

HABAKKUK, Chapter 3, Verse 4, Fall 1994
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Cover.....	Brad Foster	1
Meanderings	Bill Donaho	3
A Lyrical Hardness	Gregord Benford	9
Contributors.....	Worthy Fans	10
The Other Ten Per Cent	Debbie Notkin	11
The Trenchant Bludgeon	Ted White	13
Which Shall It Be?	T. Bruce Yerke	17
Growing Up In Texas.....	Bill Donaho	23
The Arena.....	Gentle Readers	31
Physics for the Confused	Brad Foster	77
Bacover.....	Trina Robbins	78
All Headings & Graphics..... (Including Mailing Envelope)	Sheryl Birkhead	
Except Page 13	Dan Steffan	
Pages 23 and 31.....	Ray Nelson	
Brad Foster	45, 72	
Linda Hardy	60	
Dave Haugh	5, 50, 76	
Bill Kunkel	56	
Adrienne Losin	38	
Franz Miklis	6, 14	
David Miller	49	
Catherine Mintz	69	
Peggy Ransom	12, 42, 57, 61, 66, 75	
Ray Nelson	18, 19, 23, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 32, 34, 35, 40, 41, 43, 44, 47, 53, 54, 68	
William Rotsler	2, 3, 4, 12, 14, 20, 21, 39, 73, 76	
David Russell	33, 37	
Dan Steffan	8, 59, 63	
Steve Stiles	65, 67, 71	
Tara	7, 74	

THIS IS A
FINE, ALMOST
ELEGANT
PANZINE



Meanderings

by Bill Donaho

HABAKKUK is of course very late. Printing problems. My printer broke down completely soon after the last HABAKKUK. So even locs didn't get written. Even if I were willing to go back to the typewriter I don't have one anymore. I have the use of one at the office, but that's hardly compatible with doing much fanac. So it goes.

I dithered around with just what I was going to do. I wanted to get a laser printer; but that meant new software. And my XT clone computer wasn't really adequate for the job and all that. So the prospective cost was mounting up.

And then Canon came out with this new St*rWriter Pro5000 word processor, and Dave Rike suggested I get it, since it would be cheaper than the other route and my present computer is perfectly adequate for all my other computer needs. So, I did just that.

The spelling checker is much better too. There is still one problem with it though. My favorite typo is still ; and while the checker will catch a ; in the middle of a word, it won't catch a ; if it occurs at the beginning or end of a word. I have found a lot of those, but there are probably some others left.

I can even input material! I can take double density 3-1/2" disks in ASCII or Word Perfect 5.0 or 5.1. As a result of that Dave Rike is kindly inputting some of the locs--after I have edited them of course. And, yes, I do spellcheck them afterwards.

I needed help. Usually I edit and input locs as I get them, but not knowing what route I was going to take, I didn't want to input stuff in PCWrite material I might not be able to transfer, so I just let everything pile up. rich brown wrote the longest loc, 10 pages of single-spaced, closely-written type, but Skel and E. R. Stewart were not far behind with 8 pages each. And there were probably more. My filing system isn't of the best. Last issue I managed to put Alexander Yudenitsch's loc in with the locs on HAB 3:1 and to completely lose Tom Feller's letter at least.

So, although you might not think it to look at The Arena, a fair amount of editing and quite a bit of cutting have taken place.

Anyhow I am now back in operation and the next issue should be out without such a long delay.

Dan Steffan for TAFF!

I wanted to go to Corflu this year, but the airfare plus the motel charges made it a little steep for my budget, so I

thought about going to Silvercon instead. What with Greg Benford being Pro Guest of Honor, Ted White being Fan Guest of Honor plus expected attendance of old fans I wanted to see again and new fans I wanted to meet it seemed like an ideal substitute. And with Air Fare of \$108.00 plus room rent of \$127.50 for four nights seemed too good to pass up.

However, since I had waited so long to register I found that the convention hotel was full. So I phoned Laurie Yates and she gave me the number of the Golden Gate Hotel, just across the street. And this turned out to be a better deal. Both hotels had a rate of \$25.00 (!!!) for Thursday and Sunday nights, but the convention hotel went up to \$45.00 on Friday and Saturday and the Golden Gate only to \$33.00. (All rates also have a tax of 10%.)

Laurie said that Arnie & Joyce Katz were giving a party Thursday, beginning at 4 pm and lasting till the last person collapses. And Las Vegas fandom was arranging a pick-up service, picking up at the airport everyone they know is coming. Wow!



I made my reservation at the Golden Gate. Later both Aileen Forman, the ConChair and Arnie Katz phoned me, offering to get me into the con hotel. But in spite of the fact that the con hotel, the Union Plaza, was the hotel prominently featured in "The Strand" I decided that I could walk across the street to save \$25.00. After all, I only expected to be in my room to sleep.

It turned out that the Golden Gate is the oldest hotel in Las Vegas and the rooms are exceedingly small and dumpy, but the bed was comfortable and the bath room was ok, and since I was only there when sleeping, showering, changing clothes, etc., it was fine.



I flew in Thursday afternoon, arriving about 3 pm. Ken Forman met my plane and helped me get settled in the Golden Gate. We then picked up Aileen and journeyed on to Arnie & Joyce's. One of the pleasures of the con was meeting Ken & Aileen. They are fine people. It was also great meeting in person Bill Kunkel & Laurie Yates and renewing contact with Arnie & Joyce.

It was a fine party. Joyce cooked a huge roast turkey and there was lots of other food and plenty to drink.



Fans kept arriving and the complete roster included Las Vegas fanzine fans Woody Bernardi, Ross Chamberlain, Ken & Aileen Forman, Arnie & Joyce Katz, Bill Kunkel & Laurie Yates, plus Lenny Bailes, Greg & Joan Benford, John D. Berry & Eileen Gunn, rich brown, Charles & Socorro Burbee, Don Fitch, Andy Hooper, Robert Lichtman, William Rotsler, Jack Speer, Dan & Lynn Steffan, Ted White, Art Widner and Paul Williams.

There were also many more Las Vegas fans that were so busy with the con that I didn't get a chance to get to know them. But since I have every intention of attending every Silvercon from now on, I will.

I hadn't seen Ted White in years so I spent a lot of Thursday talking to him. Alas, I had not brought a bathing suit so I could not take advantage of the Katz's hot tub or swimming pool. But with all the swirling furnish discussions I hardly had a chance to miss them. I got so absorbed in the discussions that my drinking slowed down a hell of a lot. I got only the mildest of alcohol buzzes. I was high enough on the fan talk.

The con proper got underway about noon on Friday. There was minimal programming. However, the movie room showed almost continual movies and the gaming room was open almost all the time. They had a vampire game which I am told involved an enormous amount of preparation, but which had to be Shut Down. They got carried away.

The con had Rotsler name-badge designs, with our choice of design. Oddly enough almost all of us fanzine fans picked the same design.

I was particularly interested in one panel on gambling which featured the Head of Security at the Sahara, Marcia McDowell, and Aileen, a dealer at the Hilton.

The con suite was open most of the time, and I visited it once or twice, but the Katzes also had a suite and the fanzine fans congregated there, while the con suite had the gaming and media fans. Naturally it was an almost continual party at the Katz's suite and with substantially the same group all the time, the days blend together in memory.

But a fine time was had by all. Several fans said that it seemed just like an extension of the last Corflu.

Friday night Greg Benford made a dinner reservation for 12 people and got a group together. It was a fine meal. Greg and Art Widner and I shared a bottle of Merlot. Ted White and I spent some time discussing Georgette Heyer. Robert Lichtman admitted he had never read her. I must say that he did not exhibit the proper shame for this transgression. And then back to the Katz suite.

Saturday morning I had breakfast with John D. Berry and Eileen Gunn. And Eileen interviewed me for information for her forthcoming biography of Avram Davidson.

Saturday night was the banquet. Both Greg and Ted gave very good speeches. And Ted read a couple of the fanzine reviews that appear in this issue.

Sunday I miss remembered the scheduled time and missed the panel of Numbered Fanzine Fandoms. Grumble. Grumble. And I finally played some blackjack. It has been years and I was rusty, so I only made \$1 and \$2 bets, winning about \$38.00.

Arnie & Joyce had planned to check out Sunday, but relented and kept their suite for one more night. A bunch of us went out to dinner to the Golden Nugget. The Last Vegas fans assured us it had the best restaurant in downtown Las Vegas.

The dead dog party finally broke up about 2:00 am, and I played some more blackjack for a couple of hours before turning in. And Monday: back to Oakland.

I really enjoyed the Silvercon. I plan to attend all of them from now on. Next year it is to be combined with Corflu of course, so it should be even more fun.

I enjoyed Silvercon so much in fact that in June I took some time off and combined a trip to Las Vegas with dropping in on the Katz's monthly fan party. Again, lots of fun!

Dan Steffan for TAFF!

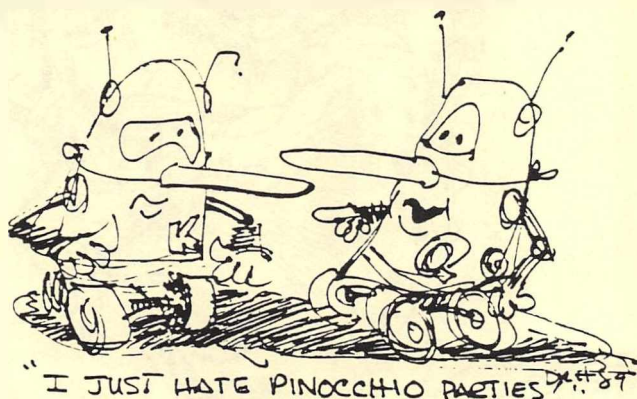
On Sunday of Labor Day Weekend Miriam and I suddenly decided to have a Non-Con barbecue on Monday and in spite of the extremely short notice managed to snag Poul & Karen Anderson, Don Heron & Jeanne Bowman, Tom & Marsha Condit, Dave Rike, the neighbors from both sides and a couple of Miriam's non-fan friends.

It was a howling success. At one point we got to talking politics and Poul referred to Janet Reno as the Butcher of Waco—which she certainly is. He also said that the Clinton gang is just a bunch of fascists—not the Berkeley swear word—but true fascists in the true National Corporate Socialism tradition.

And they obviously have no objection to considerable violence from the state. Even apart from the Waco massacre someone said that on Innernet there was a report that all Federal law enforcement officials have been polled on whether they have any objections to shooting people who resist confiscation of their guns.

But back to Poul. He said that for the past several elections he has voted Libertarian, but this year and in 1966, he is voting Republican. Any Republican would be better than Clinton. I may too. I also have voted Libertarian in the past elections, but voting Republican somehow seems against nature. The only Republican I ever voted for was Jacob Javits back in New York, and that was when he was running for Attorney General, not for Senator. And the last Democrat I voted for was Carter—for his first term, not when he was running for his second.

And Poul said that voting for Pete Wilson for Governor would almost choke him, but he would hold his nose and do it. I don't think I can manage that. I can vote against Dian Feinstein for Senator with no problem; she is a woman of principle; I just don't like her principles. But Pete Wilson! He wouldn't know a principle if one bit him on the leg.



I am a very stubborn person. I am also left handed, so when I came across a book on left-handedness, I read it. Among other things it said that the 19th Century theory of left

handedness was that left handers were very stubborn people, so stubborn that in early childhood they resisted the cultural pressures to be right handed. And by the time they realized that being right handed was to their advantage, it was too late; the pathways in the brain were fixed.

I don't know about other left handers, but I am that kind of stubborn. But while this may account for some left handedness, obviously some left handers are born that way. For instance identical twins are not really identical, one twin is the mirror image of the other, and almost always—like with Greg & Jim Benford—one is left handed and one is right handed.

I've had sex with both Benfords and I tell you being left handed does make a difference.

--Anonymous

Miriam's daughter, Jenny, got married early in June. Miriam is a minister in the Universal Life church and the groom's father is also a minister, so they shared the ceremony. They managed to get reservations for the Berkeley Rose Garden which was an ideal setting. The ceremony was nice. I arrived on time and got a tan waiting for it to begin.

The reception was at Jerry Knight's, a large and lavish house up in the Berkeley hills. Coincidentally, Robert Lichtman & Carol Carr and I were the first to arrive, knowing what the parking up there was like. Calvin and India Demmon made it, the first time I've seen them in years. The buffet was marvelous. Miriam and Jenny, and Roderick Ridgway, the groom, had spent most of the week before preparing things, but they also had a professional caterer for items like the poached salmon with cucumber slices.

Roderick works at Chez Panisse and was recently promoted to waiter from bus boy there. (Chez Panisse is regarded by many to be the best restaurant in the Bay Area and is also placed very high on foremost American Restaurants when food critics compile that sort of thing.) One of the presents Roderick & Jenny got was dinner and wine for two in the upstairs restaurant. Even Clinton didn't manage to get in the upstairs dining room when he dropped in earlier this year.

The day they chose to use this present was the day in which Alice Waters, the owner and head chef, put together a menu to honor a famous Spanish chef who was making a tour. When the menu became known—squid in its own ink—the cancellations started coming in. The Alice frantically called Roderick to dredge up another guest and Miriam got in on the invitation. She says that she gave the squid a real try, but that it was truly awful.

Roderick says that the staff at Chez Panisse calls it the Cheese Penis.

Dan Steffan for TAFF!

Last issue I had an account of Bill Rickhardt which among other things said that he left most of his estate to his legitimate son, Nathan, and nothing at all to his illegitimate son, Will.

Mary Alice asked me to say that although this was true, as Trustee she was able to get enough out of the Railroad Retirement Board to send Will through as much college as he

wanted to take--four years if he had wanted it--and to almost double Nathan's inheritance.

That's the kind of Trustee to have!

Dan Steffan for TAFF!

DUFF delegate, Alan Stewart, came through the Bay Area in late September. He stayed with Don & Jeanne who showed him around the area, including a lot of bookstores I understand.

Robert Lichtman, Dave Rike and I were invited over for dinner one evening. Now one thing we Americans believe about the Australians is that they drink a lot ~~even more than the British~~ and that they particularly like beer. So, Dave and I tried to pick out a representative sample of premium American beer.

We got six packs of Anchor Steam Beer, the new Miller Barley Draft, and Dos Equis (so it's Mexican). An Australian beer, Foster's, was available, but we figured he would be familiar with that, and besides since it was bottled in Canada it was probably nothing like it was back in Australia. When it was imported from Germany Lowenbrau was my favorite beer, but when they started bottling it here in the states it was **nothing** like the import, and of course they no longer import it.

But when we got to We Be Dudes Ranch we found that Alan doesn't drink at all. What a shock! Nevertheless dinner was fine and the talk before and afterwards was great.

One peculiar thing I noticed. Alan didn't drink at all. And at the start of the evening he seemed to have almost no Australian accent. But the drunker I got, the more accent he had. That doesn't make sense. If Alan had been the one getting drunk, it would of course. These days, sober I have very little trace of a Southern accent, but get me drunk....!

Robert left reasonably early and Don flaked out about midnight. I was waiting for Jeanne to kick us out, but she didn't do it. I had to go to work the next day, so Dave and I left around 1:30 or 2:00. (It's about an hour's drive home.) Late on I asked Jeanne why she hadn't kicked us out much earlier, and she explained that Alan seemed to be enjoying himself and she didn't want to cut it short for that reason.

It was very nice meeting Alan, and I wish I could get to know him better.

Dan Steffan for TAFF!

In NEIKAS Buck Coulson says that in spite of the fact that we speak English he thinks that the US has a Germanic culture, not an English one. And he says that overseas American soldiers liked the Germans almost as well as the English.... Well....

About 1950 I did a survey of veterans of WWI & WWII. It was not a scientifically-selected sample; I interviewed every vet who would let me. The odd thing to me was that the answers didn't vary very much from vet to vet.

It will no doubt infuriate the Canadians, but no one

thought of the Canadians as foreigners. And there is a certain amount of justification for this. When traveling in Canada one meets types that one doesn't ordinarily come across in the US, but the ones we do see in the US differ no more from us than the average Midwesterner does from the average Southerner.

And Australians were by all odds the favorite foreigner. (No distinction was made between Australians and New Zealanders, probably because of the ANZACS.)

And the Germans were second; American vets both liked and respected them. Opinion was divided on the English. If a vet was familiar with English history and English literature, he liked the English. If he wasn't, he didn't. And this boiled down to for the most part the middle class liked the English; for the most part the working class didn't.

I don't know why. At that time of course there was a fair amount of English resentment against the American vets: "They're overpaid, over sexed and over here!", but the same was true of Australians. And I frequently read of riots in Australia which resembled pitched battles between American and Australian troops. I never read of any such conflicts between American and English ones. But evidently the Americans and Australians picked themselves up after the riots and decided they were basically alike after all.

American vets generally liked the Italians, but had very little respect for them. And I interviewed no vet of either WWI or WWII who had a good word to say about the French.

There was not enough contact with any other nationality to form a consensus.





Sometime in the early 60's I read a survey of American and British teachers who had taught in both American and British schools. All of them were in complete agreement on two points: (1) British students had a better education, more intellectual skills. (2) American students had more and better social skills.

American intellectual skills have gone steadily down hill ever since then. Something like 1/3 of high school graduates can't read well enough to read the daily paper. I suspect that the American social skills have gone down hill too. Social skills are something learned primarily from one's peers, not something taught in school. And since tv has become an important part of our scene, American kids don't play together as much as they used to.

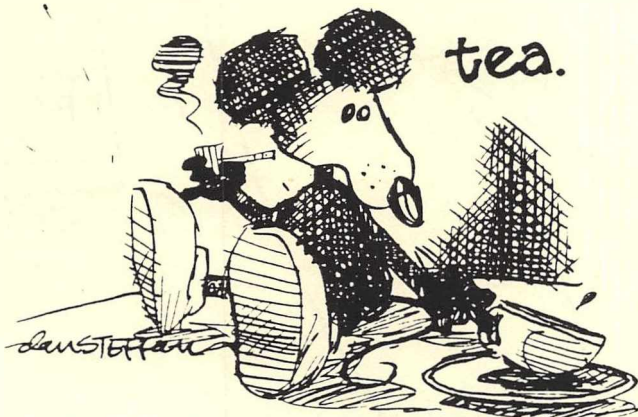
Good sportsmanship is not something that is innate to human beings. It's not a natural thing. And even though being a good sport brings applause, it is a thing so foreign to us that this is not enough to have us exhibit it.

Back before tv it was a clearly understood thing in our society that most men were good sports and most women weren't. It's not because good sportsmanship is natural to men and not to women; it's because a boy's friends and contemporaries beat poor sportsmanship out of him long before he got out of grammar school. This did not happen with girls. I don't know if it's because of less playing together because of tv or because there is much more of boys and girls playing together now rather than each sex playing separately, but there is a clear change: a hell of a lot more men are poor sports these days.

However it seems that behavior that is considered not "nice" is just as rare now as it was then. What is not "nice" for one sex may be all right for the other, but sanctions for not niceness are still imposed. The rough edges are still being smoothed off.

From Don Herron's letter in *The Arena* I gather that in Britain this happens to a different extent or rough edges are not considered that important or different things are considered to be rough edges. I'd like to get some British comments on that.

But social skills are not just a matter of being "nice". They are outgoing techniques for interacting with people. And these techniques seem less in evidence these days.



Dave Rike brought this to my attention. Lynne Yamaguchi Fletcher and Adrian Saks have published *Lavender Lists: New Lists About Lesbian and Gay Culture, History, and Personalities*, pb Boston, 1990. They name "59 Gay and Lesbian Authors Who Have Won Major Mainstream Awards",

including John Brunner, Samuel R Delaney, Marilyn Hacker, Ursula K LeGuin, Michael Moorcock, Joanna Russ, James Tiptree, Jr. and Kate Wilhelm.

I thought I had my ear to the ground, but while many of the names seem plausible, the only one I had heard of being gay or Lesbian before was of course Samuel R Delaney. And my jaw really dropped on seeing John Brunner's name there. John was made several trips around the US, cutting quite a swathe thru the female fans. He wouldn't have had time to add males to his string even if he wanted to!

At one con when Bob Silverberg introduced him he said, "Many of you will no doubt be surprised to learn that John is a married man".

Dan Steffan for TAFF!

Last issue somehow between the computer and the printer three paragraphs got dropped out of "Memories of the Nunnery". They go right after the 12th paragraph of the article, the one that ends "become part of the performance for him." So, for archivists, here they are:

Before I had been a year at The Hive The Nunnery broke up. Four of the five women left town and Dan and Heather were beginning to split up, so Heather got her own apartment and I moved into The Nunnery with Dan just shortly before Sputnik.

The Nunnery was at 14 Cooper Square, the top floor of a large industrial building. Directly underneath us was a loft occupied by a garment factory, and naturally no one was there at night. Some other people lived on the first floor, but as is typical in cities we never got to know them. And no one else lived anywhere near. We never got a complaint about noise all the time we were there.

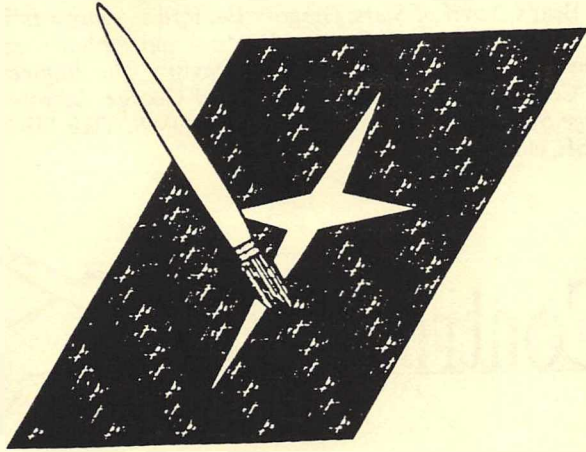
The East Village hadn't really begun then. We were at about the head of Third Ave (called the Bowery at that point), and at that time there were only two coffee shops east of us and very few bohemians living or hanging out in the area. But it was a thriving Jewish neighborhood and on Second Ave. were a number of shops and delicatessens. I still remember the onion bread I got there. I've never been able to find anything like it since.

Dan Steffan for TAFF!

There's no loc from Harry Warner! Due to computer goof in my labelling software I didn't even mail him HAB 3:3 until about a week ago.

I am fortunate to get a portion of T. Bruce Yerke's fan memoirs that has not heretofore had fan publication. And another article from Greg Benford. And both Ted and Debbie are keeping up the good work. And a special thanks to Ray Nelson who makes fannish prose come alive.

And again many thanks to Sheryl Birkhead, Brad Foster, Linda Hardy, Dave Haugh, Bill Kunkel, Adrienne Losin, Franz Miklis, David Miller, Catherine Mintz, Peggy Ransom, Trina Robbins, William Rotsler, David Russell, Dan Steffan, Steve Stiles and Taral Wayne who are responsible for much of the appeal of this issue.



A Lyrical Hardness

by Gregory Benford

Chesley Bonestell was the first in a long tradition of realistic, hard-edged visionaries of the unknown. He dominated the 1950's and 1960's, and to my mind, yielded only to the likes of Rick Sternbach, Don Davis and Don Dixon in the 1970's. I bought originals from all of them in that time, and was disappointed to see Rick go into designing for the second Star Trek show, while Don spends most of his time on various Hollywood projects. Today Bob Eggleton is quite possibly the leader in hard sf illustration.

Between writers and artists strums a tension stretched by both envy and admiration. Bob Eggleton brings that out in me, maybe more than any contemporary illustrator of the fantastic.

After all, artists seem to have it so easy. In a single flash of vision they can show you a whole world, a situation, color and form and precise detail all arriving at once in the eye.

Eggleton renders a huge red giant star being gravitationally stripped of its envelope by a hot, small star (too blue to be a white dwarf, so probably an oddity kindled into virulent glow by that serpentine tongue of infalling mass). Every scientific nuance is there; very Bonestell. The small star's brilliance we see in the furthest turn of spiraling matter, while the red giant's power reflects from the other side of the descending gyre. We can place it all in perspective--a human view, born to primates used to binocular vision surveying a rocky, rutted plain, so we get the distances right immediately--and pause to wonder at the strangely lit world hanging quietly at the lower right edge. All this, in a mere shaved second.

