very lives derive, and without which we cannot as yet survive.

Somewhere in this progression, I seem to have lost the personal compulsion to make my statement through science fiction. Perhaps it was just the suspicion that any medium both profitable and respectable can hardly be subversive..."

I personally find it wondrously, wickedly ironic that Judith numbers herself among the many who feel that science fiction's growing respectability and profitability may have damaged it in subtle and crucial ways...since she had more than anyone living to do with bringing to sf—with demanding for sf—that very respectability. As the old saw has it: "Be careful what you wish for: you might get it."

Finally, Judith anecdotes from my own files.

They say you should leave them laughing. I have racked my brains for funny Judith Merril stories, any hilarious events that occurred when we were both there, any memorable insights she displayed or remarkable behavior she evinced in my presence. Almost nothing surfaces from my memory banks. I have been happily and monogamously married for twenty years, and refuse to discuss politics at all under any provocation, and so Judith and I have never had anything to quarrel interestingly about. We've had good times, lots of laughs, and done a little business: nothing that makes a good anecdote. But I do have one anecdote I find worth recounting...even though it is not a funny-type story. It goes back about a decade. Judith had come to Halifax, almost certainly for one of the later Halcons. We invited her out to dinner, and for lack of a sitter were forced to bring along our daughter, then six years old. It was the first time Luanna had ever been to a Japanese restaurant, her introduction to Japanese food, and she was surly about it. She just knew she was going to hate that stuff. We placed our orders...and then we waited. And waited. And waited. After we had waited well over an hour for food that Luanna knew she was going to hate, her sullenness threatened to give way to open rebellion. Before Jeanne or I could act, Judith took matters in hand: began talking to Lu, involving her in conversation, telling her stories, jollying her along. When the food finally arrived, the kid fell on it with great glee, and pronounced it wonderful. That's all: nothing spectacular, nothing of lasting literary significance—Judith simply displayed an ability to mollify an infuriated six-year-old. And I'm not even really sure why I'm telling you about it...except that Luanna, who has since changed her name to Terri and gone off to college at the University of Victoria, remembers the event, and Judith, with total clarity and fondness. And has no recollection whatsoever of the half-hour birthday conversation she had on the phone, a few months later, with some old guy named Heinlein. (And she still loves Japanese food.)

Last month I was Toastmaster for the 50th—that's right, the 50th!—World Science Fiction Convention, in Orlando. Six thousand people attended—Respectability and Profitability indeed! Among the attendees were most of the surviving members of First Fandom, those who started the whole tradition of Worldcons in 1939, and most of the professionals currently working in the field. Knowing that I would be speaking at this tribute tonight, I spent what little time my Toastmaster duties left me buttonholing pros and Big Name Fans who had been contemporaries of Judith, and asking them for Judith Merril stories—ideally funny ones.

I received dozens—and to my mild astonishment, 50% of them were either unflattering or uncomplimentary—or were perceived as such by the teller. Almost no one wanted to be quoted. "Oh, I've got a great story—but you can't use it." I heard enough juicy gossip to curl my hair—and found an interesting pattern emerge.

One story resurfaced a dozen times, for instance. A number of American pros and fans went to Loncon II, the second Worldcon to be held outside the US, in London England in 1965, and Judith was asked to speak there. Several people told me of the deep embarrassment and anger they felt when she delivered a speech that amounted to an apology for America, and its involvement in Viet Nam. I began checking, without letting myself be caught at it. None of the people who told me that story now believed that the United States should have been in Viet Nam in '65; at this point they probably would have agreed with Judith's speech. Yet they were all still mad at her for having made it then, for embarrassing them and their British hosts. The war itself hadn't embarrassed them, only a sincere apology for it.

Several other recurring stories fit the same mold: angry memories of Judith as a dangerous political radical, for having held and espoused opinions which the speaker now held.

And all the other stories that kept recurring, that were not political in nature, were sexual in nature. Several people, for instance, made snickering reference to a question often asked in sf circles in the 50s and 60s: "Have you been anthologized by Judith Merril yet?"

