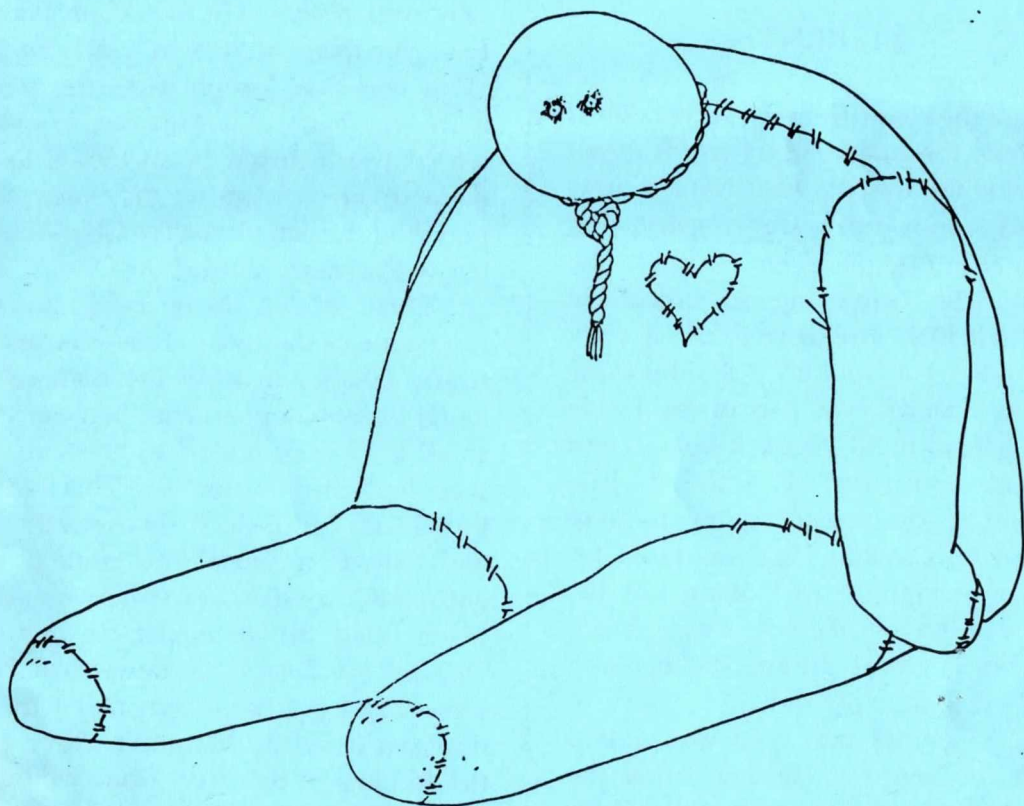


Y H O S

63



I'M JUST WAITING... BUT WHAT FOR, I DON'T KNOW.

POSSIBLE

Here is *YHOS* #63
Prept & perpt by
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Bodacious Publication #181
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AT RENT

I got the cover from a freebie table at some long forgotten con when I was just reentering fandom (ca 1980; Rotsler drew it in 66) & in a pretty stinky space. I'm no longer in that place, but I still like the drawing for conveying so accurately what I felt like. I wanted to use it then, but somehow misplaced it & only came across it yesterday as part of my feeble efforts get rid of 50 yrs of kipple. Twas in good company, a folio of Jack Gaughan, & some pastels by my missing middle son, David. That was good for an hour of sighing & looking out the window at the fog. Finally, a yung buck, with only 2 velvet prongs sticking out, came by & got me out of it.

So. Lastime our hero was abt to embark for Ventura, Havasu, LV & the frozen N, Toronto, for Corflu 23. Ull be happy to hear that I got to all 4 safe & sound.

Dinner & a movie wernt aproprate as Shirley (the reason I went to Ventura) is still recovering from a fall w broken hip, wrist, & other minor parts of a osteoporotic skeleton. She is doing well w a walker, but long spells in a cramped seat r not on the program, altho she has been on brief outings w a solicitous dotr.

