

The Heinlein Society

newsletter

WINTER 2009-2010

**The “Heinlein Cafe” created by the
Heinlein Prize Trust and
Heinlein Society as it readies to
open at Nippon 2007 World
SF Convention**



Usually, fan table duty is not the high priority fun thing to do at a Con. In 2007, it was a little different story. Our fan table was The Heinlein Cafe, conceived and constructed by the Trust's agent in Japan, Hank Yoshida, and his staff. During set-up on Thursday, the temperature was oppressive in the Exhibit Hall and everyone: dealers, artist, and fan venues worked hard but in vain to open at 4:00 PM. I believe the Hall opened at 6:00 PM, and the Cafe turned out quite spectacularly. Our Cafe had a large poster on the main walkway with Mr. Heinlein's picture and a sign in Japanese to invite people. We served free iced coffee and had the interview with Walter Cronkite, Robert Heinlein and Sir Arthur Clarke running continuously on a screen, with Japanese sub-titles; and our guests could sit to relax, have coffee and watch. We also had printed matter in English and Japanese to give our guests. Mr. Yoshida's assistants, Ms. Akiko Kurakata and Mr. Yasuo Hidai, were there to man the Cafe on Thursday and make sure everything was in good order. On Friday, we were joined by Mr. Yoshida's children, Miss Anna Yoshida and Mr. Yuta Yoshida. All four were present Friday, Saturday and Sunday from opening until closing. They became proficient answering questions and filling out membership forms. They walked around handing out printed matter that was placed in a beautiful folder, made sure we had coffee available and, when the mail sent us arrived in Japan, added newsletters and fold-outs to the package after making themselves familiar with the new material. There was never a time when we felt uncomfortable leaving them to their own devices, and in fact I think sometimes we were in the way. These young people stayed 10-11 hours and were so gracious and wonderful, it is beyond words to describe their hard work. And after watching the video for almost four days, I am sure they know it word for word in two languages. Anna did the translation in Japanese that ran on the bottom of the video. It will be a long time, if ever, that we will have the privilege of again having a staff, and we will never have the caliber of these young people who are newly introduced to science fiction and Robert Heinlein. If any inroads are made to increase our fan base in Japan it is due to the presence and quality of these people. I believe we have learned lessons from them which I hope we retain and use in the future for the good of the Heinlein Society and the Heinleins' visions internationally.

*Andrea Silver, Secretary-Treasurer Pro Tem for Nippon 2007
(See, Mrs. Silver's additional message at the top of page 19)*

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Email:agplusone@heinleinsociety.orgNIPPON 2007: 2007 WORLDCON
IN YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

by Keith G. Kato

The 65th World Science Fiction Convention, Nippon 2007, was held in Yokohama, Kanagawa Prefecture, Japan, from August 30-September 3, 2007, at the Yokohama Grand Inter-Continental Hotel and Yokohama Pacifico Convention Center complex. This was a Worldcon of firsts: first held in Japan, first held in Asia, and my first visit to the country my grandparents left over 100 years ago.

Alert Readers (as Dave Barry would say) are cognizant that part of my planning to attend Nippon 2007 involved How in Perdition do you have a Chili Party in Japan? I knew several Japanese fans, many of whom attended my parties in the past, and they introduced me to Chairman Inoue who more-or-less got the idea that helping me was something to be done. Eventually the con committee assigned a young woman named Saori Yamamoto to be Party Chief, and via e-mail the details on producing the Keith Kato Chili Party in Japan were answered.

This Worldcon trip began on Saturday August 25, on a non-stop American Airlines flight from LAX to Tokyo Narita International Airport, where I arrived on Sunday August 26. I called my friend Masamichi Osako, to tell him I had arrived and to give him the phone number. I then found the Limousine Bus counter and bought a ticket to Yokohama.

The bus ride to Yokohama took about an hour, plus a short cab ride from the terminal to the Breeze Bay Hotel. After checking in I made a tentative walkabout, mindful of not getting lost. The walk was of small radius and short duration, after which I went back to the hotel to sleep.

I arrived five days before the Worldcon for the specific purpose of visiting a number of martial arts dojo (schools). I planned to take the trains from Yokohama into Tokyo, and I wanted to visit the Kodokan judo headquarters, several karate dojo including my home dojo (Japan Karate Association, or JKA), the main aikido dojo, and the headquarters for kendo at the Bu-

doka.

I'll omit my adventures with trains, street signs, visits to dojos, etc., and skip ahead to the opening of the convention.

On Thursday, August 29, I changed hotels as planned to the Inter-Continental. I registered for the con, and not surprisingly the badges had names in both English and Japanese. At Registration I greeted the Shibanos, Takumi (the godfather of Japanese fandom; he was a Guest of Honor, and Nippon 2007 was as much a tribute to Takumi as anything else), wife Sachiko, older daughter Miho, and a younger daughter named Yuko whom I had never met. Outside Registration I ran into Masamichi Osako, who became my buffer and translator for much of the con. His wife Michiko remained at home to care for their very elderly cat Jonesey. Masamichi was not terribly thrilled about a Japanese Worldcon at first, but told me that seeing so many old friends made him glad he came. I was scheduled for a light programming load; I recall being on an RAH panel with THS President David Silver, and my Shotokan Karate Workshop. Ultimately there were about 2,200 bodies on-site, with about 850 from outside Japan.

The Opening Ceremony was next. Masamichi and I found two seats in the very crowded auditorium. I remember the Mayor of Yokohama arriving in a rickshaw, looking oh-so-smoooooooth as politicians are wont to be. Guests of Honor David Brin and Michael Whelan attempted some part of their speeches in Japanese, much to the delight of the audience. Japanese author Sakyo Kumatsu, who wrote *Japan Sinks* (I've never read it) was also a Guest of Honor. He was in a wheelchair, and spoke for at least ten minutes without letting the English translator break in. Masamichi joked the translator Must be in hell right now, having to recall, compress, and translate a ten minute speech in one minute. Chairman Inoue spoke for a bit and referred to an enthusiastic anime fan and well-known politician named Taro Aso who later became Prime Minister of Japan (but was recently voted out).



From Left to Right: Mr. Yasuo Hidai and Mr. Yuta Yoshida, [flanking two American tourists], Miss Anna Yoshida and Ms. Akiko Kurakata. "...we will never have the caliber of these young people who are newly introduced to science fiction and Robert Heinlein."

Photograph by The Heinlein Society

I encountered several U.S. fans. On the afternoon of Friday August 30, Masamichi, another friend of ours, Yasushi Okada, and I went shopping for the Chili Party. There was a large mall within walking distance of the Inter-Continental, where Masamichi, Yasushi, and I prowled for almost two hours. We found everything on my shopping list except ground beef. The store had only a pre-packaged beef-plus-pork ground meat mixture in 150 gram sizes, with no butcher shop for larger orders. The store staff almost fainted when I asked for 45 boxes, since they had nowhere near such quantity in stock. We left the store with everything but the meat. Once back in my room, Yasushi got online and found another market, about 15 minutes away, that had no problem grinding 7 kilograms of pure beef. Before leaving, Yasushi asked whether his girlfriend (who lived in Tokyo and was not a fan) could come to the party. I asked "Is she cute?" and he said "Yes." I thought this was just him being gallant, but when I finally met her at the party she was really cute and I, being the shallow person that I am, allowed her to stay. Masamichi and I walked to the second store, and arranged for me to pick up ground beef at 10 AM the next day. The price was comparable to U.S. prices.

Saturday, September 1 was Hugo Awards night and Chili Party night. I picked up the meat, and went to the kitchen the con committee had specified. Very large, stainless steel counters, blessedly air conditioned, with a walk-in refrigerator. At the appointed time I met Masamichi there, along with two other guys, Takahiro and Daisuke, and a very pretty 20 year old girl named Chihiro. The other guys

I had met earlier (they chipped into the room kitty) but Chihiro was attending her first con (let alone Worldcon) and had signed up for volunteer duty. The con committee told her "Go help Kato-san" so there we all were. For the first time I actually had STAFF, so I ended up not doing much work, only supervising. I ordered strict cleanliness, so they all washed their hands and donned the surgical masks and hair bonnets I had brought. We washed the pots, countertops, and kitchen tools, then began cooking. The circuits could only support one 2 kilowatt inductive hot-plate burner at a time, so Masamichi browned the meat in batches while the others were opening cans or running errands. I had Chihiro cutting onions and garlic, and after a few minutes I was worried she would lop off a finger. Masamichi told me most young people in Japan have absolutely no domestic skills whatsoever. After a relaxing (for me) and relatively short time, we moved the party stuff into the suite. I had a running joke with all my helpers that they were the Chili Party Yakuza; Daisuke would hum the tune from *The Godfather*. As gifts, I gave them stuff with the UCLA logo on it, since my mother told me UCLA is very well known in Japan. Gift giving in Japan need not involve expensive gifts, merely ones that reflect some thought and characterize the givers home. The gifts were sets of post-cards of the campus, pens (made in China), sweatbands (blue for the guys, white for the ladies), and caps (dark blue for the guys, pink or light blue for the ladies). I gave these gifts during my stay in Japan, to tour guides and friends, and they seemed to be well-received. Not surprisingly, given that I hauled chili stuff and gifts to Japan, I returned



Robert Anson Heinlein

On the shoulders of giants...