But there's more the artist can command. All the enigmatic turns and aspects he can simply show, rendering up murky mysteries, shifted perspectives, dizzy surrealistic overlaps of the hard-edged and the fuzzy--all working together at the same instant of discovery. Tiny humans confront immense pale aliens. They conjure up memories of snails writ large, monstrous. Again a framing landscape, with eerie mushrooms in a blue, cool mist.

Drama, too, can hang before you in that frozen instant and you get it entire. A human coasts toward two feral-looking aliens, who seem poised, wondering what to do--all the while an other landscape beyond opens to obscurely tilted perspectives. Where are we?

Of course, closer inspection reveals more, cunning details tucked in here, obscure jokes provoking a smile there. Iguanas and Nazis; the whiff of Eggleton having fun with a commercial assignment.

So though you come to each work in that splash of recognition, time rewards further study. The piece can take its languid moments to work on you, as you puzzle out the disc-shaped spaceship passing by stretched trunks of trees, vast woody things set aloft by what seems a combing wind. The world ringed by lumpy matter in the intermediate distance provokes more riddles than it can possibly answer. What's the story here?

More than once I've picked up a book because its cover made me want to follow that age-old lure: what's happening here?--and discovered that it was, of course, an Eggleton. Cover artists learn the arts of enticement, or they move on.

Writers have it much differently. We are forced to come at you ponderously, serially, and at a pace dictated by your reading speed, your wandering attention (turn off that television, we want to scream--but can't), your fitful urge to do all the mental labor that converts these squiggles on the page into (reasonably) intelligible thoughts.

Consider Eggleton's painting of starships maneuvering, one spraying a blue fire forward at an Earthlike planet, while beyond, the galactic plane seethes with orange energy toward the core. There is movement, drama, spectacle. To capture a fraction of the interest that single quick image conjures up, poor Greg Bear in *Anvil of Stars* had to labor mightily. The reader has to read through descriptions--we were pushing top deltas and cruising close formation while the whole galaxy shimmered in our exhaust wash--to get even close. Eggleton gives us that with a detailed vision, a lyrical hardness.

Anyone can browse the entire life's work of our best artists (of whom Eggleton is certainly one) in an hour--and emerge refreshed, stretched, informed and charmed. To catch up with even moderately productive writers takes weeks, maybe months of unstinting plowing through thickets of words, words, words. Artists have it so easy. . .

Of course, we writers do have our advantages. We can set up a pace, an energy and drive that make the term "page-turner" mean something. We can run through the full range of

suspense, humor, dash and color, in our sprawling, roomy novels. Artists have to concentrate, to say much through implication that we can (literally) spell out. I suspect that freedom to grasp the reader by the lapels and spew out our world-views causes some of us to lecture, to pontificate, to play coy--and maybe even explains why our books have been getting longer and longer as the genre matures.

Fortunately, artists have their one rectangle and must work their magic in that small compass. Such constraint imposes excellencies we writers could well learn from, in the era of fat trilogies. (*Mea culpa*, indeed; I've just finished a six-book series, taking 25 years to complete, beginning with *In the Ocean of Night*, published in 1976. Though I wanted Eggleton to do the covers, my publisher, Bantam, hired a mat artist with no previous book experience. . .)

Matters aren't totally clean cut, though. Eggleton delves into outright fantasy. What's that baffling smile on the apparently puzzled dinosaur who is somehow suspended above twin worlds? There's much character implied there. Are the crisp particulars of his flying dragon, newly emergent from its egg, a wry comment on Michael Whelan's famous depictions? Are Eggleton's whales, seen both above and under the water, a reflection on a similarly named artist, the highly commercial Wyland who so often juxtaposes sea life and astronomical images? There is a subtlety and commentary working beyond the immediate effect in these, an implied theory of illustration, maybe even a bit of tangy gossip. He brought forcefully to vision a scene from a novella of mine in the July 1994 *ASIMOV'S*, true to the story, yet startling to its author--a feat.

Still, I've always thought of Bob as an astronomical painter. He has a certainty of dramatic effect, combined with scrupulous attention to the latest astronomical information, which Bonestell made his hallmark. I was happy to get Eggleton covers on two of my books, the exploration novels *Jupiter Project* and *Against Infinity*. He got the colors of Jupiter's atmospheric bands and swirls exactly right, relying on NASA true-color photos, and shrugging off attempts by art editors to alter tints and hues.

God is in the details, a philosopher once said. The result was covers I could live with as a scientist and enjoy as a writer, for they conveyed the gritty, hard-edged feel I wanted to evoke in the novels themselves. To write about our solar system has always seemed to me a demanding task, requiring a firm knowledge of what looks technically plausible. Could Jupiter's moons be colonized? Why would people go there? How would they survive? In Eggleton's carefully thought-through designs, we see the machines which could make that possible. And looming, icy beauty makes its own argument for going, seeing, staying.

But there's more to him than that, of course, but you have to prowl the book stores to see it all, scanning the titles for that crisp, yet dramatic look that is his signature. He can grab you in that frozen instant when a painting makes its claim on you, draw you in, maybe even sell you the book on the strength of his vision.

Writers depend on artists to do that first, essential job for them. Ideally, one **should** be able to judge a book by its cover--or else what's it there for? So between writers and artists there is no intrinsic competition. We do different jobs for the reader. The artist gets to do his first.

* * * * *

Among others Bob Eggleton has done the covers for Greg Bear's *Anvil of Stars*, Gregory Benford's *Against Infinity* and *Jupiter Project* and Gregory Benford and Arthur Clarke's *Beyond the Fall of Night*, Jack McDevitt's *The Engines of God*, Connie Willis's *Hugo Winners* and George Zebrowski's *Strange Suns*. And he's had illos in *ASIMOV'S*, *THE MICROVERSE*, etc.

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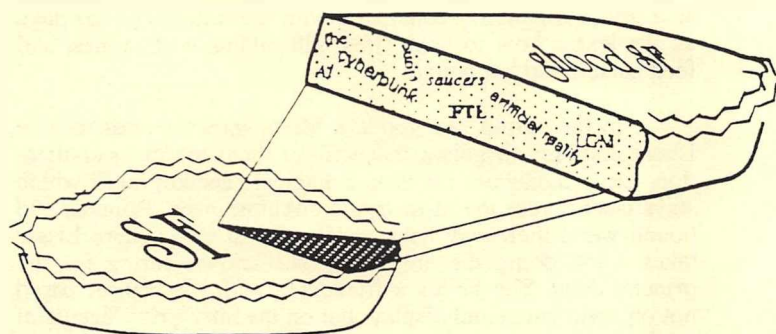
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The Øther Ten Per Cent

Book Reviews

by

Debbie Notkin



People grouse all the time. Recently I've been listening to grouching not just from the oldpharts who think that Real Science Fiction is dead, but from the Generation X youngpharts who are afraid there's no audience for the daring "cutting edge" writing they want to do. They point to the cowardice of editors and publishers and the similarity and salability of everything that comes out. In fact, they sound a lot like the oldpharts. Don't they remember Sturgeon's Law?* If anyone who came to this particular party late didn't recognize the column title, now you should.

Jonathan Lethem is a youngphart himself (though I've never heard him grouse), and a most remarkably talented one. He's lucky too. His first novel, *Gun With Occasional Music*, got an absolutely perfect cover and a review in *NEWSWEEK*. You thought *NEWSWEEK* didn't review science fiction? Me, too, but Lethem's book was reviewed there. Nonetheless, if you don't get your SF recommendations from the most mainstream of magazines, you could still easily miss it.

Lethem deftly combines Raymond Chandler and Phil Dick, with a dash of the best of David Brin for added flavor. His jaded anti-hero, Conrad Metcalf, is obviously meant to be played by Humphrey Bogart. (Ronald Reagan would simply never do.) Metcalf has a few problems. First, he's a private eye in a culture where asking questions, any questions, is rude. Second, his only client is in big trouble with the law. And third, the woman who traded his sexual sensations and reactions for her own has disappeared, preferring to keep what she got from him than take back what she had originally.

Metcalf is an ex-cop, but the cops aren't exactly what they used to be. These days they trade in karma—you get karma points for socially acceptable behavior; you lose them if they don't like your style. What happens if you run out? Nothing serious; you just get put into suspended animation for long enough to divorce you entirely from your current life. Metcalf's client (whose karma is near zero) wants to be cleared of a murder he claims he didn't do; the cops don't want their verdict second guessed.

Like virtually everyone else in this future, Metcalf lives on a drug called "make"; make comes in a variety of blends,

combining tranquilizers, euphorics, and other mind benders. Deciding to wake up every morning with no memory of the day before is common and Forgettol is the main ingredient in Metcalf's custom-designed brew—creating peculiar problems for a private eye. So investigating the murder is hard, even before he has to deal with the evolved sheep housekeeper and the kangaroo gangster. . .

Anyway, you get the picture. Lethem's imagination is rich and individual; his grasp of Chanderlesque hard-boiled language is nearly perfect; and his combination of a very dark future with a lot of wryly humorous elements keeps the book on an even keel. The book's main flaw is that one major plot element goes unresolved throughout, and Lethem denies any interest in a sequel. But overall, *Gun With Occasional Music* is a success—and you won't want to take Forgettol when you're done.

Just about every serious SF reader of any generation speaks warmly of the Heinlein juveniles, and just about every grouser mumbles about how no one writes stuff like that these days. True. But every once in a while you come across a contemporary addition to the fine SF Juveniles canon. *Growing Up Weightless* by John M. Ford belongs there for sure. First of all, who could resist the title?

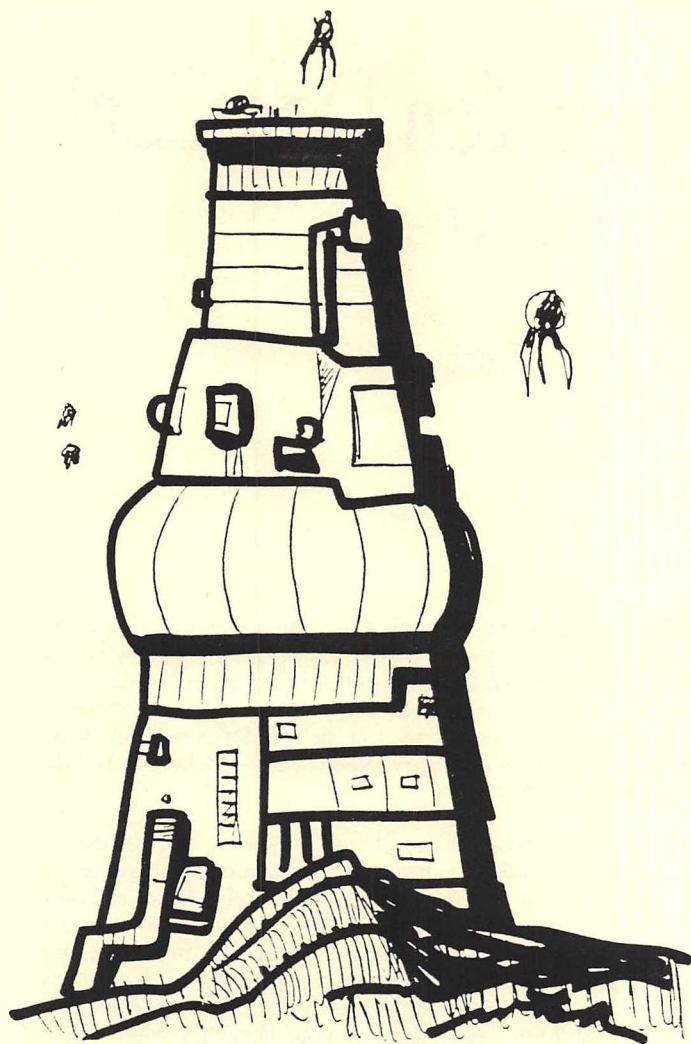
Don't get me wrong; no one will ever confuse Ford with Heinlein. First of all, stylistically, Ford can write rings around anything Heinlein ever did (though Heinlein was probably the better "pure storyteller" of the two). But *Growing Up Weightless* has plenty of good old-fashioned story values mixed in with the brilliant prose; so don't despair.

Matt Ronay is a teenager on the Moon. Like all good teenagers, he hates and fears his father, a Lunarian politician of some standing. He and his friends generally closet themselves away from their parents and play virtual reality games for hours at a time—days when they can figure out how to get away with it. When he isn't off in cyberspace with his friends, Matt dreams of two things—being an actor and going to space. (For him, of course, Luna isn't space; it's just boring old home.)

Matt and his friends are planning a major clandestine adventure; Matt and his father are fighting over not much; and Matt's acting teacher is about to offer him a grown-up job.

*Interviewer: "Isn't it true that 90% of science fiction is crap?"

Sturgeon: "90% of everything is crap."



Growing Up Weightless is the stuff of everyday life on Luna--suffused with the magic of the mundane future. The crisis that forms the book's climax is the stuff of Golden Age SF, and the characters come from one of the very finest writers in our field. Since I missed my own chance to grow up weightless by at least half a century, I'll settle for the trip Ford planned to show me what that might be like.

Robin McKinley's *Deerskin* has been out for over a year, and though I'm a major fan of her work, I've been putting it off. Why? Because everyone who talks about it calls it "McKinley's child abuse book." I'm one of the people who's glad to see this newly overt trope in fiction, for a variety of reasons not germane to this column, but that doesn't mean I always want to read about it.

But *Deerskin* is a great deal better, and more fun to read, than that dismissive description implies. True, the first major turning point of the book is one very ugly incident between an (adult) princess and her father. And true, McKinley minces no words and she takes no prisoners when describing pain, fear and loss. But she gives equal attention to healing, hope and love of various kinds, not to mention humor, details of daily life, and just a soupcon of magic. When all is said and done, *Deerskin* is honestly an uplifting, not a depressing story.

Princess Lissla Lissar is the neglected only daughter of

the world's most beautiful king and queen. When the queen dies, a neighboring prince sends Lissar a puppy, who swiftly becomes her best friend. When the king's behavior drives Lissar and her dog, Ash, from the castle, they take refuge in a mountain cabin, where they spend a winter caring for each other and learning how to live off the land. Lissar's empty life as a princess is deftly contrasted with the fullness of her days as she learns how to bank fires, kill rabbits with stones, and feed herself and her hound.

In the spring, the goddess Moonwoman comes to give Lissar and Ash disguises that will let them return to civilization. Lissar's disguise includes a magical deerskin outfit which stays clean under the most trying circumstances. Princess and hound wend their way back to the nearest city, where Lissar takes a job doing the only thing she knows--caring for the prince's dogs. She builds a friendship with the prince, based not on court ritual and display, but on the nitty-gritty details of raising orphaned puppies. And if the people of the town come to believe that Lissar is Moonwoman herself come to earth--well they have their reasons.

McKinley's prose is deft and lyrical, always a joy to read even when the subject is stark. Her people are quirky, individual, and memorable; her landscapes are so real you can get out and walk around in them. Anyone who's afraid that all contemporary fantasy is the same should read *Deerskin*.



BRENCHANT BLUDGEON

B · Y · T · E · D · W · H · I · T · E

INTRO Well, I haven't seen any reactions to my last column here yet--I'll see them the same time you do, in the issue in which this column appears--but reactions to the first column are in, and I find some of them dispiriting. I opened the column with a rave review of Greg Pickersgill's RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK. Months after it appeared, Greg remarked in RJC that he'd received no queries or requests based on that review--although very few fans in the US were getting RJC. Originally that column reviewed only two fanzines--RJC and Rob Hansen's THEN--but after I'd sent it to Bill I received CHALLENGER #1 in the mail, and appended a review of it. It would add balance, I thought, to contrast two favorable reviews with one unfavorable review.

I don't regret a single word of that CHALLENGER review--and Guy Lillian's response to the review fully justified its appearance. Some people told me that they couldn't believe the fanzine I reviewed really existed--until they received their own copies. Then, they said, CHALLENGER was even worse than I'd made it out to be. But others reacted as if I'd performed a grisly disemboweling on the fanzine--or worse, on Guy Lillian himself.

In APPARATCHIK #18, Algernon D'Amassa opines that "Ted White's review of the fanzine CHALLENGER (has) little to do with the fanzine and Ted is perfectly aware of it. This piece of 'criticism' was, to look at it plainly, a long, trivial screed against Guy Lillian. Himself. The man, alone; his very existence in fandom. The question is not about criticism--Ted offered none of that. Ted was out to 'nail' Guy Lillian."

And in THINGUMYBOB #10, Chuck Connor devotes the whole of his (relatively long) review of that issue of HABAKKUK to his "horror" that I was doing the fanzine reviews. After first pissing all over the review of the Pickersgill and Hansen fanzines, he devotes the bulk of his "review" to my review of CHALLENGER, concluding with this amazing rant:

"So there you have it, boys & girls, Southern Fandom is full of Geeks, Freaks, Werbacks and Crackers (the limited outlook and worldview is probably due to the amount of incest involved in Southern Fandom 'Families')--and Uncle Ted probably thinks that such a thing as the NIGGER OF THE YEAR AWARD is good, fannish fun. Isn't it about time that the last dregs of the 60s drug culture finally came down from out of the clouds and found a nice little corner to OD in?"

Not since the glory days of DON-O-SAUR have I en-

countered someone who knows me not at all avidly hoping for my death. (Memo to Chuck Connor: you twit, no one has ever "ODed" on marijuana, nor is ever likely to.) It seems an extreme response to a fanzine review.

(That "Nigger of the Year Award" business comes from H. Cameron Andrushak, who made it up and attributed it to LASFS, who, he said, had awarded it to him. Connor, naturally, took Harry at his word. There's one born every minute, folks!)

As I say, it's dispiriting to be so completely misread, and slightly amazing to find so many people ignoring the positive reviews and concentrating on the one negative review. It is not surprising to me, however, that some people have used that review of CHALLENGER to personally attack me. I'm sure that had that review not existed, they'd have found something else.

I think it's appropriate, at this point, to quote H. L. Mencken on the subject of book reviews. This comes from a letter replying to an inquiry about book reviews, and it works as well if you substitute "fanzine reviews" for "book reviews" throughout:

"My own view is that a book review, first and foremost, must be entertaining. By this I mean that it must be dexterously written, and show an interesting personality. The justice of the criticism embodied in it is a secondary matter. It is often, and perhaps usually, quite impossible to determine definitely whether a given book is 'good' or 'bad.' The notion to the contrary is a delusion of the defectively intelligent. It is almost always accompanied by moral passion. But a critic may at least justify himself by giving his readers civilized entertainment. If he is genuinely competent he very frequently gives them much better entertainment than they could find in the book reviewed.

"There are, of course, certain standards and criteria. A book may be full of errors in fact. It may be dishonest. It may be illiterate. But beyond that it is difficult to determine values exactly. What remains is simply the critic's personal reaction. If he is a well-informed man and able to write decently, anything he writes about anything will divert his readers. If he is an ass, he will only bore them."

I guess I should be grateful that at least I have not bored anyone.

The reviews which follow were mostly written last May, and in every case the issues reviewed have been followed by more recent issues, but these issues are representative and the reviews are still valid.

THE GALACTO CELTIC NEWSFLASH #10

edited and published (for "the usual")

by Franz H. Miklis, A-5151 Nussdorf 64, Austria

I freely confess that Franz Miklis has me confused. I have paged through this 60-page fanzine and for the most part it did not engage me. But how much of this is due to the language problem? English is not Franz's native language, and Franz's English is almost comic in spots: full of lapses into Teutonic constructions, excited and excitable, and--most oddly--occasionally so floridly romantic as to burlesque romantic prose.

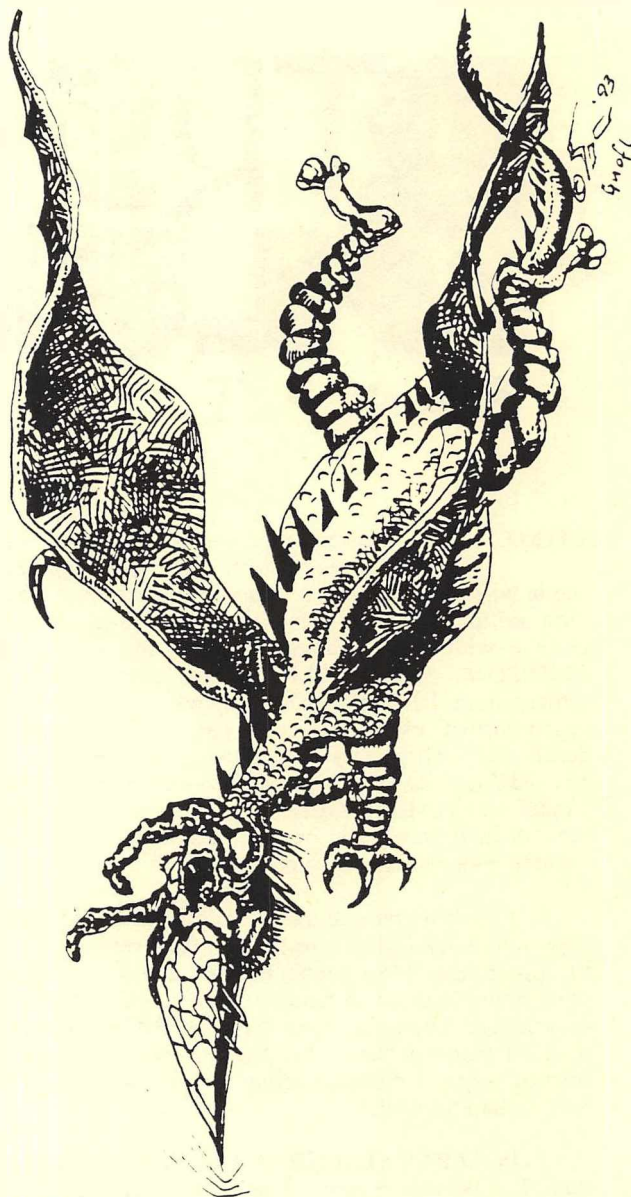
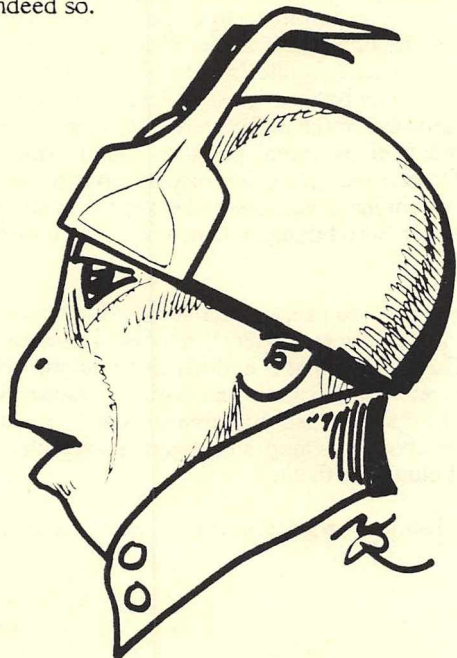
But more than this, Franz has laid this charge directly upon me, in a handwritten "message in the bottle" in the back of the zine: "...I enjoyed your reviews in HABAKKUK and I fear you'll cut into my small little fanheart if you should ever write a review about" this fanzine.

Earlier in the issue Franz led off his "Zines" reviewed with HABAKKUK, concluding his review with these words: "and amidst [sic] this pleasant circle cuts 'doctor fandom' (Ted White) with his scapel into CHALLENGER #1 and Guy H. Lillian's fanheart."

I like that "doctor fandom" bit. I've been playing with it. I think it might be fun to do a column called "Ask Dr. Fandom."

But I'm not into cutting into (or out) "fanhearts" so I'll leave it at this: Franz's enthusiasm and his desire to participate in our (English language) fandom (even translating and condensing the letters he received in German) deserve to be encouraged. He says he started with a two-pager; his zine has evolved to sixty pages currently--sound familiar? And he's a decent artist, whose own work is the best in the issue. He needs more written contributions from the US and the rest of the English-speaking world.