In lu thereof we orderd out food & got a DVD of *Good Night & Good Luck*, wch we enjoyd after fone instructions from son Allen Ken on how to operate the devilish contraption. We're both old enuf to remember the archival footaj that was used, & cheerd at the villain's downfall. For those of U born yesterday, the vilan was Sen. Joseph McCarthy & the hero was ballsy Ed Murrow, of whom we cd use a dozen or so today, to say nada of Fred Friendly, his ballsy boss, playd by the equally ballsy Geo Clooney, ballsy Rosemary's little boy.

I was abt to lv the next day, since AZ is a fur piece slantwise across CA that far south, but got to meet her dear friend, Doris Vernon, a poet, who had put out a small booklet of poems to her son John, who had died untimely. This was an immediate bond, since I had lost three, & we chatted for some time while Shirley got ready for wherever they were going. Doris titled the memorial *He Heard the Owl Call his Name*. That rang a bell, but it wasn't til I got home agn that I trakt it down, a novel by Margaret Craven, abt the Indians of the NW, from whom we get the potlatch tradition. I have it bedside now, doing abt a chaptr per nite.

Will send it to Shirley when I get done, as she didn't seem to be familiar with it.

I forgot to mention, that Shirley, a genius at solving relationship problems, had figured out something that we wd both enjoy doing together despite her limitations. She remembered how much we enjoyed the Devonshire tea when we toured Devonshire (of course!) & arranged to go to a gift & tea shop in nearby Santa Paula. It was grand; cucumber sandwiches and the whole 9 yds.



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I also found a present for my ex, who had just turned 90, & whom my godtr Nikki was honoring w the family reunion in Havasu City.

In Mel Brooks' *History of the World—Part I*, Moses originally had three tablets with 15 commandments but broke one, leaving 10 commandments. What were the missing five?

—Gordon Deboo, Walnut Creek, Calif.

XI. Thou shalt not talk on thy cell phone while on board public transportation; **XII.** Thou shalt clean thine own table before exiting the coffee-house; **XIII.** Thou shalt not read thy neighbor's computer monitor; **XIV.** Thou shalt not honk when blowing thy nose; and most important of all: **XV.** Thou shalt not whine.

I pord on the coal & made it to LHC in time for the big testimonial dinner. Nikki had askt us all to bring some fond memento of how Ruth's life had tucht us. I wantd to present her with some old fotos of happier times tgethr, but cdnt find anything b4 I left, so I had to wing it when it came my turn. I got up & sang her a love song, *One Day When We were Young*, (one wonderful morning in May...) There wasn't a dry eye in the house, xcept maybe for her current husband, Lewis, who is 98 & still going strong, so I figured he cd handle it. Of course there was the gift I found in the teashop, wch was a lovely antiq hobnail glass pitcher to go with her other dishes in the collection.

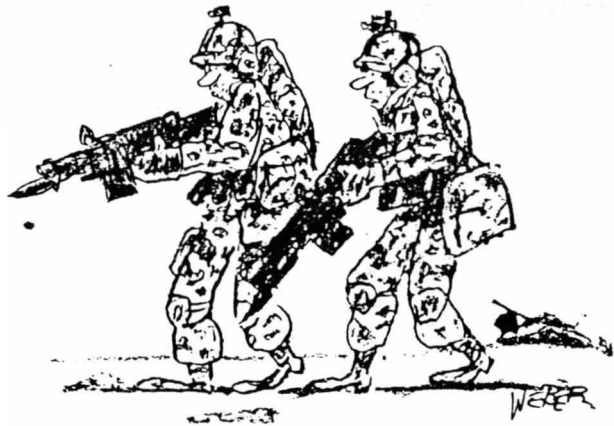
The next day was a picnic in the park near the famous London Brij, wch wasn't my cuppa. I wantd to get away early enuf to get to LV b4 dark for a visit w Arnie & Joyce Katz, mainstays of trad fandom 4 many yrs. One thing & anothr delayd me, so that by the time I got to Sin City the Katzes had given up on me & gone off to some other engagement. I hung around & hung around & finally gave up on *them*.