This year marks 100 years since the birth of Robert Anson Heinlein, and there's no doubt that he left his mark on the field of Science Fiction, but in what ways has his writing influenced the genre, and how will his works influence coming generations of writers and readers? That was the question put forth in Friday Morning's Panel: **Robert Anson Heinlein: His Impact on Us**. David Silver, president of the Heinlein Society, moderated the panel, and each of the panelists (Farah Mendlesohn, Kari Maund, G. David Nordley, and Dr. Keith G. Kato) discussed at length how they came to know and appreciate Heinlein's writing.

The panelists praised Heinlein's ability to push the envelope a little farther with each story, as well as his diverse cast of characters, which included protagonists of many races, genders, and orientations. Kari Maund cited what she called "Heinlein's Law," namely, "Sin is hurting other people," and that apart from that, pretty much anything goes. There was also much discussion about the quality of his female characters. Not everyone agreed that his ability to write women was strong, but all agreed that he did a great deal to advance the portrayal of female protagonists in Science Fiction. The panelists also noted that the genre today suffers from a shortage of the sort of optimistic, inclusive futures often described in Heinlein's work. There was little disagreement that Heinlein had a profound impact on the genre of Science Fiction, in particular, the transition of writing about the effect of technology on ordinary people, as opposed to writing about the technology itself. Most of the panel was somewhat pessimistic about Heinlein's continuing level of influence, claiming that the sort of self-sufficient, engineer-adventurers seem to be out of style. But David Silver concluded the panel by saying that the current trends are a test, and the question of whether or not Heinlein's influence continues into the future is up to us, the fans who love his work.

-- Christiana Ellis, *Nippon 2007 Changing Tides*, Issue No. 3, Friday evening, August 30, 2007

Photograph of panel by The Heinlein Society

home with lighter luggage, souvenirs notwithstanding.

I had previously e-mailed Masamichi the English versions of the printed invitations, door signs, and chili identification signs before I left home, to which he added the Japanese translations. I had 3/4 inch round labels with Nippon 2007 and Kato's Natural Gas Company on them, which we affixed to the back of invited guests badges. These, plus the sign on the door, "By Invitation Only" seemed to hold down crashers to a minimum.

The party suite itself was half Western (rug, coffee tables, chairs, sofas) and half Japanese (tatami floor, low table, low chairs, but with a pit under the table so people could sit there with legs dangling loose) separated by a sliding panel. Shoes were not permitted on the tatami, so everyone removed their shoes as they entered the room, creating a large annulus of shoes at the doorway. Masamichi, another friend. Yasuo Kawai, and I set up the room and were actually ready to go at 8 PM since the

Hugos started at 6 and (I was told) went rather quickly since most of the Japanese fans did not attend, most of the recipients were not there to pick up, and the Seiun Awards would be at a different ceremony. Bob Silverberg told me I fed him his only enjoyable meal in Japan, since he does not like Japanese food. I told him I don't either, since my mother prepared so much of it while I was growing up. Joe and Gay Haldeman, Michael Whelan, and David Brin all attended the party, as did Heinlein Trustee Buckner High-tower and his lovely wife Linda.

All the parties were on the sixth floor of the Inter-Continental, and the air conditioning was overwhelmed. Walking the corridors and visiting the open parties was like walking in a steambath. Fortunately, with a closed door, the Chili Party interior was warm but tolerable. Because there were relatively few U.S. fans, I had given Masamichi authority to invite anyone.

The party went until 1:30 AM, and Masamichi, Yasuo, and I managed to clean up and vacate the room in an hour. I had a bellman help take the hardware to my room for later cleaning and distribution to respective owners, but I had to get some sleep since my Shotokan Karate Workshop was scheduled for 10 AM Sunday morning.

It was a coals-to-Newcastle thing to have a karate teacher from the U.S. doing this program in Japan, but Terry Fong, the lead for English Language Programming, thought it was a funny idea. Sunday, September 2, I had a group of six for my Workshop; I noticed in the same area there were other groups doing things like yoga and tai chi. At the beginning of the Workshop I gave an introductory talk, then began slowly breaking down the motion of the body, hips, arms, and legs. After a few minutes I noticed an obvious ringer in the group, someone who trained before and was quite proficient. I asked his name (Oono), then asked Oono-san, what is your real rank? He said 3rd dan. During the halftime rest break I talked some more with Oono. He said he was intrigued at the difference between Japanese- and American-trained instructors. He was used to simply doing what the teacher said, while I incorporated detailed instructions plus rationale for the various techniques. He also was a solid state physicist. Oono invited me to his dojo after the con. Later that day, the Masquerade, Seiun Awards, and a dinner cruise were scheduled, but I chose go to dinner with Masamichi and three of his friends. After dinner I went to some of the parties.

Monday, September 3 was the final day of Nippon 2007. The Closing Ceremony was at 11 AM, and until then

I wandered around the display area where the Art Show, Displays, and the THS-Prize Trust Heinlein Cafe was located. After the Closing Ceremony there was the breakdown of the Worldcon set-ups, and later the Dead Dog parties. However, I could not partake in either. My tour was leaving mid-afternoon.

I signed onto this particular tour because I had good experiences with two previous tours arranged by Toronto fan and retired Queens Councilor (lawyer) Ken Smookler.

Ken's group of 25 would leave the Inter-Continental at 2 PM, be driven by coach to Tokyo, then over the next nine days travel to Mt. Fuji/Hakone, Hiroshima, Kyoto, and finally Osaka where the actual touring would end on September 10. The final act of the tour would be to take group members to either of the Osaka airports, Kansai or Itami, for their return flights. I wanted to spend more time with Masamichi and Michiko Osako, I arranged to stay one extra night at the tours Osaka hotel, and added a puddle-jumper flight to Tokyo Narita Airport for September 12.

On the tour we saw lots of castles, Buddhist temples, and Shinto shrines. We rode the bullet train (it is not called that by the Japanese; for them it is the Shinkansen), which seemed to be timed to the nanosecond.

I skipped the group dinner Monday night and tried to find Oono's dojo, but failed.

The tour officially ended in Osaka the morning of 9/11 by taking members to the two Osaka airports. I planned staying one additional day, to hang out with the Osakos. They met me in the hotel around 11:30 AM, and took me around Osaka via subway and trolley. As the day ended it began raining (not a cloud in the sky that morning), and the Osakos escorted me all the way back to my hotel lobby just so I wouldn't get lost in Osaka. They talked about coming to the Denver Worldcon in 2008, or maybe Thanksgiving again with the Kato family.

I left the hotel by taxi at 5:30 AM on Wednesday September 12, for the Itami Airport, where I caught a domestic ANA flight to Tokyo. I got to Tokyo Narita Airport about 9:15 AM, and checked in for my 4 PM flight home. I was pleasantly surprised that my return flight was upgraded to Business. After the dinner service I took a sleeping pill and basically slept the ten hour flight. We arrived 30 minutes early (2 AM Japan time), I got through Customs quickly, and Super-Shuttled my way to my parent's house where I picked up my car. An hour later I was home in Cucamonga.

Did I already say Japan was hot and humid?

Keith G. Kato was born in Los Angeles, California, in 1950. He attended UCLA and the University of California, Irvine, obtaining his Ph.D in plasma physics at the latter under the direction of SF author Gregory Benford. Since 1983 Keith has worked at Raytheon Missile Systems (formerly General Dynamics, then Hughes Aircraft) in an R&D group investigating directed energy weapons. He has seven patents, given numerous papers at scientific conferences, but mostly does stuff he can't talk about. Keith has also been a martial artist since 1965, and holds the 4th degree black belt in Shōtōkan karate-dō. He is a patron of the arts, and in any given year sees 40-50 musicals, plays, concerts, and operas. Keith began attending SF conventions in 1972, and since 1974 has been hosting his famous "Keith Kato Chili Party" at major SF conventions around the world. He is a Charter Member of The Heinlein Society (having attended the exploratory formation meeting in July, 1998); is chairman of THS's Social Activities committee; and was elected by the membership to THS's Board of Directors in 2009. Keith devoted many hours as a mid-level manager working towards the success of the 2007 Heinlein Centennial in Kansas City. He was fortunate to meet Robert and Ginny Heinlein three times. Keith lives in Alta Loma, California, aka "Cucamonga" for all you Jack Benny fans.



