

# EPIPHANY

EPIPHANY is #1 of a series. December 3rd, 1982. Published as a rider with IZZARD #3 & #4. Gary Farber of 4227 - 8th Ave. N.E. Seattle, WA 98105. The tel.# is (206)632-7167. Available by whim and feel free to ask. If you do a fanzine, of any type, trade ?

Allow me to introduce Fabulous Seattle Fandom to you. Not all of the people in Seattle who identify themselves as "fans" will be introduced to you here, of course. Miss Fanners would frown at my attempting to do so at other than a formal affair, no doubt, and we won't be having one of those until Mr. Clifford Rinko Wind & Mr. Robert James Francis Doyle's Holiday Feast on Dec. 18th. Unfortunately, only a small percentage of you have been invited to that. Not even the ill-gotten gains derived from Mr. Wind's ripping open correspondence to obtain checks, and selling off the more profitable bulky items that pass within reach of his niche at a local outlet of the United States Postal Service would suffice to pay for all the food you would eat. Not even the riches derived from Mr. Doyle's infernal messing with atoms, protons, neutrons, and other small particles that are always escaping (getting underfoot and fouling the vacuum cleaner) for the mighty United States Navy Department, not to mention selling the occasional small reactor to interested Communist, mutant, Third World punk rocker terrorists with cheeto's up their noses gives him enough income for that!

Fortunately, by the way, Bob won't tell them how to make a bomb with their fuel, so rest assured that you can still feel safe at home as you curl up alone, with your sweet baboo, sweet baboos, or poster of Mr. Spock.

So, you see, I can't herein introduce all of Fabulous Seattle Fandom to you. Why, many of the people who turn up at cons with "Seattle" written on their nametags aren't previously known to me. No, sir. Every con an adventure, y'know. Nor do I attend functions of the local con sponsoring club, the NWSFS, more than once every year-and-a-half. No, I'm afraid I remain a stick-in-the-mud fanzine fan who still doesn't know many of the Big Cheeses of Pacific Northwest con fandom.

I can introduce you to a fragment of my view of the tossed salad of friends, acquaintances, and hangers-on that makes up Seattle Fandom for me.

It occurred to me after marching over to the Nielsen Haydens' to announce that they would be privileged to send out IZZARD with EPIPHANY, and later learning that this bomb-shell news set off small explosions between the dimples of John D. "Tall-Fellow-Who-Cut-His-Hair" Berry, and between the dimples of Steven "Bryan" Bieler that a brief sketching in of background to this flurry of broad foreground strokes from Seattle fanzine fandom might be appreciated by you.

If not, perhaps you should take this opportunity now to crumple this fanzine up, toss it over your left shoulder into the garbage, and move along to the TAFF ballot, not neglecting to vote AVEDON CAROL for TAFF, of course.

\* A branch of USC Armed Forces devoted to refurbishing used battleships for collectors, building aircraft carrier battle groups for admirals & the steel industry, and generally doing its darndest to prepare for WWII. Thus, it does its part to help prevent unemployment and provide atoms, neutrons, etc, for Mr. Doyle to play with as a civilian contractor; all this proving that the friendly US Government's ostensible purposes are merely a cover for supporting fandom. Now, us U.S. fans wouldn't be here if not for the Government, right? We wouldn't be fanacing if we weren't here, right? Therefore, the US Government's purpose is to support fandom, and let us have no more of that tawdry anti-Americanism so many of you display.