Art Credits

Cover Bill Rotsler
Totem Pole Harry Bell



These are the generations of the House of Widner. L-R; Tom Veitch (rymes w peach) holding #1 son Griffin, wife Nikki, holding #2 son Mason (Mr. 2005), gson Ethan, gdotr Melissa w #2 son Lachlan, Ruth the birthday girl, age 90, holding Missy's #1 son, Ian; Seated, Magenta, sister of Ethan, and her #1 son, Gus in basket. The second generation is no longer with us.



"I never cared much for apple pie, and, as for mother, the less said the better."

Saturday nite in Las Vegas is not the time to look for lojing, especially after dark. I decided to head homeward & hope for the best. Not being familiar enuf w the city, I got off the beaten trak & wanderd around the southern part, torn up w a million tract houses going up, tired & not seeing very well. I finally found I-15, & the old mining town of Jean, abt hafway to the CA border, now consisting only of 2 gigantic casinos, one on each side of the hiway. One was full, & the other, (after considerabl whinging & sniveling on my part), ever so condescendingly alowd me their last room, a big closet in the attic at *rack rate!*-\$132!

I made good time next day, & got home in time to do a little shopping in Santa Rosa. I confess I had a lil pity party & pamperd myself with a Marie Callender pie. I didn't eat it all at once when at last I arivd in Angkor Bei, but was tempted, bcoz it hapend to b *pure rhubarb*, wch I havent seen since I left New England. Out here they have to mix it w strawberry for some reason. It was truly like "mother used to make."

So a few days later, I goided up my lerns, as they say in Brooklyn, & set off for Toronto. The security gantlet wasn't as bad as I feard, & the layover in LV as I had pland, was short. I got stuck w a seat tord the rear of the plane, however, & as I stowd my bag, grumping to myself abt being stuck w a midl seat as well, (the first leg to LV was really pakt) a yung man kindly oferd me his windo seat. I was so happy abt this that I didn't take a good look at him until I was settling down & getting out n:y book to read.

Then I thot, "Oh crap, I'm sitting next to a terrorist; no wonder he was so polite." This swarthy arab with a big mustash was the stereotype of all the muslims we kno & love to hate. But the stereotype soon evaporated as we got into conversation & I found he was a bio-scientist of some sort & from Santa Rosa! Well, well. He gave me his card & was soon answering my questions abt the Koran (Quran, take yr pik) & promising to send me an English translation as soon as we returnd home. His name, (I kid U not) was Mohamet Aly. Cant find the dam card now, but I will. He was headed to NJ for biz & relatives. It was a good lesson for me, bcoz I hadnt realizd how much I had been swayd by govt propaganda.

I'm glad I had decided to "travel lite," bcoz things startd to go wrong when my Redeye landed in Toronto. Hope Leibowitz had given very good & xplicit directions for getting from airport to hotel, but the cup&thelip etc. I was to get "Bus 192" to Kipling Sta on the subway, wch wd disgorj me at Bloor & Yonge (pronouncnt Yung—nobody knos Y) only a blok from the hotel. Cool.

The only trubl was that YYZ is a heluva big airpt like O'Hare with 3 sections, each the size of the avg airpt. The part I found myself in never herd of 192, so after an hr or so of seeing every # in the world xept 192 go by, I startd to xplor, & found a smart looking bus that promist to take me "Direct to Downtown." \$15? What the hell—its only Canadian. Poor Hope, knowing how cheap I am, was trying to save me money but all I cd think of at the moment was a

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nice soft bed to lay down my weary bones. Her last email b4 I left said she had spoken to a very nice lady at the hotel who said there wd b "no problem" getting into our room that early in the morning.

But first, was the "hotshot xpress."