I took many hundreds of digital photos, but I would like to share this one above: the Golden Pavilion in Kyoto. Kyoto was spared bombing in World War II because it had no military value and multiple cultural artifacts. You saw old wooden structures hundreds of years old in that city. The Golden Pavilion is painted with literal gold paint (and a little silver). This photo has a crane on the little island in the foreground.

Keith Kato, Heinlein Society Director

NIPPON 2007: VIEW FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY

by David Silver

Day Zero (Tuesday, August 28): Japan is sixteen hours ahead of U.S. Pacific Coast time. Our flight from LAX was scheduled to depart at 12:30 PM, and supposed to last about eleven hours. Andrea and I arrived around 10 AM, PDT, checked our luggage, and looked around until we found something that passed for breakfast. We'd stayed awake the entire night to better start our bodies adjusting to the anticipated time change as some recommend. We departed about an hour late. We eventually made up about a half hour or so, arriving some time around 4 PM, Japan time, having gained a day as we crossed the international time zone, into Wednesday, August 29, total time around eleven hours. I got about four hours of solid sleep, waking up in a very dark cabin sometime around 7:30 PM (PDT).

On awakening, I found Gregory Benford standing back at the flight attendant's service station, and we chatted about this and that while I woke myself back up. We'd met at the Eulipia restaurant back in 2002 at the SF World Con in San Jose, at a Heinlein Society dinner; but as I had been

the organizer of the dinner and concerned with the restaurant staff service that evening never previously had much chance for personal conversation. Greg was traveling with his wife Elisabeth, they were seated a few rows in front of Andrea and me, and both wives were still asleep. Greg is incredibly bright, tenured as a physics professor at UC Irvine, down in Orange County; and we talked about, among other things, the Heinlein Society, Ginny, Robert, and Robert's works and our mutual beginning of reading Robert with *Rocket Ship Galileo*, the applications that Greg's research work, and the work of one of his former Ph.D students, Keith Kato, who is the Heinlein Society's Social Activities Chair, had to some science fiction he had been writing recently; and, finally, a panel we were scheduled to perform in a couple days together with two others, which was to address "**How Much Science Should There Be in Science Fiction?**" And we discussed our military service, and this and that personal history. Greg grew up as a military brat and his dad was on MacArthur's staff in Japan post war through the Korean War. After about ninety minutes, we decided we'd better get back to our wives before they sent out search parties. Maybe we'd get together for dinner for Andrea and I with him and Elisabeth later this week. Then it was arrival in Narita.

Getting off the plane, with the lights back on, it turned out there were quite a few passengers in our section of the plane headed for Nippon 2007. One guest of honor, actor George Takei, sat a few seats up on the other side. He and producer Brad Altman thanked us for the invitations we had sent them to attend our Heinlein Society reception Thursday evening, the next night. While waiting to walk down the stairs to the main deck of the plane, we had a brief conversation about getting through customs and onto the buses to Yokohama; and Elisabeth Malartre, Greg's wife, was particularly helpful in her advice--she's been through here many times before.

Then it was down the stairs and out the plane through Customs, and off to the buses.

The bus was comfortable, but crowded--most of the seats taken. Andrea and I found seats about three rows apart, but Mike (a Society director and its blood drives chair) and Sharon Sheffield were between us, having arrived on another airline just about the time we did. We caught the 5:05 PM, Japan time, bus, and arrived at the convention center in Yokohama at 7:05 PM.

Check in at the Yokohama Grand was quick and efficient, and we were soon on our way upstairs escorted by an assistant manager. It felt very VIP the way he did it. Up to the 25th floor, and into a nice double room with fruit, flowers, and a beverage laid on the table and a great view of Yokohama Cosmo World (an amusement park) on an island right across a channel from the hotel and convention center. After the assistant manager departed with smiles and bows, my wife looked at me delighted with the room and view, and we talked and slowly unpacked, put things away, enjoyed the fruit and beverage and view, telephoned Mike and Sharon and made arrangements to have breakfast together the following morning; and went to sleep.

Day One: Thursday, August 30 in Japan, we got up at the really fine Yokohama Grand around 5 AM, Japan time,

still operating on whatever time it was in Los Angeles, but not too tired, and pattered around until 7-ish, with coffee and tea, and using the Japanese bathroom. The tub was deep and warm, the shower actually had enough pressure to beat the old aches and pains out if you stood under it, and the features of the toilet were unique and probably come under "too much information" to describe. Suffice it to say that Ginny Heinlein considered any toilet facilities without a bidet as uncivilized. The Japanese are civilized, in spades! A very clean arrangement.

I'd brought a tuxedo shirt that needed ironing and decided to have the hotel starch and press it for the reception we'd host that night. Room service picked that up, promising they'd be back before 6 PM, and ready before the reception The Heinlein Society scheduled in one of the hotel suites starting at 8 PM.

Mike and Sharon called about 7:30 AM, and we met them in the lobby, and went looking in a shopping center nearby for something approximating breakfast.

We had two choices in the hotel. The Japanese "traditional breakfast" of miso soup, rice, fish, and little bits of this and that, which the hotel was prepared to offer in an (expensive) dining room, or a pastry and tea from one of the little pastry bars scattered about the lobby and mezzanine floors. Not being quite up to facing those two choices so early in our trip we went exploring through the many shops and floors of the adjacent shopping center where some said waffles might be found if you searched hard enough. We didn't search hard enough, or long enough, but settled on a little bakery called "Pompadour" only a few floors and many steps away from the hotel.

After breakfast we strolled back to the Convention Center, picked up our registrations, and did a little exploring to search out the locations of rooms where panels would be given. Then we four agreed to get together at noon, at the location where the exhibits and dealers would be setting up, at the request of the Japanese agent for the Heinlein Prize Trust who would be starting his setup of the Heinlein Cafe at which we jointly with the Trust would be advancing our charitable and educational goals about both organizations.

A little before noon, we picked up my computer and projector from the hotel room, and headed for the exhibit hall, meeting Mike and Sharon Sheffield at the entrance. It was evident from outside the exhibit area of the hall that erection of displays still would have some hours to go before anything was ready; but I found at our location some of the hall's riggers putting up an aluminum framework that would allow panels to be hung to create the impression of a coffee house-book store we wanted, and tables and chairs and a projection screen panel were being arranged to give us a backdrop onto which we could project the video of the 1969 broadcast with Heinlein, Clarke and Cronkite that we'd arranged to have subtitled in Japanese. Hank Yoshida, the agent for the Heinlein Prize Trust doing all the work on setting up for the Heinlein Cafe, an engineer who one of the trustees met in his other capacity as aerospace entrepreneur, met me and introduced his assistants, and Anna Yoshida, his twenty-some very lovely daughter, who had provided us the subtitles at a fairly inex-

pensive price. Anna is a recent grad at the University of North Carolina, very fluent in English and impressively intelligent and helpful.

Keith Kato, our social activities chairman, stopped by. We told Anna she'd have to return to the States to take her graduate degree at UCLA since we, both UCLA grads, don't talk to "Tarheels," usually. She smiled. Keith was trying to get arrangements for his traditional World Con chili feast set up, and had already been in Japan for a few days, enough time to get lost on the subways looking up his martial arts instructors.

I introduced Mike, Sharon, and Andrea; and we quickly set up my projector and computer and tested the newly-subtitled video. It worked nicely. I thanked and paid Hank and his daughter for the good work, done in addition to the work they'd contracted with the Trust to do on creating the Cafe. Then to enable construction of the Cafe to continue, we broke down, leaving the projector behind, and agreed to return around 3 PM, to test and inspect a final set up.

We were under time constraints for set-up because I had serve as panelist in a two-hour panel scheduled to commence at 4 PM, following which was the dinner hour followed by the Convention's Opening Ceremony at 7 PM, scheduled to run until 8 PM by program; and, then, so far as The Heinlein Society was concerned, we had our by-invitation reception scheduled in a suite at the hotel.

We arrived back at the Heinlein Cafe in the Exhibit Hall about 3 PM. Mike and Sharon were already there as well as Buckner and Linda Hightower. Buckner is a Heinlein Society member but also he's one of the three Heinlein Prize Trust trustees.

The Cafe was coming along nicely when we arrived, shelves for books up, panels in place, and the projection screen panel against the back of the entrance ready to go. They'd created wall coverings of nicely done art showing Heinlein, his books, the efforts of the Prize trust, including its contests for students in Asia, and descriptions of the purpose of the Trust established by Robert and Virginia.

One wall has a great looking panel showing Robert Heinlein surrounded by book covers of all his works that have been published in Japan. The opposite wall is bookshelves. I brought a small number of Japanese language books, both paperback and hardbound copies sent by publishers to Ginny, that had been in Ginny's library when she died and for which the library in Santa Cruz had no use--about twenty or thirty copies; and they'd placed those on one shelf. On three other shelves they've placed about seventy to one hundred copies of other Heinlein Japanese language books--and I hoped when I first heard it I'd misunderstood this--these apparently are the only copies existing for unused sale still in print in Japan. I'd brought at least one-fifth that in my suitcase.