Seattle is a small town of 500,000 within the city limits, and not more than a million within the urban area. (Boeing, for some odd reason, has managed to get the city limits to extend around its plants, without ever including them, thusly avoiding those pesky city taxes, regulations and, also, doing its part to help keep government off the backs of the people, not to mention the airplanes, cruise missiles, MX's and the like. This respectably libertarian attitude toward government interference doesn't extend to wishing the Export-Import Bank would stop forcing those pesky government loans on foreign airlines.) Those of you from tiny villages may lift an eyebrow when I claim Seattle is a small town. Well, put your eyebrow back down, you look silly that way. 'Seattle functions as a small town does in a way I alluded to in a previous fanzine -- one is constantly running into people one knows. You could argue that this is because Seattle only has six interesting places to be, and these are where people are bound to turn up, but I would not slander my adopted home town so. No, let us say that there are certain loci in Seattle and these are bound to attract fascinating people, thusly guaranteeing that someone you know will be there. These loci include the Pike Street Market, certain downtown bus stops, Magazine City (largest selection in the State), parts of the University District, parts of Capitol Hill, several video game parlors (a limited subset, although I did run into Sam/Smerdyakov of the Flying Karamozov Brothers at Goldies the other week), and of course, Special Events.

One not so special even, but a locus for me, is the monthly "Vanguard" Party, currently held with amazing and fantastic convenience for me at Our House. Our House, incidentally, also is the residence currently of Anna Vargo, Misha Mazzini (youthful theater major and Most Enthusiastic) and the soon-to-be-traded-to-California-for-Matt-Davison Lucy "Really" Huntzinger who reads lots of fanzines faithfully and-expects-to-make-her-fanzine-debut-shortly-look-for-it-Lucy-Huntzinger. This residence, a brown and dowdy rundown house, two floors above entrance level, and a separate basement apartment hidden in back is located in the liver of the Exciting University Districk. I could talk about the Exciting Events of Our Block, such as the Gunshots and Kidnapping, or the African Student Riot, or The Time They Set Fire To Our House, or even the Exciting Notice of Improper Garbage Can Lid, but such drama would probably get your heart all aflutter, so instead: a geography lesson.

Start in downtown Seattle (once known to settlers as New York: Alki, "alki" being a local Indian term for "Bye & by" -- opinion varies as to whether the Indians were far-sighted or merely sarcastic). Go north a couple of miles, cross a bridge, turn left, go 2 blocks and you're here. Should you turn east 5 more blocks, then just before you trip over the border of the University of Washington Campus and bruise your ankle and nose, you will arrive at a large apartment house which counts the Nielsen Haydens, as well as Shelly Dutton and Chuck Spear, as its denizens. This is at 15th Ave. N.E. and N.E. 45th St. Parallel to 15th, one block west is the Main Drag, University Way, loaded with Baskin-Robbins ice cream, banks, book stores, restaurants, used record stores, Woerne's Pastry Shop, pizza, and in general, the usual primitive needs of the common college "student". Assuming you're deeply offended by someone there, spin on your heels, turn westward and launch yourself 25 blocks. Go 2 south, and you will find yourself at the pleasantly bourgeois yellow corner house rented by Suzanne Tompkins, Jerry Kaufman, and Bob Doyle, where you'll probably find the Nielsen Haydens anyway. A basement room contains nineos, electrostencilers, a bed, typer, and the required mix of books & rock'nroll posters. It is also a fine place to get away for private talks during a party because as soon as you do, three other people will enter, thus giving you that communal, we-must-share-everything-you-cannot-escape warm feeling so necessary for the preservation of a group spirit and identity. 2 floors are above, but the ground floor is the most public, site of many a party and collation. A color tv in a living room lined with books provides an excuse for improntu get-togethers, a trance object (although Teresa Nielsen Hayden may often be found breathing hard in front of the fireplace as the flames dance higher, her pyro-intoxication grows, and she throws another neo on the fire), and as a box through which I myself have seen "Mill St. Blues" and "Hitch-hikers Guide To The Galaxy". Here is where the aforementioned Formal Affair of Mr. Doyle and Mr. Wind (Mr. David Charles Bray, wines and assistance; Suzanne Tompkins, panic) will be held, and these fanzines assembled for mailing.

