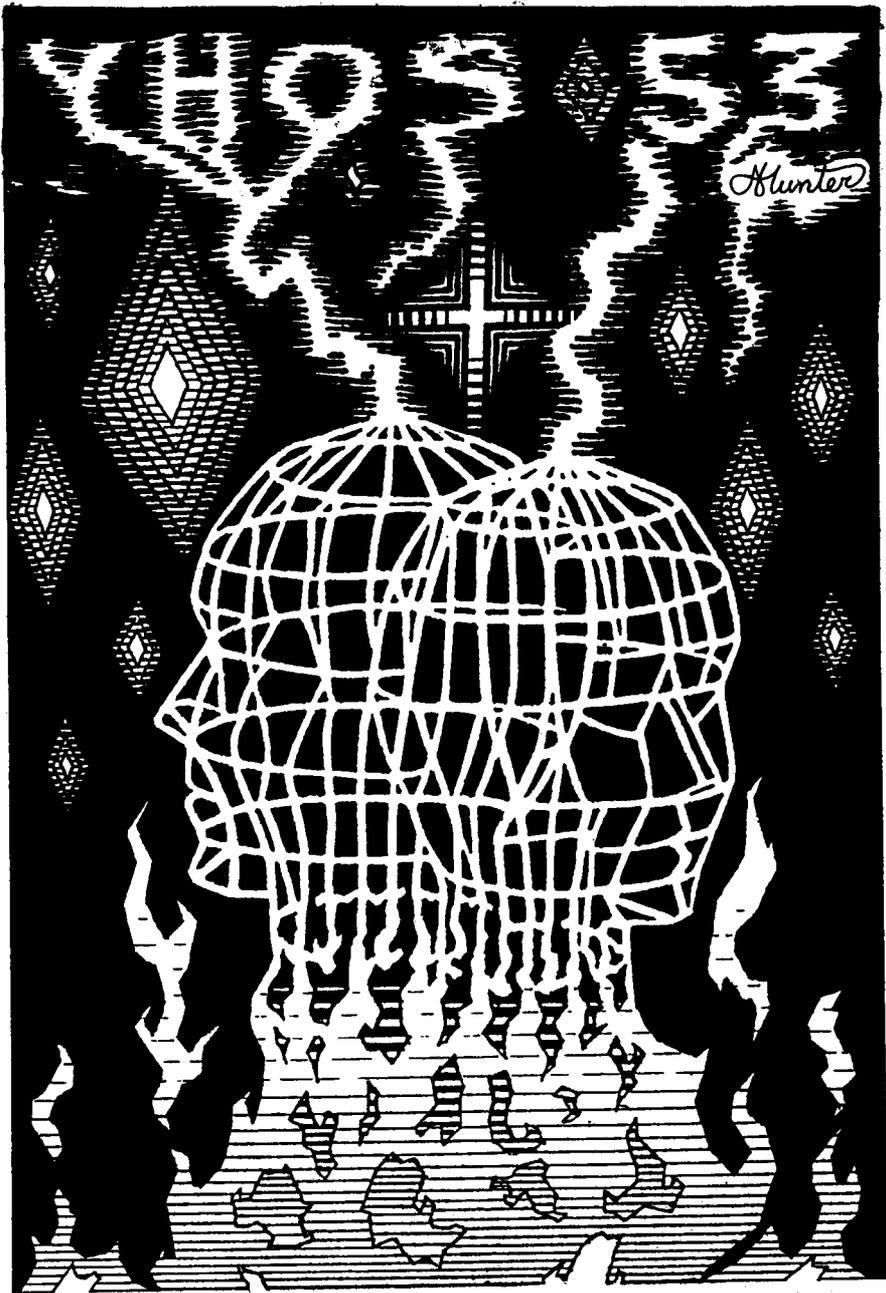
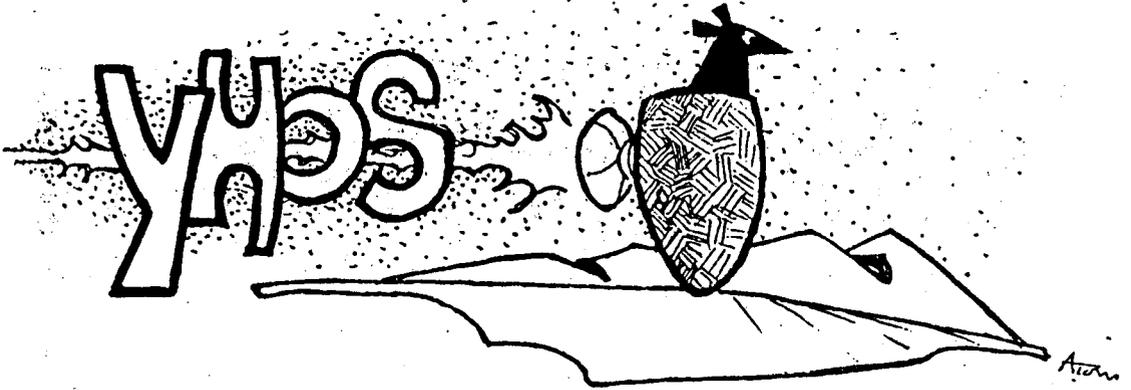


R12/3/25





CONTENTS

OCTOBER 1993

I DO A LITER	3	EDITORIAL
VEGIMITE		
I CANT GET DOWN		
TOTEM POLE	5	rich brown
A COLUMN		
POSTMOD	12	Ray Nelson
LIKEWISE		
M.T. SPLING	14	Bill Gibson et al
MORE GURNEY		
TO ROGER	16	Dick Lynch
MEMORIAL		
PRELUDE	20	Arnie Katz
TO HISTORY		
HAUL OF MIRRORS	25	Letters
POLITIX, SEVAGRAMS		Karen Anderson
AND MORE		Lee Hoffman
		John I Berry

YHOS 53, published and c by Art Widner, PO Box 677, Gualala, CA 95445. Other c reverts to contributors. YHOS is available for The Usual: articles, stories, artwork, letters of comment. Or \$1.50 US, \$2 foreign. Free to the FAPA. Bodacious Publication #119.

I DO A LITER

We depart from the traditional foto of me just this once, bcoz Jack Speer sent me the one above of him. In contrast to my cerebral New Englander reaction to Vegimite, Jack, a Southern Boy, cranks up his emotions and really gets into it.

Speaking of Vegimite, I received an extraordinary package from David Russell, a Melbourne fan. I say it was extraordinary, bcoz it cost him \$37A to send it! The contents were a Vegimite cookbook (64pp lavishly illustrated with drooly color fotos of all the delectable dishes you cd ruin by adding Vegimite to them) and 100 sachets of said concoction. (See the Many Thundered Spring column for more on "sachet.")

Somehow I missed the loc David had enclosed, and forgot it for a while, as I dealt with my health problems (see below). As I began thinking about thish, I figured that there MUST be a letter in there somewhere, and sure enuf, as I went thru the cookbook page by page, it turned up, along with newspaper clippings & other goodies.

However, I was still at a loss as to WHY. At first I thot David must be another Ron Graham, so wealthy that \$37 for postage was of little consequence to him. But then, he wd also have to be a Vegimite FAN, and I cdnt recall any of the many Ozzies I have met, who, while they may smile pityingly at Americans who just cant abide the stuff, dont display any missionary zeal or try to convince us that we arent giving their favourite spread a fair dinkum shot. So this seemed unlikely.

Just the other day it suddenly occurred to me. Dave must be an employee of Kraft Foods, the international giant that owns Vegimite! Proibly a PR man. That wd make sense, bcoz the company wd pop for the postage, and Dave cd justify it as replacing bad publicity with good. Who knows?--maybe Kraft can sell Vegimite to America as they once sold it to Australia. This is from their own history, wch runs in snippets from page to page of the cookbook.

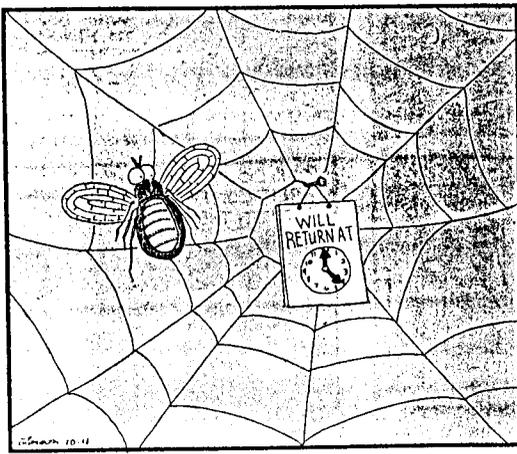
So fair enuf. I did try a couple of the recipes, and while it didnt ruin them, it didnt seem to improve them all that much either. I must acknowledge that most of us Yanks, who



characteristically attempt to down it strate, are going at it all wrong. I tried it on an "English muffin" (equivalent of "crumpet" in Strine or British) by mixing it 50-50 with butter. It wasnt half bad--which means it also was half bad. See box for further dilution wch you may enjoy. I also had a serving or two of NewYork Chill, to wch I added a sachet (about a teaspoon) of V, fearing to maybe spoil a whole batch. I didnt notice any difference, & got some extra vitamins in the bargain. (Niacin, Riboflavin and B1) It also substitutes nicely for a bouillon cube in making broth.

Then there's something called "Vegimite Downunder." Spread muffins or toast with butter & V and top with scrambled or poached eggs. Americans might like to rename this as "Eggs Benedict Arnold."

To put the NY Chill story to bed at long last, I happened upon THE CRUISE OF THE FOOFOO SPECIAL JR when looking for something else, and, as I told Lowndes in Y52, it mustv been about 1943 that I cycled to NY from Quincy & visited him. The account of the recipe goes as follows: "To the ... hamburg and red beans we added large white onions, a can of mushrooms, fine noodles in place of tomatoes, and sliced green peppers." so he is right about the tomatoes and probly the iron frying pan, wch isnt mentioned, but wrong about the date. The apartment was called "The Foundation" and damon knight, Johnny Michel & "a guy named Charley" are mentioned as living there. So I was wrong about Doc "living alone."



Help mee! ***I've fallen
and I can't get down!***

I went out on the porch to get some firewood. It had been raining for days and everything was soaked. I heat only with wood and a small electric space heater. I usually scrounge all I need from the surrounding forest; deadfalls etc. But I had run out, it being the first time I had been here continuously thruout December and January, so I blew the moths out of my wallet and treated myself to a half cord of madrone & oak, twice as heavy as even dougfir. So I took off the plastic & reached down for a billet wch turnd out to be too heavy for a one handed grab. I then bent over & got both hands on it and gave a heave. That turnd out to be just too much for the board I was standing on; it had rotted underneath and absorbed water from all the rain, wch weakened it further, so that it no longer would hold my weight, plus a heavy log, plus an extra push to get it up.

My foot went down into the 2x6 hole. Ordinarily this wd b no big deal, since I wd slump down on my fanny & the damage wd b minimal. I have fairly quick reflexes for an old geezer, but this time they did me no good, bcoz I was bent over with the weight of the log adding to my imbalance, and I toppled forward over the edge of the porch with my right leg trapped about the middle of my shin. I tried to leap clear at the last second, figuring it wd b better to take my lumps on the ground, only about 3' down, but the trapped leg wdnt come out, so there I hung, like Vincent Price at the end of "The Fly"(1st version)

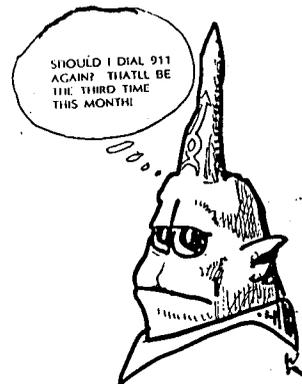
The pain was excruciating, but my weird brain was flashing on the commercial of the old lady who had fallen & cdnt get up. I never have understood, even bfor my accident, what was so damned funny about that situation, that every dying standup comedian who wanted to get out of trouble with a cheap laf cd just mention the line and the audience wd obediently roar. Then came the headline above, and mayday messages from the calf muscle and all the ligaments & tendons in the back of my leg.