Later, I found in comments I overheard and in what was relayed to me, it's probably true. For example, one complaint is that the novel *Friday* in translation into Japanese was planned to be two volumes. Volume one came off the presses all right, we had a few copies of it, but volume two never was printed and is unavailable in Japanese. Anna



Author Greg Benford in conversation with United Airlines Flight Attendant. Seated to the immediate forward of them, in the direction of the nose of the 747, are actor George Takei and producer Brad Altman.

Photograph by The Heinlein Society

Yoshida is presently reading *Friday*, but she's reading it in English. Buckner listened closely when these deficits were explained by Japanese language readers and fans who stopped by.

They hadn't gotten the projector to mate successfully with their PC yet, so I left my Mac behind with Mike and Sharon Sheffield while Andrea and I took off about ten minutes before 4 PM to find the room in which the two-hour panel I was supposed to help present was scheduled.

The panel was entitled "**How to Make SF More Inviting to Teens.**" It was held in one of the smaller rooms, which quickly completely filled up before we started. Buckner and Linda Hightower surprised me by being in the audience; but I shouldn't have been too surprised since the Trust has been funding efforts to make the Heinlein juveniles more easily used by teachers and librarians; and Buckner would naturally be interested in efforts to make SF more inviting to teen readers.

The panelists included Cory Doctorow, Farah Mendelsohn, Lisa Freitag, Patrick Nielson Hayden and myself.

Panelists disagreed on defining the problem of making SF more inviting to teens, as they saw it. After some further disagreement as to solutions was also expressed, the panel rolled along rather nicely. It continued onward for perhaps ninety minutes or so--taking up the entire two hours, with some worthwhile observations made on the point of the topic--many made by the audience.

From there it was up to the hotel room for Andrea and me to get into evening gown and black tie and ready for the reception. I was still sticking studs into the boiled shirt when Andrea left at 7:30 PM to check that refreshments ordered had arrived. We'd invited about seventy writers,

editors, artists, other individuals whom the programmers had seen fit to include on the panel program, as well as some Japanese aerospace and writing and other media selected by Hank Yoshida as well as all Heinlein Society members we knew were attending; and we sent out both printed and email personal invitations. At least sixty percent showed up, bringing their own guests (wives, companions, etc.) and filled the suite where we had our reception to capacity. Guests began arriving at 8 PM, and continue to arrive as the Opening Ceremony finally concluded (It ran over schedule, as they all do.) We weren't on the party floor, but about twenty stories above it, and the suite was quite a bit larger, so much so that we weren't all packed in like sardines in a heated can everywhere. It was great to see so many show up; and they all seemed to have a good deal of fun. Mike and Sharon, Buckner and Linda, and Hank Yoshida helped Andrea and me host.

About 9:30 PM, an assistant manager showed up to ask us to end the reception as guests on the floor were complaining about noise. I explained I'd have to take probably about a half hour to get the crowd to leave; and he simply smiled, bowed and left. One of the nicest contacts I've ever had with hotel staff on that problem. We managed to get the crowd out and down to the bar on the second floor by around 10:15 PM by Buckner and Linda's passing among them giving out small pins with The Heinlein Society's logo on them and telling them we'd run out of wine--which was true. Buckner and Linda accompanied them down to the bar; and, I'm told, a further good time continued, with Buckner buying at least the first round. A small group hung out in the bedroom of the suite talking quietly for a while after that; and then when we were truly out of wine they left the suite to Andrea and me. We col-



Above are “the only copies existing for unused sale still in print in Japan” of Robert Heinlein’s works at the time of Nippon 2007. All had been sold by the end of the convention. At right, as on page 2, is the painting of Oscar, Star and Rufo commissioned by the Trust.

Photograph by the Heinlein Society

lapsed for a time and then headed down to turn in the suite keycards and met Linda and Buckner who were about to leave for their hotel in Tokyo. We took them back up to our room, sipped a bit of private stock, enjoyed Buckner's cigars, chatted for a time about mutual areas of interest to the Society and Trust, and then suggested they use the suite for the evening and return to their Tokyo hotel the following day. They took us up on it, and left for the suite around midnight.

Day Two (Friday, August 31, in Japan) was Day One, even busier. Andrea and I awoke about 4 AM, still mentally on Pacific Coast time, and pattered around a couple hours answering email and the like. We went for a walk out among the parks near the bay early, took some photos, and then tried the "traditional" Japanese breakfast back at the hotel. Quite yummy, exquisite service, interesting little mysteries, like a miniature dumpling or matzo ball, pickled this and that, with salmon and some other fish, and miso soup and rice. Not exactly ham and eggs and hotcakes but quite satisfactory.

We got over to the Heinlein Cafe in the exhibit hall and found it in full flower--all the panels up, tables and chairs arranged, and everything ready to go at 9:30 AM, except for one thing. They'd managed to mate their PC with the Epson projector the previous afternoon after I'd left to do the Teenager panel--and ran it successfully until closing; but this time they were having problems getting it to restart. Mike Sheffield and I carefully examined everything and found someone had put an S-connection into a socket upsidedown and bent three of the fine little cooper pins flat. A little careful work with a small pocket knife and a pair of tweezers and Mike had them bent back into place and fixed well enough to work.

During the hours from 4 PM to about 7 PM the previous evening, they'd run the Heinlein-Clarke-Cronkite sequence continuously and reported they'd received quite a bit of traffic that stopped to watch and listen and had sold several copies of Heinlein works in Japanese. I could see they were down about thirty percent in stock. Also they were giving out black T-shirts as a bonus to the first five new Heinlein Society members. The T-shirts have printed on them a rather nice full-color painting that had been commissioned by the Trust of statues of Oscar, Her Wisdom, and Rufo in a parklike setting. Yoshida's assistants and his daughter Anna who were all wearing the black T-shirts already had a list of names and addresses of new member applicants who'd stopped by and promised to return today when we planned to have the membership application forms the postal service had promised would arrive yesterday, but hadn't. They hadn't arrive yet this morning when we'd checked before starting over to the exhibit hall. But it was good news that several fans had left their names and addresses and promised to stop back.

A fan who had talked to Anna had reported to her that there had once been a Heinlein society or fan club in Japan. It had been started a number of years ago by the daughter of one of Heinlein's translators, Tetsu Yano, but no one seemed to know what had become of it after the translator had died. The fan had run a websearch on the daughter's name, and found a similarly named person working for a translation agency in San Francisco, but didn't know if it was the same person. Anna told us she was willing to look further into the matter if we wished, and we did.

I had two panels to give this day, one, on "**Heinlein's Influences on Us,**" at 10 AM, and a second, on "**How**

Much Science Should There Be in SF?" at 1 PM, so I left around 9:30 AM to walk back to the convention hall paneling area from the exhibit hall. We left Mike and Sharon to hold down the fort at the Heinlein Cafe with the splendid help of the Yoshida assistants, telling Mike that Buckner and Linda would be by later perhaps.

The panelists for "Heinlein's Influences" besides myself were Keith Kato and G. David Nordley, both Heinlein Society members, Kari Mund, a young lady whose writing efforts thus far were focused mainly in medieval Welsh history, but who has a fantasy novel due out later that year, and Farah Mendlesohn, formerly editor of a SF critical journal, *Foundation*.

That evening there was a rather nice and complimentary write-up on the panel in the Con's daily newsletter, "*Changing Tides*," that I've quoted on page four of this Newsletter. We had a good panel for ninety minutes. Most of the panelists felt that Heinlein's influence might diminish during the next hundred years, but I noted that Twain defined literary immortality as "thirty years," which Heinlein has already achieved and expressed the opinion that it would be up to us, his readers, to determine how much his influence continues.



Then it was back to the Heinlein Cafe for another hour. The membership forms and newsletters still hadn't arrived, but I talked to a member applicant--or rather Anna spoke in Japanese to him and helped me greet him--who told us he'd be going on-line to use our website CGI to join and pay his first dues that afternoon (he did), and noticed how much traffic our Cafe was indeed getting, especially with the Japanese sub-titled moon landing interview. Buckner and Linda had shown up, dressed in 1960s era hippy clothing appropriate to a coffee house, and were having great fun talking with the help of the Japanese assistants to visitors. Andrea was just beaming about how helpful and thoughtful the assistants were, "those nice kids" she called them (if you've a thirty-six year old daughter, anyone

younger is a "kid"), and I think she is going to want to take them home to adopt and keep when we leave.

Then, after a bacon and egg and tomato and lettuce sandwich and some orange juice, it was off again to do another panel.