The neighborhood of Wallingford (we passed the divvy line between it and the University District 15 blocks back) is dull, but boring. Block after block of single and double family residences, broken by the occasional tiny apartment house, small school, or exploding gas station. The thoroughfare of N.E. 40th St. stretches east-west, overlooking Lake Washington, and the thoroughfare of N.E. 45th St. is the Main Drag back to the U. District. Upon this road, I, and the #43 bus, travel like a yo-yo, sometimes stopping at Goldies, aforementioned



Video Den & Pub, conveniently halfway in between. If, in coming back to the U. District from Suzle, Jerry and Bob's place, we travel only 4 blocks back east and then 2 south, we come to Jane Hawkins, Ole Kvern, and Vonda McIntyre's house. A 2 floor place, Vonda owns the upper and Jane the lower. A cosy place, Jane & Ole's serves as the techie center for some, with cable tv, Vonda's Osborne computer, the newer G & G Electronics System computer, Ole's music synthesizers, and Strange Gadgets. Some of us gather here for convivial conversation, hospitality and company. I have also been known to see "Hitch-Hikers Guide", and "Hill St. Blues" here, and I am indebted to them for their kindness and friendship. I still wish Jane (Cosmic Engineer of Pacific Northwest Bell) hadn't thrown out her map of the new set-up after the break-up of the Bell System: Southwest - Taco Bell, Southeast-Southern Belle, San Francisco - Tinker Bell, Arizona - Hotterthanhell's Bell, Pennsylvania - Liberty Bell, etc. My experience has been that if you want to see Vonda, this house is the place to do it, since she doesn't get out much to local skiffy circles anymore.

Flying (or driving on Interstate 5, which runs a block away from Our House) from my residence southwards, and stopping before we get downtown brings us to Capitol Hill. Here we find Clifford Wind, President of his Condominium. It is a stirring moment when he makes his annual State of The Condo Speech. It is only a moment, but how frequently do you have them? And, there is no truth to those rumors that he's selling the rights of his story to John D. MacDonald, for a sequel. Don't believe it for a minute. It's going to Jerry Pournelle. 10 blocks east is a large house shared by John D. Berry, Eileen "Peter" Gunn, and not-fans-but-fine-people-why-some-of-my-best-friends- Patty Quinn (local Famous Movie Maker) and Mike Acker. Somewhere in Capitol Hill's space is Paul Novitski. Also on Capitol Hill, home of old hippies, young gentry and gays of all ages is Horizon Books, eerie and eldritch old house converted to used book store, current home of the Nameless, a miscellaneous collection of whoever turns up on the 2nd Friday of the month to talk skiffy, drink beer, look-puzzled-at-what-they've-stumbled-into-when-really-really-they-were-just-looking-for-a-place-to-get-out-of-the-rain-and-a-book-store-looked-like-it, or wander a block down to Bloch's (named after Mr. "Is Superb") for a sandwich when things wind down after midnight.

Across the street from Bloch's is 606 15th Ave. E., a large, solid house where Loren MacGregor (traded to San Francisco Fandom) lived for over 8 years, as well as housing, for varying lengths, Anna Vargo, Jerry Kaufman, Suzanne Tompkins, John D. "Telephonepolewriter" Berry, Denys Howard, Paul Lemman, John "Pac-Man" Carl, Jeff Frane (also traded to the Bay Area), Les Sample, and me, among others. \*Sniff\*. I'd still love to live there if they had not raised the rent by \$350.00. Gentrification. Down 15th Ave.E. is Volunteer Park (Spanish-American War Volunteers, dig? Remember the MAINE?) with a splendid pseudomedieval Water Tower that gives one of the best views in Seattle. Across from Horizon Books is the Cause Celebre Cafe, hippieleftist Ice Cream Collective, with a superb graffitti collection in its uni-sex bathrooms (which prove that Phyliss Schaflly was right to push for the death of the ERA -- I'll bet you don't have separate-but-equal bathrooms in your residence, thus proving what commie scum filth you really are already; all of U.S. fandom would be completely decadent if not for the postponement of ERA, except, of course, for New York fandom, which is well known to never drink, drug, or have sex). Capitol Hill is a lovely place to me, even without the Capitol Hill Mob"\$obsolete name for segment of Bafulous Seattle Fandom) existence.