In the meantime, my eye alights at random on a page and hits this sentence: "...his clippings 'Bad Asses in the News' made my wall settlement tremble in the thunders of my laughing." Indeed so.



FOSFAS #168

edited by Timothy Lane & Elizabeth Garron

and published (for \$3.00 a copy or "the usual")

for FOSFA, PO Box 37281, Louisville, KY 40233-7281

Although for some reason Dan and I have sent BLAT! regularly to FOSFA, this was the first issue of FOSFAX that I've ever seen, and I received it because I had a letter published in it.

Both Brian Earl Brown and Rob Hansen sent me xerox copies of a letter from Darrell Schweitzer in Issue #166. In that letter, Schweitzer, ostensibly responding to Brown, sent on at considerable length about what a terrible editor I was during my ten years at AMAZING and FANTASTIC. So, finally, one cold day in January, I responded to Schweitzer. Thus, my letter in #168 (I just missed #167, I was told).

Here in #168 I find Darrell still pounding his chest and bragging about how I was written out of the history of AMAZING during the Scithers editorship: "The Ted White

years...were a severe disgrace, something we were trying to live down." And he follows this with a wholly fictitious story about how I left the magazines, which he buttresses with this claim: "The only testimony I'd believe would be Arthur Bernhard's, and as George Scithers tells it (having got it from Bernhard)...." Darrell was so eager to believe the worst of me that he eagerly bought a story told to him by George Scithers, who had supposedly heard it from one of the sleeziest publishers in the country (a man for whom I had decided I would not work).

Schweitzer appears to be a pal of Timothy Lane's, and a frequent contributor to FOSFAX. For those of us who remember Schweitzer's shrill attacks on Barry Malzberg and others in the Geis fanzines of the 70's, this is hardly a recommendation.

Half of FOSFAX (the first 30-odd pages) is taken up with book reviews in small type (well, the whole fanzine is set in small type). Entirely too many are of the sort found in LAN'S LANTERN. A few—like "Books and Generals in Orson Scott Card's Homecoming Series" by Patrick L. McGuire—are worse (McGuire compares Card's books with the Book of Mormon, apparently approvingly, showing both the parallels and the divergences, and never once questioning either the bible of a nut cult or Card's devotion to and use of it), and one is much better. The latter is Joseph T. Major's long article, "Rain Man in the Sky - Pt. 1," which reexamines Heinlein's *Starman Jones*. Since this is only Part One, the whole piece threatens to take on Panshin-like proportions.

There are also two pieces—or maybe one; the format is unclear—on the Clinton Health Care Plan. Concluding line: "Clinton's plan is socialized medicine, which sounds very nice on paper. In practice, it leads to systems like that of the former Soviet Union, the same system which cost Russia its foremost expert on spacecraft, Sergei Korolev." In other words, the politics of this fanzine is old-guard right-wing.

Here is a closing comment (on the last page) from editor Lane: "In view of recent news, it now appears that the United States may undergo a change of presidency before 1997. So we are announcing a betting pool on what day Bill Clinton is driven from office (if it happens at all). Entries are \$1 apiece. If Clinton chooses not to run, the date of the announcement will be used; if defeated for renomination, the date his Democratic replacement is formally nominated at the convention. Otherwise, a date of Labor Day, 1996 will be taken to mean Clinton will not be forced out prematurely. We haven't decided what to do if there's an assassination."

That boy is right *eager*, isn't he?

The second half of the fanzine (p 34 - p 60) is taken up with letters. *Lots* of letters, all in that tiny type. The editor (Lane) mixes in freely with bracketed comments. I'm reminded of the letter column in the later issues of Ted Pauls' KIPPLE—the first fanzine to become largely given over to political discussion, back in the 60's. Much earnest discussion between people who do not see eye to eye and never will. So here is Avedon Carol, butting heads with Lane (whose editorial interjections take up about as much space as her letters), neither of them giving up an inch, and neither of them accomplishing anything that couldn't be achieved by simply bashing one's head into a wall. I have to think that Avedon (and others, like Joseph Nicholas) *enjoy* this sort of thing: tilting at windmills.

FOSFAX is obviously a well-established fanzine, and in many ways the ultimate evolution of a clubzine. My antipathy for its general contents and its editors' politics notwithstanding,

this fanzine is like a well-oiled machine that will keep right on going for as long as its club and its editors want it to. It's not aimed at me; it's not really aimed at *fandom* per se. And it hardly needs us.

But as long as it is going to be published at all, one might wish that it were *better* published. I remarked on an ambiguity of format that left me uncertain about whether the stuff about Clinton's Health Care Plan constituted one or two articles, and that's only one example. There is no indication anywhere in the issue of where a given piece ends. No little "bullet" or symbol to mark the close of a piece; no final-tag byline; nothing.

A sentence ends. You turn the page expecting more, only to find a new piece. The Health Care Plan stuff appears on two facing pages. Each has a heading ("Health Care Reform--A Provider's View" and "The Clinton Health Care Plan"), but only the latter has a byline ("Analysis by Lisa Thomas"). The contents page refers only to a "Medical care symposium" with the page number of the first piece. Reading for style, it would appear these are two separate pieces. Reading for content, one could be a continuation of the other. "Serious unsigned material, we are told in another part of the issue, is by the editor Lane, so perhaps he wrote the first piece.

Maybe FOSFAX's regular readers are used to this and find it less confusing. To me this failure to make the ends is part of the whole package: relentless type, unrelieved by any real art (a few doodles are used to break up space here and there) or layout design. Reading FOSFAX is like drudgery; one feels that putting it together was also.

MORIARTY'S REVENGE #1

edited and published (for "the usual")

by Dave Hicks, Top Flat, 8 Dyfrig St., Pontcanna, Cardiff CF1 9LR, United Kingdom

This is a twelve-page (A-4) fanzine, the first issue of which is entirely written by its editor, Dave Hicks. Hicks is in a tradition of British fanwriters (and fanzine editors) that seems to be dying out, although one can hope it is not. MORIARTY'S REVENGE reminds me somewhat of Roy Kettle's fanzine, TRUE RAT—which was also editor written and often short in pages. It isn't just the similarity of formats. Hicks has the ability to amble on over a variety of subjects while holding the reader's attention.

The fanzine's title derives not from the works of Conan Doyle, but from Spike Milligan's "Good Show" of the 50's, about which Hicks remarks, "There's a quintessential Englishness about the Goons. They're the absolute antithesis of the wide-screen, cast-of-thousands Cecil De Mille school of production, all about making-do, the product of a lone eccentric. There are no huge soundstage or teams of writers, just Milligan being gradually burned out until the combination of his stress and Sellers' and Secombe's success in other fields killed the show."

In "Art for Art's Sake," Hicks talks about art, fanart, and fanzines: "So we filter stuff out. Whole forms of expression, categories within the forms we do like, movements within the categories within the forms (you still with me.....) because it's necessary sometimes to do something like, on sending Keith Walker a postcard saying 'Please do not send me anything ever again' when he sends out something like the execrable BRIGHTON ROCK, full of the most crassly drawn split beaver cartoons, a kind of visual opening chapter of *Number of the Beast*, back in '82 after Channelcon.

"Which is why I've never had a problem with the old 'Kill the Fuckers' school of fanzine reviewing. I understand that it can deeply hurt people's feelings, but I've never understood why since those most abused have clearly put so little of themselves into their work....

"So I sent Walker that snotty postcard. Either he didn't mean it in which case he was wasting my time, or he did mean it in which case he was a wanker (perhaps literally...). Whichever, I didn't want to know.

Keith Walker, for those who never encountered his work, put out some of the most awful crudzines in the history of British fandom. BRIGHTON ROCK was a typical Walker crudzine (a con report, if I recall correctly), ornamented with a series of drawings which appeared to be crudely traced from photos, each of which depicted a naked woman displaying her genitalia: stock porn. Not only were these drawings in pretty bad taste, they were badly executed and utterly inappropriate to the fanzine.

Although Hicks studied art as an artist, there is very little art in MORIARTY'S REVENGE (aside from the cover, just two illos). The fanzine doesn't suffer from this, however, since it is so eminently readable. I certainly look forward to future issues (#2 is promised for "early May", and will be out by the time you read this), and recommend the fanzine to you.

THINGUMYBOB #10

edited and published ("for Trade/Usual--one LoC per 3 issues **minimum**--and notification if your Trade is going to be longer than 6 months 'tween issues.")

by Chuck Connor, Sildan House, Chediston Rd., Wissert, Nr Halesworth, Suffolk IP19 0NF, England

Chuck Connor won't send me his zine, but that doesn't stop him from calling for my death in its pages. I borrowed this one from Bill Donaho.

Physically it's not unattractive, running to fifty pages, A-4, electrostencilled and mimeod from DTP originals, which means that because it's effectively typeset there's a lot of wordage in those fifty pages. Most of that wordage consists of Connor's "fanzine reviews" and letters of comment. Breaking up the text are two episodes of an Ian Gunn comic strip, "Russ L. Street, C.O.P.," and Harry Turner's "Make Your Very Own THINGUMYBOB."

The Turner piece, a quick two pages (that apparently were printed rather than mimeographed), is attractive and professional and amusing. Ian Gunn's strips are sloppy, overburdened with messy lettering, and unrewarding to those who try to slog through them.

There is one article, an outside contribution, "Fanxenophobia," by Chris Bell. It's a naive but well-meaning plea for tolerance between the various segments of what now passes for fandom: "fanzine fans, authors, media fans, Trekkers, Masquerade fanatics, gamers, members of the tech crew, comics readers and writers, artists, filkers, lit'ry fans, even conrunners." Bell manages to avoid any of the reasons for friction between various of these groups, however, pretty much vitiating the piece. The problem, of course, is that as individual fans we used to encompass most, if not all, of those categories; now they have become subgroups and people settle for being just one thing, such as a conrunner or a fanzine fan. And too many have no awareness of fandom outside their subgroup, which both leads to and is a product of a lack in real communication between subgroups.

But most of THINGUMYBOB is Chuck Connor: giving brief takes on fanzines or responding at length to letters. Here are a few samples:

"I was horrified to read in Harry Andruschak's letter that the LASFS have such a thing as the NIGGER OF THE YEAR award, apparently used in a derogatory and feudal way... Don't forget, dear readers, that this award is all in the name of SF Fannish Fun. I'm told that this sort of thing goes down a riot in LA, and really makes you proud to be a Nigger--er, sorry--proud to be a fan, doesn't it? Mind you, some Americans have been passing racism off as a joke for decades....

"Sorry to inject that note of anger there, but when you read the end of the LoCs you'll see why I found this repulsive and yet so typical of certain areas of Fandom." (p. i)

"...I found it a little annoying to see nothing but Rotsler artwork. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, bloody yes, I don't like his work and have so many times--I find it distractively bad and tends to pull the eye away from the written word..." (p. iv) (And that from someone who uses Ian Gunn's amateurish doodlings in his fanzine.)

"...and even Joey Nicholas sends in the odd compliment (which, coming from Joey, would have to be odd to start off with....)" (p. v)

(From a review of SPENT BRASS:) "Still awaiting the Ted White look at WEALTH OF FABLE...." (p. xliii)

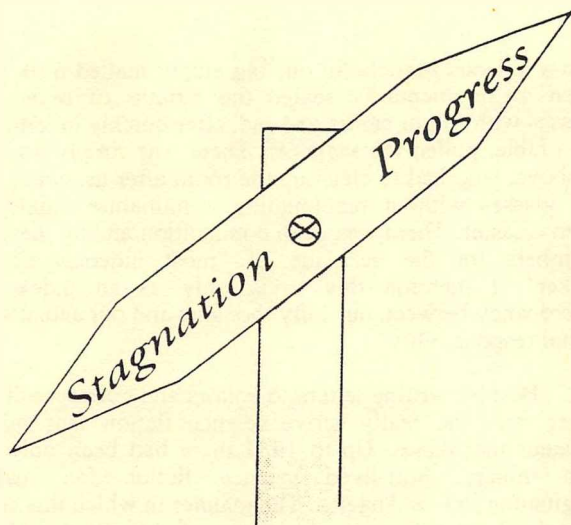
(From a review of HABAKKUK:) "Quite horrified to see Ted White doing the fanzine reviews--and I certainly hope that he typed the first part in a plastic covered chair, far easier to hose it down and wipe it off when he'd finished. Apart from his lust-affair with all things Britfannish from the '70s (and his wonderful, selective amnesia), there is the non-recognition that Hansen wants to keep THEN as factual as possible so that it doesn't become part of some later White-esque hatchet job (as has Harry Warner's *Wealth of Fable*) over who might have said what to whom. (p. xlv)

Connor is apparently easily horrified, and fully capable of deciding I'd done a "hatchet job" on *A Wealth of Fable* without actually reading anything I'd written on the subject. Without anything more to go on than a letter from Harry Cameron Andruschak, forghodsakes, he mounts a rant against LA fandom, Americans, and "certain areas of fandom" (one of which apparently includes me)--all without checking it out at all.

When he's not going off his rocker with mock-indignation, Connor is amazingly bland and uninteresting--something of a surprise to me. His writing is hasty and agrammatical, as the quotes reveal, punctuated seemingly at random. Like many Brits, he thinks two sentences can be connected with a comma, an apparent failure of the British school system.

But he does fandom one genuine service: at the end of the issue he publishes his entire mailing list, addresses and all.

I criticized Joe Maraglino last issue for hogging his contributors, refusing to publish their addresses. Fandom is a common ground, and one in which all addresses should be freely circulated. In publishing his mailing list Chuck Connor gives the lie to Joe, freely sharing his entire audience and all his contributors' addresses with us all. This I applaud.



"Which Shall It Be?"

by T. Bruce Yerke

When Neil Armstrong set foot on the moon in June, 1969, I was moderately interested but not very surprised. I had been there before. I traveled on a spacecraft named the Geryon under the command of the German rocketeer Otto Willi Gail. The Geryon's voyage very much resembled that of Apollo some forty years later. As I read newspaper accounts of the landing and the moon walk, and watched these events on television, I would like to have been sharing the ebullient enthusiasm of many old friends, like Ray Bradbury, who also had been along on the voyage of the Geryon. But my main feeling was one of anti-climax. "So," I thought to myself, "they've finally done it."

For I have been to many places far beyond the moon: with companions of long ago I traveled among the stars, full of other worlds and their civilizations; I watched resplendent Saturn rise above the horizon of Titan and cavorted in the doomed pleasure cities of Callisto and Io under lambent night skies luminescent with the ruddy glow of Jupiter; and from their planets, where all objects have double shadows, I have seen the sunrise of the twin stars of Alpha Centauri. I passed more than once through the Gate of Time into worlds to come and worlds long gone. From these journeys I gained a measure of what mankind might be and become. And on dead worlds, through whose noble wreckage I wandered, I pondered on the endless cycle of birth, growth and death.

I was primed for these adventures by an early interest in astronomy. In the fifth grade I already knew all the basic information about the planets of the Solar System and most of their moons: their diameters and distances from the sun and the length of their orbits, their rotation periods and what was then known or surmised about their composition and surface conditions. I also knew the distance in light years from the earth of a number of the nearer stars and some quite far away. Perhaps I became aware of the stars so soon because when I was a child one could see them at night quite nicely, even in Los Angeles. Population centers were smaller then and the aggregate luminous intensity of vehicle headlights, lighted areas (there were no shopping malls), and electric display signs on stores, hotels and billboards, was much less than now.

Since 1932, when I discovered him in the comics section of the Sunday newspaper, I had been a fan of Buck Rogers. Flash Gordon was also invented about this time. Rockets, space travel, and other worlds were an old story to me. Thus when one day in the summer of 1935 I discovered

ASTOUNDING STORIES in the magazine rack of a drug store near Westlake Park in Los Angeles, I immediately knew with a thrill of recognition that its cover showed the control room of a space ship! I had never imagined there was a whole, adult magazine devoted to science fiction. I immediately began reading every new issue, much to the alarm of my mother.

But it was the letter columns of ASTOUNDING STORIES and WONDER STORIES that paved the way to my real involvement with science fiction and elevated it to a major activity in my life between 1937 and 1944. A relatively small number of readers began to dominate the columns with often lengthy letters of criticism, analysis and other discourse. I was a frequent contributor beginning late in 1936. The critical moment came when I realized that one of the most prominent letter writers, a Forrest J Ackerman, lived very near to my junior high school. In fact, I was crossing his street about a block below his address every day on my way to school. After writing him a letter (I was too shy simply to go knock on his door) and receiving an invitation to "drop by", I did so one day in January 1937.

Forrest Ackerman was a very youngish twenty-two who was thoroughly dedicated to What Might Be. Miraculously he had the keys to the Kingdom in the upper flat at 236 1/2 N. New Hampshire avenue, and all his treasures, which even then were considerable, were open and accessible to any one who Believed. I never did Believe, but I needed to and wanted to. I spent hours after school in his flat, reading and looking at pictures. His collection of stills from science fiction movies was already significant. In addition to science fiction, Forrie was involved in Esperanto and, with his friend Myrtle R. Douglas, corresponded with Esperantists all over the world. I embraced Esperanto—it was a much easier language to learn than French, which I had started to learn in school—and attended meetings of the Los Angeles Esperanto Society. On our correspondence, we pasted the green and gold star of Esperanto.

Ackerman had arranged with a local typewriter supply house to make special green and brown typewriter ribbons for us. As special-order ribbons, they were terribly expensive, costing \$1.00 in a time when a good black and red ribbon could be bought for twenty five cents or less. But I thought the visual effect on paper was beautiful and still do. I saved my pennies until I could afford one. In the 1920's Esperanto

almost succeeded in becoming a truly significant force in international communication and, even in 1937-38, Esperanto groups were striving through political and cultural influence to halt the ominous, gathering clouds of war. In the fascist countries, Germany and Italy, Esperanto was ruthlessly suppressed. Its crime was that it furthered international understanding.

Ackerman invited me to attend a meeting of Chapter No. 4 of the Science Fiction League. It met in downtown Los Angeles on the first and third Thursdays of the month in the Little Brown Room of Clifton's Cafeteria at 638 South Broadway. This contact and association with a group of fellow enthusiasts, and later with science fiction authors and editors, was the dominant influence shaping my teen-age world views. The Science Fiction League was a ploy devised by Hugo Gernsback, publisher of *WONDER STORIES*. To edit *WONDER STORIES*, Gernsback hired eighteen-year-old Charles D. Hornig, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. Hornig was also in charge of the Science Fiction League, and it was he who signed the charter of the fourth chapter, which was in Los Angeles. Subsequently, Charlie moved to Southern California and we have been close friends for more than half a century.

From the point of view of Clifton's management, letting us meet in the Little Brown Room was a marginal proposition at best. Clifford E. Clinton was a Los Angeles restaurateur with political overtones and a large social mission. His huge cafeteria on Broadway rivaled a movie set at Universal Studios. It was decorated like a Redwood forest and featured a free lemonade fountain, a free sherbet mine, terraced dining tables served by singing waiters recruited (at low pay) from local high schools, and it served inexpensive and quite comestible food, along with a policy that you need not pay if dissatisfied. Ray Bradbury decided one evening to test this option, claiming dissatisfaction with a twenty-four cent ham sandwich (an expensive sandwich in those days). I was right behind him in the cashier's line and witnessed the spectacle: a manager was called to question Ray; he had to fill out a detailed protocol itemizing the points of his discontent; and where were the uneaten remains of the offending sandwich? (Ray had of course eaten the entire sandwich.) Meanwhile, unrest grew in the lengthening and now immobilized line behind us. As I remember, Ray finally withdrew his complaint in the public interest so we could exit the building.

Three stories high, the upper floor contained meeting rooms, which Mr. Clinton made available gratis to all manner of organizations, with the understanding that a reasonable number attending each meeting would have dinner there. Few of us did, because we could not afford to. Dinner cost at least \$0.75 and as much as \$1.25 if you wanted to splurge. But we did buy the excellent Clifton milkshakes, and the older members purchased tea and coffee. I frequently patronized the sherbet mine on the main floor. The sherbet mine was a small plaster of Paris replica of a mining shaft in the side of a mountain. To obtain a dish of sherbet, you waved your hand across the mouth of the entrance, interrupting an ultra-violet beam that signaled a worker in the basement to place a bowl on the mine's constantly moving ladder lift. One evening, after waving my hand several times across the mouth of the mine and receiving no sherbet, I bent over and called down the shaft: "Hallloooooo!" I was rewarded with a muffled "Just a minute, damn it!" and then shortly a bowl of sherbet.

We showed our appreciation to Mr. Clifton in various ways. After we had consumed our malts, drank our tea, eaten our sherbet, and whatever else anyone had purchased in the cafeteria line, we mixed together all of the remaining ichor

into a hideous pastiche in our big empty malted milk glasses. Then we momentarily sealed the mouths of several filled glasses with foil or cardboard and, after quickly inverting them on a table, pulled the seals off. There was simply no way the busboys, who had to clean up the room after us, could remove the glasses without precipitating a miniature Saint Francis Dam disaster. There was even competition among the younger members for the accolade of "most hideous concoction maker". I mention this trivia only as an index of the discrepancy between our lofty thoughts and our actual sense of social responsibility.

Besides writing letters to editors and corresponding with other fans, the really active science fiction fans published amateur magazines. Up to 1937 there had been only one or two minor, short-lived science fiction fan magazines originating in Los Angeles. The manner in which this changed, completely transforming the nature of the group, is best and succinctly told by one of science fiction fandom's biographers:

The most decisive event in the club's history may have been the decision of T. Bruce Yerke, then the secretary, to the effect that he wanted to publish a [fan magazine]. Ackerman agreed to co-edit it, principally through financial assistance. But the club voted to spend \$7.50 from its treasury for a hectograph on which the [magazine] could be published. It thus became a club project. Instantly it became a magnet to draw together members frequently for long periods of time, in a way that formal meetings and informal get-togethers did not do. --All Our Yesterdays, by Harry Warner, Jr., 1969. p. 248. Coincidentally with the growth of publishing activity, and perhaps also because economic conditions were showing some improvement in 1938/39, famous science fiction authors of the time, and a few of the future, began to show up at our meetings. Those who were not just passing through town remained as members. From 1938 onward, I regularly associated and talked with a significant percentage of the creators of science fiction literature in the United States.

Group photographs taken in the Little Brown Room during the 100th meeting of the club in 1940 show, among others, William Crawford, Charles D. Hornig, Jack Williamson, Edmond Hamilton, Ray Bradbury, Arthur K. Barnes, E.E. Smith, and Robert A. Heinlein. There was in addition a constant parade of visiting editors, writers and artists, some of whom tarried a while during the summers, including A.E. Van Vogt, Ross Rocklynne, Bob Olson, Emil



Petaja, Henry Kuttner, David H. Keller, Mort Weisinger, "Eando" Binder, all substantial contributors to professional science fiction publishing and writing.

Ray Bradbury requires special mention. There are numerous accounts of how he became active in Los Angeles fandom, and nearly all are generally correct. However, I can give the unquestionable facts. A mecca for all of us was a back-issue magazine store on Hollywood Blvd., just west of Western Avenue, operated by Lucille B. Sheppard, a friendly, blue-eyed grey haired woman in, perhaps, her fifties. Shep's Shop was loaded with old science fiction magazines and her prices were reasonable. It was here that I purchased my few copies of *AIR WONDER STORIES*, *WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY*, and old 1928 and 1929 *AMAZING STORIES*. These ancient pulps were great big magazines, with dimensions, if not thickness, approaching the telephone directory.

A whilom member of the club, Robert Cumnock, was browsing through Shep's treasures one day in 1937 and sparked a conversation with a seventeen-year-old myope wearing thick lensed glasses who was eagerly foraging in Shep's piles of science fiction antiquities. Impressed with his contemporary's enthusiasm, Cumnock took his name and address and fortunately brought them to a meeting a week or so later. I then typed a letter on club stationery to this Ray Bradbury and invited him to come see us soon in the Little Brown Room. (He still has the letter.) This led to the now famous scene in which an adolescent Ray Bradbury very self-consciously entered the Little Brown Room just as our meeting was about to start, and asked most respectfully, "Is Mr. Yerke here?" He was rather taken aback when Mr. Yerke turned out to be an adolescent even younger than himself.