After an interminable trip thru molasses traffic we got amongst the tall bldgs, & I began to feel comftbl. "Ok, said the driver, here's Yonge, end of the line." I was thinking, maybe an xtra blok or 2, no sweat. As I gingerly lowerd myself out the door I askt, "How far to Bloor?"

"Oh, just a few blox that way."

Fucking liar.

I sholderd my bag & startd schlepping. & schlept & schlept. After a "few" blox & no sign of Bloor or the Comfort Hotel, I askt a passerby how far. Honest man. "Oh its way up there by the Honkus Bldg"—wch I cd just barely see by squinting real hard.

Finally, a good mile from where the "Downtown" bus had dumpt me I came to the hotel. Oh Ghod, at last I can lay me down & rest a while b4 the con begins. Not 2b, folx. The clerk at the counter was not "the nice lady" that Hope had talkt to. She was a cookie cutter clerk who marcht to the sound of an indifferent drummer. The room wasn't ready, she had never herd of this Hope person, etc,etc.

I laid all my best grumps on her to no avail. I thot well, I'll go get some brekkie & maybe things will sort out by then.

The atacht "cofee shop" (it turnd out later, was a very good Japanese sushi place, on a par w Mashikos in Seattle, abt wch I hav rapsodizd b4) but to handl at least a Denny's omelet "earleye in the mornin" it wasn't equipt. So I orderd a Denver, wch turnd out to b the poorest xcuse for a Denver that I hav ever delt with. At 7am. And I don't do mornings. Oy.

Abt this time, Don Anderson & wife came in. Crazy midwesterners who get up early as a virtu. I was actually glad to see them, to prove that I hadnt gone thru all my trials & tribs 4 nada, but I was still so grumpy that I'm afraid I was too short withem, & I hereby aplogize. I like Don, even tho we're on op sides of the political spectrum.

Then lo & behold, here comes Andy Porter, getting back into fandom. Andy is so indefatigably nice that I was mollified & went back to the reg desk, & the "nice lady" was there, who fixt things & I went up to the room & colapst.

Later I got up & found the consuite & things improvd a whole lot. Only 26 people showd, (at least that was the banquet count) but it felt like Corflu Blackjack, wch had a much larger atendance.

Hope chid (chided) me after dinner, (not the banquet) for saying it was the hilité of the con, bcoz it really had nothing to do with it. She belongs to a group of foodfen who meet once a month (week?) at a difrent restraunt, something like Peggy Rae Sapienza's "Church of the Panethnic Cuisine." I was going to have the honor of being diner 666 to attend a meeting but Hope rememberd that I had attended b4 at Torcon . What was so great abt this food was the bentos, & particularly the unagi (fried eel) wch I love, but heretofore had only been servd rather stingy portions at all W Coast sushi places, so I asumd twas a rare item. The East Coast must have a difrent source of bigger eels than they get on the W Coast. The slab that I got mustv come from a critter the size of an anaconda. The quality & prep was better than anything I ever had b4. The xperience was repeatd at the con banquet. We were spoze to have only a choice of salmon, chickn, or veg, but somebody mustv greasd a palm in the kitchen on my behaf. Whoever, a most harty Thank U.

The second reason I found dinner at Ho Shim's such a fine time was Dorothy, the woman who sat across from me. She was remarkably intelligent & also funny. On every topic that came up, she had something apt or witty to say, & did it all w/out dominating.

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I don't know how it came up, but I mentiond something I'd been reading , & she recomended a book she thot I'd like & wrote it down on the back of my baj as if she knew I was always writing notes to myself on scraps of paper & then losing them, & this was one that I *wdnt* lose. She made a lot of interesting observations like that, w/out actually making them. I think she was an alien. The book was *Commitment Hour* by James Alan Gardner. But I foild her anyway. I sent an order ryt away to Powell's along w most of Ken MacLeod's stuf & I put CH in such a safe place that now I cant find it. Itl turn up eventually when I'm looking 4 something else.