The Vanguard Party does exist, every first Saturday of the month. During the day, we sporadically clean and go about our individual errands. About 7:30, there is a knock at the door. (Despite it always being unlocked for parties, everyone always knocks. Fans here are so goddam polite, it's a goddam annoyance. If getting them to stop is the only accomplishment of this knock-off rider, it will have been worthwhile.) I open it and a stocky-but-quiet man enters, and I say, "Hello, Thom Walls, how's the NWSFS Treasury & contract computer programmer business?" He answers calmly and there is another knock at the door, I open it, and a tall-but-only-sometimes-quiet man enters. I say brightly, "Hello, Alan Bostick, how's the gafia and physics student business?" Alan gives me an annoyed look, and enters. We chat as I walk about the rooms, nervously straightening various small items. There is a knock, the door is opened, and Joanna Russ comes in, asks if you could relieve her of an armload of Stuff, puts down her foot stool, and lays down on the floor to converse. We chat, and suddenly a small horde of people (what do fans come in, anyway? Quires?, Quips?, Flocks?, Buckets?, Beds?, Broomsticks?, Burbs?, Acks?, what? Let me know.) sweep in. Fans bustle back and forth to the refrigerator, putting their stocks of beer, Tab, Coke, Diet Coke, Pepsi, fruit juice, etc, away. Cliff Wind brings his latest



dessert. Karen Savage brings her latest dessert. David Bratman brings some crudzines to donate to my collection, and buys some duplicates. That is my just dessert. Tami Vining has a beer. Janet Kramer arrives with her dessert, and something Strange for people to drink. Paul Novitski either comes very early or very late, and only occasionally brings a pizza with sprouts from Morningtown Pizza. Patrick Nielsen Hayden rushes in to tell me all the latest fanzine gossip, everything about all of his mail and his Insights therein in One Breath. Teresa solemnly tells me an absurdity and says, "Just So". Tami Vining has a beer. Don Keller arrives with Deirdre Keller (now 2 years old) and only occassionally Tatiana Keller (night nurses, in a peculiar twist of fate, work at night). Deirdre becomes the Life of The Party. She dances. She climbs in a box. She waves. She informs us ("My mommy has money."). She questions us (Where's Kitty?). She giggles. She climbs in a box. She cries. She wants her Daddy. Daddy picks her up and swings her through gymnastics that have everyone fearing they will witness a smashed Deirdrehead on the ceiling or floor. She gets down and gets happy. She climbs in a box. She plays with Kitty. She plays with giant-spool-that-doubles-as-table. She gets bored and...she climbs in a box.