This "**How Much Science Should There Be in SF?"** was the panel I most enjoyed at the Con. The panelists, beside myself, included Stanley Schmidt, editor of *Analog*, Greg Benford and Chad Orzel, both physics professors, who all also write SF. Before the panel began we decided that as I knew the least about writing, the least about editing, and the least about science I was the perfect moderator. I needed to do very little 'moderating' as all the panelists respected and included each other in discussions, often posing questions to their co-panelists to involve them. The panel was fascinating with Stan as the star as he should have been, discussing many of the stories that have impressed him with well-integrated science in their plots and themes. Greg and Chad both made significant contributions, often invited by Stan or each other to do so. I tried my best to add to the interest in the panel, noting that there are also "lawyer" fictions; and the best of those authors minimize the law and maximize character development and plot. All the panelists made the point that science should be minimized so as not to be intrusive but needed to be integral to well-written SF stories. A good example pointed out by Stan of a non-intrusive science in an SF story was "Charly" a classic as both a TV production and under its novel and short story title, *Flowers for Algernon* by Daniel Keyes. The panel was a very enjoyable ninety minutes for all of us and the audience. We applauded the audience for their participation at the end.

I also announced our writing contest--the one with the \$5,000 first prize for a short story expressing the spirit, ideas and philosophies of Robert Heinlein, to celebrate his Centennial, during the panel, with the consent of the other panelists. Benford's first question after the announcement was whether professional writers were eligible for that prize. I was pleased to be able to say to him and the audience we wished to encourage both professional and amateur writers to enter.

After the panel, it was back to the hotel to see whether our newsletter and pamphlets and flyers shipment had finally arrived. Half of it had. So I took the newsletters back to the Heinlein Cafe, thankful we had printed the last to include the usual membership application. When I arrived almost immediately I had one new member filling out an application, and within the end of the day, others. The second shipment arrived that evening, and we had the Join Us, Who Are We? and writing contest pamphlets available to distribute at the Cafe by the next day.

During the day on one of my trips between the exhibit hall and the convention location for panels nearer the ho-

Above: Society directors Joe Haldeman and David Silver at the reception for writers and artists held at Nippon by The Heinlein Society. The Science Fiction and Fantasy Writer's Association recently notified Mr. Haldeman he will receive from them the Damon Knight Memorial Grandmaster Award at its annual meeting on May 13-15, 2010, at the Cocoa Beach Hilton Hotel, Cape Canaveral, Florida. Joe will join a good company as Grandmaster. The first writer who received this award, in 1974, was Robert Heinlein.

Photograph by Gay Haldeman



While mother, with the help of Anna Yoshida, fills out Heinlein Society membership application while visiting the Heinlein Cafe, the next generation amuses itself with toys purchased from other vendors.

Photograph by The Heinlein Society

tel, I met an English professor named Gene van Troyer who has been teaching at a Japanese university for years. He filled me in on the history of the Heinlein society started by the daughter of Tetsu Yano. She passed away he told me of breast cancer in 2001 a couple years before her father died; but there remains a widow and a son who may have some information relevant to restoring contact with those who supported the Japanese society. Van Troyer helpfully passed on the necessary contact information to me by email; and I'll pass it back to Anna Yoshida asking her to follow up. Our thanks to Dr. van Troyer for his help.

Around 7:30 PM, the exhibit hall was shutting down, so Andrea and I went looking for dinner away from the convention center. We found another huge shopping center with restaurants within about three blocks, met Mike and Sharon and dined quite well on tempura, noodles, and what have you. Then about 9 PM it was back to the hotel room, and a nap that turned into a deep "we're done for the night" sleep.

Saturday morning, September 1, was more of the same at the Heinlein Cafe. A couple new member applicants had read the flyers and asked about charter membership and the 1940 Denvention speech and, after explanation as to what it was, decided to take that option, even though the speech is in English and they were, primarily, Japanese speaking.

We'd brought one set of Ginny's *Pirate's Booty*, the eight volume set of copyright infringing works printed by the late Amereon Press, and its associated alter egos, on Long Island, that Ginny had recovered in 2002 when she won her copyright infringement lawsuit and donated to the Society to use for fundraising. We had two nibbles--one of whom I'm happy to say finally took the bait, and we sold a set to him for \$1,000, before he, a book dealer, left for a trip to mainland China.

Barry Levine, the other dealer who originally appraised the sets and bought two himself, has since written

to me that the value of the sets to collectors "are a bargain at twice" our asking price. I think we're going to increase the asking price substantially, and very shortly, considering the speed which the limited numbers we have are selling since we started offering them.

We'd had a little trouble with scheduling our S.I.G. (special interest group) event (the Society's annual meeting), since the time and place conflicted with the Saturday panel for two of us, myself and Joe Haldeman, both directors of the Society, programming had scheduled us to do. I'd spoken to programming, and they'd promised to give us a notice via the daily newsletter of a rescheduled time of 3 PM and a room for the event. The notice didn't appear, however, so I notified everyone I could reach orally that morning we'd have the meeting in the luncheon area behind the Heinlein Cafe at 3 PM.

Around 11 AM, I was interviewed about the Trust and the Society by a reporter for an English-language newspaper widely published in Japan. He was mainly interested in that half million dollar annual prize, so I filled him in on Robert and Ginny's goals.

The panel, which began at noon, was the "**Future of War**" panel. Three of us on the panel, Joe, myself, and a physician named Stephen Davis, who works for the V.A., specializing in Agent Orange cases and the like, looked at the fourth member, Lawrence Person, who edits a fanzine and has published some SF, and decided since he had no gray hair he'd make a wonderful moderator. So after introductions, we let him shape and guide our discussion and the audience participation. I think I'll let Joe Haldeman's description of the panel speak for me as well:

"At noon I had the obligatory panel on The Future of War. Joined by David Silver, Lawrence Person, and Stephen Davis. I didn't have to say too much, as is often the case."

Lawrence had a lot to say about all the possibilities of



After a morning of participation on panels and attendance at Heinlein Cafe, David Silver rests at pool on the walkway between the hotel and convention center. Shortly after the photo was taken, Dr. van Troyer walked up, introduced himself and described the history of the former Heinlein Society in Japan.

Photograph by The Heinlein Society

war in the future, as did Dr. Davis, with those years of treating the victims of Agent Orange. You might say they offered divergent viewpoints.

I did have one little point for the audience I'll mention here. In writing about wars of the future a SF author isn't restricted as much as one might think to the future. I described the essential plot of Andre Norton's 1955 novel *Star Guard*, the first war story in SF I ever read (E.E. Smith's sagas aside), and asked the audience to identify Ms. Norton's source. I'll ask you to do the same. A genuine nickel to the first to do so. Hint: Where would a lady Cleveland public librarian find a good source? Further hint: John Ringo and David Weber have co-written another novel using the same original source.

After the panel, at 3 PM, we had the annual Society meeting. Two directors were reelected for three-year terms: Joe Haldeman and Jane Silver. One new director was elected to fill a vacancy: Geo Rule. I offered drinks after the meeting but only Joe had time to have one quick G&T before departing to get into clothing suitable for him to make a rehearsal for the best novel Hugo award presentation he made later that evening. Keith Kato had succeeded in arranging his famous chili party and graciously invited all the helpers at the Heinlein Cafe to attend. Andrea has been invited to attend the Scandinavian fan bash when a new Heinlein Society member from Norway had found out half her family is Norwegian. So we planned to attend parties the remainder of the night after the Hugos; but Andrea and I took an early exit and got a little more sleep, our bodies slowly still adjusting to the time zone change. Thus ended Day Three.

Day Four (Sunday, September 2 in Japan) was a re-

laxation. No panels to do, so Andrea and I worked most of the day in the Heinlein Cafe, taking a couple breaks, first one for breakfast, in search of the elusive place where waffles are rumored to exist. We didn't find it, but did find a place where they made eggs and bacon and pancakes pretty well. Then for about an hour in the afternoon we walked down to the Naval Museum park and sat around watching old men feed the birds--a universal the world over, I suppose. A bunch of boy and girl sea scouts who were interesting to watch went through with their adult leaders. And Day Five and Six were a little visit and bus tour in Tokyo, and back onto the plane and home. Had a nice dinner with Greg Benford and Elisabeth Malartre in Tokyo, and an interesting walk. Got caught in the beginning of a monsoon or typhoon the last day, but got back to the hotel only mildly drenched.

It was a pretty good world con, and I think we did well in advancing the charitable interests of both the Society and the Trust.

NOTE: Ms. Norton's source is *Anabasis* (Greek for "going up"), relating the events of 401 BCE, *et seq.*, the most famous work of the Greek professional soldier and writer Xenophon. The journey it narrates is his best known accomplishment and "one of the great adventures in human history," as Will Durant expressed the common assessment. Traditionally *Anabasis* is one of the first unabridged texts studied by students of classical Greek due to its clear and unadorned style; similar to Caesar's *Commentarii de Bello Gallico* for Latin students.