"Capt'n! We canna stand the strrain!" Then came a picture of my skeleton hanging there in midair bfor somebody came and found me & a voice saying "You damn well better get up or down or whatever bfor you go into shock!"

So I somehow got my good leg under me, twisted around howling & freed the trapped one. Then I slumped down for a while, til I got my courage up enuf to test for anything broken. Somehow I crawled and hopped in & called 911.

The one brite spot in the whole thing is that my bones are evidently not brittle yet, bcoz the leg shdv broken, but didnt. Im still using a cane, but I made it to *Potlatch*, and I will make it to *Silvercon* for April Fool's Day since they were foolish enuf to ask me to be toastmaster.

Id just about graduated from crutches to the cane, when I had to call 911 again. This time it was a kidney stone and a nice 75-mile ride to the hospital in Santa Rosa in the ambulance. I dont think I wdv minded if the medic hadnt been new and over-cautious withe morphine. He said that he had given me 14mg by the time we got there & that wdv put him sound asleep, but I felt every damn bump, every jolt, every swerve & curve in that whole hellish road down the coast. Id never had any previous experience with morphine, so I dont know whether that was a large dose or not.



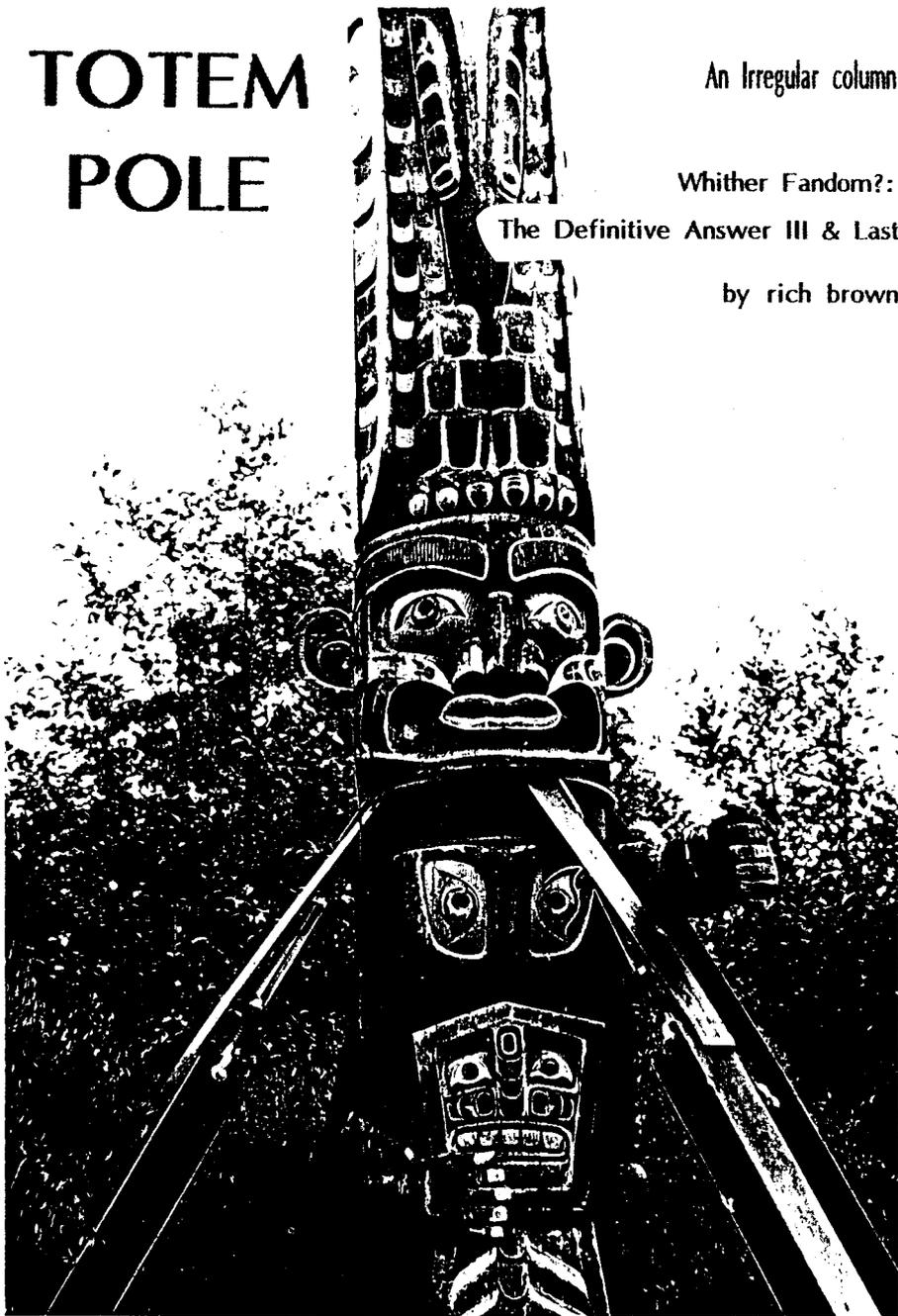
TOTEM POLE

An Irregular column

Whither Fandom?:

The Definitive Answer III & Last

by rich brown



TOTEM POLL: An Irregular Column
Whither Fandom?:
The Definitive Answer III & Last
by rich brown

IN THE LAST TWO INSTALLMENTS of this column--for the benefit of those of you who have perhaps already forgotten--I have Gone On at Considerable Length about What Is Wrong With Fanzine Fandom.

It goes without saying that if I didn't think there was also a lot that's still "right" about it, I wouldn't be wasting my time here when I could be out Doing Something Significant, like, say, manufacturing magnetic golfballs.

But it occurs to me, before I let this topic go, that--provided I have no objection to being a little daring (and do I have any objection? no--but thanks for asking!--I can turn this into an opportunity to suggestion how our segment of the microcosm might be . . . improved.

(There. I've said it. And I'm glad.)

One of the problems I didn't mention earlier was the fact that it's more expensive now than it has ever been to publish and post--particularly to post--a general-circulation fanzine. I've made the point elsewhere and, anyway, most fans who get down into this topic these days usually touch on it--and I wanted to be different. But I can acknowledge it now just by saying that, this problem notwithstanding, fandom could certainly use a few more good, regular, genzines. It would also be nice if someone could get the editors of AMAZING to reinstate their fanzine review column, "The Club House", so we could start getting some of the new blood we need.

Both these suggestions are pretty obvious; I make them here solely to forestall the possibility that anyone might suggest that I've overlooked them as potential benefits to present-day fandom.

WITH THAT OUT OF THE WAY, I do have a couple of modest proposals in mind.

The first is something which anyone currently publishing a fanzine can easily choose to accommodate, if they wish; the second is a bit more complex and something I'd liked to see discussed in an appropriate venue--fanzines, of course, and perhaps batted around at a few Corflus and/or Dittos as well.

First, fandom has to start talking about itself again.

No, I'm not looking for rivalry in the kind of navel-inspection this column is perhaps becoming known for; I don't have any objection to competition, mind you, if anyone else should care to indulge in it--it's just that that's not what I'm calling for here. I'd simply like to see more general-circulation fanzines with fanzine reviews in them. I don't care if they're ktf or sweetness & light reviews, or somewhere critically in between. I don't care if they're well written or not. I don't care if they're long or short, if they're a mere listing or detailed mini-essays contending with the ideas expressed, if they're insightful or frivolous. I don't care if--

No. Wait a minute. I do care. Or I do, anyway, if by "care" what is meant is my personal preferences. Of course I prefer reading something well-written to something that is shoddy, a piece

that has something to say to one that does not, something thoughtful to something without consideration, material with insight to material without.

But this isn't about my tastes; it's about how I think fanzine fandom needs to be improved.

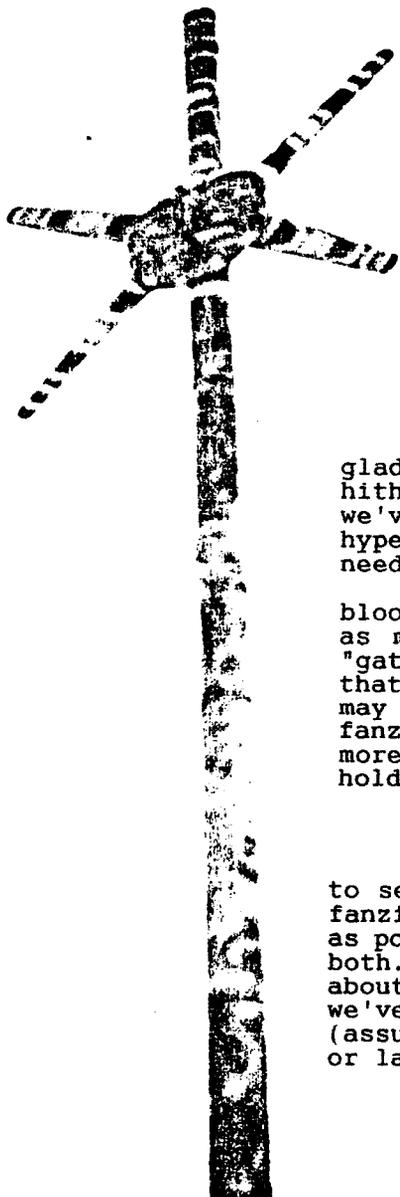
I would simply like to see more genzines acknowledge, by way of fanzine reviews, that they share the microcosm with other fanzines! Or, if reviews are too much to ask, I would like to see other interactions in play in the microcosm to a greater extent than they currently are: Let someone acknowledge in TRAP DOOR that they're responding to something which first appeared in STET; let SPENT BRASS make references to topics brought up in LET'S FANAC and LET'S FANAC respond to some of IDEA'S ideas; let MIMOSA and FOLLY play intellectual volleyball with notions first voiced in YHOS and DOUBLE: BILL. Not that some of them don't, you understand--but in their case, I'd like to see more of it.

This would serve two purposes. First, it would raise the level of egoboo all around--which, Foo knows, we'd all love to see happen. Second, it would be a simple way to let fans relatively new to the microcosm know, as soon as they came across any of our kind of fanzines (since it's not evident as things stand now), that they're not just isolated "little magazines" associated with fandom, but rather that they form, instead, a *community*.

It's not, for Foo's sake, as if any of our fanzines are in commercial competition with each other and/or vying for readers in any real sense. That's the reason prozines don't mention other sf magazines and perhaps why LOCUS seldom mentions SFC or SF EYE (or vice versa). But we have no cause to share this practice with them, whatever their reasons.

I realize some fans disagree with me on this, but the notion of actively "recruiting" people into our area of fandom smacks of repugnant and distasteful proselytizing to me. (Perhaps my subjective dislike has something to do with the fundamentalist background I barely escaped). I sincerely believe we should *show* rather than *tell* people how good the microcosm is and can be; and that the best way to do this is by continuing to fan our axes in as fine and frequent a manner as we can. I think it would be counter-productive to stop what we're doing to





Ed note: The illos for this column are not just different fotos of totem poles but different PARTS of the world's tallest, wch I shot on Alert Bay Island, as mentioned in YHOS 52, p4. An Alert Reader picked up on it, & asked why didnt I use it for rich's column, and here it is. Its so tall (about 300 ft) that when I backd off enuf to get it all in one shot, no detail was visible. I'm sorry about the top being so fuzzy, but its partly bad fotografy and part fog, or low-lying clouds.

glad-hand newcomers who make their way hither: we thereby cease doing the good we've done only to fill their ears with hype for something that clearly doesn't need it.

But since I agree we need new blood, I think it would be a good idea for as many fanzines as possible to act as "gateways" into fanzine fandom; and to do that, they have to let any newcomers who may come across them know that there is a fanzine fandom out there which includes more than just the individual fanzine they hold in their hands.