Don discusses Science Fiction. Tatiana, when present, voices mildmannered opinions. Tami Vining has a beer. Bob Doyle argues with Alan Bostick. Alan sneers at Bob. Bob thinks Alan is silly. Chris Bates looks skeptical. Suzle hides in a corner. John Berry discusses fanzines with Patrick. Kate Schaefer wishes to insist on dancing. Lucy Huntzinger wishes to play the latest music for someone. Someone wins, someone loses. Tami Has A Beer. In a corner, Jane Hawkins, Jessica Salmonson, Wendy Schultz, Judy Flinder and two others are talking. Smokers Shelly Dutton, Chuck Spear, and Janice Murray talk with Karrie Dunning on the porch. Anna Vargo makes mulled cider. Suzle has small sip wine becomes scintillating anecdote teller, apologizing 6 times through for her inadequacy. Mish has 2 beers and becomes raucous. The people downstairs thump on the grating between our floor and their ceiling. Alan leaps out of his chair. After 4 quarts of beer, Jim Turner reminisces. And reminisces. People cluster about the kitchen entrance, blocking it off. Coats mysteriously begin appearing on top of the records, on tables, on bookshelves, on seats. I spend a lot of time spiriting coats off to Lucy's bed where they can make nice at each other, gossip about their owners, and generally have social intercourse with each other. Elinor Busby says something interesting. Tami has a beer. If Frank Denton is there, he and Don Keller talk about music. Jerry Kaufman kibitzs. 8 miscellaneous feminists circulate. Steve Bieler eats food. Later, he will do his Mick Jagger impression. Gene Perkins utters 42 pleasant and intelligent comments in a voice so inaudible no one can make out what he is saying. 8 people, of who I have no knowledge from whence they came mill about. I approach one, introduce myself, and she tells me she came in to see the house after noticing the "For Sale" sign outside. Mish falls asleep in a chair. Eileen Gunn talks seriously with Joanna. Judy Blinder audits two conversations at once. Fran Skene laughs a lot. Fran is an easy laugh. John Carl has already told me the latest video game gossip, and the party has peaked. Herbs are imbibed upstairs, or on the porch. Lucy disappears to go to another party, we presume, but no one knows for sure, because no one has seen her leave. 5 local non-fanzine fans groan when I attempt to show off the latest fantastic new special fanzine publication. The idea of looking at the Best of Bob Shaw, or Susan Wood, or the Fanthology is too awfully icky for words. In a corner, Jerry Kaufman is earnestly explaining "The Enchanted Duplicator" to a neo. The kitchen floor thunders as 6 people jump up and down in response to the latest joke. John Berry is one of them. The floor thumps back from the downstairs neighbors. Eileen and John decide it is time to leave, but stay at the door for twenty minutes with their coats on, talking. People begin organizing rides, and skirl out the door. Tami has her last beer, and leaves, still wearing her "Better Dead Than Mellow" button. The dregsform "Condensed Cream of Party" and gossip. Having settled all noteworthy issues of fandom, politics, society, history, literature, travel, religion, thought, emotion, and food, people exit. After collecting beer cans, and glasses from behind book shelves, from window sills, and a few of the more unlikely places, I go off to read a bit before going to sleep. The party is adjourned.

That is a typical party, of course. Once people have read this, the next party will consist of people entering, beating me with sticks and fists, and striding forth, leaving never to return.

Vanguard first began meeting about November of 1980, at the Vatican (Denys Howard, Paul Lemman and, at the time, John Carl's residence -- since Paul Novitski was living in the same house as John Berry at the time, Denys' place was where John, Paul, Two lived,



ohohohohohoho -- we're such cards, here in Seattle) after I proposed the idea of a regular party to Denys, and others, and everyone thought it was a Keen idea. Despite most of us seeing each other all the time, there was no dependable time/space you could catch most people at. Nameless was/is rather moribund, and excessively nebulous. Too many good people don't bother going to it, too many dull ones do, and it's physically crowded as it is. The idea of flooding into the local "sf club", the "NWSFS" wasn't considered for more than .318 milliseconds since a) they're presumably happy as they are, and why disturb them with alien, unwelcome ideas of "fandom", and b) there is an insufficient amount of shared interests between "Us" and "NWSFS". Besides, who wants to bother with "business sessions"?

I started in fandom as a fanzine fan, not knowing any other fans in all of New York City. Learning about fandom from fanzines, "All Our Yesterdays" by Harry Warner, Jr., and other reference books, I idly wondered if somewhere out there the Queens Science Fiction League might still be going, and if Sam Moskowitz was still feuding. Eventually, I made First Contact with local fans, hung out at the various New York clubs, and enjoyed myself. (Later on I would walk by the Dakota and beam faanish thought rays at Dick Bergeron's apartment on my microwave tightbeam, little knowing what monstrous effect this would later have on the then-gafiate, but that is not a story to be told here, in a family fanzine.)