What these anecdotes all amounted to, I found, was that Judith Merril was a sexually liberated woman before there was even a name for that. And even though such behavior now not only has a name, but is considered by polite society as acceptable behavior for a "respectable" woman, most of the people who recounted her exploits of those days to me could not shake their no longer valid but nonetheless longheld distaste for her nerve in doing such things before there was a climate of opinion to accommodate it. Dammit, the woman simply had a helluva nerve, having more fun than I did! Not all of those who spoke to me were judgmental. Ben Bova, for instance, who came up in sf a generation after Judith, told many of the same sorts of stories, but with fondness, humour and obvious affection. The general trend was this: the younger the writer, the more recent his or her entry into the field, the more likely they were to have warm and flattering things to say about Judith. I wish it were possible to assemble at a single convention all of the Canadian sf professionals, and ask them for Judith stories—I am intuitively certain that they all have at least one, and I'm sure a higher percentage would be fondly recalled. It is one of the many ironies about Judith, that in a country which prides itself on rugged individualism, she seems to have established a reputation as too ruggedly individual—while here in a society which prizes peace, order and calm, she has come to be seen as a pillar of the literary establishment, a welcomed enabler for an entire generation of wild-eyed dreamers. Not, mind you, that she has lost any of her gadfly nature, her iconoclasm, or her enormous talent for shit-disturbing—ask any member of the Writers Union of Canada. (Listen, this woman is one of the few people ever to have successfully sued Harlan Ellison!) But she picks her fights, these days, and makes more friends than enemies in the process.

Two of Ben's stories involved his friend and mine, the late Dr. Isaac Asimov, and I will repeat them here since I find them funny:

Isaac and Judith were both at the same party in New York, and Isaac had, as was his invariable habit, been flirting outrageously with the ladies, boasting loudly and extravagantly of his sexual prowess. Everyone knew that Asimov was the most harmless of wolves and faithful of husbands. He and Judith left separately, but chanced to meet on the street outside the party—whereupon Judith, with a wicked gleam in her eyes, braced him and said, "Well, Isaac, you've been talking big all night: the answer is yes. Your place or mine?" and took him by the collar. According to Isaac, he disappeared into the subway so fast he created a sonic boom...

Another time Isaac was sitting at the head table at some convention banquet, and the Toastmaster pointed out to the crowd a famous writer sitting in the audience, who, he said, "had just been anthologized by Judith Merril." Ben and Isaac knew that Judith and that writer had just concluded a passionate affair—and Isaac, not realizing his mike was live, muttered, "Euphemisms, always euphemisms!" The house came down, and Ben choked on his ice water...

Jay Kay Klein, the photographer of science fiction, is not a notoriously eloquent man; his poetry is expressed with his camera lens. But I will use his words to close this, as I used his images to begin it. He was there for the early days of the Futurian Society. I remember him looking down and to the left, the way you do when rummaging through old visual memories, and saying, with an odd wistfulness, "Judith was not pretty. But through sheer force of personality she exuded something, some quality that drew men to her like butterflies to a flower filled with nectar. Twenty-five years before women's liberation, she was a forceful woman on her own. She was the Woman of the Future, twenty-five years before women, even women who thought about the future, thought they had one."

I am honoured and proud to be a part of this tribute to the 'Woman of the Future'. She is far more than merely a national treasure. She is a planetary treasure. The one common writer's ailment she has apparently never suffered is carpal tunnel vision. So long as she is loose in the world with a typewriter and a telephone, no bullshit anywhere is safe. And her typewriter has recently been upgraded with seats and an airbag...

Without Judith Merrill, neither science fiction nor Canadian science fiction nor Canadian literature nor the world at large would exist in their present form. Whatever we may make in future of the start she gave us, we who care about Canadian fantasy and science fiction may take some small comfort in being able to say that it is, at least to an extent, all her fault.



Answers to the Pop Quiz

1. Dr. Pepper.

2. "...at the beginning of 1901, cocaine was still in the drink, but most of it had been removed by the following year...there has been no cocaine whatsoever in Coca-Cola since 1903." *For God, Country and Coca-Cola*, by Marc Pendergrast. Scribner, 1993, p. 91.

3. R.C.

4. "Finally, the few remaining holders of Moxie franchises got together and demanded a return to the old formula. As it turned out, that wasn't possible. *Sassafras*, a principal ingredient in the original Moxie, had been banned by the Food and Drug Administration." "Dr. Thompson's Tonic." *Blair & Ketchum's Country Journal*, March 1986, p. 13.

5. Kwai Chang Caine, as portrayed by David Carradine on *Kung Fu* and *Kung Fu: the Legend Continues*.

7. Jolt.

8. Grape Netti.

9. Moxie. "Lexicon: Moxie." *Yankee*, July 1994, p.48.

10. A part of the ongoing silliness of the 'Mpls in '73' worldcon bid.

Extra Credit: One of the ReinCONation V committee members suggested "When did they take the lithium out of Seven-Up?" as a quiz question, but when I went to the library a couple of hours of searching didn't turn up anything on this, and now inquiring minds want to know.