NOW WE COME to something I'd like to see discussed as a topic, not just in fanzines, but also by as many fanzine fans as possible at the next Ditto or Corflu or both. Maybe, in fact, we'll want to talk about it more than once before we decided we've come to any kind of concensus (assuming we can and will do that, sooner or later).



I think the time has come to institutionalize a yearly BEST OF FANDOM publication.

But (you say) a BEST OF FANDOM publication has been pretty much institutionalized--they're being published by/for Corflu.

Right.

We got a fairly good one out of Corflu Ocho. And an absolutely abysmal one published by Mike Glycer for the Corflu in L.A. (Mike provides a "service" to fandom with FILE 770, but the simple truth is that when it comes to fannishness . . . he simply doesn't have a clue. I merely observe that when he's seen it and identified it, he hasn't liked it--and rest my case.)

So.

I think the time has come to institutionalize a yearly BEST OF FANDOM. The only question, really, is how this might best be accomplished--correct me if I'm wrong, but the present system, imho, doesn't quite make it. It can be seen that individual effort (of which we have good reason to be proud) has worked here at odd intervals--it just hasn't worked consistently or well enough to give us a volume year in and year out. Guy Terwilliger published a BEST OF FANDOM 1957 and followed it with a BEST OF FANDOM 1958, but I believe all or most other efforts have been for but a single year. In this individual but haphazard manner, we've skipped far more years than we've honored.

So if the simple method doesn't work, how should it be done?

Club and convention fans love to bicker over procedures and rules; fanzine fans love to bicker too, only over things other than procedures and rules. Well, I'm generalizing again, because there are probably club and convention fans who hate nit-picking and I'm well aware of how often fanzine fans have bickered over the rules of this or that apa or other fannish institution. But, with these exceptions noted, fanzine fandom is an anarchistic meritocracy and glad of it--we all feel a bit proud about how many things in our area of fandom run with the least amount to rules and pettifoggery and the greatest amount of general consensus. TAFF, e.g.

That's how I'd like to see a BEST OF FANDOM anthology published each year. I think such an anthology should cover English-speaking fanzine fandom--the U.S., Australia and Great Britain. I think it should be an annual volume. I think it should have a different editor each year to take into account differing tastes. And I think I can figure out, since individual effort hasn't quite managed it, how all this might be accomplished.

THE SUGGESTIONS I WILL MAKE HERE are only suggestions; they're not engraved in stone. While I think this a pretty good idea, I'd be more than pleased to see someone come up with a better one. I am, as I've been saying all along here, just opening the discussion.

My idea is that, if we decide to set this thing up, we set it up a bit like TAFF.

I'm not certain if having "nominators" (as in TAFF) would be a good (read: necessary/useful) notion here--but that aside, the "race" should be between established fanzine editors who've indicated that they want to edit a BEST OF FANDOM volume. As in TAFF, I think we need a minimum of two would-be editors; in place of a "platform" would be a statement of editorial intent--the basic

philosophy the editor intended to follow, if elected, in selecting material for the BOF.

First quibble: TAFF is mostly honor, little work, while this proposal would be mostly work and little honor; the BOFs which have been published over the years tend not to get reviewed, LoC'd or provide the editors much in the way of immediate egoboo. Still, I don't think we'd lack for volunteers; I've heard far too many fans say what they'd "like" to do, if they could afford to do it. This would give them their chance.

How would it work?

Everyone would pay some nominal amount--a minimum of \$1, perhaps?--to vote for the fan editor running for the job whom they felt most qualified to make the Ultimate Decision as to what constituted the best fanzine material of the year. The money collected in this runoff would be used to help pay the publishing costs of that year's BOF. I'd recommend the Australian ballot system be used, since it seems to work well for TAFF and DUFF and ensures an automatic runoff to achieve a majority.

Once chosen, it would be good to have a mechanism in place to ensure that the chosen fan editor sees and has access to a fair representation of what fanzines have had to offer during the preceding year. This would let us concentrate on picking the person we felt best qualified to do the choosing, without having to wonder whether they'd seen a significant portion of the year's fanzines.

Toward this end, I'd suggest a second phase after the editor is elected in which fans would nominate pieces for the volume. Fanzine editors (and, because originals would be required, fanzine artists) should, perhaps, be allowed to nominate one item--two items? three?--from their own fanzine (in the case of editors) or of their own work (in the case of artists), but the rest of us would have to pay some nominal amount--50¢ each?--to offer a suggestion. Editors and artists would also pay this amount for each item they wanted to suggest beyond what we might let them nominate for free.

Again, the money collected would go toward defraying publishing costs of the actual BEST OF FANDOM volume.

Since these nominations would only be suggestions, they would not be binding on the editor; thus, writers could nominate their own material if they wanted to do so. At 50¢ a shot, fanzine editors, writers, artists and anyone else involved in the microcosm might want to suggest several items for consideration (by themselves or others) which they felt merited attention.

But here's the point: In addition to the voting fee, they would also be required to send either the fanzine in question (if an "extra" is handy) or, if not, at the very least a xerox copy of the piece nominated, along with information about where the piece was first published. This would ensure that all the material nominated would be easily accessible to the elected editor.

Everyone who sent money--either to elect the editor or to nominate items--would be listed as an "angel" in the volume; a little cheap egoboo to promote voting. And they'd be entitled, perhaps, to a 50¢ "discount" off the price of the fanzine, once published; this could serve the dual purpose of encouraging fans to nominate at least one item (since they could recoup their voting

fee when/if they bought the finished product), while at the same time providing the editor with a bit more "front" money for publishing the volume.

I don't know what limits, if any, should be (and, if they should be, just how they should be) placed on the size of the volume--so I'll leave that open for future debate. I do think, for the record, that the BOF editor should try to use some editorial judgment. Perhaps anything they decide not to print which garners four or more nominations should be given an "honorable mention" in the volume--and/or the xeroxes should be forwarded to the next editor, who may elect to overrule and publish some or all of them in the following volume.

After publishing that year's BOF, the editor would become the "teller" for the next election. Nominations would be open, votes would be cast, the teller would announce the results and send along the nomination money (as well as anything left over from the previous year, including "profits" from sales of their BOF) to the next editor. (Most fanzines are not published at a profit, of course, but if any fanzine can be which is not out of the LOCUS or SFR mold, I think this might be one.)

A lot of questions will need to be asked and answered before we proceed. How big should the BOF volumes be--and, more precisely, just how should this be determined? Should this remain something associated with Corflu and/or Ditto, or should it be independent? Who should be allowed to vote for the editor and nominate for the volume--and should the criteria be the same or different for the two? How many copies should be run off--and what should be done with "extra"s, if any? What sort of price should be set on the volume? Should fans with pieces published in a BOF get one free, as is customary with most fanzines, or should they only get a substantial discount? If there are excessive profits, should they be used to make publication of succeeding volumes more lavish, to give free or reduced-price copies to the fans with pieces in them--or should some other fannish institution, like TAFF or DUFF, benefit?

As you can see, I've left open more questions than I have answered. And you might not agree with some of my answers, anyway. That's quite all right, by the way. Let's talk about it and, if consensus can be reached, do it.

An annual BEST OF FANDOM volume would be a Good Thing to have around, if only as a device to help attract new fans to our area of the microcosm. They could purchase it and determine for themselves if we have anything they really want to see and participate in; if so, well, we might stipulate that the volume should also have a listing (with addresses and prices) of all the fanzines from which that BOF was reprinting. If newcomers liked what they saw, they could send off for the fanzines listed--and if they didn't, then they would waste no more of our time and money or theirs.

I think this may be an idea whose time has finally come, if not one whose time is at least breathing hard.

--rich brown, 1993

POSTMOD

a column by ray nelson

The Holiday Season! The Christians have their Christmas, the Jews their Hanukkah, the Hindus their Feast of Lights. Everyone has a holiday. If you include the rest of the year, then the Irish have their Saint Patrick's Day, the other nationalities their various independence days, the Blacks their Martin Luther King Day. Only one identifiable ethnic minority lacks a special day.

Science-Fiction Fandom!

Yes, the World Convention does come about the same time every year, but Labor Day Weekend belongs to Labor, really. It isn't our special day.

We should have a special day, you know. We really should.

But when? And what should we call it?

To me the answer has been obvious since July 20, 1969, when a man first walked on the Moon. July 20 is our date. Moon Day is our name. Nobody else seems to remember Moon Day. When I mentioned it to a woman at my church last week, she didn't remember that it ever happened, and when I insisted that it had, she said it must have been done by the Russians.

It probably doesn't matter to the mundanes, but to us, the scientifiction fringe, it is pretty much the Pinnacle of History, just about the grandest thing that Man has ever done, the first step in the realization of our galactic dreams. Some day, with luck, a human will walk on Mars. Someday a human may even walk on planets of some other stellar system.

But July 20, 1969 will always be the First Time we've set foot on an extraterrestrial body. In the nature of things there can only be one first time.

And if we lose sight of our dreams and never walk on Mars or any other planet, we will will always know that once we did it, once we shot for the Moon and made it. Nobody (barring the invention of time travel) can go back and undo it.

I happen to think that without the selling job we scientifictionists did on the mundanes, we never would have even tried.

When I was in high school in the Forties, I crossed swords, figuratively speaking, with my physics teacher over a statement in my science textbook. The book stated flatly that space travel was impossible because in the void of outer space there was nothing for a rocket to "push against." When I kept insisting the textbook was wrong, the teacher demanded that I back up my position with some sort of authority. I quoted from "Astounding Science Fiction." I got sent to the principal.

One of the great regrets of my life has been that on July 20, 1969 I didn't have my old physics teacher's phone number so I could call him up and gloat. (For all I knew the poor fellow had died).

But now I'd really like there to be one day in the year when I can remember that at least once we crazy propellor-heads were right and the mundanes were wrong. It would be nice if they remembered it too, but I don't ask for miracles. Actually, there should be parades, fireworks (especially rockets), speeches, television specials, little kids in astronaut costumes, parties where people stare up at the Moon through telescopes and binoculars, the whole shebang. Actually every city in the world should celebrate Moon Day every July 20.

But I'll settle for a little circle of fannish friends gathering in some private home on that day to eat cookies in the shape of the Moon. Even if nobody else celebrates Moon Day, we should.

The thing about a cookie is that it's easy to make. A simple crescent cut out with a cookie cutter will do the job. But it's also capable of taking a lot of elaborate decoration, and we fans like things where we can express our creativity within the bounds of a common theme.

Last year I happened to be all alone on Moon Day, so I sat there eating Moon Cookies and feeling sorry for myself. This year I hope things will be different. Of all the people who read this column, surely at least two or three will feel moved to join my modest celebration. No matter where you live, you can always make some cookies or buy some. A round cookie counts as a full Moon. No matter where you live, you can see the Moon.

In my daydream the word will spread between now and Moon Day from pen-pal to pen-pal, from fanzine to fanzine. Maybe the prozines will give it a plug. Maybe someone will mention Moon Day on the skiffy TV channel. I hope so! But even if it's only you and me, pal, just we two, eating our cookies and gazing skyward, that's okay, too. Two people taking a moment to remember that Once Upon a Time a Man Walked on the Moon. Is that too much to ask?

I have a copy of the newspaper from July 20, 1969. I'm going to reverently take it out of its plastic envelope and read it. I have a video cassette of the Moon Walk that I,m going to slip into my VCR and watch. I have a little gang of friends I plan to invite over.