So, after moving out here, I came to conceive of (and still think of) the Vanguard Party as halfway in between the Fanoclasts and FISTFA (Faanish Insurgent Scientifical Association -- whose sole purpose is to be a completely open party -- no one can be turned away no matter how fuggheaded and disliked, whereas Fanoclasts is, in theory, a small bunch of friends, oriented towards fanzines.).

For the rest of the month, people get together in all manner of combinations, natch. Fer sure, as they say, a few of the scum who attend can't stand some of the others. Some merely annoy others, and some believe others have done them a terrible wrong. Some are correct. Some people won't come to parties where certain others will be present. This is a Damm Shame, but Understandable. I couldn't swear that I am in love with everybody, myself. But, so far, no one has been so obnoxious at the party as to be disinvited, once invited, despite the occasional spat and the more frequent whispered conversation in the bedrooms/bathroom/corner. Vanguard remains informally invitational, i.e., if you're attending, feel free to bring someone you think compatible after checking with us. If sufficient people disapprove of the way they punched out someone for not admitting that Mack Reynolds was the greatest writer ever, they are not invited back. Most out-of-town visitors are welcome.

What other thrill-packed adventures happen in Seattle Fandom? Well, holy stencils, Batman, enough to give Dick Bergeron the horrors at all the waste! Babble-17, an actual skiffy discussion group that meets on the 17th of the month To Have At a Specific Topic. (now, remember not to do this at home), as well as give here's-what-I-read-lately reports. Und ve haff movie expeditions; loads of other parties (remember that this is my fanzine, and my report and ain't no way anyone else is going to see things the same as My Way); constant out of town guests (recent: Stu Shiffman, Jay Kinney, Dixie Tracy Kinney, Jon Gustafson, Loren McGregor, Jon Singer, Peter Toluzzi; soon: Debbie Notkin, David Emerson, Dawn Plaskon, Doug Faunt, Rich McAllister, Mr. Tank, Allen Baum, Donya White); a World Fantasy Con bid; a play; multiple fanzines (these here, and Don Keller & Cliff Wind say RSN; Frank Denton maybe); trillions and beelions of impromptu get-togethers; sex; drugs; rock'n'roll; and yaddayaddayadda. Some people were even weird enough to play several soft-ball games this fall. I refuse, as neither Dave Bray, Don Keller, nor \*Lucy Huntzinger\* are sufficiently Wimpy enough to meet my fannish standards of wimpdom.

This has been a Fabulous Seattle Fandom, Gary Farber<sub>1982</sub> Version Report. More later.

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The right to arm rich brown is the right to be free!

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TAFF TALK Why you should vote for AVEDON CAROL FOR TAFF, meyer, is what this is about. Avedon should win TAFF because she liberated Europe, and saved Great Britain during World War II. She assassinated George Lincoln Rockwell, and created the Doors. She's been publishing Fine Fanzines for years. She's done splendid programming for Disclaves, and is working on Fan Stuff for the upcoming Worldcon in Baltimore. She has



given her life for rock and roll, and now refuses to listen to anything post-1972. she's a spiff writer, one of the best to come out of fandom in the 1970's. She's intelligent, opinionated, lazy-but-energetic, and extremely interested in British fandom. She's sure to do a trip report, and it's sure to be a delight. She's one of my favoritest people in fandom. She's a con fan, and a fanzine fan, and she knows Where It's At, boss. I think she's the most deserving, and best candidate, even if she will spend a half an hour at a minimum in the bathroom in the morning. Grant Canfield, Larry Carmody, and Taral are all fine fellows, in their way, yessir, but this year, it is AVEDON CAROL FOR TAFF!

Praise Roscoe.