D.M.S.



As the rigger (lower left) continues to put the Cafe together, Mike Sheffield (seated in chair) tests projector hook-up. The poster covering the back of the Cafe displays copies of all Heinlein works that have been published in translation in Japan.

Photograph by The Heinlein Society



View of Yokohama Grand convention hotel (large curved building) and Cosmo amusement park from footbridge leading to small island containing Yokohama Maritime Museum.

Photograph by The Heinlein Society

Charles N. Brown, 1937-2009**Heinlein Society Director**

Locus publisher, editor, and co-founder Charles N. Brown, 72, died peacefully in his sleep July 12, 2009, on his way home from Readercon.

Charles Nikki Brown was born June 24, 1937, in Brooklyn NY, where he grew up. He attended the City College of New York, taking time off from 1956-59 to serve in the US Navy, and finished his degree (BS in physics and engineering) at night on the GI Bill while working as a junior engineer in the '60s. He married twice, to Marsha Elkin (1962-69), who helped him start *Locus*, and to Dena Benatan (1970-77), who co-edited *Locus* for many years while he worked full time. He moved to San Francisco in 1972, working as a nuclear engineer until becoming a full-time SF editor in 1975. The *Locus* offices have been in Brown's home in the Oakland hills since 1973. Brown co-founded *Locus* with Ed Meskys and Dave Vanderwerf as a one-sheet news fanzine in 1968, originally created to help the Boston Science Fiction Group win its Worldcon bid. Brown enjoyed editing *Locus* so much that he continued the magazine far beyond its original planned one-year run. *Locus* was nominated for its first Hugo Award in 1970, and Brown was a best fan writer nominee the same year. *Locus* won the first of its *twenty-nine* Hugos in 1971.



During Brown's long and illustrious career he was the first book reviewer for *Asimov's*; wrote the Best of the Year summary for Terry Carr's annual anthologies (1975-87); wrote numerous magazines and newspapers; edited several SF anthologies; appeared on countless convention panels; was a frequent Guest of Honor, speaker, and judge at writers' seminars; and has been a jury member for various major SF awards. In 1999, Charles Brown was the first person asked by Virginia Heinlein to serve as a member of the board of Directors of The Heinlein Society, and served from the Society's inception. The video capture photograph above shows Charles as Master of Ceremonies at the **Heinlein Award Banquet** in 2004, at the Boston Hilton when Sir Arthur C. Clarke was awarded **The Heinlein Award** using Internet audio and video.

As per his wishes, *Locus* has continued to publish, led by executive editor Liza Groen Trombi.

DENVENTION3 2008: AND MORE OF COLORADO SPRINGS -- ANOTHER HEINLEIN HOME

by Jane Silver

Denvention3, August 6th through 10th, 2008, was right up the road from where I live in Colorado Springs. Great! No planes to catch, no bags to pack, just throw what I needed in the car for overnight. I didn't have to worry about a cat sitter (or rather, a cat pooper scooper person) I could take care of that myself every other day! Whee!

Most of my involvement at these conventions has been as titular Hostess and Greeter, sitting at the fan table and just doing whatever is needed to be done to assure that those who were out front could function to our best advantage. This particular convention saw me in a role I thought I was completely unqualified.

Since the "Ghost of Honor" was to be RAH, you

would think programming would be a snap. Somehow I ended up being the person to organize and pick the brains of those more qualified than I in suggesting RAH panels and who might sit on those panels.

I couldn't believe that our initial contact with the programming coordinator for Denvention3 came shortly after the completion of the Worldcon in Japan! Gee, this was going to be easy. With some much needed help from Geo Rule and Alec Iorio, I was able to submit nine paneling suggestions early; and a little digging produced some interesting topics with nice narrative for the program and suggested panelists. It was a beautiful thing. I could check that assignment off my "to do" list.

We were asked to replicate the fabulous Café that had been done by THS and the Prize Trust at Worldcon in Japan. I made tentative contact early on with various suppli-

At right is the small house at 1313 Cheyenne Boulevard, in Colorado Springs, which newlyweds Robert and Virginia rented while the house (with the bomb shelter). later featured in *Popular Mechanics*, that Robert custom designed on Mesa Avenue was built.

Photograph by
The Heinlein Society



ers in Denver to see what was available at what cost. Unfortunately the Denvention person to suggest this was not in full communication with the person who was assigning space in the Dealer's room and after nudging them a few times both she and I learned that there was no more room, much to our dismay. I was sad to put that little endeavor in the bin and forget it. It would have been fun, again!

There were a good number of RAH panels ultimately chosen; and the usual suspects, David, Geo, Deb, Pam, Sarah Hoyt, Herb Gilliland, and Joe Major did panels listed below (Society members in *italics*), and enjoyed very active participation with those who attended.

The best part of this event occurred not in Denver but in my own hometown. During our special panel presentation on **RAH in Colorado** the Con had requested, and David, Geo, and Deb had prepared, there were some pictures from the Trust archives of the homes that Robert and Ginny had lived in here in Colorado Springs. We had already been to the house on Mesa Avenue, but I had not personally known about nor located the one on Cheyenne Boulevard. They are in the same general neighborhood and it's still there, looking about the same. We got some nice pictures, one shown above.

Since I live in here in Colorado Springs, I wanted David, Andrea, Pam and Bob to meet at my house for a night before Denvention3 began. I ended up with a top of

the line inflatable double bed that Pam and Bob brought to camp out on while they were here. Mike Osborn, who again served as our Con suite Major domo, has family here as well; and we all got together for a nice barbecue at my house before it was time to go to the hotel in Denver.

While showing Pam, David, Andrea and Bob the sights in those neighborhoods close to Cheyenne Mountain and the Broadmoor we happened upon some wild things munching on trees, bears in them thar' hills, a first for me.

It was nice seeing all the familiar faces and having them drop by our hospitality suite at the Con once again. The General meeting went well. We reelected Jerry Pournelle, Pam Somers, and Mike Sheffield as directors. We continue sending out free CD's to all teachers and librarians who request them copies of the Cascadia Educator's CD. It remains available through our website at <http://www.heinleinsociety.org/education/index.html>.

Thank all of you for your dues payments and continued support. The bumpy road after some serious illnesses among our officers and directors would seem to be smoothing out some.

Jane Silver, Heinlein Society Director
and Secretary Treasurer

Heinlein Society Panels at Devention3

Heinlein Short Fiction: Bonnie Kunzel, Graham Sleight, *Joe Major*, Pam Somers, and David Silver

Heinlein and Marriage: Tom Trumpinski, Eric James Stone, *Deb Houdek-Rule*, *Geo Rule*, and David Silver

Heinlein in Colorado, and Colorado in Heinlein's Writing: *David Silver*, *Geo Rule*, *Deb Houdek-Rule*

Robert Heinlein Conventions, Interviews, Films: *W.F. Patterson*, Dan Hoyt, Jim Young, Joe Siclari, Mike Donahue, & *David Silver*

Do younger fans still read Heinlein?: *W.F. Patterson*, Eleanor Wood, *Geo Rule*, *Herb Gilliland*, and *Sarah Hoyt*

Heinlein -- The Later Novels: David Gerrold, *Geo Rule*, *Herb Gilliland*, Lancer Kind, May Kay Kare



Keith Kato in center of photo about to get a big surprise and reward as soon as annual meeting starts in Montreal. Also shown in photo: Mike Sheffield (back to viewer), Jay Ashworth (facing Mike), and Jane Silver (partially obscured).

Photograph by The Heinlein Society

ANTICIPATION: 2009 WORLDCON IN MONTRÉAL, CANADA

by Keith G. Kato

The 67th World Science Fiction Convention, Anticipation, was held in Montréal, Québec Province, Canada, from August 6-10, 2009.

I flew into Pierre Trudeau International Airport on Tuesday, August 4. I took a cab to the hotel, the Delta Centre-Ville, which was the main Worldcon hotel and the designated party hotel. As I checked in there was a message waiting for me: my father had suffered a transient ischemic attack, a mini-stroke of the kind that RAH himself suffered. I immediately thought about planning to return home. I called my sister for the news of my father: My father, who is 84 and still stubbornly insists on going out on his gardening route, was driving that morning (while I was in the air) to his first customer when he felt woozy. Fortunately his helper riding with him grabbed the steering wheel, guiding the truck to a stop. One of my brothers happened to call my father's cell phone just then, so an ambulance was called and he was taken to a nearby hospital. When I called it had been only 12 hours since the episode; I was told he was conscious (he actually wanted to go home immediately) but was being kept for observation, blood work, and such. The situation sounded stable, so I ended up staying at the Worldcon with daily updates. (The aftermath of the story was my father was kept in the hospital for five days, but no procedures beyond testing were done. His carotid arteries showed 90% and 70% blockage, and he had surgery the day after I returned home to clean out the former, with scheduled ultrasounds to monitor the latter. He is up and about, has resumed driving, and even goes out to monitor what the helper is doing on the gardening route, but is under strict orders not to engage in any actual physical activity.)