There wasn't much in the way of programming, but I didn't care bcoz ive Been There; Done That.

I was surprizd when our litle theater in Pt.Arena managd to get *DaVinci Code* abt the same time everybody else did. I read the book while I was sick & confynd to the bedrm in Denver 2 Xmas ago. I liked it, altho it dragd a bit. Nikki & Tom gave it to me for Xmas. They also had *Angels & Demons*, the preceding book.

Since then ive read articles & seen TV discussions by the doz, but they all seem to miss the point, concentrating on trivial stuf like "no windo in the Mens Rm in the Louvre," & the dubious "evidence" in Leonardo's paintings. Whats

important to me (& the book is spot on) is what hapend to Xianity in 400 AD, when the supozd "conversion" of Constantine & the Triumpf of Xianity turnd out 2b just the oposit, so that we arnt a Xian nation at all, but a bunch of Roman Mammonites, wch is what 9/11 was all about. Lets discuss *that*, frends, to say nothing of the fact that as a result, women were consistently degraded, tortured & kild during the Dark Ages that foloed. What if The Naz (hippy name for Jesus) came back? Wd he be likely to take the form of Osama & not only drive the money-mongers from the Temple, but smash their Temple itself all to smithereens? Enuf alredy. ...

**WHAT YEAR IS THIS?
IS IT 2000 ALREADY?
ARE WE THERE YET?**

Time for minac, that's all I kno. Since I was here last, Xmas & Potlatch & hu nose what else has come & gone, & I don't remember a blessed thing abt m.

I do remember it took me 4 days to drive to Seatl bcoz of all the rain & days being so short. Got back in 3. Wait, things r beginning to come back. I remember now that Missy got one of those spiral slyst, honey baked hams, & I got all the leftovers, wch I froze & am still working on—yum!

I also recall little Lachlan, now 5, (or maybe 5 in Sep) showd a gift 4 math. Not just memorizing, but give him a problem & he'll apply the rt formula.

I sed, "if U hav 4 apples, Lachlan, & U giv Ian 2, how many will U hav left?" The non-verbal stuf was interesting as well. There was a sideward glance as sibling rivalry set in. A speech balloon apeard: 'That dude isnt getting any of *my* apples. Oh. Hi Grampa. Two.' No question mark. No uncertainty. Two. That's it. When I go back in June, I xpect he'll be doing algebra.

And a hilite & lolite from Potlatch. The Hilite was the apearance of Dan & Lynn Steffan. For those of U out of the fannish loop, Dan is probly the best artist & cartoonist in fandom, & heir apparent to the mantle of Rotsler. It's a crime that he has yet to get a Hugo.

The lolite was the nuze of Octavia Butler's passing. Andy Hooper is to be complimented on canceling his play in deference to the mourning. The con ended on a quiet note.

March came in like a lion & went out like a lion; so much for old husband's tales. I slept thru most of it. That was bcoz my cellulitis started coming back & I went to Kaiser, where they gave me a nu antibiotic. U may recall that I got too much of Keflex & devopt an alergic reaction to it. While I was there I noticed on my copay rct that I hadnt had a numonia shot since 1980, & decided to get one since I never get flu shots. Well, the same thing hapend as with flu shots. I got a full blown case instead of a mild case. I just stayd in bed until it went away—the bug I mean, not the bed. That

The

Brubeck Brothers

Quartet



Friday April 7 7:30 PM

\$25 Advance \$30 Door.

Gualala Arts Center



Performance

left me with even less energy than usual, wch isnt much to begin with.

City frends keep telling me that they wd love to live here on the Mendocino Coast with the killer scenery, clean salt air, etcetc, but they wd miss the intellectual advantages of the City. Hey, who says we don't have "Culture" up here? We have The Gualala Arts Ctr. See illo p. 9 Last Friday, wch is y I can re-ember it, we had the Brubros & it was glorious. I'm particularly taken with Dan, who livd up here for a while B4 he took off for Canada. He is probly the Worlds Best Drummer, having learnd from Joe Morello, who was the drum-mer for Dave. I get a charge out of the faces Dan makes as he strives for perfec-tion on some weird 17-5 rhythm. He reminds me of a Maori warrior going into battle with his tung hanging out, not just to scare the enemy, but bcoz he also nose that he's on the raw edge of nuthin.

