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WHEN YOU CARE, WHEN YOU LOVE

Marion Zimmer Bradley called me on Monday night to tell me Ted Sturgeon was dying; my mind and thoughts split two parts. The analytic side thought about the problems of rewriting page 1 and finding room for an obitu-ary; the emotional side retreated 30 years to the time when Sturgeon was affecting my life so much. I called Paul Williams, who was closer to Ted in these later years. He called the hospital and confirmed it. I asked him to write the obituary when needed. He agreed. I called Robert Heinlein, Betty Ballantine, Robert Silverberg, and a few others I knew were close friends of Ted's. I asked Russ Galente Carl Sagan and to tell his clients Carl Sagan and Arthur C. Clarke. In some cases I asked and in some cases people offered to do short appreciations. (There will be many more next issue.) I thought of my own.

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Robert Heinlein was my first boyhood hero and distant mentor; Sturgeon, the second, was just as important. I went directly from the Heinlein juveniles to MORE THAN HUMAN and the great Sturgeon stories in the early Galaxy and in E. PLURIBUS UNICORN etc. They helped shape my teenage years.

I remember a speech Sturgeon gave at a conference in Philadelphia. It was "Love", and it was beautiful.



He defined love as "when someone else's happiness becomes essential to your own." It was a powerful speech and the audience was stunned at the emotional end. We had lunch or dinner afterwards and I thanked him for many things. I also asked what had happened to THE UNBEGOTTEN MAN, a novel announced by Greenberg: Publishers in 1950. He smiled and said it wasn't time yet. I told him how much I liked THE DREAMING JEWELS. He was constantly referring to it as "the drooling jeans" and thought it was awful. I was shocked. I was very young. Eventually I grew up, discovered he wasn't 400 feet tall, and we became friendly. "When You Care, we became friendly. "When You Care, when You Love" appeared and I realized it was part 1 of that long ago announced novel, THE UNBEGOTTEN MAN. I asked about the rest of it and he didn't answer. I asked for a few years, then stopped. It became obvious the book wasn't going to be written. We met fairly frequently over the last decade, but I didn't ask him about his writing. We talked of other things. The emotional attachment seemed to have faded, and Ted the guru was not as interesting as Theodore Sturgeon the writer. (He always insisted on Theo-

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dore in print, Ted in private.)

Most of this issue of Locus was ready
for the printer. I decided to hold the
Nebula Banquet photographs for next ssue as well as a piece on Madeleine L'Engle and some photo stories of book signings. The center portion went to the printer and we redid the front page. We prepared alternate issues just in case and had alternate headings

made up. On Wednesday night, Robert Heinlein called to tell me Ted had just died. I suddenly discovered I still cared, I

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

I spent twelve days in New York for the Nebula banquet and visiting publishers. By the end, I was suffering from information overload and my brains were turning to mush. I hid out in my hotel room for most of a day after the banquet. I stayed with John Douglas (Continued on page 51)