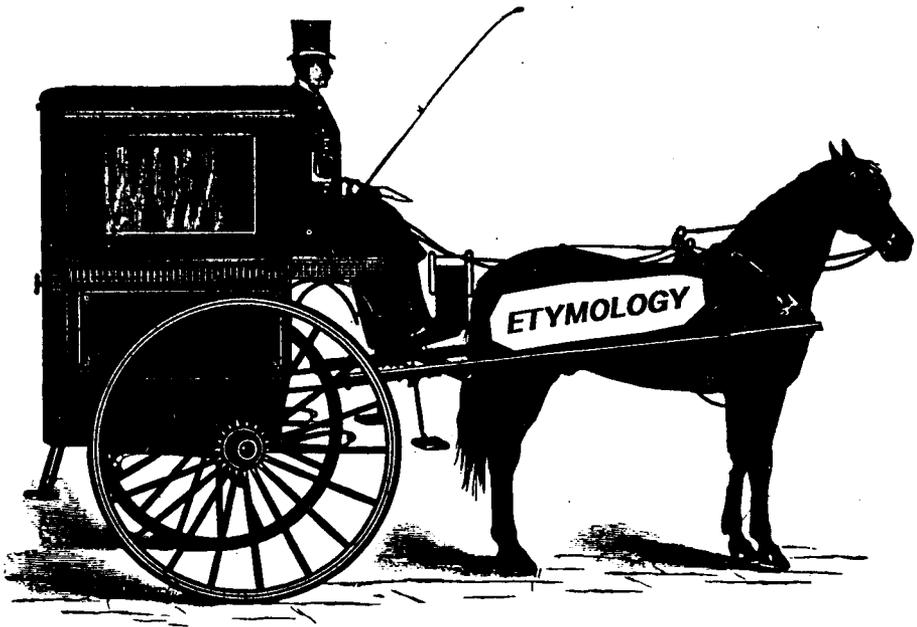
I have a crescent-shaped cookie cutter.

Whoever you are, wherever you are, you're welcome to do likewise.

Then we too will have our Special Day!

□ □ □ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ □ □ □ ○ ○ ○ □ □ □ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ □ □ □

Ed note: Apologies are due to Ray for my procrastination of this beyond the time when his piece wd have its best effect. To make a feeble effort to atone for my screwup I plan to get YHOS back on a quarterly sched & plug his idea in every ish until next July, & also to show up at his house (if he'll have me!) complete with cookies--& wd u blv Moon PIES, Ray? I think some sort of evil blog can be concocted & given an appropriately Selenophilic appellation. Other ideas are solicited for proper celebration.



GURNEY CAB. Wheels, 52-inch; lower panels, olive; upper panels, black; imitation canework, white; fine gold and carmine stripes on body; gearing, black striped with two medium lines of orange, glazed with carmine; trimmings, maroon plush, with head-lining of terry. (*The Hub*, February 1884.)

is indeed a Many Thunderd Spiling

and if all nolej is not in fanzines, then it has a miraculous way of getting there. viz & to wit: *Critical Wave*, the sercon Britzine, gave *Yhos* a favorable revu, wch cozd a fan ld never heard of to request a copy. He turned out to be a demon researcher, with, apparently, the whole Library of Congress at his disposal. He sent me a whole bunch of stuff, wch, instead of neatly wrapping up the whole mystery, cracked it wide open & gave birth to a couple more. But let him tell you about it.

About the Great Gurney Mystery: the *Random House Dictionary*, 2d ed, says that the word came into use between 1935-40 and is of unknown origin. *Stedman's Medical Dic*, 25th ed, craftily offers 2 possible origins: 1) your boy Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, British physician and inventor, and 2) the Scottish word *gurn*, meaning to grimace in pain (not inappropriate for someone laid out on a stretcher!) I guess you flip a coin. Keith Laumer's beloved *Webber Dictionary* 3d ed, says it is a regional usage found in the Western US.

But the most interesting possibility is suggested by the *Dictionary of American Regional English* (V2, D-H, 1991). *DARE* is one of those mammoth scholarly undertakings, like the OED, where

years elapse between volumes. Lucky for us they've made it through the g's. One of the thousands of people they interviewed for local word usages was a San Franciscan who said that in his youth, ca.1912, ambulances were called gurneys. He assumed that the name came from the Gurney cab, a type of horse-drawn carriage popular during the 1890's which had the unusual feature of a rear entrance. The name then came to be used for other rear entrance vehicles, such as ambulances. (This same guy, a real estate agent born in 1902 named Peter Tamony, wrote an article about this which gets quoted in the dictionary. The article was reprinted in his book, *Americanisms*, published in San Fran in 1969. The only copy can verify is at the Library of Congress.)

Anyway, the mention of the Gurney cab led to a dictionary of carriage terminology, where we learn that it was a 4-passenger public cab patented in 1882 by one JT Gurney of Boston, Mass. (apparently no relation to the British Gurney). And get this: the entry goes on to say that folks on the *Pacific* coast applied the term rather indiscriminately to a variety of public cabs, which corroborates good old Peter "No Baloney" Tamony.

So far, so good. What's missing is written evidence for the final step, where the meaning of the word shifts from the ambulance to the wheeled stretcher it carries. Here we enter the realm of conjecture. But are we not readers of *speculative* literature? Are we not sf-ans, ready to boldly go where no etymologist has gone before? Beam me up, Mr. Webster, to that great Unabridged in the sky! Strap me to that Celestial Gurney and point me toward the stars! Excelsior!

Brief pause, while Your Correspondent breathes deeply into a paper bag.

Thanks. I'm much better now. Anyway, I wonder if Sterling & Gibson used *gurney* as a generic term for carriages in their novel because of the Gurney cab, which was pretty popular in the late 19th Century (at least in the US)? Perhaps they didn't know about Sir Goldsworthy and his amazing steam vehicle. Or maybe they did and, clever lads that they are, were making a really nifty (if esoteric) two-level allusion by using the term. A vehicular two-fer, so to speak. Maybe Gibson will reply to your letter & Reveal All. [See below--yhos]

YHOS 52 was everything the reviewer in *Critical Wave* promised, and more. I'm enclosing a check for \$20 for issues #32-51 of *YHOS*. I'm looking forward to immersing myself in a long run of your fine zine.

Gary Ferguson
285 Sharp Road
Baton Rouge, LA 70815

[This poor dude evidently doesn't get too many good fanzines. Hey Robert, Dick & Nicky, Dick & Leah, Arnie & Joyce, Geri & Jeff, Andy & Carrie, Barnaby et al--get busy & send him yours--yhos]

...A Queer Deep Forest...

I'd be very disappointed, now, to learn that the answer to this lies anywhere other than in the fact of Sir Goldsworthy Gurney (and never, before opening *YHOS 52*, had I glimpsed or imagined his whole name) having been "surgeon *and* (my italics) inventor"...

Regret I can't, at this late date, tell you whether our usage of lower-case Gurney as a generic term for steam-carriage was an invention or not. Bruce might know. Language is a queer deep forest of a thing, & never have I been quite so aware of its queerness and/or deepness as in the preparation of *Difference Engine*.

Speaking of *DE*, I have a very enthusiastic book-recommendation for anyone curious about the sleaze-ball realities of New York in the 19th century. Luc Sante's *Low Life*, out in trade paper now, is absolutely brilliant; finally, an American equivalent to Kellow Chesney's *The Victorian Underworld*. Visit McGurk's Suicide Hall. Learn how the gang called the Hudson Dusters may have gotten their name (that white powder they were always sniffing?). Check out the amazing Draft Riots that led (in the *DE* time-track) to the founding of the Manhattan Commune.

Best regards,
Bill Gibson

...Oops!

Keen-eyed Clifton Amsbury, 768 Amador St, Richmond, CA 94805, spotted a real blooper. "About two hours' to Bath???" That road...runs around 90 or a hundred miles, so the Gurney bus was ripping right along and a danger to the peasants and merchants in slower transport."

I have traveled that road & shd know better. Bill Danner (RD1, Kennerdell, PA 16374) quotes from the Steam Edition of Clymer's Handbook that Gurney's steam carriage made the round trip from London to Bath at 15 mph, wch is more like it. My apologies.

Thanx also to George Flynn, Derek Pickles, and Buck Coulson for info that overlapped the above.

A Letter to Roger

by Dick Lynch

December 4, 1992 prologue: *I feel a brief introduction to the following article is in order. Your humble obedient servant Art makes no secret of his interest in fan activities around the world. I had expected that the following letter, which fits in with Art's interests, would be published by Australian fan Roger Weddall, until a telephone ccall from Australia last night informed Nicki and me of Roger's untimely death. Publication here instead will provide me an opportunity to remember Roger.*

May 16, 1991

Dear Roger,

Here I am in Helsinki, Finland on the last night of a week-long business trip, writing a fanzine article for you cleverly disguised as a personal letter. It's been an epic experience.

The real reason I'm here is that I was 'chosen' to give a speech and represent my employer, the US Dept of Energy, at an international conference on energy and the environment. It happened this way:

Not quite amonth ago, I got called into my Department Director's office, where he told me matter-of-factly: "The Deputy Assistant Secretary can't go to the Helsinki conference next month because of Congressional Budget hearings. We decided that you should go in his place." Silver-tongued that I am, my response was something like, "uh...uh...uh..."

To which he said, "So, are you interested in going?"

"Well, sure. I mean of course I am! It's three weeks from now, right?"

"Minus a day or two. You'll have to leave on a Sunday because the first day of the conference is a Monday."

"Okay, I'll do it. Thanks for the opportunity!" But as I turned to leave his office, he said, "There's one more thing..."

I turned back toward him. "Yeah?"

"You have to write a paper for the conference. And get it approved before you leave."

If you think this was disturbing news, you're right. In fact, it was downright terrifying. "Wh-a-a-at? How can I?! With my trip to Louisiana this week, that leaves me only about two weeks to write the paper and make my travel arrangements! I don't even have an official passport yet!" Suddenly, a suspicion crossed my mind. "You're joking about the paper part of this, right? Right?"

He just gave me his besst calculating, Cheshire Cat smile and turned back to his work...

So here I am in Helsinki. It took me all of my available time in that two weeks, plus a night or two's work besides to get the damn thing finished. There wasn't even enough time to Express Mail the requested 300 copies to Finland for handing out at the conference. Nicki helped me securely pack them in a Xerox paper box, and I had to lug the blasted thing to the airport as part of my checked baggage. I struggled with it, suit carrier, suitcase, and briefcase from home to Washington National Airport to LaGuardia Airport to Kennedy Airport (yes, there was the obligatory screwup in flight reservations to contend with, too) to Helsinki Airport to the Helsinki Central Train Station to this hotel. By the time I lugged the damn thing into the Finlandia Convention Center it had become an ordeal, and my arms were so weary it felt like my knuckles (not to mention my ass) were dragging on the ground.

The receptionist who finally took the box off my hands was very observant: "You look tired!"

Well, I've been lugging this box for about four thousand miles now, and it's starting to get heavy!"

That was a long day. I'd had just enough time to check into the hotel and grab a quick shower and change of clothes: I'd made it over to the convention center about ten minutes before registration closed. It had been impossible to sleep on the long flight to Helsinki, and I'd been awake for about 30 hours straight at that point. So I was hard pressed to stay awake during the welcoming and keynote speeches; the fact that most of them were tedious and boring didn't help any. The only thing that kept me going was paging through the audio channels in the listening device that was provided, to hear what real-time translations sounded like in French, Spanish, and Russian.

This actually gave me an idea. It was obvious to me by then that my speech, filled as it was with facts and figures on future power generating technologies, was going to be a sharp contrast to the fluffy, vague, policy-type speeches I'd heard so far. So I decided that, what the hell I should be as enlivening to the listeners as my speech. That evening, I wrote an introductory sentence as a lead-in to my presentation, then had the restaurant waitress translate it into Finnish, which for some reason was *not* one of the conference's official languages.