Being Bwana. I really resonated withis. I mean the discomfort a member of another apa felt from xessiv servility of people in Africa. This sort of thing has become wide-spreed in this country as well as in the 3rd world, now that hotel servants r mostly immigrants (& morn likely illegal as well). When I first arivd in my room at a con, I used to check the various amenities to see if everything was to my liking, & to have it taken care of if it wasn't.

Now after a few xperiences with the genuine fear & scrambling engenderd by even the mildest request, (interpret'd as *Do it NOW, u insect, if U want to keep yr job!*) I hesitate to complain abt even the most serious oversite. I havent been in the 3d world for some time, & if its as bad as U say, I don't think I wanna go again.

It last hapend on Bora Bora , when I stopt off on the way to the Australian Worldcon. At the time, the only acomodations were the Bora Bora Hilton & Club Med, very pricey, & a nativ "hotel" (European plan, since the island was under the French) wch was much mor compatible with my pocketbook. I was totally ignorant of the EP & nobody had seen fit to xplain it to me. Mealtime was the fly in the ointment.

Under EP, the inhabitants of the premises are cald to bfast, lunch & dinner, they eat, & the dining room is officially cload. If U miss a meal, too bad; U wait til the next one. So, being a spoild American, used to eating when he felt like it, I took a nap, & slept thru lunch. Abt 2p, my stomach informd me it was empty, so I wanderd over to the dining hall & was somewhat surprizd to find it empty. Oh well, I'll just get a sandwich to tide me over until dinner. I sat down at a table, & absolutely nothing hapend. I waitd 10 or 15 min-

utes, putting it down to easygoing Polynesian lifestyle.

I began to get really hungry, so I wanderd back to the kitchen, where I found a young man & woman laboring over a giant chunk of frozen mahi mahi, wch was for dinner.

The place was run by a jolly Polynesian mom'n'pop, who had rescued me me from the dock, & whom i related to just fine. They clued me into everything xept meal-time, since they had no mor idea of American ways than I had of theirs. They ran the place withe help of 17 of their kids, 2 of whom I now encounterd. Their English was much mor rudimentary than that of their parents, so when I askt if I cd get a sandwich or something, they assumd I ment dinner. I askt 4 a menu, wch they didn't think of as Now, but dinnertime.

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So I went back to my table, read a litl, & after another 10-15 mins went to inquire what was holding things up. I'm afraid that hunger made me a litl testy, wch the kids thot of as "Oh my Ghod, Bwana is angry, & I don't kno what about. I am abt to die; my father will kill me for offending a customer." All this, of course, I only understood later.

The absolute panic I cozd in turn unsetld me considerably. The young man mustv had some Maori ancesry, bcoz his tung came out as he desperately sot some way to placate Bwana, (I don't kno abt Dan Brubeck)& I wasn't sure but what he was telling me to go do myself. Finally, he ran off to get Papa who came & str8end everything out. As I apologized & startd back to my cotaj, he yeld at the kids, wch just added to my discomfort at Being Bwana.

The definition of a "gentleman"

1. The old one, wch I spoze everyone my age knows: "A gentleman is a *patient* wolf."
2. Herd recently, spozedly from a British dowager: "A man who knows how to play the accordion, but doesn't."

Recruiting for Fandom

by rich brown



Recently, in one of those on-line fan groups – and I'm not certain, just now, which one – Joyce Katz was saying that, although it probably shouldn't be that way, it's a bit more difficult to pull club fans into fanzines than it is rank neos.