As anyone who's ever put together a convention program book knows, getting good bios on the Guests of Honor can be one of the trickiest parts of the project. ReinCONation V was fortunate enough to receive permission from Spider Robinson, who with Jeanne Robinson will be next year's ReinCONation Guest of Honor, to reprint his tribute to Judith Merril. Then the subject of Andy's bio came up, and Geri Sullivan, fresh from Corflu in Las Vegas, suggested that perhaps the editors of *Nine Lines* Each would be willing to take on the task, given the many words of praise (and teasing) she had heard directed at Andy from that quarter. The boys responded in fine style (and, in the new fanzine fan tradition, promptly), and herewith we proudly present:

Andy Hooper
in
More Than Thirty-Six Lines.

John Hardin:

It started as a vague itch: there was something amiss, and I couldn't place it. Something nagged the periphery of my cosmic mind. Like a fragment of memory; like a brief flash of Summer nostalgia, some wistfully remembered thing would almost pop into my mind and then be gone before I could bring my attention to bear upon it.

The lonely feeling grew in me until I was mad with fear, but I could do nothing. "What is it!?!?" I shouted into the empty halls of my heart, and then I knew... I was going cold turkey with my Apparatchik habit. *APAX* is a staple of my Universe, visible every two weeks in the fannish sky, as orderly and lovable as Newtonian physics. Not only did I admire it; I needed it. Now, years have passed without an Apparatchik in the mail box (oh, I know it has only been three weeks, but the pain, the pain...). I try to be rational. I say to myself, "before he left to that Scottish Convention, he DID send you Spent Brass and the latest *APAX*."

If 'twere only enough to satisfy my habit.

People try to help me. Friends, cops and judges all tell me "but John, there ARE other fanzines." What am I supposed to do, read *File 770*? Give up insurgent-truffannishness and immerse myself in the cruel voodoo of convention running? *HASH!* Death first.

Andy, why do you do this to me? Everyone knows you're the only man who can connect with that pure grade Fanac. In another life, Walt Willis could have been William S. Burroughs; patron Junkie Saint of a more addictive Fandom, but you man, you... you could be the Golden Triangle, Motherlode Clearinghouse of the fannish vibe, beaming out the word of fandom as cherubic neofen sing hallelujahs. Of course, you would have to expand your mailing list.

Tom Springer:

Andy Hooper is a special fan, a fan of intellectual and spiritual mores, with a comprehensive grasp of the English language and an undeniable ability to awaken things fannish in his readers through his two publications, *Spent Brass* and *Apparatchik*. Hooper's *Apparatchik* is arguably one of the moving forces in fanzine fandom today and a major contributor to what Robert Lichtman and Ted White call the "New Golden Age of Fandom" we seem to find ourselves experiencing.

It can't be said his taste is impeccable, but he does have a certain *savoir faire* that allows him to produce such enjoyable fanac. Andy accepted the best fan writer of the year award at Corflu Vegas with a grace and sincerity that only added to his shy boyish charm, a trait many women here in Vegas found endearing. A trait many women here in Vegas found more than just alluring. They found him down right attractive. His large masculine body (much like my own) with hair in all the right places, the implacable power of his every movement, and his beautiful glowing fannish face,

only add to his spiritual presence, defining his physical form with a light golden glow. (Many here in Vegas speculate it has something to do with his supposed diethood but I know better.)

Andy is a veritable magnet for women. Not only do they seem to have trouble staying away from him, but when they get too close the inevitable happens. The attraction is so great, so powerful (like so many things about Andy), that it usually takes two to three guys to peel the female creature from the scintillating form of the Hoopster. It's an unfortunate side affect, so unless you want to lose him beneath a heaving mound of female flesh (we have a record count of eighteen women we've removed from Andy, who were unsuccessful in their attempts to resist his fannish form), it might be best to either place him in some shielded area, something like Hooper in a bubble, or perhaps just keep your women from wandering too close to him. Perhaps some sort of sign would be in order...