The next day I had the unique experience of hearing myself introduced in Russian. My session chairman, a Soviet, was reading the biographical sketch that I had prepared. (This reminds me: Nicki recently told me of an upcoming national conference on computer security, where, due to a Freudian slip, the presenters were asked to provide brief biological sketches of themselves. Some of those received were anatomically correct. But I digress...) Anyway, I was too involved with last-minute struggling with my notes to listen to the translation. I knew it was about me, because it sounded like something* something*something* RICHARD LYNCH unintelligible**unintelligible*unintelligible. As it went on, I realized I had a slight problem--since I didn't

understand Russian, I wouldn't know when he was finished with my introduction. So I watched him intently, trying to anticipate the end of the introduction, rather than just a pause between sentences. When he did finish, it was sooner than I expected--here I was waiting for him to continue saying nice, albeit non-understandable things about me, and there he was, looking at me expectantly and waiting for me to take over. We had an eyeball-to-eyeball standoff for about five seconds before it finally dawned on me that it was my turn to start talking.

Up to then, the real-time translators didn't seem to be having any trouble keeping up with any of the speakers, but nobody had done what I was about to do. After I thanked my session chairman for his introduction, I read from my previously prepared Finnish translation, which said, "Haluaisin myös kiittää ystävällisiä Suomalaisia isäntiä tästä tärkeästä ja antoisasta kokouksesta." *I also wish to thank our kind Finnish hosts for providing the site for this important and prestigious conference.* "Now let's see how the translators handle *that!*" The answer was--not very well. There was scattered laughter from various parts of the hall. I later heard that two of the translators didn't even attempt to interpret the Finnish sentence, while the third merely said, "the speaker is saying something untranslatable," before picking up where he left off. But my purpose was served--afterwards, several people, including the Soviet who was my session chairman, told me my talk was one of the more interesting ones. I guess that was meant to be a compliment.

"All this is well and good," I can almost hear you saying, "But what of Finland itself? Tell me something about Helsinki." All right, all right; I will. For one thing, it's cold and windy. Helsinki is at about 60° north latitude, and even in mid-May the outdoor temperature never seemed to rise above the point where I even thought of removing the jacket I brought with me. People I talked to

told me to never mind the weather; spring was just a little late this year and a month from now it would be warm and pleasant. What I suspect, though, is that Finland's climate is a lot like northern New York where I grew up. There, instead of the four seasons, there are only two--Winter and July.

No matter. I was determined to see some of the city, and so I did. I took a day off from the conference, bought an all-day pass for the city's transportation system of subway, busses and trams, and rode around the city for several hours. The #3 tram does a figure 8 loop through the downtown tourist and shopping areas. I rode that one so often that by the end of my stay, it was like an old friend. From my rolling observation platform, I could see that Helsinki is a city nearly surrounded by water, but built on a solid granite bedrock foundation. The Finns have been resourceful enough to incorporate all the rock outcroppings, not only into the landscaping, but also into the architecture itself in many instances.

Besides being resourceful, the Finns I met were also very friendly, always going out of their way to help me out with the language or otherwise make me feel welcome. At first I was surprised that so many Finns (in Helsinki, at least) had a pretty good command of English. Turns out that English is the unofficial third language of Finland, right behind the two official ones, Finnish and Swedish. There was only one instance where I had trouble conversing with a Helsinkian. While boarding a tram, I accidentally stepped on the toe of a surly-looking old lady who was leaving. I immediately apologized, but she either didn't understand English or was having none of it, because she let loose an extended verbal barrage in Finnish that turned the air blue. I could hear her yelling at me until the tram turned the corner at the end of the block. I started hoping a hole would open in the tram floor that I could crawl into; people sitting near me seemed to be having trouble keeping a straight face. I guess you

could say that even though that surly old lady wasn't able to converse with me in my language, she sure didn't have any trouble communicating with me in hers...

Did I find any fans in Helsinki? I'm embarrassed to say that I didn't, mainly because I forgot to find out their names and addresses before I left home. There's nothing much I can do about it now, though; I doubt that the phone book equivalent of the Yellow Pages has a listing 'science fiction fans', and even if it does, I can't read Finnish... I fully expect that I'll regret this oversight even more if any of them show up at worldcon in September.

I'm back at the hotel now, and it's getting late, although you'd never know it by looking outdoors. It's almost 11:00 pm, and it's still light enough outside to read a book by. It never gets past deep twilight here this time of year, and the sun rises before 4 am. If you rise when the sun does, as I seem to be doing this week, there's not much to do except read until the hotel restaurant opens for breakfast at 7 am. These aren't the most luxurious accommodations I've ever had on a business trip (my room is about the size of a large walk-in closet), but it has all the features (ie, bathroom, telephone, and television set) you'd expect to find in the States.

There's also one feature this hotel has you won't find in hotels in the US--a sauna, which seems to be the national pastime of Finland. I'm embarrassed to say that I never got around to using it, though. For one thing, there was nothing in the tourism material I received on Finland that instructed one on what to do or how to dress (undress?) in a sauna. And for another, there were two saunas in the hotel, one for each sex, and I didn't understand Finnish enough to tell which one was 'His' and which one was 'Hers'. You don't know how close you came to having a *really* memorable fanzine article come your way...

Best regards,
Dick Lynch

more→→→

December 4, 1992 postscript: Well, there were a few Finnish fans at the 1992 worldcon! I talked with two of them at the Magicon party, and it turned out that they were from Helsinki, and lived just a short taxi ride from the hotel I stayed at. I admit that I was relieved there were no hard feelings that I hadn't tried to find them, and they were interested in my outsider's view of their city.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

I'm having trouble finding the words to complete even this short epilogue, after learning last night of Roger Weddall's death. Nicki and I had corresponded with him for several years (and had gotten to know him quite well through the mails, if such a thing is possible), but had only met him in person for the first time at the "Jophan Family Reunion," a small con in Birmingham, Alabama, the weekend before Magicon.

It was during that convention that we found out he was having health problems. As DUFF representative, Roger had originally planned to spend six months here in the US, visiting all the centers of fan activity at least once. But instead, he found that he could only spend four

weeks here (most of which had already elapsed at that point), and would have to return to Australia right after Magicon to continue chemotherapy treatments for Lymphoma. A visit to see us in Maryland was no longer in the cards.

Roger fully intended to return and complete his DUFF trip, though; in fact, because of a two-for-one sale, he said he already had another trans-Pacific round-trip airline ticket for use sometime in 1993, which would have made him the only fan fund recipient ever to do two trips in consecutive years. When we last saw Roger, you would never know by looking at him that he was seriously ill; he was so hyperactive at Magicon, in fact, that hardly anybody had the stamina to keep up with him.

Right now I find that I'm angry that something as appalling as this could happen to someone we liked so well. And I'm sorry that I won't ever hear from Roger again. He was that special kind of person who could brighten up your day whenever he wrote or called. I will miss him--a lot.

He was my friend.

Ω

W A H F

Harlan Ellison accepted my apology, & in turn, apologized for bothering me when I was having my cancer angst. Jerry Pournelle sent a brief non sequitur note stating that Harlan makes good chili, which I assume means he never read the apocrypha wch started it all. Par Nilsson writes from Sweden that chili is a tradition with the men's choir at Chalmers Tekniska Hogskola where he is studying electrical engineering. Their chili is *harlig, manlig och stark* (glorious, manly & strong)=HOT! Pam Boal, UK, makes an interesting point on Totem Pole that "...breakaway groups are a common feature of organizations that grow too vigorously." I've often thought there was more than a passing resemblance between fandom & the splintering of the Protestant church after the Reformation. I tried to get Redd Boggs to do an article on it, but he wdnt bite, or else that it was a dumb idea & was too polite to say so. Anybody else?

Other locrs who said much the same as those pubd or -squoze out for lack of space or sent interesting pocs were: John Brunner, Allan Burrows, Phil Tortoricl (gafiationotice--*sigh*), Mike Horvat, Gary Deindorfer, George Flynn, Howard DeVore, Lauraine Tutihasi, Sid Birchby, Russ Chauvenet, Matthias Hoffmann, Len & June Moffatt Tom Fülöpp, Sheryl Birkhead, Delphyne Mori, Jean Lamb, Gary Mattingly, Lucy Huntzinger-Bartelt, Chan Davis, Nigel Rowe, Alexander Yudenitsch, Fred Pohl, GM Carr, Tim Jones, Roger Weddall, David Levine/Kate Yule, and Diane Crayne.

PRELUDE

to an

OUTLINE OF A HISTORY of Fandom in the Sixties

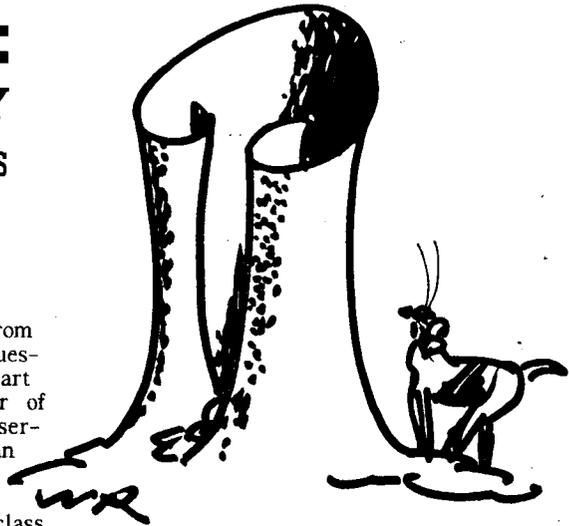
by ARNIE KATZ

Blame this article on a letter from Harry Warner and a provocative question from Art Widner. The first part of this one-two punch from a pair of fandom's venerables was Harry's assertion that he will write no more fan histories after Dick & Nicki Lynch publish *A Wealth of Fable*.

As a member of fandom's class of '63, Harry's decision filled me with gloom. I'd read most of his fanhistorical writings, watching with mounting anticipation as he wended through the 1940s into the 1950s. Surely, I told myself, one day this magnificent journalist will elucidate the fans, publications and events for the 1960s. I might even see my name in print.

Harry's unequivocal statement obliterated my hopes in this regard. So when Art Widner raised the question of the history of fandom in the 1960s, I at first expressed dismay over the likelihood that such a history will never be written. "Where will we find someone knowledgeable, yet objective?" I asked Art.

"We won't," came his reply. He went on to say that since there's no one historian capable of producing a Warner-quality history,¹ perhaps an anthology of articles by a range of fans on the subject would fill the gap. It sounded like a good idea. Surely one of them would remember something significant about my fan career. As a first step toward such a project, Art asked me to enumerate the most significant trends in 1960s fandom as I saw them. And *that* brings us to this article.



I've written this article in the hope that it will encourage, not end, discussion about 1960s fandom. It's said that everyone goes to a different worldcon, and I'll bet the same concept is equally applicable to an individual's experience of fandom as a whole. What aspects of that glorious decade do you think are the most significant and/or interesting?

Thinking about those Good Old Days, I've identified three major occurrences that helped shape contemporary fandom. Whether the effects have been good or bad is something for later discussion, but I don't think there were many more important phenomena during that decade.

The current structure of fandom as a network of loosely connected special interest groups has its roots in the 60s. The onset of Special Fandoms recalls San Francisco's recent experience with sea lions. A few years ago, one or two started hanging around a few of the piers. Then more came. Nowadays, some piers reportedly have so many sea lions there isn't room for anything else.

Drying off from this splashy metaphor, what I mean is that Special Fandoms showed up rather unobtrusively. It wasn't until the majority of fans owed allegiance to one Special Fandom or another, probably around 1980, that some fans truly became aware that the character of their hobby had changed.

Fans have always pursued special interests that created subgroups within fandom. The Futurians of the 30s and 40s showed concern for social and political issues that stamped them as an identifiable clique. Comic books and fantastic films are other examples of interests that inspired specialized fanac.

Dick Lupoff and Don Thompson (now of the *Comic Book Buyer's Guide*) helped launch a Special Fandom devoted to comic books in the early 60s. The "All in Color for a Dime" series in Dick & Pat Lupoff's pop culture fanzine *Xero* crystallized interest in comics within fandom at the time that Roy Thomas and Jerry Bails were doing the same for comic fans previously unaffiliated with SF Fandom.