I spent most of Wednesday walking the area around

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the hotel and nearby convention center (the Palais des Congrès de Montréal) where programming would be. Late Wednesday afternoon I finally went to the Palais to register for the con. The Palais is a huge multi-story building with panels of multi-colored glass panes. It could easily take ten minutes to go from one end of the building to the other. I had been assigned eight programming items, and there were other events I hoped to make such as the Masquerade (which I missed), Hugo Awards (also missed), THS Annual Meeting (first one in six years I could finally make), and of course my Chili Party.

Worldcon programming began on Thursday, but I hardly attend panels other than the ones I am assigned, so much of my con activity is encountering old friends in a random fashion and stopping to catch up. There are also those blocks of time to duck into the Dealers' Room, Art Show, and the various exhibits. This year would be my 35th Anniversary Keith Kato Chili Party, so in addition to simply inviting guests and giving the room number orally, I gave out green ribbons with gold lettering to be affixed to name badges. Ribbonology at SF cons is an activity unto itself. One sees badge ribbons for Committee members, former Worldcon chairs, Program Participants, Dealers, stuff like that.

The party suite assigned to me by the Delta Centre-Ville was a sore point. When finalizing my reservation, I specifically requested room 631, since it was not on the party floor (so walk-in traffic would be a non-issue), mostly parlor space, and relatively inexpensive. I gave out this room number to about 40 people on Thursday, but that night I picked up an e-mail from the con Suite Coordinator Ann Methe that 631 was no longer available. The guy in it, originally was going to check out Sunday, extended his stay and could not be reached to ask if he could move. So I told Ann I would move to 2831, which was not only on the party floor, it was right next to the elevator, but we found

air conditioning had failed in 2831. After another switch I had to move back to 2831 for two reasons. The first: the air conditioning had been fixed. The second: the Friday night Party Meltdown From Hell. I had a panel Friday night and did not return to the hotel until about 11:30 PM. Once there, I found hotel security staff monitoring the entry into the elevators. People with convention badges were lined up in a long line to take an operator-run express elevator to the 28th floor where the parties were; people with room cards to any floor but the 28th were put (without waiting) onto a single elevator (with an operator to make sure you did not cheat) and were allowed to go to other floors. Since my room was on the 27th floor, I went up immediately to my room, but simply walked up the stairs to the 28th floor. Apparently a newbie fan attending his first con had put on his blog information about all the parties with free food and drink, and that anybody could attend these parties and meet the Guest of Honor Neil Gaiman, who has quite a following in comics and television outside the SF literary world. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation apparently found this guy, put him on tape and broadcasted the story. The hotel had never hosted an SF con, had no idea of the elevator and foot traffic involved on the party floors, and overreacted. It shut down all the parties, even those on the party floor. When told the party floor provision was part of the hotel's contract, and was the basis for a breach of contract lawsuit, the hotel relented only for parties on the party floor, and mobilized the elevator security squad. Their policy remained that all parties they could find not on the party floor were shut down. Apparently THS's suite was untouched (*or, maybe Ann was sitting with us that evening, receiving "tea" and sympathy -- ed.*), but the Science Fiction Writers of America private suite, among others, was closed.

I did not know until I spoke with Ann that Saturday that all non-party-floor parties would no longer be allowed, so I agreed to go back to 2831. Ann said she would personally make sure signs to redirect people from previous scheduled rooms would be put on those doors. I was told by several party guests of the large signs on the doors of

the wrong rooms. On Monday Mike Sheffield "liberated" one of the door signs and mailed it to me as a memento.

The THS Annual Meeting occurred at noon on Saturday in the Society's suite. And, oh yeah, I was elected to the Board of Directors—that was a dirty trick for showing up for the first time since 2003! After the meeting adjourned I essentially disappeared from the Worldcon to begin party preparation. I spent the rest of Saturday afternoon and the early evening preparing chili.

I cannot reconstruct everything that happened that night since my guests were so spread out. It seemed that the crowd this year was larger than normal (possibly due to the closure of the SFWA suite), in that I had 25% more chili volume but it was entirely depleted in two hours, not the four or so that I normally experience. I ran out of bowls (Lynn Cohen snagged some from the Con Suite) and almost ran out of spoons. Bob Silverberg never got his bowl of hot, a grievous insult to His Holiness! I recall we had a sufficient number of THS Directors there (Mike Sheffield, Geo Rule, Joe Haldeman, Jane Silver, Pam Somers, and now me; David Silver sent apologies due to fatigue) to establish a quorum and hold a legal meeting; but we refrained.

I had guests until 3 AM. I proceeded to clean up everything in the suite. I finished by 5:30 AM, vacated 2831 (leaving a large tip for the maid, of course) and went to Registration to check out. I got to bed at 5:45 AM.

After sleeping late Monday morning, I mostly staggered around the con that day. It was the last day, so the various functions began closing in the afternoon. I do recall attending the Closing Ceremonies at 4 PM, but did not do much Dead Dog partying that night. That was just as well; I had a 7:40 AM departure on Tuesday, so I had planned to get up early and leave the hotel at 5 AM. It was an uneventful cab ride to the airport, uneventful flight home, and my cats, being cats, were totally unimpressed that I had decided to come back.

Keith Kato, Heinlein Society Director

BOOK REVIEW: *PROJECT MOONBASE and OTHERS* by Robert A. Heinlein (Deluxe Hardcover Edition, ISBN 978-1-59606-186-6, P.O. Box 190106, Subterranean Press, Burton, Michigan 48519, 2008)

This edition, with a nicely-drawn dust jacket and two color illustrations (one a portrait of Heinlein) by Bob Eggleton and introduction by John Scalzi, is a work for more than merely the Heinlein completist. It contains the collected scripts and treatments of a 1952-3 era TV series that never was produced. The only SF film of the time taking science seriously was Heinlein's own 1951 *Destination Moon*. Scalzi notes the value in having the collected scripts and treatments written by Heinlein is Heinlein's own script notes to set and art designers, grips, and camera operators, unfamiliar in that era with SF, who needed an explanation not only for what Heinlein was doing but why.

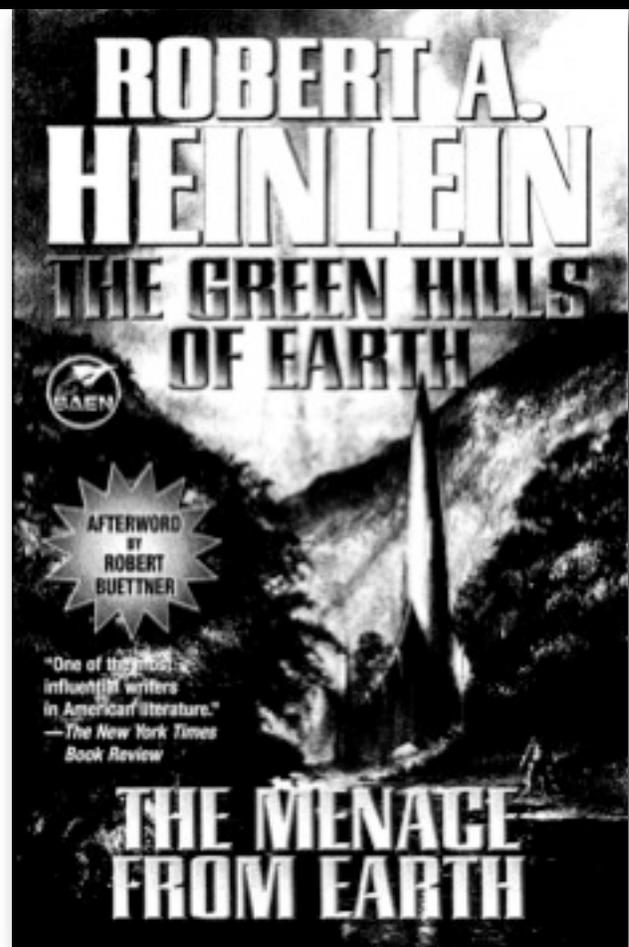
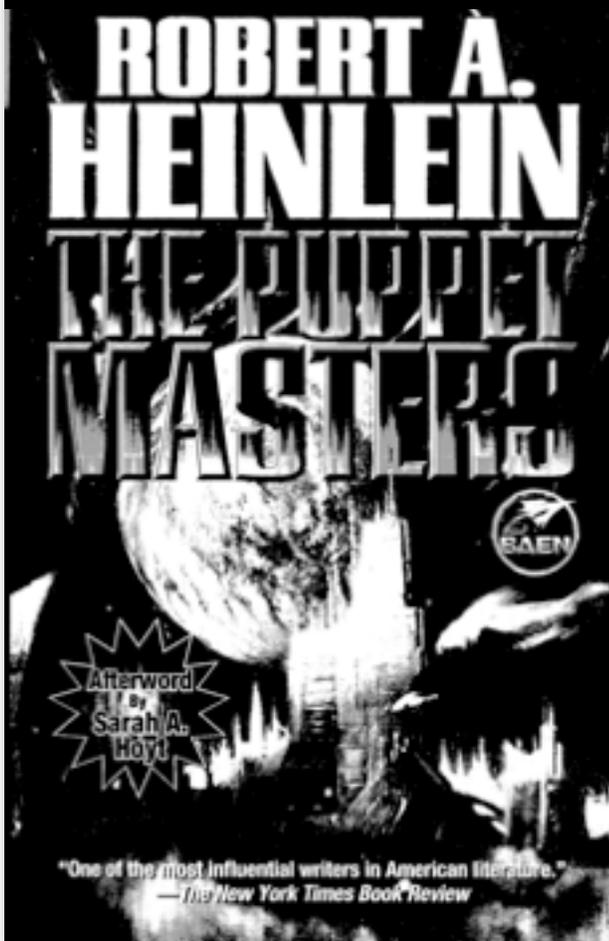
Scalzi shows the notes are Heinlein explaining Heinlein and, by extension, SF to both the TV crews and us.