Is Mr. Yerke here?

The publishing of *IMAGINATION!*, the official fan magazine of the club, did not satiate the interest of some of the members in amateur journal production. They were possessed with, as Harry Warner put it, an "irresistible urge to write" (or to edit). Between 1938 and 1942 a number of such magazines were produced, using the club's mimeograph as the

printing press. Among the most notable were Paul Freehafer's *POLARIS*, and Bradbury's *FUTURIA FANTASIA*. Ray introduced the art work of Hannes Bok and others, and copies of *FUTURIA FANTASIA* presently sell for several hundred dollars. With the help of Ackerman, I published in 1940/41 several issues of *THE DAMN THING*. This was an adolescent magazine devoted to the lampooning of every aspect of science fiction and dealt heavily in personalities and opinion. Nothing was sacred and some individuals were treated with scathing ridicule.

At the same time, within its milieu, *THE DAMN THING* was often very funny and still is to those who remember the epoch. It ran terrible short stories by Bradbury and critical articles by other future science fiction professionals like Damon Knight. The skills I learned as editor/publisher of an amateur magazine served me well in future years, when I produced the house organ for my college student cooperative and later, as librarian of the California College of Arts and Crafts, created CCAC Library Notes which became well known in the art library world for its articles and reviews. To fill out issues of *THE DAMN THING* I often used various pseudonyms. Best known of these was Carlton J. Fassbeinder. Late in the war a small volume of essays and stories called the *Bedside Fassbeinder* was published by the Diablerist Press in San Francisco and distributed through FAPA.

The most sour episode in the short life of *THE DAMN THING* concerned a parody I intended to run on Bob Heinlein under the Fassbeinder nom-de-plume. Since 1940 he has become the doyen of science fiction in the public mind, and his recent death ended a distinguished career as an author. Heinlein, a retired naval officer and graduate of Annapolis, did rather like to stand on his dignity, but he also showed interest in and offered friendship to younger fans, rather in the manner of an adult Boy Scout master. I got to know him quite well, for after meetings in the Little Brown Room, he and his wife, Leslyn, would drive me to my house in Hollywood which was on their way home. During these rides we had long discussions on many subjects. In 1940 he was an emerging author who obviously was going to be important and famous. But he was then only one among many.

I was always struck by the diametric contrasts between him and Jack Williamson, who was on a prolonged visit to Los Angeles in 1940 and had become a club regular. He and Heinlein were within one year of each other in age, but Williamson was an old-timer in science fiction's history, his major works largely behind him. A native of New Mexico, Jack was utterly open, unassuming, generous and relaxed. I was just getting into photography at this time, and he loaned me his expensive German Ikoflex for several weeks so I could learn to use a single-lens reflex camera. I appreciated his trust and kindness immensely. Heinlein, though approachable and convivial, preferred more formality. Once or twice a year he held a social afternoon for club members at his home on Lookout Mountain Dr. in Hollywood. Here he served the adults cocktails and beer. But as Bradbury and I were both minors, he would only allow us Coca Cola in his own home. Since we could handle a glass of beer now and then, this distinction seemed invidious.

When Heinlein learned I was going to run a lampoon on him in *THE DAMN THING*, he demanded to see a draft of it, and then informed me that "I played too rough" for him. He strongly requested that I not publish it, adding that if I did, he and Leslyn would not feel comfortable coming to the club any more. Certainly I did not want to earn the opprobrium of being

the one who drove Heinlein away from the club. We exchanged several letters about this. He set forth his position 57yullin a three-page typewritten letter, dated 9 December 1940. I consulted with my benefactor, Forrie Ackerman, and we decided to oblige him, throwing away the pages which were already printed.

When I learned of his death in 1989, I sat down and looked at his letter which is still in my correspondence files. Reread 49 years later, I saw that Heinlein was entirely reasonable, sincere and forbearing. He wanted to retain our friendship, whatever it meant to him. But he was appealing to aspects of inter-adult relationships that I was too young and arrogant to understand. As I did not publish the satire, we patched up relations, but it was never the same again.

At the time, I felt Heinlein was simply showing poor sportsmanship. But there were some other background factors. In 1991 I was contacted by Heinlein's official biographer, Leon Stover, who had found a carbon of the December 9 letter to me in the Heinlein archives, and wanted more information, so we discussed the episode. Back in 1940 Heinlein was doing some kind of politicking for the Navy in the controversy over California's off-shore oil reserves. Some members of the LASFL "knew" this, and now Mr. Stover corroborated the story. Probably, he thought, Heinlein did not want anything in print, even in an obscure fan magazine, that could possibly compromise or affect his activities in any way. I await with interest the appearance of the Official Biography, where the Damn Thing incident should be properly placed in historical perspective.

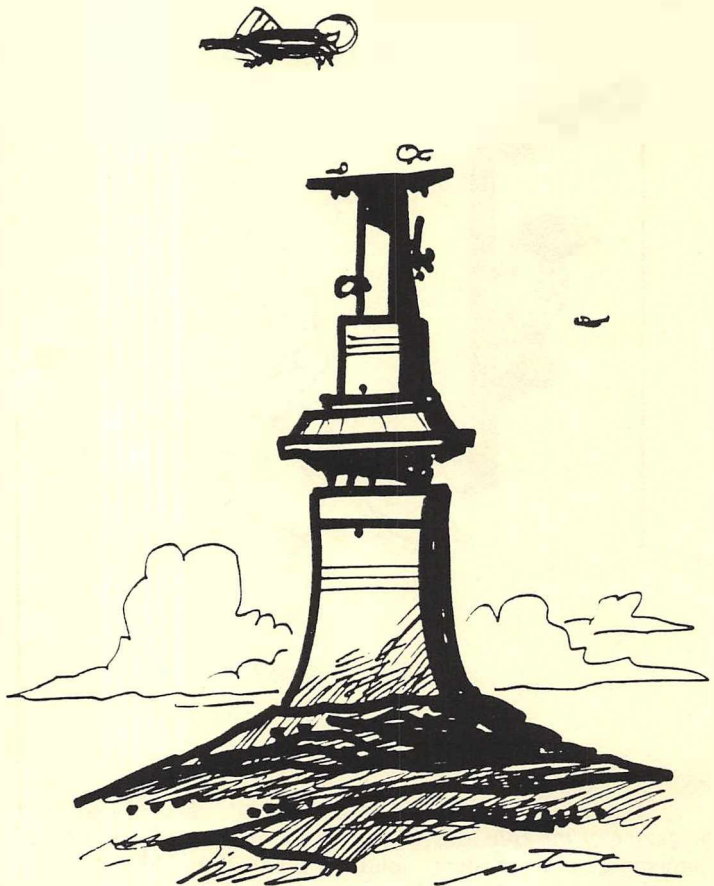
By 1939 Hugo Gernsback was no longer publisher of WONDER STORIES, and the Science Fiction League as a national umbrella organization promoting the literature had become moribund. Charlie Hornig, its director, was now living in Los Angeles. Other groups had organized on national and regional bases, and these included "fantasy" fans, interested in the macabre, the occult and the mystic, and whose archtypal magazine was *Weird Tales*. Within the Los Angeles group there was a growing demand that we adopt a new name, reflecting the demise of the Science Fiction League and recognizing the broader interests now represented in the membership. On March 27, 1940, after weeks of debate, the group became The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. I had opposed this from the start. I was interested in science, not fantasy. However, I remained as the club's secretary.

From 1937 to 1941 science fiction, with its stories, its personalities, its visions of the future, and of mankind's potential accomplishments, predominated in my mind. But out in the daily world the sounds of tumult, violence and protest became ever louder. As my knowledge and understanding of the world increased year by year, my concern and interest began to turn in the direction of current events and where they might be leading us. For me and my contemporaries in science fiction, the showing in the United States of H.G. Well's cinematic future history, *Things To Come*, was the harbinger of our own future. It was a meticulous testimonial of what would happen to the world and to us if the adults who were conducting the affairs of both the Axis powers and our own continued to play the games they were playing. But the thunderclap of this movie was simply the flashpoint in a series of events whose impact on my awareness had been building up for several years.

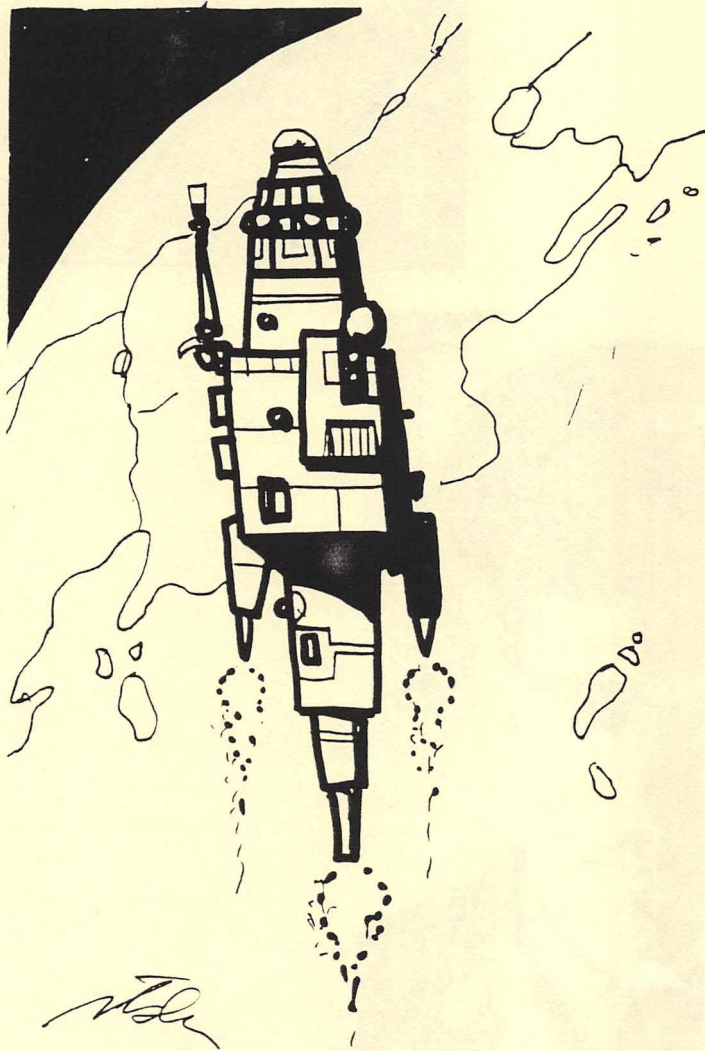
Almost until the war began in 1939, after spending an early afternoon reading and looking at stills in Ackerman's apartment, I went out and sold the evening *Herald-Express* at

the corner of Beverly and Normandie, just as Bradbury at the same time was selling the same paper at Pico and Rimpau. Over the years, as I read the ever-blacker headlines about the Italians in Ethiopia, the Russians and Germans using the Spanish civil war to test their weapons, the Japanese in China, and finally the German invasion of Poland, science fiction's direst prophecies for civilization's future seemed to be the coming reality, while the hopes for a sane world, sanely using its resources to construct an ever more wonderful society and civilization, began to seem like fantasy. This was the world in which, four or five years ahead, I would become an adult, though perhaps not for very long.

The morning of the attack on Pearl Harbor I was working the grill at the Wimpy's Glorified Hamburger store on Wilshire boulevard near La Brea, a pre-World War II fast food chain, as first rumors and then confirmed reports of the disaster were brought in by customers. When my shift was through at 3:00 PM, I left Wimpy's, numb and alarmed like everyone else, and took a bus downtown to the LASFS's club room. There I would find kindred friends with whom I could share my thoughts and feelings at this somber moment. Earlier in the fall the club had left Clifton's and rented a large room in a big house on an embankment overlooking Wilshire boulevard near Bixel street, just a few blocks West of downtown L.A. As the early dusk settled in, I stood outside and regarded the traffic below me. Already many motorists had put yellow cellophane over their headlights. Public officials were urging everyone to begin blackout proceedings. Who knew what Japanese forces might be off our own coast at this moment?



It has finally come, I thought. The huge, world-engulfing war that began to haunt me when I realized sometime in 1937 or 1938 that it was likely. But, as I looked down on the darkening street below me, the one thought in my mind that I most clearly remember was of our science fiction correspondents in England. "Well," I reflected, "we are with you now, and may experience in our daily lives many of the things you've endured since 1939: food rationing, fuel shortages, other austerities, possible bombings, and the deaths of many friends." To that extent, the future was clear.



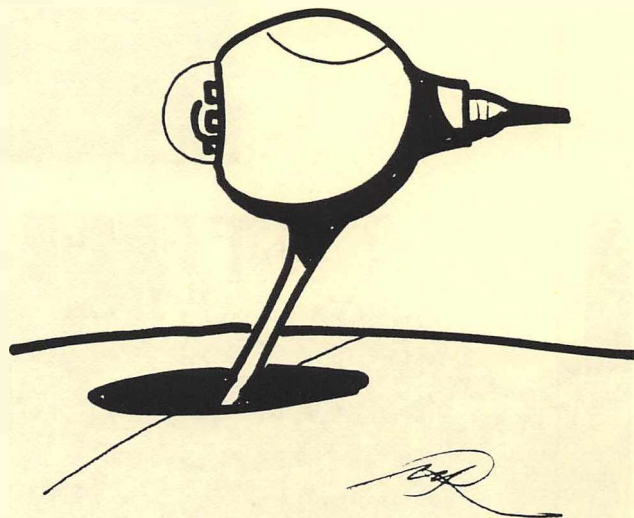
Actually, the LASFL lost no active member to the war, as far as I can recall. Alvin Mussen, a reserve officer called up earlier, was rumored lost on Bataan, but I never saw confirmation. However, he was not seen after the war. Forrest J Ackerman lost his younger brother in France or western Germany just after New Year's Day, 1945. It was saddening; Forrie had brought him to an LASFS meeting, wearing his army uniform and ready to ship out, only a few months before. I remember him well.

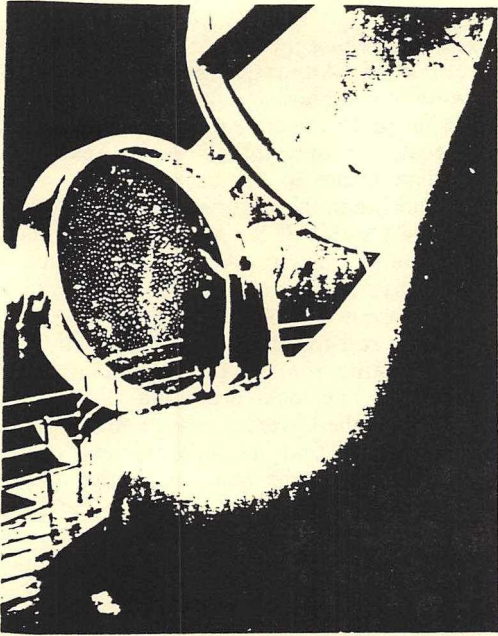
When the war did come to us, Forrie was eventually inducted, wearing the incredible green harlequin glasses he had made notorious at the First and Second World Science

Fiction Conventions. (These must have given old-time regular army officers at Fort MacArthur the crawling horrors!) By this time I was a professional photographer and one day, for a fan publication that failed to materialize, I took the picture that was the apotheosis of everything Forrie Ackerman, and science fiction, had meant to me between 1936 and 1942. Ackerman posed for me in the commercial studio where I was then working, wearing his U.S. Army uniform and those seditious green-rimmed glasses. (At the Open House on his seventy-fifth birthday, I noted a print of this portrait on the wall in his famous basement room.) I focused a light from high up on his face, with a soft-tone filler low down on the left side. Then with borrowed stills from his Things To Come collection I selected two scenes: the mass death-and-rubble shot from early in the film, when the Christmas day bombing of London takes place, and the scene from the final moments of the film, a century later in time, on the platform in the observatory, where the protagonists watch on a screen the telescopic projection of a tiny moving star against the heavens, which is sunlight being reflected from mankind's first space shot. "Which shall it be?" asks Raymond Massey, as the music by Arthur Bliss swells up and the chorus sings in a poignant oratorio style those final words of the film. Will it be Mankind's ever-continuing advance in understanding and capability, leading out to the stars, or stagnation and decline?

I intended to make a montage of the two stills from the cinema and my portrait of Ackerman, with the space shot in the upper right background and the dead civilians and smashed rubble of bombed London in the lower left background, dominated in the center by Forrie in his garrison cap and green-rimmed glasses. The lighting meshed. It was beautiful! It was the hope of us all then, that world of the future. And the world of the present was one of rubble-making on an unprecedented scale. London had been bombed; France had fallen; the German army was approaching Moscow. H.G. Wells seemed right on schedule.

Yet not thirty years later, when we landed on the moon, I was hardly interested. But Ray Bradbury was. We talked about it. NASA had invited him to the launching and to Houston. He was as enthusiastic about it as he had been at the prospect of space travel back in the days of the Little Brown Room. That is because he Believed. That is why Ray was able to go on and write his dreams. I merely noted the event. For I had gone somewhere else.







GROWING UP IN TEXAS

by Big Bill Donaho

RAY

The original of this was written for the Cult, and I thought that that would be it. As Harry Bond points out, sometimes I am a "nervous editor". But Dave Rike showed my f/r to Redd Boggs who wrote me saying that he thought it was very good and deserved wider distribution. Since I yield very easily to flattery, here it is.

I want to warn you all: this is a very sexist and racist world I am presenting. But that is the way it was, and I want to be accurate and reasonably complete. The modern South is not like that. Fortunately with all of the changes they managed to retain many of the good things, including the hospitality and sociability.

Naturally I would particularly welcome comments from Texas, both on this piece and on what things are like there now.

I consider myself a Southerner. I was born in Houston and raised in Central and East Texas. And at that time anyway these regions were just as Southern as many parts of the deep South. They had no trace of Southwestern culture. West Texas was a completely different world.

It's true I left there when I was 18 and have only been back or short visits, but at 18 one's values, tastes and attitudes are pretty largely set, one's personality is mainly formed. I hope I have learned better about many things and left behind old prejudices, but for good or ill my basic patterns were set in the South.

And prior to WWII the South was still recovering from the Civil War and was in many ways a social and economic back water, a 19th Century culture.

Bill Evans and I once had a discussion along these lines in FAPA. I said that Mark Twain's picture of boys and the world they moved in as presented in *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, etc. seemed perfectly normal to me, but that the world Booth Tarkington presented in *Penrod* and *Sam* was completely unreal and unbelievable to me. Bill replied that he had grown up in Oregon and that *Penrod* and *Sam* seemed natural to him, but while he could accept *Tom Sawyer* as a historical picture, it was an unfamiliar world to him.

So, the world I am describing is Central and East Texas in the late thirties and early forties. I believe--since all the rest of the culture corresponded with Southern culture--that in sexual mores it corresponded pretty well also. And in so far as we can research such a taboo subject it seems to represent practices throughout the US in the 19th Century.

I don't know how much these attitudes prevailed in the rest of the country, but when I was drafted in 1945 I met men from all over, and the sexual attitudes did not differ substantially from those I was brought up with.

There is far more difference in attitudes towards homosexuality between the end of WWII and now than there was between the 19th Century and the end of WWII. In the 19th Century there was a clear distinction between indulging in homosexual acts and being homosexual. For the most part that distinction doesn't seem to be made these days.

In those days homosexuality was hardly ever mentioned. And I never even heard the word "gay" until a Danny Kaye song in the mid-forties. But there were taboos. And the strongest of these was against doing active fellatio or cunnilingus. The taboo against doing it with another male was stronger than the taboo against doing it with a female, but that taboo was stronger than anything else you might do with a man. And there was no taboo against being fellated. Oddly enough mutual masturbation was even more acceptable than solitary masturbation, which wasn't forbidden but was thought to show a lack of aggression and enterprise. Of course the exotic things done nowadays weren't even dreamed of.

And there was an age taboo. It was fine to do it with someone your own age, but an older guy wasn't supposed to do it with someone much younger. Five years was stretching it somewhat--except with brothers. And of course the younger the boy was the closer the allowable difference got.

Almost all of us boys engaged in mutual masturbation. In fact there was a lot of fairly overt homosexual activity on Sunday School picnics right under the accepting eye of the Southern Baptist Sunday School Teacher.



While we boys were of course careful to carry on *sub rosa* for the most part, even at the time I could see that a number of men were aware of it and accepted it without question.

I believe that the idea was that boys had a very high sex drive and since girls weren't supposed to do it, it was inevitable that boys would do so together, and rightly so. Just like men did it with each other in prison, prisoner of war camps, any place men were away from women.

And anal sex was ok too, even on an "I'll let you if you let me" basis. It didn't happen all that often but the stories and jokes that went around were perfectly approving of it. Not like the ones about oral sex. A cousin and I tried it once, but we were too inexperienced to know how to really do it—we didn't even know enough to use a lubricant—so it got nowhere.

Note that even in movies about prisoner of war camps some men wore ribbons to indicate that while dancing they played the feminine role. Does anyone really think that it stopped there? It didn't. Or so I am told.

Both Texas and the army regarded oral sex as extremely dirty. And it just about as bad to go down on a woman as to go down on a man. Totally forbidden. In a discussion about what a dirty thing it was to go down on a woman one young soldier related how two women had picked him up and then pulled a gun and forced him to go down on both of them. But no one really believed him.

A soldier then related how he was having an affair with a married woman, but on one occasion when she "had the rag on" she went down on him. So naturally he never went back. This was found to be understandable, but maybe a trifle extreme. Some guys thought it ok to kiss the girl who went down on you, as long as you were sure she had gone down on nobody else, at least recently.

Another soldier then told about how gangsters frequently visited Hot Springs, Arkansas and patronized the whore houses there. (I've heard this from several other sources by the way including one which said that Pretty Boy Floyd got his nick name "Pretty Boy" in the Hot Springs whore houses.) One time a group of gangsters came in and demanded mouth service. The whores refused. "All the fucking you want, but no sucking!" This brought great applause, both for the whores' principles and their courage in defying the gangsters.

(I want to emphasize that these conversations were not isolated recollections but examples of typical barracks conversations reflecting the general attitudes of the time.)

The soldiers fortunate enough to be stationed in Germany right after the war were in hog heaven. German girls just didn't seem to say "no". (Or "*Nein*" as the case may be.) And, the war being won, discipline was very lax. The guys brought their women back to the barracks. One of my friends reported that his CO came in one day and addressed the troops: "Boys, you gotta get the girls out of here before reveille. Otherwise you'll spoil it for all of us."

Another problem arose. Most of the soldiers were being fêted by their girls and it was thought to be ok to kiss them. But what do you do when you traded girl friends, as most of them were doing? You really weren't supposed to kiss the girl who went down on your friend(s). But under the circumstances it was very embarrassing not to. Poor guys.

I gather that the idea about oral sex changed quite rapidly. In the sixties I read an account of a fancy Southern wedding where the reporter—without identifying the exact wedding—estimated that the bride had been down on half of the male guests present, but was still technically a virgin.

However, at about the same time I read a survey of sex in high school. One of the conclusions was that what they were taught at home and in church had little bearing on whether girls Did It. The only real factor was whether or not their girl friends did. If their girl friends did it, they did also; if they didn't, they didn't. But almost none of them enjoyed it. Nor did they expect to. It was the price they paid for dates and good times.

In the army I prudently never mentioned mutual masturbation, but about the only difference in other sexual attitudes I found there was that while being Greek active or French passive was ok, being Greek passive was mostly not, even in a mutual trade situation. It was sort of ok. The rule of thumb seemed to be that it was ok if you didn't enjoy it, but did it for other reasons. But you got negative points. And being Greek active and French passive were always ok. On several occasions I heard soldiers announce that they were there to be sucked if anyone was inclined that way.

So, I'm all in favor of letting gays into the military—or rather letting the ones that are already there be more open about it. If the straight personnel aren't aware of the advantages now, they would quickly become so. At least a large number of them would.