Comics Fandom quickly spun off as a separate entity, with its own fanzines, clubs, and cons. A factor that contributed to the split may have been that few comics fans had a background in, or appreciation for, textual SF.

The first Special Fandom that stayed part of ours celebrated the literary genius of Edgar Rice Burroughs. It snuck up on SF Fandom, in that it had existed for at least a decade before republication of ERB's works reinvigorated interest in his novels.

Prior to the Burroughs boom, ERB's fans supported some fanzines and a small organization called The Burroughs Bibliophiles, which, I believe, often held an annual meeting in conjunction with the worldcon. Suddenly, there were 100 times as many Burroughs fans, and they were doing things like bloc voting for Hugos, participating in SF artshows and huckster rooms, and publishing fan material about ERB.

Why did the Burroughs contingent stick with fandom? It may have been that big-name Burroughs fans had long histories and many connections in SF Fandom, or simply that Burroughs readers frequently liked at least some other written fantasy or science fiction. Whatever the reason, Burroughs Fandom perceived itself as part of SF Fandom rather than a separate group.

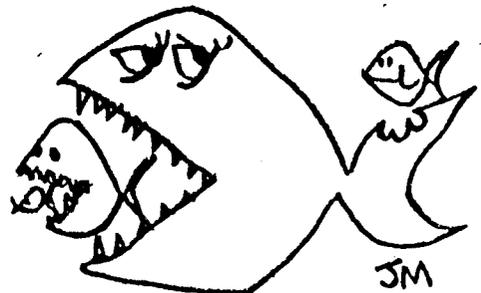
After the Burroughs boom came the even larger JRR Tolkien Fandom. Ace's unauthorized edition of *The Lord of the Rings* catapulted the British scholar to international fame and infused the counterculture of 1965-70 with fantasy imagery.

All special interest groups paled beside the next one: Star Trek Fandom. Time, fanaticism and single-mindedness have gradually caused Trekdom to become a true fandom unto itself, but it was more closely associated with our fandom in the 1960s. There were Trekzines, starting with the mammoth *Spockanalia* by Sherna Cumberford and Debra Langsam, but many viewed these as special interest SF fanzines rather than the zines of a distinct Other Fandom.

The birth of Special Fandoms changed the basic structure of the hobby by eroding the common ground that traditionally united fans. For the first time, there were sizable groups within fandom that disdained the eclectic approach chosen by most fans in favor of exclusive concentration on one topic.

Special Fandoms reduced the cohesiveness of fandom. Not only were the Special Fandoms more self-contained than the old interest group cliques, but their participants knew little about other aspects of the hobby outside their immediate sphere of interest.

Special Fandoms pushed the hobby's population faster than its socializing mechanisms could teach new arrivals the lingo, traditions, customs and values of traditional fandom. Sometimes, the Special Fandomites just didn't care about that stuff even when exposed to it.



The advent of Special Fandoms also spelled change in the status of fanzine fandom. During the Classic Era of Fandom (1930-1960) fanzines were an integral and indispensable cornerstone of national and international fandom. Fanzine fans, often more articulate than average, shouldered much of the responsibility for keeping the wheels turning. Fandom may be an unorganized association, but it has institutions to perpetuate, including TAFF, DUFF and the Worldcon.

Special Fandoms generally paid attention only to their subgroup's sercon fanzines. Fanzine fans continued to see themselves as the keepers of the flame, but this view had few adherents among the Special Fandomites. They took their enthusiasm seriously and had little time to spend on general interest fanzines.

The Special Fandom explosion drastically lowered the percentage of fans whose activity revolved around fanzines. Fanzine fandom has never boasted huge numbers, because this form of activity demands a lot from practitioners, more than, say, attending a con or singing lustily in a filksong circle.

When worldcons drew 400-600 in the late 40s, fanzine fandom was said to contain 150 actifen and another 100 fringe-fen. By 1960, worldcons had increased to 800, and fanzine fandom still had a total population of 200-300. By 1970, worldcons were drawing at least 2000--and fanzine fandom still stood at the same 300 or so.

The relative organization and unity of fanzine fandom, and the superior communication network at its disposal, effectively allowed the men and women who produced fanzines to control the hobby through bloc support and mammoth groundswells of massed opinion. It took everything for the fanzine-centered supporters of St. Louiscon to collar the 1969 worldcon against the con fans from Columbus, OH, and fanzines have not been nearly this decisive in any con bid since.

Twenty years further down the road in 1992, we've seen fanzine fans more or less resign interest in directing the fortunes of the hobby as a whole. Fortunately, because any attempt to do so would be decried as one Special Fandom trying to seize a position of power not mandated by its size.

The growth of Special Fandoms in the 60s also established a new pattern for the development of such groups. Now, as soon as a special interest develops, the participants immediately think in terms of establishing their own institutions and traditions rather than adopting those of general fandom.

I was still a fairly new fan when the Boondoggle² erupted in late 1963. I remember attending an ESF meeting with Lenny Bailes, after which we went with

the rest of the club to a nearby restaurant. SaMoskowitz, seated at the next table, read salient passages from Bill Donaho's initial ditto'd circular. Sam's then-majestically resonant voice carried the first news of this fan war to every corner of the restaurant, even though few of us knew enough about fandom to realize what a bomb it was.

Within months, nearly every well known fan lined up on one side or the other. Passionate rhetoric was rampant in both camps, and it didn't take long for personal feelings to become entwined with the heated debate.

The only analogy I can draw concerning the effects of the Boondoggle is to Topic A/The Bergeron Wars two decades later. Friendships shattered, fans lost their enthusiasm, and gaffiations became depressingly common in 1964-66.

The Boondoggle reduced general fandom to a shadow of its former self. It was all the more severe a cutback because one of fandom's natural, cyclical cutbacks had begun in 1962. The after-effects of the Boondoggle intensified the trough and slowed the recovery by a couple of years.

The Fanzine Fandom that coalesced in 1958 had achieved nearly all of its goals by 1963. Many of its luminaries (TCarr, Willis, Larry & Noreen Shaw, John Berry, the Lupoffs, and Bob Leman to mention a few of many) anticipated some rest after years of high-calibre fanning. They made the dream of South Gate in 58 come true, London had a worldcon, and, finally, Willis came back to the US in 62 to attend Chicon II.

I wasn't active yet in 1962, so I may've formed a mistaken impression, but it seemed like a lot of BNFs mothballed the old mimeo after 1962, and the 1973 Discon had the air of a "last hurrah" about it with regard to longtime fanzine fans.

Between the ordinary ebb and flow of fanac and the depressive effect of the Boondoggle, the upper crust of the genzine field vanished virtually overnight. The editors of the great titles like *Hyphen*, *Fanac*, *Void*, *Aporrheta* toiled no more, and we younger fans just didn't have the knowledge or experience to step into their vacated places.

As a result of the Boondoggle, faneds who entered in 1963-66 lacked good examples to guide their development as publishers. This "lost generation" grew up without the heavy exposure to old fanines and fannish lore that typified the neos who made their debut in the late 1950s.

Me? I lucked out. I lived and fanned in New York City, where Ted White, Dick Lupoff, Terry Carr, rich brown, and Steve Stiles showed me the zines and told me the tales. The Fanoclasts drummed the traditional values and ethics of fanzine fandom into me.

Thanks to their efforts, I knew more about fan history and fanzines than most fans of similar vintage. If there was a late 1960s fanzine farther outside the hobby's mainstream than *Quip*, the hyper-fannish fanzine I co-edited with Lenny Bailes, I never saw it.

I propose that the third and final trend of the 1960s was the rise of the apas. FAPA was formed in 1937 and SAPS dates from the late 1940s. The Cult and OMPA rose in the 1950s. N'APA (Neffers apa), SFGA (Southern Fan Press Association) and early secret apas (CRAP and Apa X) came into being around the turn of the decade.

It was still possible, in 1964, for an energetic fan to belong to every apa in existence (well, maybe not the five-member CAPA, but other than that...), Lichtman, Pelz, Johnstone and others did exactly that. We called them the omniapans because they seemed to be in all the rooms.

Many fans who didnt gafiate outright after the Boondoggle headed for cover. Apas offered a restricted and controlled environment where collisions with Boondoggle antagonists could be minimized.

We youngfen embraced apas too. It looked like less work with more reward than pumping fat genzines into a temporarily moribund general fanzine fandom. Besides, those fans who did show liveliness and enthusiasm were almost all concentrating on apas.

We youngfans wanted to do likewise, but we collided with the tedium of the apa waitlist. Joining FAPA meant a five-year wait if you signed up in 1965, and even the N'APA had a sizable waitlist.

Suddenly, apas sprang up everywhere. The first weekly Fanoclast/FISTFA apa, Apa F, led to the creation of Apa L. Lenny Bailes and I organized TAPS as a milder and more accessible alternative to the Cult, and a bunch of college students put together apa 45 for fans born after that year. Toward the end of the decade, the Cadillac of Privzite Apas, Lilapa, issued its first monthly mailing as did Mouldy Roach, Secret Apa and SA's successor, Apá. I've probably forgotten--or never even knew about--as many new groups as I've actually named.

The Apa Explosion proved the death knell of omniapism. Few realized it at that time, but the omniapans functioned as a data net that kept the increasingly diverse elements of fandom in touch with each other. In conjunction with the other factor, the destruction of this informal communications grid promoted the atomization of the hobby into semi-separate Special Fandoms linked by some sort of instinctive desire to congregate in a big hotel over a Labor Day weekend.

The Apa Explosion proved that apas arent as hard to start as many fans had assumed during the 1950s. And if one flopped, embarrassment over the failure was forgotten in a few months, anyway. Henceforth, fans started new apas for any reasonable purpose and a few that would've seemed outlandish to the dozen fans who banded together as TAPS over 25 years ago.

It's my belief that these three events--the Special Fandoms Boom, the Boondoggle, and the Apa Explosion--are the most far-reaching effects of the 1960s on our fandom today.

ED NOTES:

1. What I intended to say was that altho there didnt appear to be such a historian on the--um--Horizon--at the moment, we (fanzine fen) shd get something down in preparation for the arrival of such a person, bcoz memories of what actually happened in that time frame are rapidly deteriorating or being embroidered by the fancies of various partisans and what they wanted to happen or

conveniently forgot. Hopefully we can still get more than one impression of the Big Events of the 60s before its too late. In fact, someone who could do the job in my estimation, Dick Lynch, has made noises like he'd be willing to tackle it. He wants us to go ahead withis project, however, so he'll have a better idea of what he's getting into. I think we'll have a better, more accurate history this way than with a one-person job. Even Warner has been criticized for certain lapses. I'm sure that what we wind up with will be less than perfect, but lets do the best job we can.

To that end, I appeal to all my readers to put in their 2¢ worth in filling out Arnie's preliminary sketch. Even those who werent around in the 60s can help by telling us what wd prompt them to read such a hirstory. What events are only sketchy perceptions that you'd like to know more about? What conditions prevail today of wch you wd like to know the origins?

And please dont let the decade be too literal a limit. If something important occurred a little before or a little after the 60s, lets hear about it.

2. The Boondoggle (or Breenoggle, as I prefer to call it, sometimes also referred to as The Breenigan, since "boondoggle" already has two meanings in mundane English, and we are discussing a specific episode in fannish history here) concerned the activities of Walter Breen, a fan who was accused of "child-molesting" and banned from the 1964 worldcon in Oakland. He was not charged with any crime at the time, but in recent years was tried and convicted of "molesting" other children and died in jail.