Included are eleven complete screenplays: "*Project Moonbase*"; "*It's Great to Be Back*"; "*Space Jockey*"; "*The Black Pits of Luna*"; "*The Long Watch*"; "*Delilah and the Space Rigger*"; "*Life-Line*"; "*Requiem*"; "*And He Built a Crooked House*" including a memorandum for its sets, scenes and camera angles; "*We Also Walk Dogs*"; and "*Misfit*." There are treatments for two new proposed stories: "*Home Sweet Home*" and "*The Tourist*," of which Jack Seaman, Heinlein's partner, is credited as co-author.

Subterranean Press expects to issue a second volume, perhaps of the *Century XXII* treatments.

The only drawback is the expense of these small-run volumes, exorbitant at \$75 each.

David Silver



TWO HEINLEIN SOCIETY MEMBERS FEATURED AS AUTHORS OF “AFTERWORDS” FOR RECENTLY-PUBLISHED NEW BAEN EDITIONS OF HEINLEIN WORKS

Robert Buettner and Sarah Hoyt recently wrote Afterwords for new Baen Editions for Robert A. Heinlein works respectively issued in March 2010 and due out in August 2010. Both are long-standing members of The Heinlein Society and already published authors in their own right.

Robert’s Afterword is appended to a Omni trade-sized combined edition of the collection *The Menace from Earth* and the collection *The Green Hills of Earth* (from the *Future History* series).

Robert Buettner is an American author of military science fiction novels. He is a former Military Intelligence Officer, National Science Foundation Fellow in Paleontology, worked his way through law school as a petroleum geologist, and worked as a prospector in Alaska and as a lawyer, and has been published in Natural Resources Law. He has written five volumes of the *Jason Wander* series and currently lives in Georgia.

Sarah’s Afterword is included with a paperback mass

market-sized edition of the novel *The Puppet Masters*.

Sarah Hoyt was born near Porto, Portugal, a major port city. Educated in both Portugal and the US, she graduated from University of Porto, with a Master's equivalent in Modern Languages and Literature. Hoyt writes fiction in various genres. The first book in her Shakespearean fantasy series, *Ill Met by Moonlight*, was a finalist for the 2002 Mythopoeic Fantasy Award. She also writes the *Musketeer's Series*, the *British Empire Series*, the *Shifter Series* and, under the house name Laurien Gardner, the *Plain Jane Series* for Jove Books Historical Fiction.

Her favorite genre remains science fiction and fantasy, with dozens of short stories published to her credit. She also edited the anthology *Something Magic This Way Comes* from DAW Books.

Married in 1985, she has two teenaged sons. She became a United States citizen in 1988 in Charlotte, North Carolina. She currently lives in Colorado.

Both Robert and Sarah have participated in numerous Heinlein Society SF convention panels during the past several years.



“David really needs someone to help do these Newsletters. I’m tired of watching him stay up all night to get them out!”

[Advertisement]

An abbreviated “few small things”

Two things need to be made clear about the attendance at SF Conventions reported upon in this Newsletter. First, attending the World Con at Yokohama, Japan was quite expensive; but the wherewithal did not come out of regular dues or fundraising. We proposed to the Prize Trust that, since the 2007-2008 Year was the Centennial of Robert Heinlein’s birth, we should, with their assistance, make an extra effort to attend as many conventions in as many varied locations as we could. They agreed to make a special quarterly grant to us to enable that. The first quarter grant was paid and used for Japan. Subsequent quarters were planned and, in fact, non-refundable transportation was purchased; but a funny second thing happened. A week before I planned to leave for Copenhagen, Denmark, for Euro Con, it was necessary that I be hospitalized. I sadly cancelled that trip on very short notice, as well as a nice panel Euro Con organizers had been so kind to schedule which Kultsi Nurmi (you may recall the blood drives in Helsinki he has helped set up) had agreed to fly over from Finland and help me present. The doctors, who scheduled several tests as a result of my hospital visit, eventually discovered I needed to have a segment of my aorta removed and replaced; but as that is an “elective” surgery

(since I wasn’t going to die immediately) and since the surgical team which was to do it is the first choice called upon for heart surgery emergencies at *the* major Southern California emergency hospital, the date of the surgery became the subject of several postponements, and surgery was not held until some months later. I could not travel while scheduled for various dates, since they were postponed because of emergency surgeries only shortly before the scheduled dates and then rescheduled, until after the end of the Centennial Year when, after surgery, I was finally able to make Denvention3. Necessarily, as no one else was available and we would not be making trips, we canceled our requests for subsequent quarterly grants from the Trust. I am sorry we missed so many of the Centennial trips we had planned.

Our blood drive charitable efforts, however, continued thanks to Mike Sheffield and many hard-working others, while other Society members, too many to be named here, continued to attend and participated in Cons local to them, during the rest of the Centennial Year. Thanks to them and you, we continue. Ten years now.

David M. Silver

President and Chairman of the Board

“The Lieutenant expects your names to shine.”



Left: Deb Houdek-Rule and Geo Rule keep Mike Osborn company at Heinlein Society fan table in Denver.



Right: Pamela Somers working fan table in Denver. The projection is Robert Heinlein’s guest of honor speech in Kansas City in 1974.

Photographs by The Heinlein Society



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Dear Prospective Member:

The Heinlein Society is a non-profit organization dedicated to promoting the intellectual and literary concerns, and social legacy, of Robert A. Heinlein. In addition to his main reputation as a science fiction writer and futurist, Heinlein during his lifetime tried to give worthy social causes a boost. The best way we can show our appreciation for his legacy is to **PAY IT FORWARD.**

Some examples of projects already proposed for the Society (now pending tax-exempt charity status) are: continuing the series of blood drives he started; developing an educational curriculum using Heinlein's writing; sponsoring educational programs such as essay contests; keeping his books in libraries; sponsoring scholarly and literary work on Heinlein; and doing our best to promote space exploration. A complete list of the working sections already started is in the information part below. We will want to add more worthy projects as time goes by.

Membership in the various working sections is not mandatory, but it is certainly encouraged. Also we want your ideas for working projects in the future! An annual Supporting Membership level is provided for students and those on fixed incomes who wish to support the work of The Heinlein Society.

If you are interested in joining us in continuing the good work Robert Heinlein started, please fill out the application form below and mail it to The Heinlein Society, P.O. Box 1254, Venice, CA 90294-1254. Or visit our website at www.heinleinsociety.org, where you may apply for membership by an online application form. For further information, please contact the Society at the above postal address or Internet E-Mail via "membership@heinleinsociety.org."

"I think the Heinlein Society is a fine idea. Robert would be proud of the way his Children have grown up." -- Virginia Heinlein, October 2000.

Detach Here for Application

Name: _____ E-Mail Address: _____

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Annual Membership Dues Check Enclosed Regular Membership \$35 _____ [*Supporting Membership: \$15 _____]
 [*Supporting membership is available **only** to students enrolled for a degree or certificate, or retired on a limited income. It confers **no** eligibility to vote or hold Society office.]

I wish to join and work on the following projects (check as many as you wish):

_____ Membership _____ Library support _____ Scholastics-Academics
 _____ Blood Drives _____ Fund-raising _____ Education (K-12th grades)
 _____ Centennial Celebration of Robert Heinlein's Birth _____ Aerospace Outreach

Other Projects I would like to see the Society become involved in: _____

Other Comments: _____