And the double standard in Texas was somewhat different to the one I found when I went North and East. In Texas it was believed that a man was entitled to all the sex he could get. But if he preferred to be a virgin for religious reasons, he might be thought to be an Idiot, but he was still considered to be a man.

But if a man fucked before marriage, he expected, and was expected to, keep fucking around once he married. And wives didn't seem too much care. The attitude seemed to be that "Men are like that; they track in mud; and of course they fuck around too." I suppose this attitude was because outside sex wasn't considered to be any threat to the marriage.

Even with our sexual revolution most women don't seem to fuck around as much as men do, but of course in cultures where the woman's brother is responsible for her children, not the father, women fuck around as much as men do.

I seldom use a dictionary, taking the meaning of words from context. So for some time I was puzzled by what the word "womanizer" could actually mean. It was always used in a disapproving manner. And since it was part of my world view at that time that almost every man got all the sex he could, I never got close to the real meaning. I finally decided that it meant a man who preferred the company of women to men. And I knew there was **No Greater Crime** than that. (And in Texas at that time that was certainly true.) Oh well. Live and learn.

But when I went to the University of Chicago and later moved to New York I found in both places a somewhat different double standard. Both men and women seemed to feel that a man who was a virgin at marriage wasn't much of a man. But after marriage a man expected to be faithful. He frequently wasn't of course. But he thought he should be.

During the fifties one of my gay friends was a very aggressive cock sucker. He said that he didn't consciously choose anything but good looks in the men he approached, but that it was possible he was guided by subconscious clues. Anyhow, among non-servicemen about one in four accepted his advances, with soldiers and sailors, it was one in two. And he

added, "I've never been turned down by a marine!"

Tom Condit was in the marines at the time and I asked him about this. "Hell, yes!" he said. "I can't imagine one of them turning down a blow job."

So I wasn't surprised at the recent scandal at the marine base down near San Diego. A lot of marines were caught having made gay porno films, always being Greek active and French passive of course. I did wonder though if any kissing took place.

When my friend told me this my principal surprise was that sailors were no more available than soldiers. When I was in the army the story was that the navy was a **H*O*T*B*E*D** of gay activity. So I asked a retired Chief Petty Officer about this. He said that prior to WWII this was the case—at least in the lower ranks—but this was when the navy only had volunteer personnel. But that with the war the draftees so far outnumbered the volunteers that things changed and never went back to "normal".

Back in the thirties one of my aunts rented a room in her home in Houston to two young men, both recent graduates of Texas A & M. They hadn't been roommates there; in fact they barely knew each other, but these being depression it was desirable to share a room in order to cut expenses. They quickly became close friends of course.

They not only shared a room, not an apartment, they slept in the same bed. No one thought anything of it. It was standard procedure at the time. And even though it was only a room they frequently had friends over. And all talked quite openly in front of me. I was only 13 at the time, but if any Texas men were the least bit shy about talking very explicitly about sex and/or their sex lives in front of boys of any age, I never noticed it.

The guys went to whore houses once or twice a week, and of course dated, occasionally managing to make out. They cheerfully reported their failures as well as their successes. They even laughed and joked about them getting drunk and one of them fucking the other. They thought nothing of it. Neither did their friends. They never for a moment thought that they were homosexual. They were just doing the usual things.

They formed affectionate ties with my aunt and uncle and kept up with them even after they got drafted. And of course they continued chasing women, etc. and both eventually got married and raised families..

This uncle, by the way, was one Clifford Wetzel, though as far as he knew no kin at all of the infamous fannish George Wetzel. (George Wetzel was noted, among other things, for the large number of poison-pen letters he scattered throughout fandom.)

There were still a lot of whore houses in Texas in the 1940's and most young men patronized them. I certainly did. But not very often. The price was \$2.00 then, and my job paid .50 cents an hour. In several articles I've come across references to a study that estimated that at least 90% of American men in the 19th Century patronized them. I find this plausible, but wonder how they managed to get that figure.

Fairly recently I read one which was trying to prove that Walt Whitman wasn't gay. It said that it was known that in those days over 90% of American men patronized whore houses and that there was no reason to assume that Walt Whit-

man didn't. And since he patronized whore houses, he wasn't gay. I was rather stunned by the logic.

In 1943, the summer I was 16, I worked as a file clerk in Houston. There were a lot of other boys my age in the office. One of them, a quite good-looking guy, turned 18 and got drafted. He used this as leverage to make out with his girl friend. He admitted that he had never "rated any" before. All his heterosexual experience had been with whores. Mine too at that time. And this was not at all uncommon then. Mores were quite different.

I never heard of any whore house turning a guy away because he was too young. And while I know of no such specific case I wouldn't be at all surprised if some fathers took their attaining-puberty sons there as a Rite of Passage. It would have quite fit in with the customs of the time. And we read of 19th Century European dads turning their 14 year old sons to their mistresses for education.

I once read an article about the changes brought about by women getting the vote. The two main ones were prohibition getting passed and whore houses getting closed. And in the case of the whore houses the Catholic bishops and priests tried to get women not to do this. They said that having whores available was one of the foundations of marriage, and that women would be sorry if they persisted in this course. (The article didn't mention Protestant Ministers or Jewish Rabbis on this topic.)



Well, with the whore houses closed men started putting lots more pressure on women to "come across". And more women did. This shook up the double standard somewhat as men started marrying these women. They even divorced wives to do so. And marriage did change.

The article went on to say that while almost all of us would applaud the change in marriage, it is doubted that the women who closed the whore houses would have done so if they had believed the priests and/or saw the changes that would take place.

Uncle Clifford was from Illinois and he had a habit that my family viewed with disdain. He read PULP MAGAZINES! And even worse, after he read them, he passed them on to me! My mother didn't approve; Uncle Tom, a doctor, tried to talk me out of reading that "trash", but I was always a stubborn type and kept reading ADVENTURE, ARGOSY, BLUE BOOK, DOC SAVAGE and SHORT STORIES. There were

other occasional ones, but Uncle Clifford bought every issue of these. Unfortunately he didn't get any sf ones, but I found those on my own. But I very well may not have if he hadn't turned me on to the pulps first. I owe him a lot. He not only turned over his pulps to me, he gave me all his boyhood books and taught me to play chess.

Actually I received more attention and nurturing from all of my uncles and from the older first male cousins who lived near us than many--if not most--boys get from their fathers nowadays. And I don't think it was because my father died when I was ten; it was what males were supposed to do in that culture.

But the huge extended family was on the point of breakup at that time. My parents regularly visited all their aunts and uncles and knew all their first cousins quite well though they didn't keep up with them as they did their siblings. But I gathered that before the depression they had, but that it accelerated an already existing breakup trend and WWII did it even faster.

I was on close terms with all my aunts and uncles, but many of my first cousins I've never even seen, and since they were mostly older than me, I won't now. They're dead.

My uncle, Charlie Martin (he married my father's sister), told me that when he was a boy there was even more homosexual play amongst boys. (That would have been difficult; but maybe with a wider range...) He said that he had had sex with **every** boy for miles around, even some five years or more older or younger than he. Of course he lived in a rural area, not a city or town, so there were less boys to choose from. And that when his sisters' boyfriends came courting they would spend the night in the boys' part of the house and there would be a big j/o orgy; he had had sex with everyone of his sisters' boyfriends, including one who was ten years older than he--the biggest age difference he had ever experienced.

And I was reminded of this when I later read that when in Europe the custom was to quarter troops in civilian homes that the parents would try to throw their sons in the way of the soldiers so that they would fuck them rather than their daughters.

Uncle Charlie also said that most guys teether quit or tapered way off on this mutual j/o when they got married, but it was still ok--but generally discrete and private--at stag functions when women weren't available.

Well, brother/brother incest was almost universal in all classes and brother/sister incest was quite common amongst the rural poor. I have always read that father/daughter incest is the most common kind, but I never heard of any father/daughter cases. While I am prepared to accept that some took place without my hearing about it, I can't believe that father/daughter incest could be taking place without the son of the house knowing about it, both from observation and his sister telling him. And if the guy told me about his fucking his sister, why not tell about his father doing it? Also, the girls were just as open about it. They weren't going beyond the pale, they were conforming to the usual pattern.

Terry Burns and I once discussed this and he said that the same pattern held in rural Vermont: lots of brother/sister incest, but no father/daughter that he had ever heard about.

Charlie Martin was not only an uncle, but also a cousin. One of my maternal great grandmothers was a Martin and his aunt. And his mother was the sister of my maternal grandfather. He was a real character. For years he was postmaster of

George, Texas (named after George Donaho, another uncle of mine.) But then he got caught with his finger in the till and they took the job away from him. (I have no idea why he didn't go to jail.) So they held a Civil Service Exam to select a new postmaster. Charlie's son, Charles, came in first, and his daughter, Thelma, came in second.

Thelma decided to take the exam only after she heard one of the neighbors complain, "Surely they won't take the job away from one Martin and give it to another!" But they did. And Charles was postmaster of George for some thirty years, until they closed it down due to dwindling population.

Charlie also owned a General Store which he burned down twice to get the insurance. They never proved a thing.



George Donaho had two sons, Glen and Doyle, both of whom went to the Naval Academy. (They either entered in 1926 or graduated in 1926; I'm not sure which.) In those days appointments were pretty political and I don't know how he managed two, particularly two in the same year. My maternal grandfather, Asa Searcy, was a friend of long-time Texas Senator Tom Connelly, and that might have been it, particularly since Charlie's mother was Asa's sister. George and Asa didn't have much contact, but Charlie and George were business partners. (Things do tend to get convoluted in large families. And back scratching gets very complicated.)

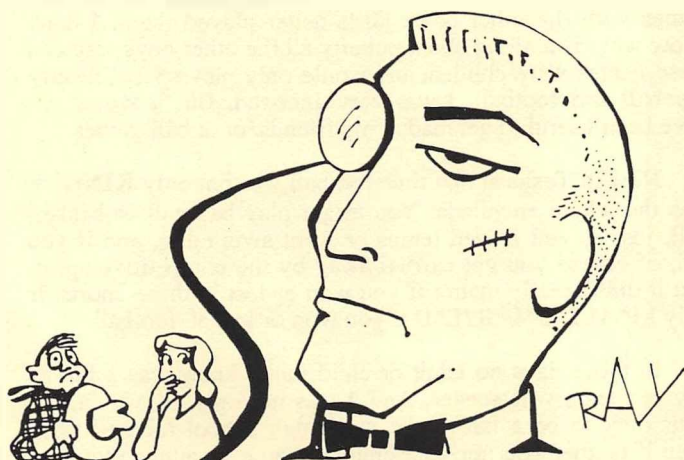
One of my maternal great grandfathers was a Mr. Zulch. (If I ever heard his first name I've forgotten it.) He was a German who violently quarreled with his family and moved to Texas. The family story is that when his father died his mother gave his brother the old man's watch instead of him. But this hadn't affected the money he got from the estate since he arrived in Texas with lots of it and proceeded to buy up much of the surrounding country. The city of Bryan, Texas has an unusually wide Main Street because he determined how wide it was to be by the space it took him to turn around an ox-cart. And about twenty miles away he founded the towns of North Zulch and South Zulch. North Zulch still exists, but sometime after his death South Zulch, where he actually lived, changed its name to Willahoe. (I suspect that must have some bearing on what his neighbors thought of him. From all reports he was a hard, unyielding man with a violent temper.)



He married a Martin (I don't remember her name either) and they had seven or eight kids, including my maternal grandmother, Martha Zulch. She refused to marry the man her father picked out for her and eloped with my maternal grandfather, Asa Searcy. I'm not quite sure what the objection was. Asa was independent, well thought of and had a far higher social position than the Martins or the Donahos could lay claim to. He belonged to the Southern aristocracy destroyed by the Civil War and in the 1880's these things were still very important. But since Mr. Zulch was a foreigner, I suppose this meant nothing to him and that the man he picked for Martha had piles of money.

The Donahos were Irish farmers who moved from Tennessee to Texas sometime before the Civil War. My paternal grandfather was a tad too young to get into the army then, but he drove a wagon for it. The spelling D-o-n-a-h-o is very rare outside the South, but is fairly common there. The family story is that whether it is spelled h-o, h-o-e, h-u, or h-u-e, it is still the same family. In frontier days when most people couldn't spell very well, all the different spellings originated.

However, every one I've ever met who spells it h-o is a Protestant, and everyone I've met who spells any other way is a Catholic. This made me suspect that there might be different families involved, but in one of George Stewart's books he says that in frontier days settlers arrived before preachers or churches, and that whenever a church arrived in a new region, everyone joined it, regardless of what church they had belonged to before.



In spite of the family connection with his wife, Mr. Zulch never forgave Martha. Both Mr. Zulch and his wife died around 1900. Martha got \$5.00. All the rest of his children got around \$100,000 each, mostly in the form of land. And in Texas in 1900 \$100,000 worth of land was a hell of a lot of land.

The family had always heard that Mr. Zulch had connections with the German nobility, but we took this with several grains of salt. But low and behold in the 1960s a titled German came touring, looking up his American connections. And since he just did the social rounds, making no attempt to get money from anyone..... I wasn't in Texas at the time and I was surprised when I heard about it as I had the impression that the German aristocracy didn't have titles any more. But I've never been motivated to check up on this.

But back to Navel Academy graduates Glen and Doyle Donaho. Glen was in submarines and went on to become an Admiral. I once talked to a man who served under him; he said that Glen was even more interested in power than most of the Top Brass. Doyle was in airplanes. He retired early, so he only made Captain.

I don't remember ever seeing Glen, and I only saw Doyle two or three times. I never did get around to asking him if he had known Heinlein.

George, Texas is in Madison County and while I was in the army I once met its Sheriff. I told him I was from George. He laughed and said, "There's nothing left in George but Donahos and Martins."

"I'm one of the Donaho's," I grinned. Actually at that time there were many other people still left in George, although perhaps not as conspicuously. But it is true now.

Charles and I talked about this when I was in Texas in 1976. He said that the area around George then supported 17 adults and children. In the 1920's it was around 450. But in the late twenties they had a big drought and the exodus began. The farming had hardly been scientific and the land was exhausted. The depression speeded up the exodus and WWII, with all the defense plants opening up hastened things, still more. It's now ranching country, not farming. And the land has recovered.

And there are no blacks left in the area. There used to be a sizable black population. I wonder if Charles's figure of 450 included them. It very well might not have. Attitudes were like that then.

In the early 40's a young black man came in and asked Charles to help him fill out his draft questionnaire. Charles did so. After the guy left Charles praised him, saying that he was a particularly outstanding young black, with two years at Prairie View (the Texas black college). I thought nothing of this at the time, but later it occurred to me that it was very unlikely that the guy actually needed help in filling out the questionnaire. He was just showing the appropriate people that he wasn't "uppity", in spite of having two year's college.

I am ashamed to admit that at the time I was just as racist as everyone else. (I have learned better.) In my early teens we took a trip up North. I got a shoe shine. I was utterly aghast when a white man did it. The family found this amusing, but understandable. Years later I read a South African novel in which a young woman had a violent reaction when a white maid waited on her. I knew exactly where she was coming from: "people" don't do such menial things.

Charles filled the role of big brother to me—I'm an only child—even though he is 13 years older (exactly 13 years older; we have the same birthday, Dec 23rd) and he never mentioned any homosexual activity on his part to me although he talked about his sex life in great detail, from first experiences right up to then. He didn't mention it, but it was certainly universal in the area where he grew up, and for two years he attended a live-in military academy.

But on at least one occasion on a fishing, camping trip when Jiggs, one of my cousins and I were impatiently waiting for Charles and his friend Popeye Owens (I forget his real name; Charles called him that; he called Charles "Major") to go check the fishing lines so we could Get On With It, Charles showed every indication that he knew what was going on and was amused and approving.

Since growing up I've never asked Charles about it; I felt it was better to let sleeping dogs lie, but my theory is that the 13 years difference was a major taboo. Uncle Charlie and I could talk about it because we weren't about to get together, but if Charles and I had talked about it, one thing might very well have led to another. Probably would have. Not only would I without question have done whatever Charles wanted, but if Charles had displayed any interest I would have been on him like a flash. I was a very horny little devil.

Only not so little. I was always large for my age, and Charles used to jokingly introduce me as his "little Cousin".

Thelma's husband was Tom Martin. He had the same last name, but as far as they could trace, he was no kin at all. He was kind and attentive and helpful to me, even though he was only a cousin by marriage. He treated me as a little brother and an equal.

Which is more than he ever did to Thelma. He was in no sense abusive, but to him Thelma was a woman and no equal. One minor indication of this: Thelma also worked; she was a teacher; but to Tom the family car was "my" car, not "our" car.

So by the mid 1940s Thelma had had enough of this and provided the family with its first divorce. No one on either side of the family or with all its connections had ever gotten divorced before.

I liked Tom but I could empathize with Thelma's doing this. I noted with some cynicism however that Thelma's second husband seemed far more like a good 'ol boy than Tom did. But he seemed to treat Thelma ok.

Thelma was a very strong woman. But then most of my female relatives were. I suppose a woman had to be strong in order to live in a culture where all of the laws and customs were strongly in men's favor. If she weren't strong, she became a doormat.

I was not aware of any actual cases of abuse, but I do remember a man's saying that we shouldn't make judgments if we thought a man was mistreating his wife, that we couldn't know what provocation he may have had, what was actually going on in the marriage.

In a novel published early in the century Mary Roberts Rinehart pointed out that many men who leaned over backwards to be fair and ethical in their dealings with other men, were ruthless and unethical in their dealings with women. That was still true in Texas in the thirties and forties.

When I was at the University of Chicago one of my housemates, Bob Neuwirth, a very nice guy—even to his girl friends—and a dedicated liberal, said that if he were ever in competition with a girl or felt threatened by her in any way, he did his best to seduce her. "Once I've fucked her I feel that I've put her in her place." This attitude is of course not confined to Bob, but it is one I didn't encounter in Texas. I suspect it was because it was felt that women were already "in their place" and didn't need to be put there.

But Texas and the South by no means had a monopoly on such ideas. In 1948 in a college in Indiana one of the co-eds had her date prosecuted for rape. The trial received national publicity. At it no one denied that the rape had taken place, but the guy was found "Not Guilty" because another guy testified that he had fucked her once with no reluctance on her part. Nothing about the girl's lifestyle was presented. The defense was merely establishing that the girl wasn't a virgin and that therefore no damage had taken place. The jury agreed. The Accused reverently thanked God for securing justice for him. The college expelled all three of them.

In the early summer of 1940 a lot of the Martin clan were at Uncle Charlie's place. Charles and Hilma, his wife lived there. Tom and Thelma were there along with Tom's two brothers. And I was spending a month or so with them.

One of Tom's brother—and I can't remember his name--was especially nice to me. He fulfilled my slightest request. I had only to express a desire to see a movie, 30 miles or more away, and we were on our way, with whoever else wanted to go of course. And he kept offering to take me out driving. I wouldn't go; there wasn't anything in the area I hadn't seen and it was hot, and I had no desire to be cooped up in a hot car. (No one I knew had an air-conditioned car in those days.)

I had been there only about ten days when I came down with a fungus infection in both ears—swimming in natural lakes in Texas has its dangers—and Mother insisted I come home. And I never saw the guy again. I don't think I'm dense, but I was in my thirties before I realized that he had been trying to seduce me. He was good looking enough and very nice to me, so if I had known I probably would have cooperated just out of simple curiosity.

When I told Charles of my insight, he laughed and laughed, mostly at my innocence "protecting" me. He hadn't known the guy was gay. I wonder if Tom did. He could very well not have.

As a child I was very much into role playing and fantasy games with the other boys. Girls never played them; I don't know why. But along about puberty all the other boys decided these games were childish and would only play sports, mostly baseball and football. I was very annoyed. But it would not have been useful to get mad at my friends, or at ball games.

Now in Texas at that time football was not only KING, it was the whole enchilada. You might play baseball or basketball, just as you played tennis or went swimming, and if you did, of course you got carried away by the competitive spirit. But it didn't really matter if you won or lost in those sports. It only M*A*T*T*E*R*E*D if you won or lost at football.

In those days no adult or child that I knew was a fan of any pro team whatsoever. And it was not only allowable, but your duty to be a fan of the local high school football team even if neither you nor your children had ever attended it. But it was thought to be putting on airs to be the fan of a college

team if you didn't live in the college town or you or your children hadn't attended the college. This attitude wasn't universal, but it was there.

I went to high school in Center, Texas--it was the center of Shelby county--a town sixteen miles from the Louisiana line. At the University of Chicago two of my texts were *Middletown* and *Middletown in Transition*, books that thoroughly examined a midwestern town. (As I recall the town in question was actually Muncie, Indiana.)

Middletown was about the same size as Center and there were many similarities. Most of the differences had to do with class. Middletown had no significant black population. It also had a rigid class structure with major class differences and discriminations. In Center--and in all of the South--the major distinction was whether you were white or black. There was some white class structure, but extremely minor when compared with Middletown. And movement up or down was very easy in the white world.

Being white was so important that there was very little discrimination against Jews. One of my friends was Mitch Glickstein, a graduate student in psychology. In the 50's he got involved in a project to study discrimination against Jews in Houston. The Jewish community in Houston refused to cooperate in any way. They didn't want to rock the boat. Mitch complained bitterly, "But we're trained not to do that!"

"Sure," I said.

Oh, Ken Rudolph, a tidbit for you. By 1950 all the whore houses in Chicago had been closed--there were still whores on the streets and provided by some hotels of course, but the houses had been closed. There was one still open in Indiana, a short drive from Chicago. Mitch, Mike Nichols and I went there. We would have gone back, but it was closed down also shortly after our visit.

In those days at least one of the main topics of conversation amongst young men was sex and appropriate behavior in sex. There was a romantic thing floating around that sex was a love thing and you should only fuck a girl if you were in love with her. Everyone I knew thought this was ridiculous. "If you only fuck a girl if you're in love with her, you're going to fall in love with a lot of strange women."

We all thought that a man was entitled to all the sex he could get. The only question was "monogamy". Should one be monogamous? Very few thought so. Mitch took the position that it was all right to have outside relationships as long as you were really relating to each girl. My point of view--straight from Texas--was that if you were in a relationship with a girl, it was ok to have something outside as long as the outside experience was just a piece of ass, and nothing significant. To really relate would be disloyal to your Significant Other.

Center had no whore houses and the nearest place you could get a legal drink was Shreveport, LA, some 60 miles away. There were several gay guys in school, but they were so much in the closet I didn't find out about it till years afterwards. I suppose that with all the mutual j/o and anal sex being ok that there was no reason to come out unless they were very much in to sucking. I knew of only one such. I found about about him when we started to Get It On and he went down on me shrieking, "I'm a vampire!"--a somewhat disconcerting introduction to fellatio.

Center had one of the best high schools in the state; it was always winning awards, and the Superintendent of Schools was a noted figure in the state Educational Establishment.

Most of the teachers were extremely competent, up in their subjects and taught well. One of my English teachers had majored in Agriculture and I knew far more about English Literature than he did, but he was an exception. He gave me A's and I kept quiet.

Compulsory education was on the lawbooks, but it was not enforced. If you didn't want to go to school; no one forced you, no one even inquired "why"? C-, not D, was the failing point. And if you didn't pass a course, you took the course again and the failure stayed on your record. And in the town grammar school, of course, if you didn't pass, you didn't get promoted. Discipline was enforced with leather straps. I even got whacked a time or two.



There was a separate black school, but I don't know how equal it was. I suspect not very much. One time the local paper, far from a liberal or enlightened one I assure you, ran a story about it, calling the principal and teachers Mr., Mrs. and



Miss. Miss Jim, a Southern Lady I knew--born in the 1860's--had a tantrum. She was about to mount a campaign against the paper before she cooled down.

My teachers liked and respected me and cut me a lot of slack. One of my teachers once referred to me as "the smartest boy in East Texas." I certainly concurred with his judgment, but I'm afraid I extended it somewhat.

I don't remember exactly how I managed it but by the time I was a Sophomore I was choosing the books that the high school library bought. That was a godsend.