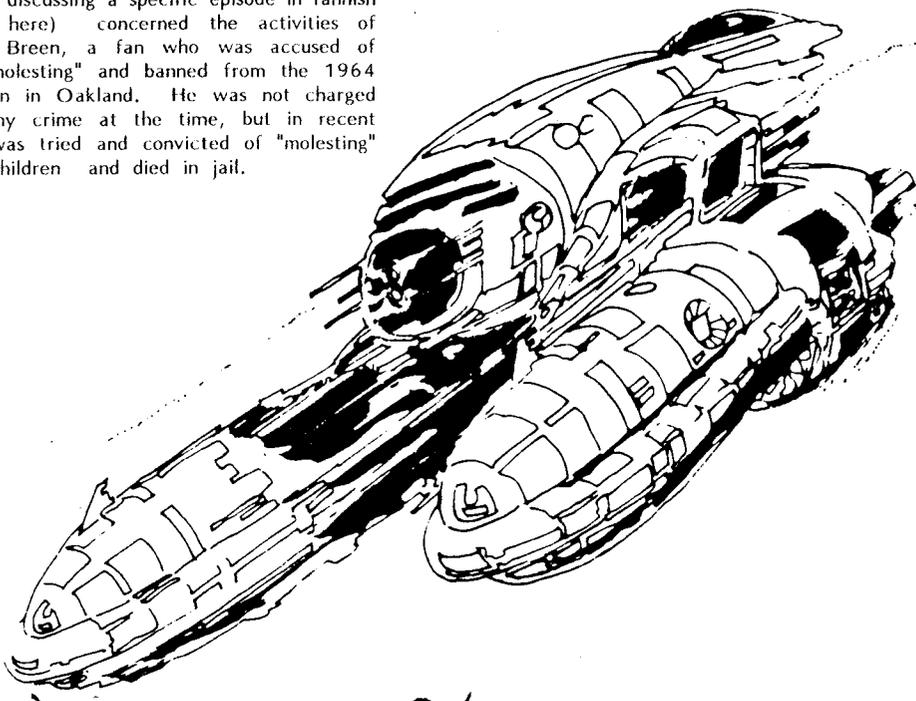
Art **CREDITS** *Art*

Alan Hunter	Cover
Arfer Thompson	Masthead
Unknown	3
Larson	4
Bill Rotsler	4, 20
Yhos foto	5,7,8,25
Clips	14,26
Delphyne Mori	24
Joe Maughew	24

WANTED

David Blaze and the Blue Door

A children's fantasy similar to *The Wizard of Oz*, written about the same time. I think the author's name was Foster, and there may have been a sequel or two. --yhos



HALL OF MIRRORS

Comments by yhos will appear in this type face



ON "TOTEM POLE"

DENNIS CASWELL
2424 Maryvale Ct
Burlington, Ont,
L7P 2P2 Canada

I remember my first convention back in 1977, Gencon, a gaming con, held at the Univ of Parkside, Kenosha/Racine, Wisconsin. I took a bus to get there, and greatly enjoyed myself. During the late 70s & early 80s, I attended a number of gamecons, then gaffiated during the 80s for personal reasons.

What I consider my first true convention was Contradiction 7, held at Niagara Falls, NY. I went only to see Anne McCaffrey, but discovered so much more. I attended five cons the following

year, & in 1989 attended Noreascon, my first Worldcon. It was there that I learned about fanzine fandom, but never could get in, at the time. I had more to learn.

I attended several cons during the following years, averaging 8/year. It was at Conclave 1991 that I was first introduced into fanzine fandom by obtaining a few copies of *Lan's Lantern*. The rest follows.

It's rather difficult to get into fanzine fandom, but the way is possible. Seeing fanzine fandom from a neofan viewpoint, I realize that it's a close-knit group. Outsiders are not necessarily accepted into this group, but anything worthwhile is worth working for.

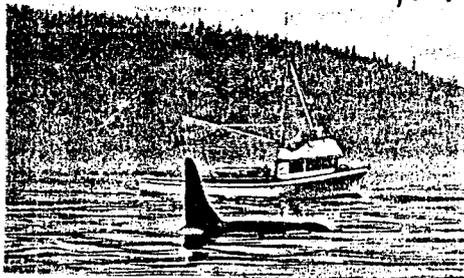
=====
I'd like to hear more from you & others with the same perception & where you got it. One of the main topix at Corilus & at the

Fanzine Lounges now at some major cons is "Where are we going to get fresh new talent to re-place the oldsters who are leaving & or vegetating?" Come to a couple of Corflus & I think you wdnt find it difficult at all to become a so-called Insider. At Confrancisco, I talked with Benoit Girard, of *Frozen Frog* fame. He had the right attitude. He hung in there, kept pubbing his ish in spite of the usual disappointments, & improving from one to the next, & now he's "In", at least as far as I'm concerned. I suppose there are a few snobs who don't want to talk to you unless you come out with another *Hyphen* first rattle out of the copier, but pay no attention, there's plenty of us who will be glad to help. Barnaby Rapoport, with *Let's Fanac*, and *Snarkin' Surfari* is another good newcomer. The best & quickest way to get connected, find out who's who & what's what, is to get Andy Hooper's *Spent Brass* from 4228 Francis Ave N, #103, Seattle, WA 98103. --yhos

MERVYN BARRETT asks...Is the initial impact when sf is discovered the same for 14-year-olds now (who have grown up with it all around them in book shops etc, its existence accepted as something that has always been there like sliced bread, even if until then one hadnt paid any attention to it) as it was for us 14ers who discovered it in the pre-Ace Books age?

Ω

SUE THOMASON
190 coach Road
Sleights, Whitby,
N. Yorks YO22 5EN
ENGLAND



Saw some (orcas) myself for the first time this summer, from the ferry crossing between Newcastle and Bergen, at the start of a 3-week mountaineering expedition in Norway. Sea calm and pewter-grey, like a huge liquid platter: sky luminous and washed-out after rain, with low diffused light coming through a high thin uniform cloud-cover. Self standing (as for the previous couple of hours) at the stern, watching the sea, the seabirds (gannets, puffins, guillemots), occasional small jellyfish with what looked like squeezed-toothpaste squiggles of virulent pinky-purple inside them, exactly the colour of some lightning flashes. And suddenly, standing on their tails two, three, hey they cant be dolphins theyre much too big, and black and white. Theyre a close group of four or five, looks like theyre playing, rolling over each other, jumping again, turning to look at the ferry. gone. . . Was a wonderful start to the holiday.

JONATHAN WAITE
45 Oldfield Road
Westbury, Wiltshire
BA13 3LB England

...I cant agree with a lot of [brown's] basic postulates. I dont know what kind of Star Trek fans you have over there, but Ive met a large selection of ours and they are almost all (a) also fans of literary sf, like me, (b) intelligent, articulate and literate, some more so than I (c) pulling down above-average salaries in demanding jobs. Curiously enough, if you were to ask a typical British "trufan" about British "Trekkies," the answer you would get would probably echo mr. brown's opinions almost exactly: immature, stupid, and socially dysfunctional. I'm sorry, but to me this seems like prejudice, if not bigotry. (The barriers are starting to soften over here, but it's taking far too long).

I have seen all of the original *Star Trek* and quite a lot of the original *Twilight Zone*. Both had good and bad episodes. Both, at their best, were good television sf. Both, at their worst, were simply ridiculous. But taken all in all, they were both, in their time, groundbreaking series, and I can't see mr. brown's reason for calling one sf and the other drek. Of course, I'm a Star Trek fan myself, which automatically devalues my opinion to the level of babble from the padded cell...

cont. p.27

And then there are what seem like contradictions. For instance, mr. brown says (p16): "The shift...into mass market paperbacks has unquestionably made more sf available to more people than has ever been the case before. Unfortunately...'more' is not necessarily 'better' and it's not even necessarily 'good'..or even 'as good.'" He then goes on to say (p18): "What Jophan yearns for is a community of people with whom he shares a common stock of images and allusions. I would submit that the sheer volume of paperback sf being published today makes this a virtual impossibility, ie, the chances are slimmer now than at any time in the genre's history that any two sf readers, upon chance meeting, will have read enough of the same books to be able to discuss them." Surely fen who agree with his earlier claim will have unerringly picked out the very few "good" books and confined their attention to them, and thus that problem will not arise...or does the existence of the problem mean we have to extend the definition of "good" sf?

The fact is, in my experience, that fen (in general) have no difficulty in talking to each other about books or anything else. The "common stock of images and allusions" runs deeper than mr. brown suspects, and even includes material from (gasp!) television and film. I've been a fan for--well, all my life, but a fan as such for about twelve years, and throughout that time British trufen have been loudly bewailing the imminent demises of sf, of fandom and of fanzine fandom in particular, swamped beneath a ravening horde of marching morons chanting "Beam me up, Scotty!" Nothing could have been further from the truth, of course: if fanzine fandom in the UK has been in any danger at all, it's been in the danger of disappearing up its own isolationist orifice. Now, as I say, the fundamental truth that if you keep everyone out, no one can get in seems to have percolated through, and more and more people are crossing over from one realm of fandom into another and back again. Which, in my opinion, is a Good Thing.

As for his final point, I believe it was "impacted" by Bob Shaw in an article reprinted in a British fanthology called *Now Read On*, published in 1987, which ended as follows:

"Fandom used to be a village.

"Now it's a city, with all the attendant advantages and disadvantages.

"I reckon it's still a good place to live."

Pace my earlier remarks on real-world cities, I think he's right. Maybe there is no "problem" with sf fandom after all.

DEREK PICKLES
44, Rooley Lane
Bankfoot, Bradford
W. Yorkshire, BD5 8LX, U.K.

I was nodding agreement with every word rich brown wrote. And yes, there were lettercols in 1930s pulps with some cracking letters from fans who have names now familiar to all. The comment about the lack of both SF magazines and lettercols in the few zines that appear is so true--I remember in 1954-55 *Imagination* reviewed two issues of *Phantasmagoria* & Stan Thomas and I (co-editors) received prozines as subscriptions from all over the US, and from people who were not known fans. We also had reviews in a couple of British digest mags and we received subs from people who, judging by their letters, moved their fingers as well as their lips when they read. We did get a sub from a 14-yr-old boy who a decade later (after we'd gafiated) became a leading light and noted fanzine reviewer in England--James Linwood.

JOHN B SPEER
2416 Cutler NE
Albuquerque, NM 8710

...I don't know how far back he [brown] is harking for what he calls "the first real piece of faanfiction," but remember about the First Transition ['37?] doing an article "Let's Have Fan Fiction Again," which harked back to such pieces as humorous fiction in *Fantasy Magazine* in which the characters were authors of the day.

[Are you possibly referring to *Alicia in Blunderland*, by P. Schuyler Miller, wch was already legendary when I reprinted it in 19 and aught 43?]

rich accepts something others have said but I have never seen demonstrated --that no one has come up with a defensible definition of science fiction. In what forum was that conclusion reached?...

=====

You mean someone has? In what forum was that conclusion reached? Personally, I like the operational definition I, Asimov, came up with for Jim Gunn's *Alternate Worlds*, ch 8.

LEN MOFFATT

Box 4456

Downey, CA 90241

I enjoyed...rich brown's column and your footnotes on same. I must agree with you that there are still many mundanes who look upon s-f fans and their conventions with as much disdain as they did decades ago. They still equate giant insect movies with science fiction and believe that fans are mostly nut cases. Events such as landing men on the moon converted a few, but not as many as one might think--or hope for.

JOSEPH T MAJOR

4701 Taylor Blvd #8

Louisville, KY 40215

The brown study sounds somewhat like the lament led by editors Leah Zeldes and Dick Smith in *Stet*, ...about the failure to regenerate and recruit from the younger generation. ...it was pointed out that the Zeldes generation of faneds came into fandom through the fanzine review column in *Amazing*, and that no such new source... has come about since then.

Not that there not such out there. Last May I w2as packed into a room with a horde listening to a faned disclaim on the costs and necessities of fanzine publishing. All very encouraging. Or was it? The editor was talking about publishing one's own *Star Trek* fan fiction. Colored covers are now a necessity, for example.

There are publications that for that field approximate what we see in fanzines, but they tend to be more professional. If *Trek* fen adore science fiction as much as we are told, why are they not coming into sf fandom?