Then Tony Keen popped up to say that he felt that was only to be expected. "Neofans are actively searching for a niche to suit them," he said, "so you've a good chance of persuading them that fanzine fandom is that niche. Club fans, on the other hand, have already *found* their niche." Tony assumed it would be much harder to persuade them that they were in the *wrong* niche. He added, "Okay, if you see fannish careers as a progression from neo to club fan to fanzine fan, then that seems odd, but I suspect most club fans don't accept that model of fandom."

Good points, all of them, but it did prompt me to think about how things have changed. Not for worse, necessarily, nor better either, but changed to

be sure. In the G.O. days, many of us got into fanzines, or at least written communication, *first*. Oh, in my case, I helped start an sf club at my junior high school, but as the club had no connection with the larger microcosm, I don't count that as my introduction to fandom. Then too, I began writing letters to prozines in my pre-teens (my first was published when I was 12) -- but that *still* didn't involve me in fandom. It was a thrill to see my name in print in a prozine, of course, but I wasn't really communicating with anyone else -- probably not even the editors and readers. But when AMAZING and IMAGINATIVE TALES (or was it IMAGINATION?) started features for people seeking sf "pen pals" -- "The Space Club" and "The Cosmic Pen Club," respectively -- I had my name and address listed immediately, and while I was doing so, since I had a few extra dollars in my pocket from my paper route, sent off for a few of these "fanzines" that were reviewed in other columns of the magazines.

I'd wondered about fanzines before that, of course, having encountered reviews of them in some of the pulp magazines I'd found and/or purchased second hand even earlier. I didn't quite understand what they were; I assumed they would be

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amateur prozines. And that was why I hadn't actually sent off for any -- because they cost more than what I was paying for those pulps (5-10 cents apiece or three/five for a quarter for old TWS, SS and PLANET STORIES ... *sigh*), I thought they would be poor value for my money.

After I finally subscribed to a few fanzines, I discovered all I had to do to extend my subscription was write letters (or other material) that got printed in subsequent issues. Once I had a few letters printed in fanzines, I was contacted by George W. Fields (Robert Lichtman, the editor of TRAP DOOR, was later contacted by George under similar circumstances), who told me about the LASFS and invited me to attend a meeting. Conventions were not as many or as frequent as they are today, so I didn't attend my first until I'd been participating in fandom for a couple of years -- and that was the 1958 Worldcon, the Solacon.

I wasn't the only one who entered fandom this way; most of my contemporaries did the same, only many of them lived in remote areas, where there was no equivalent to LASFS and no conventions were held nearby. So "progression" didn't really enter into it -- you got involved in as many areas of fandom as appealed to you and as you could, and we weren't fanzine fans or

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convention fans or club fans, we were actifans.

Presently, there are no fanzine reviews in the prozines -- I was, I think, the last person to do so, since I wrote the final installment of "The Club House" in AMAZING STORIES in 1976. Part of the problem is there are hardly any prozines left to have fanzine reviews in, and for that matter not all that many dead tree fanzines to review -- so it's nearly impossible today to enter fandom directly in the way we did. Sic transit gloria fandi. ...well, no, that's just me being silly.

Fandom has changed but, like that French guy Uncle Hugo was forever quoting on the back cover of F&SF, in many ways it remains the same. I *do* think the impetus to get involved in *any* aspect of fandom is primarily social, and only secondarily literary or artistic. I mean, as readers we've been subjected to all these nifty notions in That Crazy Buck Rogers Stuff -- alien cultures, ftl travel, alternate histories, to name just a few -- and even with the popularity of movie and tv sci fi, it's not always easy to find people you can talk with in depth about these things, particularly if you're a reader and they're not. Most often these people are encountered in ones or twos, and that's okay for a while (or forever, if it that's how it has to be), but then, if/when we

get lucky, we encounter fandom -- an entire *community* of long duration -- and it's, like, goshwowoboyboy time for a while.