I like history, so I was always thoroughly up on it and didn't really need to pay much attention in class. In one of my history classes I spent most of the period reading books from the library. I went thru a lot of the novels of James Fenimore Cooper this way. This was before I started choosing the library's books.

In the next year's history class, one of the S*T*A*R football jocks sat in the front seat of the middle row. I sat right behind him. Maximum exposure. I spent most of that period playing with his muscles. (His arm muscles.) He always sat so I could reach them easily, but unfortunately couldn't really turn around to play with mine. He made up for it later.



I did this the entire year. No one even once mentioned it, in or out of class. Not the teacher. Not one of the students. The instructor and the male students had to have known what was going on. I honestly don't know about the girls. I don't even know if they were at all aware of what we boys did. It was certainly never mentioned.

I want to emphasize that although I was in a position to strain the rules a little, no real violation would have been accepted. I was a conforming little beast. But I never thought about it consciously. Subconsciously I knew what I could get away with and what I couldn't. Everything I did was perfectly ok for a boy to do in that time and in that place. But if I had done active fellatio for instance and been found out I would essentially have been ostracized. Fortunately it never occurred to me to do that. No doubt because of my early conditioning it is difficult for me to understand why anyone would want to. But it's nice that they do.

I could probably have gotten away with cunnilingus, but would have lost status, similar to one of the football linemen was almost ostracized when he had sex with a black girl. He

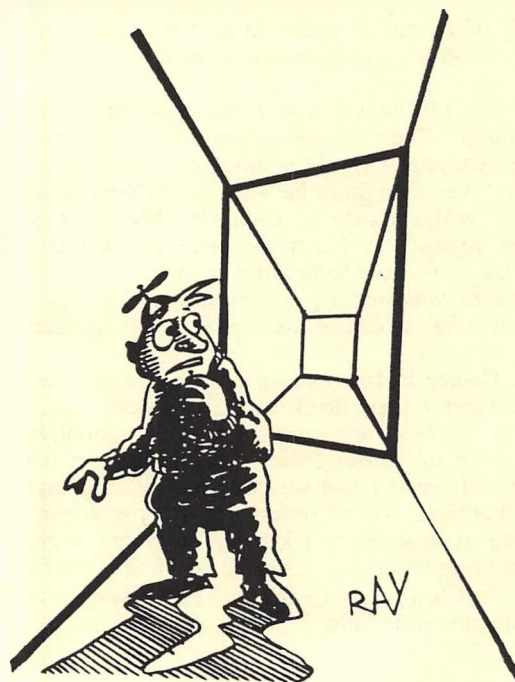
was very much looked down upon. He escaped ostracization because it never occurred to anyone that there was any affection involved; he just fucked her. This racist attitude was something of a change from the picture we get of pre-civil war days where it was common for slave owners use black women for their pleasure and to share them with male friends and employees. The same sort of shift in racist attitudes seems to have taken place in South Africa also.

Neither of my activities in history class prevented me from getting straight A's. But then I mostly got straight A's. I graduated third in my class. The daughter of the Superintendent of Schools and the girl who would have been Homecoming Queen if we had had such a thing came in ahead of me as I had had some setbacks in Latin and Algebra. Latin required a lot of memorization which I seldom got around to doing, so I usually averaged two B's to one A- there. And Algebra was a mystery to me for awhile. It took time to seep in. But then suddenly something clicked and it all fell into place, but not until I had gotten three B's. I noticed the same clicking phenomenon in learning both Latin and French.

Anyhow I learned enough Algebra in high school that I coasted thru College Algebra at the University of Texas, getting A's without effort. But some 15 years later I took up the same text and the introductory review chapter was so much Greek to me. My Algebra is gone. Yet I have done nothing to keep either my Latin or French alive and can sight read either almost as well as I ever could. There seems to be some loss of vocabulary, but not much.

My favorite course in high school was Solid Geometry. But there were only six students in the class and it was personally taught by the Superintendent of Schools, the only class he taught. Also in the class were his daughter, the girl who would have been Homecoming Queen and my jock friend from history class. But I didn't play with his muscles in Solid Geometry.

But all this is long ago and far away. Times have changed and the world I grew up in is truly a civilization "Gone with the Wind." I'd say that most of the changes are for the better. But some are not. Some are not.



Long ago and far away



Bob Shaw, 98 London Rd., Stockton Heath, Warrington, Cheshire WA4 6LE, England

A few years ago a faned described me as one of the politest people he had ever met, and---still being capable of a bit of paranoia---I wondered if I were being subjected to fanish criticism about perhaps being too bourgeois. But Bill Kunkel's and Laurie Yate's letters about Abi Frost have given me some reassurance.

My single encounter with Abi occurred at the end of the Eastercon in Blackpool, NW England, a couple of years ago. During the con I had frequently bumped into Paul Gamble, our amiable ambassador for the drugs culture, and had heard him advising people that they should "chill out". I haven't the faintest idea what the words meant, but they sounded good to me. (You have heard of the information superhighway; I live on an information cowpath.) Everybody that Paul told to chill out seemed to relax and become more at ease with the universe, and I quickly developed a craving to dispense similar balm.

The con was in its closing hours and Abi was in a bad state--crying, swearing, sulking, smoking like Concord brake linings--because she thought the people who were supposed to take her back to London had gone without her. I, still trying to get over two major bereavements, did not think the prospect of another night in the con hotel was all that much of a disaster, but, nevertheless, this was my chance to try out the magic words.

I sat down on sofa near Abi, waited until her tear-filled eyes met mine, gave a sympathetic smile and said, "Chill out."

The reaction was not what I had expected. All the people Paul Gamble had said it to had seemed to blossom a little, but--

just as Bill described in his letter--her eyes narrowed down into little dots of rage.

"Who do you think you're talking to?" she hissed. "What gives you the right to tell me to chill out?"

I... er... um... ah...," I said, then confessed that I didn't even know what "chill out" meant.

"In that case," she demanded, her eyes now lasers of fury and contempt, "why the fuck did you say it?"

There was no answer to that one, so I moved to the other end of the sofa and put up a show of interest in a nearby pile of beer-stained leaflets about forthcoming conventions in places I'd never heard of.

Don Herron, Box 982, Glen Ellen, CA 95442

I for one had some fun with Abi Frost on her TAFF trip, when she got to the We B Dudes Ranch after pillaging Las Vegas. She asked if she could photograph my cock, and I said, well, okay, if I can catch it. I was embarrassed to learn a few weeks later that I caught and posed with a hen that day, but our funky mutated chickens make so goofy looking a herd, who knew?--but I digress. Abi also was enthusiastic over Ocean Beach and the Suro Bath House ruins, and loved the prices at The Jug Shop, where I took her to stock up for some Brit party at Worldcon. And yes, she thanked me for showing her the town.

I don't get this idea, seemingly being put forth, that a TAFF winner has to be nice. Where does that come from? You want to meet a Brit fan, typical enough of a large cross-section, Abi does the job. What if Michael Ashley had won instead? Whoa. I liked him too, but we sat around at the Leeds meeting getting drunk and talking about serial

killers having sex with decapitated rotting skulls.

I even got used to Joseph Nicholas after awhile, but the first day Jeanne (on her TAFF trip) and I were stopping with him and Judith Hanna. I asked, "Are you sure he knows we're supposed to be here?"--but at the pub later Abi and Langford and Linda Krawicke all said he was okay, and he is. Deal with it. Some of the major Brit fans aren't what you can call--superficially--nice.

D. West brilliantly caught what I'm getting at in his cartoon series about campaigning during his TAFF race against Hansen some years back, especially the panel about trying to win "the American vote." Says it all. And not nicely.

Leigh Edmunds, 6 Elvira St., Palmyra WA 6157, Australia

It's nice to see John Berry and John D Berry together. It's also delightful to see all sorts of other names and to see that the people I used as sort of hypothetical examples in my article will think I was talking about them in their physical manifestations rather than their mythical presences. Such is life. Like John Foyster says, one other nice thing about the letter column is that you catch up on what people are doing these days and if they are in the letter column you assume that they are still alive. That's a good reason for making sure we all send locs, isn't it?

The letter column is full of people having a pleasant jog down memory lane. I am not quite yet of the vintage that I can do that and, apart from John Foyster, there is really nobody in the letter column who shared the culture of Australian fandom during the sixties and seventies anyhow. But I was rapidly propelled down memory lane (shot from a large cannon almost) by the letter

from Algernon D'Amassa, not by anything that he wrote, even though I take his point about Ted White's howitzer attack. It may well be that Algernon was the very little fella that I tried to teach how to say "G'day" in Australian style back when Valma and I were in East Providence in 1974.

In those days Americans found this way of saying hello very odd, but since then they've seen Paul Hogan who made the whole thing more socially acceptable. If it was Algernon that I was trying to educate in 1974 I hope that I left no lasting scars on his psyche. If so, sorry mate! This is a bit like Pamela Boal's comments about young men and women speaking to her when she doesn't recognize them, but the other way around.

I left out of my article last issue the obvious observation that somehow fandom manages to preserve an oral tradition in a written medium. How this is done I have no idea, as yet. Clearly I am under theorized in this matter and will have to do some deep reading on the subject. I wonder what Jacques Derrida has to say on the matter? (Suddenly I find myself propelled down old memory lane again; memories of reading fanzines in the late sixties when guys like Blish and Atheling would drop the names of people I'd never heard of.)

When got home from work last night Valma was reading HABAKKUK. To entertain and edify me she read out the bits about Abi Frost. They would not have meant anything to us if we hadn't met Abi when we were in England a couple of years ago. Actually we found her a quite a reasonable person, but then she was on her home turf. I'm not usually crabby when I'm in other places, even on the other side of the world--I'm usually just dazed and confused.

One of the reason's I'm confused is because my internal navigation is always sending me in the wrong direction when I'm in the northern hemisphere where, despite a lifetime of experience, the sun is due south at noon rather than due north as it should be. That can be a bit dangerous in some parts of Washington DC or in Montgomery, Alabama where I spent an "interesting" afternoon trying to find a decent downtown and having an edifying interchange with a member of the local constabulary.

Steve Jeffery, 44 White Way, Kidlington, Oxon OX5 2XA, England

There's some great illos and cartoons in HAB 3:3. Dave Haugh's wheelies are always fun, and Brad's "critical aim" on p 6 is great, as is his strange "snoopy" pilot on p 8. But what about that inside bacoover from Steve Stiles. Excellent. Stuff. Ray's illustrations throughout are a perfect complement to the articles and letters. I particularly liked "Trina" and "Space Age Poetry", and he has a nice line in silhouettes, a sort of unique fannish daguerreotype.

Ah, Ted wields the merciless Bludgeon again. This time for ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY. OK, so it's Ted's personal column (and getting more and more personal in places), AQ is obviously not Ted's sort of fanzine, and he has his own differences with the editor. But I'm beginning to wonder how to read Trenchant Bludgeon: as a critical review column on current fanzines, or as a soapbox

for a bit of score settling and bloodletting?

I think what brought me up particularly in Ted's column this time round was his rail against the Linda Michaels fantasy style of illustration: "This is not 'fan art'". Who says? And what does he base this ridiculous statement on? Just because they're not wearing beanies? Does Ted even look at HABAKKUK? Here you have Ray, Rotsler, Dave Haugh and Brad comfortably alongside fantasy style illustrations from Peggy, Trina and Linda Hardy, and even a 'cute' musical robot and fairy from Steve Stiles. I mean, come on: I've been looking at these sort of illustrations for years now, from STET and MIMOSA to SHIPTAD BLUES and the Australian THE MENTOR, without realizing all this time that they're not really 'fan art'.

As a Brit fan, and as a smoker, I feel I ought to apologize for the undoubtedly strong impression made by our latest TAFF representative. To be honest, I've never really gone for the whole TAFF idea, which often strikes me as a bit of celebrity elitism still hanging over from a time when it probably was a good idea. Now that a lot of fans can and do make the trip to overseas conventions, the whole TAFF electioneering business strikes me as outdated. I've been to the States three or four times now (admittedly on company business, but managing to slip a visit to Philcon into the last trip). There are good and bad things to be found in the US, as with the UK, but one thing that did strike me was that Americans in general set great store on the courtesy expected and extended between guest and host. As a visitor, and especially as an invited guest, to another country this is something not to be abused lightly as our whinging chimney seems to have done.

This thing about teenagers not coming into fanzine fandom is beginning to bug me. It's a bit like sitting in your living room with a fishing rod and wondering why they aren't biting today. It might be better if people went outside and started throwing some bait in a few ponds for a change.

Most of SF comment in the letter column seems to be about the endless spin-offs of Star Trek. Sci-Fi rather than SF perhaps (I have seen the future, and it's built out of polystyrene rocks). At least it seems there's a consensus on this topic; no-one has a good word for Riker.

A couple of nights ago ITV screened Gene Roddenberry's 1974 sci-fi *Planet Earth*. It was terrible. It combined some of the tackiest aspects of Star Trek with a really dodgy plot about an amazon matriarchal society, who are, of course, just waiting to experience the Lurve of a Good Man to learn the error of their ways. Oh Yuk.

Nola Frame-Gray, Box 465 Inglewood, CA 90307-0465

The issue that dragged me into loccing is, oddly enough, smoking. Now the reason why I say this is odd is because up to this point, I've managed to stay out of smoking debates for the simple reason that I am a hypocrite. Though I'm one of the (apparent) few that voted against the smoking ban at LASFS Now that it's passed I'm a bit happy that the meeting room is smoke free, even though the ban has the unfortunate effect of keeping some of the more interesting

members, such as Don Fitch, outside.

But though I've always been a non-smoker, and I'm married to a nonsmoker, and most of my friends are nonsmokers (Hello, Don) I think that I can, at times, sympathize with the plight of smokers for the simple reason that my late mother was a chain smoker. (Lung cancer killed her.)

After carefully reading in HABAKKUK 3:3 of the various accounts of That Breakfast, there is one thing I could not find. And were it not for this omission I could sympathize. Ghod knows, I would not want to have to sit in a crowded restaurant, right next to a heavy smoker in the smoking section.

But when it was discovered that the smoking section was completely filled and that there would be a 20 minute wait before a table would be free, did anyone think of asking Abi which she would rather do: wait 20 minutes or sit in the non-smoking section? If she wasn't asked any overtures of goodwill made by the group would seem to be lacking. Gee, I thought it was the job of the host to make the guest comfortable.

I've been to England (Brighton '87) and have come away with the knowledge that Brits take their drinking and smoking very seriously. SF fandom in England is pub fandom and pub fandom automatically means large crowds, heavy drinking (I was surprised when a large room party at Conspiracy was closed down for the simple reason that the hosts of the room party had run out of booze!) and a room blue with cigarette smoke. Brits take their smoking very seriously. So when Bill Kunkel asks, "...why would she willingly subject herself to the TAFF experience?" Abi expected to run into a country where the level of smoking is equal to the use of tobacco in her homeland. And she ran into the USA, a country with laws and customs quite foreign to her own.

Incidentally, when Bill comments on what a foul mood Abi seems to be in all the time, especially when she first arrived, one wonders if she had had the unwelcome experience of riding in a smoke-free plane from England to the States? Or, to put it another way, why should she be in a good mood? Abi is an addict--to cigarettes. I say



this not as a moral judgment but to point out that it's been said that smoking is very addictive, even more addictive than heroin. So who would expect any kind of user to be in a pleasant mood after being forced to go cold turkey?

By the way, to the artist (or anybody else) who put the "Fandom's Ambassador of Good Will" in the middle of the page discussing the Abi Incident: I consider what you've done—drawing and publishing this cartoon and in such a prominent place to be particularly mean-spirited and I pray that I'm never in the position of being on your "bad side."

The Buck Stops Here. I thought Bill's illo complemented and illustrated his letter quite well.

Ashley Rachel Pollard, 62 May Rd., Brighton, East Sussex BN2 3EB, England

Smoking has become a very emotive issue for people. As a nonsmoker myself I also find that at times I can get violent feelings about the issue. On the other hand I have friends who smoke, and the only alternative to having them visit is not to have them as friends. Smoking is addictive, and those who are addicted to its pleasures cannot easily give them up. In addition I find the "prohibition like" atmosphere that is building up around smoking a bit frightening. Such extreme measures do not stop people from indulging in their habit; all it does is criminalize it.

Let's be blunt. Abi is known to smoke like a chimney. On a scale of one to ten she is about eleven. To put her into a position where she cannot smoke would only serve to provoke a reaction in her to smoke more. It seems to me that this is what Bill Kunkel's letter proves when he writes about Abigail's TAFF visit. Not that Abi really needs me to defend her position. Lots of fans proclaim that they are intelligent. Abi really is. She is one of the most frightening intelligent people I know. What comes with the territory is a certain intolerance of fools and a large amount of nervous energy.

I'm convinced the story Bill tells is true. It strikes me as having the verisimilitude of an actual occurrence. Due largely I suspect to a lack of experience of Europeans. We share a similar language, but I felt more European when I visited the States than I would have thought possible (given how insular we British can feel about being classed as Europeans). This I found quite surprising given that I would class myself as an Americanophile.

Such differences lead to different expectations of what is right to offer and what one wants to gain from a visit. Perhaps just a little more thought should be given as to why someone acts the way they do before making judgments on them. I personally feel that Bill's letter tells us more about Bill than Abi. Certainly it shows how emotive arguments can become when people are put under stress.

Finally I would like to point out that I have changed my surname from Watkins to

Pollard, and you can also note the change in gender from Mr. to Ms. This was the reason, that after being nominated for TAFF I didn't publish any supporting material. I had started to undergo a serious reappraisal of my life and felt the stress of running for TAFF was not helpful to my situation.

David Bratman, 1161 Huntingdon Dr., San Jose, CA 95129

I met Abigail Frost backstage before the Hugo ceremonies, at which she was to be a presenter. My job as Hugo administrator was to watch over the trophies and envelopes, but I also took on a number of other small jobs. Abi explained to me, in what seemed an apologetic and reasonable tone, that she needed her cigarette fix and was wondering where she could safely take it. It so happened that I had been briefed on exactly this point by the canny Sarah Goodman, so I was able to steer Abi in the right direction, and off she courteously went. I have no idea why she seems to have been in a bad mood in Las Vegas, but I wouldn't want to leave unmodified the impression that she was a totally discourteous person.

Fanzine fans have an often-deserved reputation as hermits, and personal, not to mention national, styles may differ, so there can be a lot of unintended hard feelings on fan fund trips. I remember when Greg Pickersgill came over here in 1986. He had a reputation as being disdainful of TAFF, and of being scornful of American fandom in general. His friends protested that this reputation was unjustified, but there it was. One evening at the Atlanta worldcon I wandered into what proved to be the best party I attended the entire convention, full of eager and enthusiastic conversation, but the first thing I noticed was Pickersgill sitting alone on a bed, looking fairly glum, probably because there was no beer. He soon left, and I expect he doesn't have as warm a memory of that party as I do, but if he ever wrote anything about those terrible Americans and their lack of beer, it has not come to my attention.

Haz Bond, 50 Mayer St., Hanley, Stoke on Trent ST1 2JD, England

The address above denotes not only a change in residence, but the end of a 3-year relationship with a certain Famous Fannish Apostate (who shall remain unnamed). The queue of people waiting to say "I told you so" is three times round the block already, though for what it's worth our radically differing views on fannish fandom had little to do with the split. Ah well, enough of this.

Gay male sex 15 times in one night? Well, in my experience, not impossible, but christ, I'd have a sore arse. And what's more, I suspect it would leave little time left for such essentials as cuddles, chocolate and trying to get the lubricant off the sheets. Delany is obviously a very different person from me. (I'm rather glad. I'd hate to wake up one day and find I'd written *Dhalgren*.)

As for slash fandom, permit me to insert my two pence worth (this is not an innuendo) as I probably know more of this interesting subject than many readers. For starters, in my opinion, I don't think you can realistically compare the sort of trash 1960's lesbian novels I assume you mean with



women-written slash; not to say either is intrinsically superior, but just that they're very different. That aside, it's not true to claim that slash is almost entirely the provenance of straight women. My observations suggest that straight females often write the sort of thing where the very idea that characters from their favorite series could be getting it on is enough to make a story (forget things like plot and characterization), whereas the newer generation, not such as exclusively heterosexual or female group (such as lesbian Jane Carnall, my favorite fannish aunt, and well, yes, me on occasion) spread our nets wider. Lesbian slash is far from unknown (particularly Cally/Jenna based, from *Blake's Seven*). I really must get round to finishing my *The Prisoner* slash.

But who is the world is the *Prisoner* getting it on with?

I rarely watch television, but I'm sure that if our series were really having plots compatible with "that sort of" off screen sex, someone would have told me.

Is no Ted White zine rev column complete without a flame job on some hapless no-life? After my distance from fandom recently I haven't seen any of the zines in the micro-scope, but I have no intention of letting that mere fact stopping me from contributing to the debate.

It's true that bad reviews are easier to write than good ones in almost every case. In Ted's case, it seems to be generally accepted that his bad reviews are more fun to read, unless you're Guy Lillian or Joe Maraglino.

However, a) if the column is really designed to aid the ignorant, it would be more helpful to tell them what to get, rather than what not to; if not, then at whom is it aimed?

If AQ does commit the sins of which he accuses it, I can only nod in agreement most of the time. To go further, previous zines I've seen Ted review have elicited opinions from me broadly in line with his. So my voice of complaint here is a very muted one. It's just that I'm so far out of fandom these days I don't know what's going on. It's a very peculiar feeling, and it makes me want to get further back in where I belong.

Well, when I was doing a genzine, my contributors were my readers, and vice versa. Some of them might have been professionals seem to recall that Chris Priest chap had a few things out in the prozines--but fanzines are, or should be, great social levelers, a place where the big name pro can mingle with the teenage Darth Vader wannabee. (Assuming the latter can actually write, that is). This has always been one of the things I loved about fandom. It isn't as much of a pure meritocracy-cum-anarchy as it seems at first, but it's still more of one than you get in most places.

Ted's quite right about how essential it is to know your audience. I even used to spend five or ten minutes on mailing out a new issue imagining how various different recipients would react to it. I'm not sure whether this denotes dedication to my hobby, or whether it's just very, very sad. (No, thanks. I didn't ask your opinion....)

And when you know your readers, you write for them specifically, and that, I say, that is what makes fanzines what they

are. For me. If Joe Maraglino thinks otherwise, he's welcome... but I couldn't do a fanzine like that. I think my hopes of becoming a Professional Writer were finally dashed when I realized how impossible it was for me to know my readership if it were liable to consist of anyone who might pick up a book in WH Smith's.

I couldn't agree more with Ted's opinions on the subject of fanwriting anthologies. So I shan't comment further there.

Sneering at Cute Bunnies With Trumpets is dangerous ground; a good enough artist can make the subject well worth while. (Such as Tenniel, for instance). (Chorus of ignorants: "Duh, what fanzine does she draw for?")

Art Saha's article was a delight. I am, as anyone who knows me will inform you, a sucker for anything fanhistorical, and this piece just made me curl up and purr. Of course I can't comment on the historical aspect, but from the viewpoint of sheer entertainment I vote it a gold star.

As for your follow-up...rather a long digression inconveniently near the start, maybe, when you address the subject of *Candide*, but once more, a slab of interesting writing.

Abi Frost, ah me! It must be three years since I saw her, but it's plain she hasn't changed in the slightest. She was always rude, sarcastic, and in general a joy to cross swords with, when I was in London fandom. She was also (and presumably still is) capable of behaving in the most hyper fashion I've ever seen. I remember in particular a party hosted by Linda Krawecka and Chris Atkinson, at which she danced like a nicotine-odoured demon all night without stopping for breath once, and then set off for home whizzing all over the pavement and generally behaving like a bumble bee confined in a bottle. Oh yes, and she was smoking then too. I slept on her floor that night for reasons I now forget (probably something like missing the last bus home) and while her hospitality was faultless, the place smelt like a tobacco factory.

I should point out that we aren't all like Abigail over here, before Las Vegas fandom starts bloc-voting Hold Over Funds in perpetuity.

See you again sometime, Abi?

Oh yes. The cartoon fails to do her justice; I have never seen her looking that undisreputably. I shall be very disappointed if she really looks like that these days.