Andy's knowledgeable and extensive grasp of things fannish lends no small amount of credibility to his fanhistorical abilities. This is a fan firmly ensconced in fanzine fandom who's understanding and fannish education will someday lead him to be considered the finest fanhistorian of our time. Andy Hooper is what many fans (including myself) think of as a Big Name Fan. There's no denying it, Andy Hooper is a Big Name Fan. So when in his presence be sure to give that slight, at the waist bow Andy deserves, with that eager puppy-pleasing attitude his distinguished list of credentials calls for.

Of course, if you really want to score points, call him "sir." He likes that sort of thing. At first he might insist you call him "Andy" but after the first 30-40 sirs he'll give up and take the respect as his due, perhaps appearing not at all pleased with the situation, but believe me, on the inside he'll be all smiles and warm happy feelings.

He may show signs of being uncomfortable with this title, exhibiting a bit of a drinking habit. Beware! Andy Hooper is a prodigious drinker, who, after a couple of beers turns into a mean drunk quick to indiscriminately criticize and insult. If you think Ted White's fanzine reviews are vicious and unwarranted, wait until you fill Andy full of beer then give him some poor neo's zine. Watch out! Then again, if you're the sort who enjoys that sort of thing, liquor him up and give him the latest File 770 (issue 110 to be exact), it oughta be good for a laugh. Just don't feed him any shrimp...

Ken Forman:

Andy has always been a big man in my eyes. (Hey you, stop snickering. I'm serious here.) Without Andy's subtle prodding, the NLE Boys would have gotten stuck in the Mountains of



The many faces of Andy Hooper (at Precursor, August 1995)

Inertia a long time ago. If it weren't for the man, NLE might never have been.

"I got another APAX in the mail, today. Andy sure is regular," I commented one night.

"Why couldn't we do something like that?" Tom asked.

"We don't want to commit to too much," JoAn cautioned.

"We could do a postcard zine with multiple editors. That way we'd only have to write about nine lines each," I said, and thus the NLE Boys were born. It's all Andy Hooper's fault.

But Andy is more than a hero to the underachiever, he also makes it a point to remember what it was like to be a neo. Ah, yes, I remember when...

"How was Corflu Madison?" I asked Arnie Katz. "Did Andy Hooper mention my name?"

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "but he spat on the ground every time he spoke it."

Alas, to be noticed by the one and only Andy Hooper. The most faanish thing to happen to me since Willis' last letter.

And then there was our first meeting, it was at the Katz' pre-SilverCon 2 party.

The man, himself, strode into a room filled with Vegas fen. I knew he knew the names, but not the faces, of just about everyone there.

"Nobody tell Andy their names. Let's make him guess who we are," I challenged. His penchant for trivia and games is well known in Vegas.

He looked down his princely nose and raised a noble, yet accusing, finger at me.

"You must be Ken Forman," The Hooper declared.

"How did you know?" this faned asked.

"You look just like you write," was his reply.

Astute, devilishly handsome, witty, and intelligent, my respect for Andy as a fanwriter, faned, and friend is immense. By all means, seek out his company. Just don't mention fish. He's a bit squeamish about that subject.

Ben Wilson

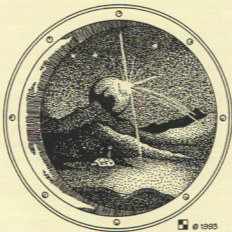
Tom, Tom, Tom, how could you even suggest that people deny Andy his simple pleasures. Shame on you, just because you are at odds with the Brotherhood, is no reason to exclude the Supreme Shrimp Gobbler his favorite food.

SQUEAMISH?!?! Isn't Andy the one that first broached the topic of flounders. A form of fish that he placed as a label on us...Hey wait a second. Never mind don't talk about fish with Andy it's not important.

APAX is addictive, and like JoAn I'm constantly searching my mail box for any Hooper scribbling. You're right John, it has been three weeks since the latest word from the Master of Crustacean Mastication. We have to endure though, we know the wait is worth it. Spending time with Andy, in person or in his fanzines, is like sitting in front of a roaring fire with your favorite drink on a cold snowy night. You can see the sparks jumping across the pages or in his eyes, the warmth of his friendship is like the heat on your cheek, as the flames leap high. His stories (Oh the stories he has...) are like the crackling in the fire, enticing, entrancing and from the heart. But with all jokes aside, Andy is one of the foremost fan writers of our time, which is now. His writing style is clear and varied. He incites emotions but does so without being critical or slanderous. Don't pass up any chances to meet Andy Hooper, for though we make jokes and give him a hard time, he is one of the most pleasant and charming fans I've met.

Andrew P. Hooper, we love ya.

The NLE Boys.



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