If you're comfortable just talking about the stuff, you're not likely to be pulled to express yourself by drawing or writing about it in fanzines. You have to be at least as comfortable (if not *more* comfortable) expressing yourself by writing or drawing to feel any pull toward fanzine participation at all. Otherwise, conversational interactions with other fans is what you want primarily.

Of course, once you've had your say and heard what a good number of others think in response -- either in person or in print -- you go on to other interests, where it becomes even *more* of a social thing. I don't want to be hung for heresy, but creativity needn't be found solely in writing or drawing (or editing) for fanzines -- it can definitely be found there, of course, but it's *not the only place*. There's an "acting/improvisational" and an imaginative creativity involved with role-playing games, creative musical abilities in filking and another type of creativity required for coming up with and designing costumes, to name just three. One can also be creative in the inventive sense in coming up with new things for clubs or conventions to do

and explore. And then, for yet another distinction, one can be imaginative without being creative in the traditional sense. So these days fanzine fandom, really, is an attraction only to those who are a bit more introverted and at least as comfortable (if not actually a lot more comfortable) with writing and drawing than they are with speaking.

Fanzine fandom is more of an anarchistic meritocracy than any other area of fandom. We participate almost exclusively on a voluntary basis – and, sure, that's true of *all* areas of the microcosm. But in other areas of fandom, clubs and conventions in particular, you're more subject to participating in team play as a group activity. Not to say that we fanzine fans are not also at times subject to a few rules – when you join FAPA, *e.g.*, you're "required" to publish a set number of pages for the membership in a given timeframe, but by the same token no one dictates the content of what you do, in either genzines or those pages you have to do for FAPA. Even if you don't publish a fanzine yourself, you generally write and draw what you want – and then find a fanzine that accommodates you. It's all individual effort, based on the desire to accumulate the coin of the realm, egoboo, which is minted in perceived merit.

Truth to tell, I think that's a good part of the reason we fanzine fans don't often recruit as effectively as we might. We're too busy, most of the time, having our own individualistic kind of fun, making our own choices, to pause in our endeavors long enough to invite others to have this fun with us. After all, most of us feel that, at base, we found our niches here, as it says in *The Enchanted Duplicator*, by our own unaided efforts. Not without encouragement, to be sure, but mostly guided by our own judgment, our own choices.

Our problem is that there are now many *other* areas of the microcosm that are as creative in their own way as we are, and their participants structure some of *their* participation toward recruiting others to their interests, at least to the extent of making certain that others see it as a possible option for them to choose. We're getting a bit better on this score, in fanzine fandom, but we could probably still improve quite a bit on what we presently do.

Just saying.

--rich brown, 2006

THE MYSTERY PIN

When I visited Jack Speer last fall, he took me around one evening to the Albq SF Club (Soc. or whatever). There I was delited to meet a lovely yung lady named Patricia Rogers. No relation to Don, I'm sure. She showed me this pin, wch she sed she had bot at 4e Ackerman's estate sale. Neither she nor Ackerman had any idea of its origin. I wish I had the time & money to make color copies 4U with my wonderful new upgrade & "all in 1" printer. Later, I promise. Let me just describe it for now.

The border background for the words is a butifl jade green. The words & decorations are gold, as are the symbols in the center on a black background. Lets test the proposition that "All nolej is in FAPA" (at least all fannish nolej). On the back is a dim stamp saying it was made by the St. Louis Button Co. Patricia has askt every member of First Fandom & other elderly fen she has met if they kno anything abt it. Jack doesn't; I don't; do U?

To me it obviously antedates fandom itself. It has nothing to do with Gemsback's SFL as Speer, 4e & I were all members & don't recall anything like it in the publicity for the 1st attempt to organize stfen. U will note that "Science" & "Fiction" are still separate, & the word "Truth" is thrown into the mix. Can this be some dim, subconscious stirring tord fandom, a proto fandom like the lungfish crawling out onto land? What went on at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904? The writings of Wells & Verne & some others were around, but were known as "Scientific Romances" or just plain fantasy. What do U think?