Having cautiously praised Ted White's reviews, I'll now take issue with his letter, because here's a new experience for me: Ted White is wrong about something, and can prove it. I, me, myself was a new fan in 1987 at the age of eighteen, and what's more, Ted White got almost every one of the numerous fanzines of varying that I emitted over the next few years. I even got one of his following a brief meeting at Conspiracy. And what's more, I'm willing to wager that that's the reason he and Dan keep sending me BLAT! despite my embarrassing failure to comment on its undoubted excellence. On top of that, since you got your mailing list from him, that is also why I'm getting H...

Gosh, I've just proved Ted White wrong about something. I can die in peace now. I think I need to go and have a lie down with a refreshing drink.

I also think Ted is reading Chuck Connor's writing with less of an ear for style than he usually displays. It's my opinion that Chuck is a good writer, especially of reviews, and certainly one of the most distinctive voices of fandom. Having also met him once (and tried to bit his finger off--let's hear that phrase again--reasons I now forget) I can also confirm that Chuck talks the way he writes, and that's saying something.

Terry Jeeves: I remember when I was sixteen there was a fire at my school. Guess what caught fire? The fire alarm system, all nice and newly installed at great costs to save the teachers running round ringing handbells. So the teachers had to run around...you guessed it.

I think John Tipper makes unwarranted assumptions that his unnamed acquaintance will never read her zines again. I must have about that many zines and I'm always reading the damn things, and most collectors I know do likewise. Greg Pickersgill, example, just got hold of a huge amount of ancient stuff from Brian Burgess, and I would lay odds that they will be better perused in the next year than they were by Brian in the last twenty.

"C**t"? Is that nervous editor talk for "cunt"?

Now where would you get an idea like that?

This George C. Willick person has excellent tastes... old fanzines and Robert Mapplethorpe. Please continue to shake his coffin; it looks as if interesting things are set to fall out.

Martyn Taylor gives a reasonably accurate account of the death of Stephen Milligan, but what bugs me is Ray Nelson's cartoon: how did he know Milligan was wearing a trilby as well as the other accouterments? That was my trilby and I took it with me when I made my escape from his flat... oops, forget I said that.

The inside backcover is up to Steve Stiles' usual standard. Frankly I prefer it to the outside back, but that's subject rather than style to a great extent. I always tend to prefer people like Steve who work in their own style, as opposed to Trina's mock Minoan.

Harry Cameron Andruschak, PO Box 5309, Torrance, CA 90510-5309

In your Meanderings I note several comments about alcohol, one on AA, and Avedon Carol's rationalization that smoking

does no harm. It would seem as if denial is still a large part of fandom, as it is with most of the population. Sad And your letter column! And heeccccccers Abi! I am sure she would be the first to agree with Avedon Carol (and Marry Cantor) that cigarettes and harmless and non-addictive. (I did not vote for Abi in any TAFF race, so not my fault.)

You wondered where city coyotes get their food from. Garbage mostly. Humans throw out a huge amount of food. Then there is the usual fauna of the city night, such as raccoons and possums. And all the abandoned pets. Cats and dogs turned loose to breed, forage as best they can, and when too weak from malnutrition or disease get run over by cars or eaten by coyotes. Even healthy cats are a good lunch to coyotes. And birds and rodents and just about anything else.

And why are coyotes now active in city areas? Simply because their natural habitat in the country has gone under to developers of housing tracts. That disrupts their traditional food supply, so they have to look elsewhere. And if humans insist on throwing out a lot of edible food, the coyotes will arrive sooner or later, probably sooner.

Coyotes are SMART. Indian stories claim that when all life was created it came in 3 categories: human, animal and coyote with coyotes somewhere in between humans and animals. I believe those stories, sometimes. I also believe the stories of the jumping cacti, from hard, sad experience.

Well, I'm off to an AA meeting. And that meeting, like many other AA meetings, will have a certain percentage of "dual addictions" those hooked on both alcohol and drugs.

In some respect I share Guy Lillian's contempt for the white middle-class druggie, and I would have enjoyed it if Ted White had been broken on the wheel instead of getting a token jail term.

It's hard to believe sometimes that I am 10 years sober thanks to a lot of help from fanzine fandom, their support and comfort. Well, most of them. I never had much help from the LASFS or other sci-fi groups, but that is OK. I am still doing well.

Skel, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW, England

Your letter column is fascinating. Particularly so as I am approaching it not having read H 3:1 & 3:2 which have presumably engendered it. Which makes for a unique appreciation. Gordon Stevenson writes of wanting to "borrow a time machine", and whilst I have often felt the same way, for identical reasons, it also occurs to me that by reading your recent issues in reverse order, so that each issue highlights and expands upon the letters responding to it, I am in effect undertaking a piece of personal time travel so idiosyncratic that perhaps Mr. Peabody's "Way-back" machine would be a more appropriate association than either "Time Tunnel" or "Dr. Who", which latter program reminds me (apropos your response to Lan's letter) that for all the inadequacies of its low special effects budget the daleks were in fact some of the better non-human aliens to have appeared on TV to date.

And whilst no media fan I can certainly recall youthful memories of those implacable alien beings roaming around cry-

ing, "Exterminate! Exterminate! which seems the ideal prompt to move on to Ted White's fanzine review column--which would be in turn a cheap shot if it wasn't in fact a tongue-in-cheek acknowledgment of the way his reviews are sometimes misinterpreted.

Ted cares about fanzines, more so than perhaps anybody else I can call to mind, which was why, on the one occasion when I published a genzine that could showcase such reviews I deemed it essential that they be by Ted. He does not suffer fools gladly (which is why I try not to argue with him) but he does care and tries to be honest.

Which in turn is why his reviews are the highspot of your fanzine, as they were one of the highspots of mine, and indeed are such of just about any fanzine that publishes them, so it isn't surprising that the pages of my copy of your zine which feature his material are different to the others in that they are generally unmarked by my biro'd asterisks. You don't tend to stop and make notes when you're basically shouting "Yeah, Yeah!! Way to go!"

In fact my only note was where Ted responds to Arnie Katz 'Broad Trends' approach at the bottom of the first column on page 14 with "But I think this is not the best way to do a fanhistory", and I thought "That's right. Fandom is first and foremost about the fans that comprise it at any particular time, so the best way to approach a history of fandom is via the fans that were movers and shapers." Only bugger me, but having plonked the asterisk down doesn't Ted go on to say precisely that at the top of the next column, thus cutting my searing insight off at the knees.



Oddly, if Ted does have a failing it is in his very virtues, because the strength of his beliefs and the depth of his caring can sometimes lead him to be a little OTT in his criticisms. Perhaps we should really be amazed that those occasions are so rare. Certainly while he is forthright in his reviews in this issue I see no excesses. Perhaps this wasn't the case in the issue where he reviewed CHALLENGER (If the Algernon D'Amassa, Dave Rike, Brian Earl Brown, and indeed Guy Lillian III letters are anything to go by). Obviously I cannot as yet comment

but the responses I mentioned and particularly Ken Rudolph's mean I can hardly wait to get into my Wayback machine.

My basic shyness and social ineptitude is the main reason why I've been able to dismiss as laughable the occasional and well-meaning but poorly thought out suggestions that I should stand for TAFF, which candidacy carries with it social obligations for which I am singularly ill-equipped. Not apparently, if we take at face value everything we read in your letter column, that being ill-equipped, for whatever reason, seems to deter everyone else. I have not as far as I am aware (and surely I would have been aware if Bill Kunkel's comments here are any guide) met Abi Frost, but even assuming that the adverse reaction resonating from her various hosts (as described in your letter column and elsewhere) were typical of her entire trip, she would not be the first inappropriate TAFF delegate. Nor, I venture to suggest, the last such.

TAFF is at the same time both a popularity contest and means of rewarding contributions to fandom, and in this latter regard it's basically all we've got and so it gets used even if it's a particularly inappropriate reward in specific cases. I do though feel it's the "popularity Contest" element that causes more problems, albeit in a context unrelated to matters discussed in your fanzine. In fact in addressing Bill's comments it ought to have been a positive boon.

What you have to realize, Bill, is you might have caught Abi at a bad time. Let's face it, she did win a popularity contest, and whilst it's true the US voters might not have known what they were getting, the UK electorate must have been very familiar with Abi's live (as distinct from fanzine) persona. They cannot all have voted simply on the basis that it was worth it just to get her out of the country and several thousand miles distant for a few weeks. We are therefore left with but two alternatives. Either Abi's victory in fact spared you from other candidates who were indescribably worse or alternatively the trip was more stressful than she's anticipated and you did not see her at her best.

My major problem with TAFF is the lack of trip reports, and is possibly highly subjective. It seems to me that winning TAFF brings with its benefits certain obligations, both to TAFF itself and fandom in general, and whilst winners appear invariably to discharge the former, the latter are more frequently overlooked. If all you're doing is taking your trip, then concentrating on raising money (mainly by activities involving in-person interactions--conventions, fannish gatherings, etc.) all you're doing is making it into an increasingly self-contained and self-serving institution and effectively distancing it from the fanzine fandom that gave it birth, and I would argue that not only is a trip report the best way for a winner to discharge their responsibility to fandom in general, it is also an excellent way to discharge some of their responsibilities to TAFF itself. To see why I feel this let us look at some of the elements involved:

Firstly, the people who make the TAFF trips are generally (albeit not invariably) well known for their writing in fanzines, and as such are the very folk best

suited to use the opportunity to write such a report to maximum effect.

Secondly, with rare and noteworthy exceptions, trip reports are generally the only examples in fanzine fandom of writing at an extended length on a single subject or theme.

Just taking these first two points together we should be baffled by the lack of trip reports. These people are writers, for fuck's sake! Sometimes some of the best that fandom produces, and here they are being presented with both a challenge and a (to them) unique opportunity at one and the same time. Surely they should attack us with any weapon to hand, even down to teeth and fingernails, if we tried to prevent them from writing a trip report, no?

Apparently not.

But if they don't feel driven from within, should they not at least feel some social pressure from without? Particularly at the present time when there is some relatively large sum of money available to TAFF from some Convention surplus for any (previously un) published trip report. This is part of what I meant by the report fulfilling responsibilities to both TAFF and fanzine fandom in general. TAFF would of course also benefit financially from direct sales of the report, as well as from any increased interest it engendered (and if it didn't engender increased interest one might suggest that TAFF itself has exceeded its shelf life).

Fourthly, another function that trip reports provide is that of timebinding and helping to maintain the historical context of fandom. At the moment it seems to me that TAFF has degenerated into nothing more than a series of annual popularity contests which wash like the tide upon some foreign shore and leave no more behind when they recede than some soon forgotten detritus in an occasional letter column (and no offense intended here to either your fanzine or Bill's letter--it's just that a particular TAFF trip should not be recalled in years to come only by the occasional fannish beachcomer idly flicking through old fanzines).

Because, in fannish terms, TAFF reports are high-profile items. They are sought after. They are collected. They are read and reread. They are even on occasion reissued. They provide material for and are themselves part of that "history of specific individuals" whose cause Ted White was championing, and also contribute towards that "good history" that Leigh Edmonds writes about, by either providing the source of, or more widely disseminating, or just stimulating interest in the stories that form part of the "Oral Tradition". Which means that a trip report not only stimulates interest in TAFF when it is first written and published, but it continues to stimulate that interest on down through the years.

It was of course never a binding requirement that a trip report be written, but if they were polled I suspect some of the earlier winners would say they'd have felt they had to some degree "let the side down" if they'd failed to produce one. Nowadays of course any mention of such an obligation, however unofficial, has not so much been swept under the carpet as swept completely aside by ever increasing numbers of non-report-producing administrators who have a vested interest in not being perceived to have

failed any of their responsibilities. The way things are going I doubt we'll ever see another TAFF report.

As I said, TAFF has always been both a popularity contest and a way of rewarding contributions to fandom. In fact more specifically to transatlantic fanzine fandom, if the furore that arises whenever someone not in that category steps onto our block is anything to go by. My feeling is that increasingly the popularity contest element is holding sway. Not just my feeling either. I am reminded of a conversation I had a few years ago with ATom.

Cas and I were down at Vince's place, visiting with him, Atom, Elda Wheeler, and Terry and Margaret Hill. Terry was a very enthusiastic, very active, and highly visible fanzine fan...for a year or two, and was about that time at his peak. ATom mentioned that he was trying to persuade Terry to stand for TAFF. I argued with him that Terry hadn't paid his dues, wasn't yet worthy of something like TAFF. ATom's response was that you had to go when you were hot. If you hung around until you felt worthy, then in TAFF terms you'd probably be past your sell-by date, and some young active neo would probably beat you out. Where was the justice in that? No Ivory Towered idealist, ATom. He'd been around.

But how I wonder do TAFF-winners see their success? Do they realize that first and foremost they are simply winning a contest as "This Year's Most Popular Fan", or do they think that they are primarily being honored for their past achievements? If the latter then you could understand them subconsciously believing that the TAFF experience was something they'd already fully earned, that they were simply getting what they deserved (and I'm not for a moment suggesting that any of them would consciously feel this way), and therefore there was no ongoing obligation to fandom in general? A wantonly mischievous speculation perhaps, but something is responsible for the long standing current immaculate conception that TAFF Trip Reports are one with Nineveh and Tyre.

The thing about a sense of obligation though, is that everyone's is different. I am reminded again of a conversation with ATom...which is odd because I didn't meet him that many times, and I don't want to give the impression that he was a bosom buddy or that he necessarily would have agreed with anything I write...but on this occasion he was bending my ear about John Berry at the then current First-Thursdays-of-the-Month watering hole that London Fandom frequented (and I managed to visit about twice). ATom was an old buddy of John's. They'd published together, and both been active in the "Goon Defective Agency", John's stories of which Ken Cheslin is even now reprinting, currently into the third volume but back then we didn't know that, not having that damned time machine of Gordon's.

Anyway ATom was bending my ear about John's then recently circulated "Retreat from Mongonissi", which included a piece about his "The Goon Goes West" trip "That trip was due to Fandom. He never said that." I replied that as I understood it, not having seen the manuscript, he was writing it for a non-fannish audience, and the fannish background

would therefore have been both confusing (haven't you ever tried to explain fandom to a "mundane" listener?) and irrelevant. ATom would have none of this. "Fandom made the trip possible. He should at least have acknowledged the debt," was the gist of his argument.

As far as I'm concerned John more than took care of his "obligation" with *The Soon Goes West* itself, certainly one of the best trip reports in existence. There is no reason he couldn't mention the trip in a non-fannish context, and no reason to try to clue mundanes in on what fandom is.

So obviously when I talk about an "obligation" I am simply referring to the obligation I would feel were I in the same position, which thankfully I never shall be. Easy for me, then, isn't it? But hand on a moment, I'm not really into controversy. But for controversy you need credibility and all you've got is me on this side and scads of big name fans (they've all won TAFF for fuck's sake!) on the other who obviously totally disagree with everything I've said. Even I have to admit it's no contest.

I was puzzled by Mike Deckinger's comment about San Francisco making a negative impression on many visitors. How can this be? It's a living, breathing city, so of course it has grungy bits, and alleys, and panhandlers, and junkies. But then so does every other city, major or otherwise. But San Francisco has so much else that they can never aspire to. But dirty? Cas and I were there just a week or so after ConFrancisco, and given that part of the time our guide was Don Herron you should be aware that we didn't just see the glitzy bits. Even so the city was every bit as bright and shining and magical as it had seemed on our 1990 visit. Perhaps UK cities are naturally dirtier than US ones, is all I can conclude. I would bet that these negative impressions were not echoed by any UK visitors, excepting perhaps by a certain TAFF delegate.

Brian Earl Brown, 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI 48224

Re not publishing the addresses of contributors, if a writer, or even a fan, didn't want their address given out it would be no trouble to say as much in their letter. One does not have to suppress all addresses of correspondents in order to protect the occasional one who doesn't want to be found out.

Art Sahas memories were enjoyable. I chuckled out loud at his explanation of the phrase "Are you somebody? No, I'm nobody." And I'm reminded of the unthinking cruelty of 16-yr olds who say things like that and whose punishment is to grow up and have someone remember all such embarrassing moments for them.)

I believe Perry Ellis, the fashion designer who died from AIDS recently was a young man and not likely to have been around when Art was living at The Dive. But I could be wrong.

That was an incredible Abi Frost story from Bill Kunkle and Laurie Yaates. I don't think I have ever heard a TAFF or DUFF delegate called obnoxious before, and

certainly not in print. It makes one wonder about the class of people that are currently getting elected to TAFF (and DUFF). But it gives me an idea.

I've moaned rather repetitively about the lack of Trip Reports being written these days. A clear sign of slackerhood in my eyes. The only one with a valid excuse is Roger Weddel, who died shortly after his return to Australia. And I thought it was really neat when Charlotte Proctor put together a little "TAFF Report" in his behalf, collecting anecdotes and reminiscences of Roger's visit to Alabama. Maybe someone ought to do something like that for Abi, only collecting the little horror stories of her visit, since there appear to be no warm memories of her stay.

I think such a project would have a very salutary effect on TAFF and DUFF, not only reminding people to give a thought to who they vote for, but also encouraging delegates to write their Trip Reports so they can get their versions of these stories out first.

One of the problems with television shows is that it costs a lot of money to create them and you can only get back so much from advertising and maybe syndication. So when someone goes out to make a TV show they can't make a show as visually compelling as a movie because they don't have that kind of a budget. Which is why Star Trek was forever finding planets where the natives looked just like humans, or maybe humans with a funny nose appliance. It was something that could be done and could be done rather cheaply. Babylon 5 has been comparatively audacious in using a life-size puppet for an insectoid alien in a few episodes. But even there the manniken only moved its arms while talking and never walked. (They've been rather successful with the computer generated images for their space scenes in replacement of the model photography used on Star Trek.)

Finally, on the question of why there are so few young fanzine fans, I think the answer is this: that fanzines are for people who don't go to conventions. Oh sure, most fans go to some conventions, but not a lot I think. Any anyway the idea is that fanzines are a way of communicating with one's friends and if one's friends always turn up at the same conventions and there are enough conventions to see them several times a year there's not a whole lot of impetus to correspond with them through fanzines too. The days when fanzine fandom was really big were when there weren't a whole lot of conventions. Fanzines were the only way to keep in touch with friends, with fandom. Today you can do all that without fanzines so people aren't interested and they don't bother. Anyway, that's my theory.

Vicki Rosenzweig, 33 Indian Rd. #6-R, New York, NY 10034

I agree with all the good things Deb Notkin said about Butler's *Parable of the Sower*, but have trouble seeing it as hopeful, in part because I think (from some vague hints) that it's connected to several of her other novels, including *Clay's Ark* and *Pattern Master*, and those books depict a thoroughly depressing future, though the young heroine's religion might be some comfort for those caught in it.

I suspect Ted is getting handed Harlan Ellison stories for the same reason Dave Langford seems to be: he's willing to listen and has not obvious strong bias. Harlan may be the closest thing sf has to a celebrity--not a Big Name in the field, but a celebrity and in the world outside as well. Le Guin is a better writer, but can you imagine her on the Tom Snyder show? Piers Anthony may sell more books, but he doesn't have the same weird magnetism. I've run into people on computer nets who had never been to a science fiction convention before, but went to one because Harlan Ellison was going to be there; they went mainly to see/hear Harlan, and probably won't go to another. I'm reminded suddenly of Hunter Thompson, not that the two men write in the same style--Harlan is considerably more coherent, if nothing else--but that they're both angry--often--but not always justifiably (in my own humble opinion, of course), and many people are interested in seeing, hearing, or reading them because of the anger and pyrotechnic style.

It's probably much too late, as well as the wrong forum, to suggest this, but as long as Ted mentioned my loc to AQ, it occurs to me that all Joe Maraglino needs to do is offer his contributors the option of having their addresses listed as "c/o AQ" and forwarding any mail. I frankly doubt that enough fans would write to his contributors that it would

THE NEOTREKKER

YEAH, I REALLY LIKE MAJOR KIRA'S ACTING, BUT WHAT REALLY IMPRESSES ME IS HOW SHE MANAGES TO KEEP HER NOSE WRINKLED UP LIKE THIS FOR AN ENTIRE EPISODE OF DEEP SPACE NINE.



DLR

PITY HIM FOLKS

be a problem for them to discard unwanted fanzines along with whatever else they consider to be junk mail.

In Jeanne Mealy and AQ's defense I should note that most Worldcon reports these days ignore most of the convention, simply because most of the people who write them don't go to much programming, and unless you're an artist or a dealer, it's hard to comment usefully on those aspects of a con. Is there that much real difference between Jeanne's telling us about the people she had dinner with and someone else's telling us who they talked to in the hotel bar? Yes, she should have included last names, and Joe Maraglino should have gotten her to add them, but even with full names, many such stories only come to life if you know the people. Had Geri Sullivan not proven otherwise with IDEA, I would suggest at this point that Worldcon reports may no longer be possible; I do suspect that no one fan, no matter how much we may share her or his sensibilities, can do the job.

I also suspect that Sheryl Birkhead's misspelling of "Finlay" may be no more significant than Ted's use of "principal" instead of "principle" in his column: either the type-setter got it wrong, or someone accepted a false correction from a computer program. Such things are annoying, but not necessarily significant, though they're jarring to some of us, especially those of us who earn our living by editorial work. One thing I've learned in doing years of editing and proofreading though is that it is very difficult to proofread your own work, simply because you know what it's supposed to say. I agree with Ted that the main interest of fanhistory is the stories. But that's easier said than done; too much would-be fanhistory fails to come alive for those of us who weren't there and don't already know the people. Also, some of us are interested in how fandom got to be the way it is, and that probably requires the them approach Arnie Katz offers as well as Ted's storytelling approach.

Unlike some modern historians, I don't think history is, or should be, exclusively a history of social trends or technological changes, but I do think those

things matter. Fandom would be very different today if there were still as few women participating as there were forty years ago, for example, and I'm interested in things like when it changed (can we really give *Star Trek* all the credit, or is that just a facile way of ending the discussion?) and how that affected the attitudes of old-time fans of both sexes.

Leigh Edmonds, in a conveniently placed article right after Ted's column, talks about the creation of a social reality. Stories are part of that, certainly, but so is the group of people telling, and listening to, the stories. The very fact that there are so many more of us sharing stories than there once were changes the stories: a multi-thousand person Worldcon may mean any number of things, but "it is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan" is less common now than the observation that you can spend an entire Worldcon trying to meet a particular person and never manage it.

Linda Michaels, 1356 Niagara Ave., Niagara Falls, NY 14305-2746

Ted's reviews are always witty and cogent; they're also usually based on fact. It therefore puzzles me that he relies on hearsay in his review of AQ, specifically his report that a fan told him Joe destroyed his letters without allowing me to see them. I pick up, open and sort the mail from the PO Box except during the camping season. Ted had already looted the latest issue before I left with my canoe. We chose not to publish that loc. We never received a third loc (nowadays, postal misdirection should be the primary hypothesis) but instead got a note stating he'd no longer loc because we hadn't printed his last one. Hearsay is not a fair tool in zine review; jurors never forget the stricken testimony.

You believe Harlan's the only pro who doesn't want his address published. I cite three opposing cases: Pro A called to ask if we knew a certain fan. That fan had gotten her home address and was writing frequent letters indicative of mental instability. She was worried about stalking. Pro B wrote us irate letters claiming we gave her address to a would-be writer who later stole one of her

ideas. In actuality, she is the one who gave us his address.

The story of Pro C is hearsay, perhaps folklore, but having met C it's hard to disbelieve. A female fan was writing to a male author who lived a good 1000 miles away and this correspondence carried on for many months. Then, with no forewarning, he appeared on her doorstep. Here's a pro who shouldn't have his address published. Now, of these three stories you've a ratio of one mentally unstable fan to two apparently unstable pros. Perhaps the AQ policy of not giving out contributors addresses without express permission is to protect the reader.