=====
Maybe they see us as too amateurish! Horrid tho; but what I'd like to know is where they get the money to put out those fancy rags. Can it be as Jonathan Waite suggests, they've got better jobs bcoz they're smarter'n us? . . . Naaah. Or perhaps bcoz of greater dedicated faanishness & larger numbers, they have at last solved the problem that the first fanzines started with; getting enuf subs to pay for a good part of the costs of production. However, that's an even more dubious claim to their intelligence.

ON GREG WIDNER

ALEXIS A GILLILAND

4030 Eighth St S.

Arlington, VA 22204

The book that gave me the most insight into chemical dependency, the general term that includes alcoholism, was Barry Longyear's *Saint Mary Blues*, (SteelDragon Press, \$9.95) his somewhat fictionalized account of drying out in Minneapolis, MN. One of the points he makes is that alcohol and drugs, including prescription drugs, are interchangeable, and that the patient will stop ndrinking if he has a substitute, such as pot or valium. With the corollary that such a substitution doesn't help the basic problem. On a panel, Barry told how he tried to give up tobacco, and became addicted to nicotine chewing gum.

The second point Barry makes is that the condition is serious. For every patient who leaves the clinic cured, another patient will be back within a year and a third patient will be dead, also within a year. This may reflect the lateness of the intervention, or perhaps the gravity of the situation that leads people to attempt desperate remedies, but it points up the fact that the odds were heavily stacked against your son.

Finally, you say that even though you saw it coming, you were powerless to stop it. It is proper that you mourn your loss, but bitterness, guilt, & anger are inappropriate. It was never in your power to do very much of anything except pick up the pieces. The third point that Barry makes is that each patient has to do it their own self; nobody else can do it for them. And even then, all that the cure amounts to is that, once they are sober, they must somehow resist forever the compulsion to take a drink.

Time heals; I hope it is healing you. Speaking for myself only, the grief after Dolly's death on November 21, 1991, is far less intense after a year's time. Perhaps for the same reason that *Yhos* #52 vanished into the pile; the sediment of current events covered it over. And yet--and yet. I spoiled some of this year's Christmas cards by writing "Dolly and Alexis" on them the way I always used to.

Thanks, Alexis, your letter was most helpful. Not that I didn't appreciate the sympathies and reaching out from all the others, but I needed a dose of your unblinking realism. Also Mae Strelkov sharing that she had also lost a second son recently helped to bring me back to the here & now.

ABOUT POLITIX

LEE HOFFMAN
3290 Sunrised Trail
Port Charlotte, FL 33952

Please note new street number in my address.

I disagree with ShelVy about Economics 101. Money is, in effect, created by Man at Work...but not by Money at Work. The only money that comes from Money At Work is taken from Man at Work. Somebody has to work to produce the money that comes in return for investment and gets paid in interest and dividends. What you invest in is a system whereby someone will trade his physical and/or mental work for someone else's and what you get is a piece of the trade.

Everything on this earth is here free for the taking or the thinking up and doing. What you pay for is the work that went into moving it from where it was, converting it from one form to another, or not being killed by the guy who has possession of it when you try to take it. What you pay with is your own moving, converting or holding possession of something else that was free in the first place.

Money in hand is just a credit for work that's been done for which one hasn't yet got something in trade. Debts are just a promise to do work for something you've already got in trade. When you invest in something, you're guaranteeing someone that he'll get paid for work he does. You're able to do this because you're holding credit for work someone has already done. When you make a profit on your investment, you're part of someone else's pay for work he's done. When you lose on the investment, someone else is getting pay for work you've done. And like that.

The paradox of schizo America is the conflict between our professed principles and reality, and our failure to

recognize it. If we actually lived by the principles we profess as a nation, we'd all be Libertarians. There'd be no need for govt regulation because everything would be self-regulating in the best interests of the nation. There'd be no need for environmental protection. We'd protect it for our own sake and the sake of future generations. There'd be no need for welfare. We'd all take care of the needy out of compassion. Etc.

The Politics Game is really weird. As a nation, we know damned well that politicians running for office lie like Mad Ave, but we all go through these election year pavaues where we and they all act as if we believe what they tell us. And in a year or two we all act surprised because they didn't keep their campaign promises.

Joe Major: To Lee Hoffman: Administrators are primarily interested in defending their own turf, as I noticed when reading back in 1970 about the agency of the Italian govt responsible for distributing clothing to World War Two orphans. At age 24, minimum, they should have been able to get their own clothing.

The rule for fending off budget cuts is to shut down something the public is aware of. This is why the National Park Service's response to proposed budget cuts is to propose closing the Washington Monument in order to save money. On a more local scale, your friendly local police never think of putting off that million-dollar new headquarters building or cutting back the staff in it; no--they reduce the number of police patrols. And so it is in every village and town, not to mention larger organizations

I can endorse the editorial comment about "Our society apparently values administrators and coaches over classroom teachers." At the local university, the highest paid person there is the football coach. In fact, they are urging the higher authorities to build him a \$52 million stadium. Now if the team would ever win more games than it loses in a season . . . While education funds are being cut \$14 million, the exemplar the University of Louisville wishes to showcase for the public as its epitome is a

coach who sounds semi-literate, senile or both.

Also "The Little Guy is going to get about 10% . . . and in the back room the Big Guy will get 90%. Strangely enough, it seems that of all vast welfare expenditures we have in this country, only about 10% of what is spent actually gets to (trickles down? Whatever) the poor. The rest goes to administration, to middle-class, and even to upper-class folks.

JACK SPEER: Shelby repeats arguments we've heard frequently from conservatives, but these being in a fanzine occasions response.

Maybe its true that taxing multi-millionaires at 100% wouldn't make a dent in the deficit, if you're talking about reportable income; but a 100% capital levy would nearly wipe out the national debt. Foreigners hold only a fraction of it. The most remarkable thing about his discussion of rights is that he never stops to say on what basis he declares theres a right to this but not to that. I dont suppose he'd admit that legislation creates rights. He's probably unconsciously appealing to the constitution (as he conceives it) or perhaps to natural justice as it seems to him. If one wants to discuss rights rigorously, theres a terminology at hand, Hohfeld's, in which every right has a correlative duty: If I have a right to \$50, you or a govt agency or someone has a duty to pay me that \$50. Many of what are cherished under the name of rights are immunities: One is immune from criminal liability for exercising free speech, ktp. At least, Vick was a breath of political incorrectness in a fanzine whose contributors tend to be orthodox.

To Leeh: With the press whipping them on, it is understandable that citizens are irritated by the cost of legislators' staffs and perqs. If one were really enlightened, he might reflect that he doesnt know much about what being a legislator entails, and that his judgment on this may be no more valid than his judgment on what an architect needs to do his job. Even with less enlightenment, one should understand that we are talking about peanuts here. Education, the good expenditure that Lee mentions, takes up most of a state's budget; the cost of the legislature is small, and the

utmost economy therein would make no difference.

On ed notes: Was Jarvis a politician? You are too hard on the breed. There are good politicians. There are many people who hold office so they can accomplish the public good.

I dont believe that California is anywhere near #50 among the states in any kind of per capita expenditure (on education).

I know who Alice B. Toklas was, but if ABT brownies means something other than brownies, i am ignorant of it.

Q
Yes, Jarvis was a politician. But please point out to me where I was hard on politicians in general. In fact, I went to some pains to point out where the electorate, or large portions of it, often get better pols than they deserve.

Believe it, Calif is now down there with Arkansas & Mississippi. I'll try to find some documentation on it, but there hasnt been much in print lately; we're too ashamed of it. Alice B. Toklas used to make brownies laced with marijuana for Gertrude Stein, Hemingway & friends on the Left Bank. It was legal at the time, even in the US, until 1937, as you probly know. Recently, it has been discovered that moderate amounts relieve the suffering and nausea of chemotherapy, but conservatives have so far defeated any measures that would allow it to be used for that specific purpose. None of the legal drugs are helpful.

ABOUT SEVAGRAM

Karen Anderson
3 Las Palomas
Orinda, CA 94563

Van Vogt wrote two Isher novels, *The Weapon Shops of Isher* and *The Weapon Makers*, following the short story "The Seesaw." (Which I think was included in the book version of the second novel). The name Isher may well be intended to evoke Ishtar, Lady of Love and War--a fit patroness for Innelda Isher.

...Here's a xerox of Alva Rogers' discussion of *The Weapon Makers*, including what I am sure is the correct form of the last line: "This much we have learned; here is the race that shall rule the sevagram." Not "the next sevagram."

There is in fact a connection to Gandhi, but having nothing to do with his death as Alexis' source thought, but rather something he said. I disremember where I saw it, maybe once in a fanzine and once mundanely, as I remember two versions. Knowing Van's stated habit of throwing all his current interests into what he was working on, I'd say the original statement by Gandhi was quoted in either *Time* or *Newsweek* some time in 1942.

What Gandhi said was, "The universe is within the sevagram," or possibly "The universe is within Sevagram," and the mysterious word is either Hindi for "village," or the name of a village co-op. If anybody runs it down, will they let me know? But it seems clear enough that Van was just using it as a synonym for "universe."

Reverting to Ishtar, have you seen the new paperback of the *Ship*? Ignore the cover; turn to p 19, and the Finlay drawing of Ishtar/Sharane confronting Nergal/Klaneth. They dont draw them that way any more.

And on a totally different matter: Is it true, as I've seen claimed, that fandom was ignorant of the origin of Walt Willis' title "The Harp that Once or Twice"? I thought everyone knew that song. I learned it in grade school. "So sleeps the pride of former days, so glory's thrill is o'er--" I dont doubt that European/British/Irish culture is dismissed as irrelevant these days; but surely the fans of the fifties knew it.

Ω

The Alert Reader mentioned on p8 also provided some specifics on Sevagram, altho he didnt mention his source. He's the same Aussie who stoutly stood up for Vegimite in the editorial, David Russell, of, oddly enuf, 196 Russell St, Dennington, Victoria, Australia 3280. He says, "Sevagram does exist in southern India. It's between Nagpur & Amaravati & Yavatmal and is about 900 kms below New Delhi. Latitude 20.45 N, Longitude 78.30 E."

As to The Harp, I sort of assumed it came from "The Harp that Once Thru Tara's Halls..." altho I dont remember any of the song itself, including the lines you quoted. Maybe some members of Second Fandom can shed light.

JOHN BERRY

4, Chilterns
S. Hatfield, Herts,
AL10 8JU, U.K.

I retired from the constabulary in August 1991, thinking I would henceforth have the opportunity to use the predicted masses of spare time to pursue all my interests, but having so much spare time meant that I could really indulge myself in my many interests, and it has transpired that *I'm working harder than when I was working*, [Italix by yhos] if you know what I mean. [Do I ever!]

I've been researching several fields of interest, and contrary to what I anticipated, my mind seems to be working much more lucidly and speedily now that I am nearing 70. [Hmhf--wait til you reach 76!] This could of course be the result of my mind and brain being free of the restrictions I had when I was a fingerprint expert, because for 38 years performing The Discipline, I was not permitted to make an error. I made more than my fair quota of normal mundane human errors, of course, but for about nine hours per working day I was like an automaton, my mind geared to a pitch of concentration, nevertheless having to maintain a 360° sweep of initiative to capture fingerprint identifications from memory when the routine systems proved negative.

Now I am avidly reading and investigating Egyptian, Greek and Roman history, the origins of man (and woman), astronomy and cosmology, space flight history, maintaining my very extensive stamp collections, writing fingerprint articles for a journal which I edited for 64 quarterly issues, (but resigned when I ceased performing the work), finishing three books which I have been writing for forty years, trying to keep one step ahead of my wife, and trying to keep an up-to-date total of grandchildren (now six). I'm sure you thought I was very ignorant for not writing earlier to thank you for YHOS, but now you know some of the reasons.

Ω

I didnt think any such thing. I know astronomy alone consumes huge gobs of time. Theres so many of the buggers out there!