CONCENTRATED EGOBOO There are heaps of good stuff in fanzines that have come out recently. I'd like to publically declare that I loved, admired, enjoyed, been interested in, or otherwise thought nifty and really trippy: rich brown's "Totem Pole" column in Boonfark, particularly in #7; Rich Coad's "Infinite Jest" column in Boonfark #6; Dan Steffan's "Enchanted Duplicator" comic strip; and Dan Steffan's BOONFARK generally; rich brown's BEARDMUTTERINGS #3, and rich brown generally; Rebecca Kurland's "Pardon my Catarrah" in the 7th World Fantasy Con Program Book; Jerry Kaufman's BEST OF SUSAN WOOD; Lee Hoffman's SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY; DRILKJIS, from Dave Langford and Kevin Smith; Ted White's GAMBIT 56; Stu Shiffman & Larry Carmody's RAFFLES; Rob Hansen's EPSILON 11; particularly Malcolm Edwards TAPPEN--really trippy stuff, boss; Christine Atkinson's "Life With The Loonies, Part 2 1/2 from TAPPEN; Kev Smith's DOT; Kev Smith's Ellipsis; Simon Ounsley's STILL IT MOVES; Alan Ferguson's piece chuting piece from STILL IT MOVES; Mike Glycer's Chicon report, and Daley newsletters; WARHCON which-should-and-I-hope-will-get further-comment-from-me; John D. Berry's WING WINDOW; and yes, I'm still alive, Darroll Pardoe. Cheese whiz, gang, there's been lots more good stuff, but I just loaned out a bunch of it, and I didn't make a list, so I'm probably missing some Fine Stuff. Be assured that I still love to get fanzines, want to get yours, yes, even those little obscure apazines, those flyers, and your giant genzine. Pay no attention to the fact that I haven't locced you, you haven't heard from me in 6 years, and you've decided I'm a hoax who doesn't deserve to ever hear from you again. Pay no attention to all that! Look into my eyes, watch them spin around and around, and listen as I say, "send me your fanzine, send me your fanzine, send me your fanzine..."

Go do so.

MISC. Hold your calenders open and mark down the first weekend in August. Why? Because that will be the date of the incredible CONTINUITY 2. A few of you were privileged to attend CONTINUITY 1, in 1981, and were heard babbling things like, "The Best Damm Party I've Been To In My Entire Life" -- Doug Faunt; "Franco shot my dog" -- Bill Gibson; "What do you think of Sartre's proposition that we are all imitating an identity?" -- Alan Bostick; "I laughed until I stopped" -- Tom Whitmore; "Yeah, man" -- Sharee Carton; "Burp" -- Jim Turner; "Hello" -- Eli Cohen; "Damm" -- Winston Churchill. CONTINUITY is either a small relaxacon, or a Jiant Party, depending on your definitions. 50 to 100 people show up for 3 days of Parties, Frolicing in the Sun; talk, imbibement, bookstore tours, art deco tours, cat tours, snarky gossip, rolling around on the lawn, and rolling around generally. A Good Time is Had By All. Guranteed, or your money back. It says so right here in print, and they wouldn't let me put it in print if it weren't true, now would they? It lasts at least three days, and people come from NY, the Bay area, Moscow, Idaho, all of Canada, not to mention Renton. So buy your plane tickets now, and prepare to fly in from England, Lighthouse Point, Minneapolis, Berkely, Kensington, East Lansing, New York, Washington, Baltimore, you too, Rebecca Lesses, and Hagerstown, Maryland. Stay with a Fabulous Seattle Fan and see them in the native habitat. Ideally timed between Westercon and Worldcon, you can't beat CONTINUITY for epiphanies.

HARRY WARNER, JR. Speaking of worldcon, I'm announcing the beginning of a crusade to persuade the Hermit of Hagerstown to show up at CONSTELLATION. This respected sage of fandom has finally retired from his Hagerstown newspaper job, and we wish him all the luck in the world with this new stage of his life. Despite his well-known despisement of Baltimore, we hope we can persuade Harry that there will be enough Real Fans at the worldcon to make it worth his while to attend. Write him.