It seems to me that the best policy is not to give out the address of **anyone** who asks you not to, pro or fan. I agree completely with Brian Earl Brown above: "If a writer, or even a fan, didn't want his address given out, it would be no trouble to say as much in their letter. One does not have to suppress all addresses of correspondents in order to protect the occasional one who doesn't want to be found out."

Reminds me that I learned egoboo express as D.U.E.: distribution of unpublished egoboo.

Oddly, Harlan's one of the few pros who gets AQ, and he claims that the photo identified as Vaughn Bode is actually him. Jay Klein disagrees; of those polled it's about 50/50.

Also uncharacteristic is Ted's conclusion that I'm unobservant or uncaring because the words on the book spines in my cartoons go the wrong way. I've noticed that Steve Stiles and Dan Steffan hardly ever draw areolae around nipples, and when they do, they're unnaturally delineated. I doubt this represents a lack of visual observation on their part. Besides, Ted was referring to "Thorazine Readers." They're the reference books of Dr. Wellenuff, a psychiatrist whose practice is devoted to aiding fans who take fandom too seriously. Wrong-way titles seemed symbolic at the time.

Actually, Ted's right: I just don't care. Should I?

I do care about Art Saha and was delighted to see his article. It's remarkable anyone could live with a cat who failed to understand litter boxes. Says a lot about your housekeeping standards, but also your compassion. I hope that Art's move to his home state does not indicate a response to some negative occurrence in his life.

Art had to take care of many things for his mother. He is back in Cooperstown now.

It helped that Shithead used the litter box for pissing; shitting in unusual spots was her bit of creativity.

While I honestly prefer the KTF review mode for its creativity, I'm glad Debbie Notkin alerted me to the latest Gawron book. I admired his earlier novel, *An Apology for Rain*. Having a reviewer at hand whose taste parallels yours is an appreciated time saver.



Tell me again how meteors burn up in the atmosphere.

And HABAKKUK is an appreciated time spender.

Michael D. Glicksohn, 508 Windermere Ave, Toronto, Ontario M6S 3L6, Canada

The written highlights of the issue for me were the interconnected fanhistorical pieces by you and Art Saha. Beyond the depression they caused me from the recognition of the fact that even if I'd lived such an interesting life I wouldn't remember enough of it to write it down, I was left with the same two basic feelings such articles always create in me, namely, (a) "How sad that I never lived a part of my life totally immersed in fandom, living with and working with and socializing daily with other fans," and (b) "Boy, I'm sure glad I never lived a part of my life totally immersed in fandom, living with and working with and socializing daily with other fans."

That probably explains a lot about my fan career and reputation, such as it was. (And by the way, Ray's illustrations add a lot to both articles.)

You are certainly right that memory is a peculiar and sometime thing, but believe me, you have nothing to worry about, as your delightful "Memories of the Nunnery" clearly indicates. It always frustrates me when I read such excellent personal fanhistory as this (or Art's "Remembrance of Times Lost") that there is no possible way I could ever write such a comprehensive recollection of my fannish past. Part of this is due to the fact that I was never involved in the sort of total immersion into fannish life that you or Art or Ted lived through but an equal part is that I have simply forgotten the sort of facts and details need to recreate my past life.

(It delights me when, infrequently, other fans tell stories that involve me which I can actually recognize as being true. I'm going to have to start writing them down in a probably futile attempt to build up a sort of artificial "memory" for those rare moments when I'm writing letters like this one or swapping stories with other fans at gatherings like Midwestcon.

I enjoyed reading Ted's in-depth fanzine criticism even though he savaged a friend of mine. Ted's standards are stricter than mine so I've always quite enjoyed *ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY*, but while I winced every now and then at the way Ted chose to ascribe beliefs and motivations to Joe Maraglino that I happen to know aren't valid I had to admit it was a pretty thorough analysis from Ted's point of view.

I was really impressed by Greg Benford's "A View from Titan." In fact I was so impressed by it that I published it myself in the March 1972 issue of *ENERGUMEN*. And the heading that Vin DiFate did for my published version was a hell of a lot nicer than the one you used, so there!

Greg told me it had appeared before, but he said that he had revised it, and this version was "much better".

I was probably the last North American fan to see Abi Frost (at the monthly London fan meeting in the Wellington) before she left for America and apparently I was pretty lucky because she was in a mildly



inebriated and very pleasant mood. The comments from Vegas fandom are the first this galathea has seen about Abi as fandom's ambassador and they do not bode well for the success of her TAFF trip, nor for the possibility of a TAFF report. Oh well, it won't be the first time.

Frank H. Miklis, A-5151 Nussdorf 64, Austria

A phenomenon of its own are Ted White's zine reviews (or better said scientific zine researches). Well and fundamentally done, although I can't agree with most of the things he has written about AQ. It leads back to the old discussion about "what is a real zine?". He can criticize anything he wants, but he can't deny that the main purpose of pubbing zines is to have fun with it. And the zine world would be very dull if every zine were created equal or just the way it is expected in its own way AQ is unique and deserves attention, despite the fact that it doesn't reach Ted's high standard of the "perfect zine."

Another thing that I would like to throw in is this permanent lamenting about the ever present unicorn, the fantasy ladies or dragons over there in the USA: Why? The way an artist expresses himself mostly is done by icons (or symbols), and what better icon for mythology than the unicorn?

And if you get boring by doing this, I ask you: how should a Space-Artist draw space without stars?

And even I am not tired of unicorns even though the heraldic animal of my home village is this mythic creature and therefore everywhere present.

It sounds to me like comparing pudding to sauerkraut when he tries to compare Linda Michael's artwork with the fannish cartoons in the Foster/Nelson/Rotsler style. A good toon may be realized when it makes you smile, but a good phantastic artwork must have a relation to realism, otherwise it would be just Expressionism, or worse, Kubism. So it's a little bit unfair to criticize an artist after one single work of

art/cartoon, and Linda's graphic work reminds me of the very popular artist over here, Pjerangelo Pjerangelo.

But I will not appear as The Great Defender of Joe Maraglino's AQ and Linda Michael's AHRT: I'm sure they both can do it better than me. I just wanted to point out that in this case Ted seems to have overheated a little bit out of personal reasons it seems, resulting in a one-sided review which looks like a "search after faults."

(...And now I hope someone will defend my haunted soul if Ted ever decides to review my G-CN...)

Walt Willis, 32 Warren Rd, Donaghadee, BT21 OPD, N. Ireland

I was amazed at Don Herron's suggestion that British TV shows are catering to slash fandom, though admittedly I don't watch many sitcoms.

Debbie Notkin's reviews are as interesting to me as is possible to someone who has no chance of seeing the books she mentions. It's rather like giving pornography to a eunuch.

Ted White's fanzine reviews are readable and pointed, though I'm inclined to feel he goes out of his way to make enemies, as for instance in his dismissal of Tom Sadler's fanzine in the phrase "apparently I haven't missed much". In the first place I recall receiving a dignified rebuke from Ted himself for using a similar phrase about one of his very early fanzines which I hadn't seen either.

I've always remembered how right he was and how wrong I was to dismiss his fanzine without seeing it.

In the second place I'm amazed that Ted White hasn't been getting Sadler's fanzine, which I would have thought one of the leading fanzines of the day.

In the third place, I think he would find some of the contents of interest, if only the ones I wrote myself. I should explain that the first issue I saw arrived just when I had had my operation for aortic aneurysm, and Madeline, living in limbo while I was in

intensive care, took refuge in fandom with a letter of comment in which she told fandom about it. This was the first, and in some cases the only news fandom had of my brush with death. It made a bond between us, with the result that I sent him copies of some old and forgotten articles of mine which he reprinted.

Leigh Edmonds' article about Fanzine Fandom and Oral Tradition was readable and interesting. It reminds me of Bob Shaw's account of his visit to Lancaster to meet Ken Potter and Irene Gore. Influenced by the tradition in fanzine fandom of Bob Shaw's voracious appetite, they met him at the station with a packet of corn flakes, an enamel bowl, such as used by a dog, a bottle of milk and a spoon.

They had overlooked one aspect of the situation, namely that Bob had never been in Lancaster before and was never likely to be there again, so he felt he could behave exactly as he wished. He took the proffered meal and walked along the platform and the street, enjoying it, leaving his hosts to carry his luggage. This included an old-fashioned record player, the weight of which rapidly became excessive for Ken.

Bob's account, in HYPHEN 33, goes on: "After a few moments of marching and munching I had the satisfaction of seeing Irene's composure crack. She asked Ken in a scandalized whisper if they were actually going to walk home with a nit who was eating corn flakes off a tin plate, but he only replied 'Ptawgaghghh'...By the time we got into Dalls Road ((where the Potters lived)) our little procession was looking its best. I was in the front eating corn flakes and describing my boat trip over; Irene was in the middle supplying extra milk or cereal as I needed it and casting worried looks at her neighbours windows; and Ken was staggering drunkenly in the rear, face black with effort, shirt collar clawed open, eyes rolling, ghastly grin affixed to his lips."

Greg Benford's View from Titan was well written, but seemed too short.

Art Saha's article was fascinating, especially the bits about the Bulmer's visit. I remember vividly seeing Ken and Pamela off on their tramp steamer from Dublin, and warning fan groups all along the eastern coast of the United States of their impending arrival, but I don't remember reading until now of any reaction to them.

I thought your own Memories of the Nunnery were the best thing in the issue. Sad about the cat though, the one who took off after being exposed to marijuana.

Helen E. Davis, 2327 Shroyer Rd, Dayton, OH 45419

As to the lack of room parties at Content--it's not just at Content, sadly. The hotels here in Ohio are mostly to blame. Con participants can no longer hang party notices on the walls. Parties must buy their soft drinks from the hotel, and I've heard that there is some sort of restriction on serving alcohol.

Ted White seems a bit, well, miffed that Tom Sadler has never sent him a copy of THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS. I bet there are a lot of faneds out there who have deliberately hid from his attention, not wanting to see their zines eviscerated and pulverized by Mr. White's deconstructionist

ramblings. It's all very entertaining to read--rather like watching Barry B. Longyear critique out loud, some extremely amateur writing--but not many people will actually volunteer for the sacrifice.

In my opinion, TRF is a neat little zine, strongly committed to appearing six times a year, which emphasizes a lighthearted, good humored approach to fandom. Tom dreams of winning a Hugo, but his fanzine is more geared toward making friends than making a mark in the world. I'm a frequent contributor because he doesn't sneer or deride the rather odd things I produce.

Mike Deckinger, 649 16th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118

Thanks for HAB 3:3. This is where I came in. When I first uptoped into fandom in the late 50's there were frequent references to "The Dive", "The Nunnery", etc. Now a goodly portion of HAB is devoted to the same topic. Keep it up.

I have the vaguest recollection of attending some sort of function at one of the above. I was in a room, crowded with people,



wreathed in smoke; Dave MacDonald, unkempt and slovenly, was sprawled in the center, spooning peanut butter from an industrial-size jar. Does this seem familiar?

Not exactly familiar, but very plausible.

Ted Johnstone later declared in SHAGGY that he was NOT Dave MacDonald. (Ted's real name was Dave McDaniel). Which neatly leads into my discovery of McDaniel's Man from Uncle novel, *The Monster Wheel Affair*, published by Ace in 1967. (The book is dedicated to Ted Johnstone.)

McDaniel was having difficulty getting publisher A A Wyn to pay the agreed price for the book, so...if you scan over to the Table of Contents page, and string together the first letter of each chapter, you get: A A WYN IS A TIGHTWAD.

It was once rumored Robert Bloch got his idea for Norman Bates from Cal Beck and his omnipresent Mom. This, even after Bloch acknowledged Ed Gein as his true source of inspiration.

I have long fantasized over a TAFF winner from Hell, scarcely believing this would ever come to pass until I read the letters from Kunkel and Yates. Can't wait to

read Miss Frost's report.

My favorite Trina contribution was her appearance on the cover of FANNISH #1 or #2 (the FANAC Annual.) She posed wearing a copy of FANAC and nothing else. One purist had the insensitivity to point out her dirty feet.

You can date what fannish generation your readers claim by their reactions to Ted White's blast at Guy Lillian. The newer fans are incensed or outraged by it. Everyone else is aware that it's just Ted White being Ted White.

Terry Jeeves, 56 Red Scar Drive, Newby, Scarborough YO12 5RQ, England

Once again, many thanks for a nice hefty issue of HABAKKUK. Ah, the memories it brings... Remember that great piece you ran on Schneman many moons ago? I still have it in my files.

Sorry to hear the Little Men's Science-Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society is no more.... Nor is the Stockport and Intake Dog and Cake Walking Society. We only had two members, Eric B and I. It seemed pointless keeping myself as the sole

member when he died.

"Trenchant Bludgeon" was good, but for me it suffered because of the zines mentioned I had only seen YHOS. Pity as Ted gets his teeth into decent length commentary. Nice.

Leigh Edmonds is a tad hard when saying that Rob Hansen's THEN is not history. It is, but must of necessity be only a part of the history of its chosen era. Accepting its omissions it is an excellent series and not a dry as dust list of "facts".

J. F. Haines, 5 Cross Farm, Station Road, Padgate, Warrington WA2 0QG, England

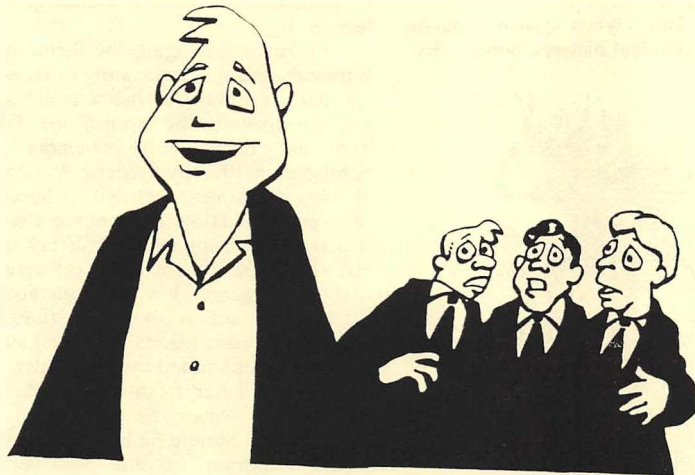
I would have thought rock, or modern electronic music, would be ideal for an sf con --Jazz? No! It's acoustic for a start - since when has sf been acoustic! Name me an sf film with jazz as its soundtrack. 2001 had classical; most modern films tend to have either rock or specially composed music. I don't think jazz fits at all.

Derek Pickles, 44 Rooley Lane, Bankfoot, Bradford, West Yorkshire BD5 8LX, England

I enjoyed Ted White's fanzine review column, especially his appreciation of

CHALLENGER #1. Good job Ted only felt sorry for Guy H Lillian III although I would have liked to experience a review where Ted actually disliked an editor and his fanzine.

On reading your and The Arena's contributors' reminiscences on convention I could make would be extremely inadequate as none of the seven conventions I attended in the 40s and 50s had women with trouser crotches splitting, room parties or drinks (other than tea and coffee.) To give you an idea of how sedate they were Vince Clarke was regarded as an exhibitionist and rather daring because he didn't wear a tie!



Simon R. Green. 37, St Laurence Rd. Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts BA15 1JQ, England

Nice to see Ted White writing again. I was a big admirer of his AMAZING and FANTASTIC magazines when he was running them. Even if he never did buy a story from me.

Good to see that so many fan stories still revolve around that old devil booze. I remember my first Fantasycon in Birmingham, back in '78. We actually drank the hotel dry. And it had three bars. We finally ended up hauling these dusty bottles off the back of shelves: Creme de Menth, Albanian cherry brandy. A brave soul in those days, I decided to see what they tasted like when mixed together. It tasted pretty good, for the ten minutes or so I was able to keep it down.

Dainis Bisenieks. 921 S. St. Bernard, Philadelphia, PA 19143

I entirely agree with Debbie Norkin about Bujold's "Miles Vorkosigan" books. I can claim to be the earliest fan of her writing since I rescued from oblivion what I thought was the most promising cover letter I had ever seen. To say nothing here about the larger virtues of her work. I admire the realism which does not forget natural functions when the character is closely confined or simply on stage for an extended period. (See particularly the fantasy *The Spirit Ring*.) One may contrast Tolkien, who never tells us where the facilities are at Caras Galadon. Here you are a hundred feet up in a tree for the night: are you issued a thundermug of immemorial antiquity and exquisite design?

The various memoirs of Jannish

doings make me feel that, yes, these are people of my tribe, though I've scarcely met most of them and tend to feel most lonely at the liveliest gatherings. Rare has been the "You, too!" feeling as I discovered a congruence of interests, likes and dislikes. Who, for instance, had by 1960 discovered the music of Leo Janacek? Is anybody at all cognizant of the stories and drawings of John McClellan in WORM RUNNER'S DIGEST? Is there a fourth person who feels a gloating affection toward Thacker & Earshaw's *Musrum*? (I rank it right up there with *The Glass Harmonica*.) I mentioned these in a

energy and gives you a rotten taste in the mouth. The only reasons I can see for smoking are teen-age rebellion and addiction.

I remember reading some of the newspaper accounts when McSorely's finally were forced to accept women. In the obligatory write-ups by women reporters, one said, "Why do men want to go there anyway? It's only a grubby bar." And I suppose the answer was, to get away from women like her.

Ray Nelson's xerox style is different enough from his mimeo style that I did a quick check to make sure it was he. They come across quite well.

Buck Coulson. 2677w-500N, Hartford City, IN 47348

I made it through another year. I'm 66 today. (5/12/94) I had another heart attack in mid March, but two days after I got out of the hospital I was at a convention in Dayton, with the approval of the heart specialist. Seems my heart is in better shape now that it was 9 years ago after the first attack. (Then why did I have another one? According to the specialist, "Oh, heart attacks can happen any time. It doesn't make any difference what you're doing." This is my cheerful thought for the day.)

I think "dull as ditchwater" was the original term and it got corrupted to "dish-water" during the population shift to the cities when dishes became more common than ditches. (I assume that ditchwater was dull because it didn't have any fish in it, but I wouldn't guarantee that.) I've heard and seen both terms.

Ah, Steve, but the science fiction MA won't ever write science fiction; he or she will write about science fiction, explaining what the authors were really accomplishing (and never mind if the authors disagree. After all, they don't have the right degree to enable them to understand what they're doing.)

Lan is right about fan friendships being easily resumed after long separations, but it doesn't always happen. I've noticed a lot of older fans who are mired in the "good old days". I don't know how many older fans have asked why Juanita and I aren't in First Fandom because "all your friends are there". The hell they are; a majority of our friends these days, male and female both, are in their 30s. I've nothing against First Fandom except the tendency of some of the members to become mired in the 1950s or earlier, but I'm certainly not going to retire into it they way some fans seem to have done. Rehashing the good old days is fun, but it can be taken to extremes.

I've used the term "femfan" (not being French. I omitted the extra letters) and if the term seemed appropriate, I'd use it again. Normally it was used in the plural, since usually the name is a tipoff as to the sex (the politically correct haven't found a way around that, or at least not one that works very well) and so the term was only useful in reference to a group. Calling someone named Tracy a femfan belabors the obvious; saying that a major part of the Wiscon commit is femfans doesn't. (I don't know most of the members of the current Wiscon committees, so I can't say anything definite about them.) If people take offense at the term, tough shit.

I dunno. I've written (care of

mundane forum, the lettercol of an alumni magazine with a circulation far, far greater than that of HABAKKUK; not one bite.

Does the Smithsonian have a propeller beanie yet?

From the Eastern Hemisphere comes the news that a certain Nick Perumov has written (in Russian) a sequel to *Lord of the Rings*, called *Ring of Darkness*, in two volumes totaling some 1500 pages. It is said to end in Final Catastrophe; but since this is Middle-earth and is still there, that must have been an alternate universe. Whatever more I learn about this will be presented to the appropriate forum, i.e., MYTHLORE.

Jim Caughran. 24 Prestwick Crescent, Willowdale, Ontario M2H 1M9, Canada

Ted White wonders why people send him stuff about Harlan Ellison, or associate him with Harlan. But almost everything he writes has some reference to Harlan.

Whatever the health hazards of smoking, I get less and less tolerant of the stink of smoking. People who smoke have lost their sense of smell and don't realize how much it stinks. Stale ashes are worse than fresh smoke, which is bad enough.

I'm surprised that people can still question the health hazards of tobacco. The tobacco spent millions fighting the statistics and lost. The first correlations were challenged; tobacco companies said that other variables such as city pollution hadn't been eliminated. So the health authorities came back with conclusive demonstrations that where ever you live and whatever your life style, smoking will shorten your life.

Smoking stinks, offends others, takes ten years off your life, takes away your

publisher) to tell a lot of writers and singers that I appreciated them. Not usually science fiction writers; I can tell them in reviews. Though I got a surprise recently; I wrote a fan letter to the author of a mystery novel (Nancy Atherton) and she wrote back to say she helped put on New York sci cons and had a fanzine collection including old YANDROS so she knew me, more or less. She writes a good mystery: if you see a pb titled *Aunt Dimity's Death*, get it.

L. Sprague de Camp, 3453 Hearst Castle Way, Plano, TX 75025

Thanks for HABAKKUK. I see fans haven't changed MUCH in 60 years.

Just got back from Easter Island (Isla de Pascua, Rapa Nui), and face another month of attention from the brawny young physical therapists for the arm I broke last February (ice slick; hairline fracture of the left humerus). My part of the next composite volume of *Harold-&-Beiphebe* stories is done; watch for *The Exotic Enchanter*. Now I'm on a non-fic. book, a venture into pop anthropology.

Catherine & I shall soon celebrate our 55th wedding anniversary. Since we still enjoy it, we must have done something right.

Janice M. Eisen, 123B Lauretta Lane, Johnstown, PA 15904

May 3, 1994

"Trenchant" is spelled wrong in the heading of Ted White's column. (Oh, no, I'm turning into Jack Speer.) The column itself made me glad I'm publishing only an apazine and thus presumably immune from his gaze. There's a certain pleasure in watching a critic demolish somebody as thoroughly as he does Guy Lillian, and as a reviewer myself I know that's neither as easy nor as enjoyable as people suppose.

But I'm uncomfortable with people setting themselves up as arbiters of fannishness (though--waffle, waffle--if anybody's entitled to it's Ted White). I'm a fairly inexperienced fan myself, and Ted's column renewed the feeling I sometimes get that there are all sorts of unwritten rules I might unwittingly be transgressing. Some are so obvious that they should hardly require stating (Don't suck up to Pros), but some baffle me (Don't Name Your Zine After A Blown-Up Spaceship?).

I was horrified to learn that I might be declaring myself unfannish by using my middle initial (I do it because I think it's more euphonious, but I don't get upset when it's omitted). What other unfannish things might I be doing in my life? Perhaps Ted should write a guidebook so that all could unswervingly follow the Path of True Fandom.

The last comment seems to have come out more ironically than I intended. The truth is, I'm intimidated by fanzine fandom. You all know each other, and I'm not sure of the secret handshake. I'm planning to attend my first Corflu this year, and I wonder whether I'll fit in.

June 11, 1994

I went to Corflu and enjoyed myself hugely. I didn't feel left out at all, and I came home with a ridiculous pile of fanzines.

Ted White is Ted White once again. Trenchant is a good word for his criticism. So

is bludgeon. Somebody has to do it, but I'm glad it isn't me--I don't respond well to death threats. This time around I've seen two of the zines Ted reviews (RQ and YHOS) and I thoroughly agree with him on both.

Guy Lillian has not learned the first lesson of publishing (fannishly or professionally): never respond to a negative review. You always look bad. Here he commits common errors, indulging in *ad hominem* attacks and hyperbole ("vile" and "sick", attacks on "my people").

Regarding ST:TNG: I don't like Riker either. Maybe it's just because Jonathan Frakes smirks too much. He used to be a model and it shows.

Please, Bill, when you're making decisions about political matters, don't go by



"facts" you pick up in FOSFAX. It's a lot like learning your science from science fiction.

That Rodney Leighton doesn't know when to quit, does he?

Rich Dengrove, 2651 Arlington Drive - #302, Alexandria, VA 223-6

I'm sure that's right about second hand smoke. With smoking, as with a lot of health obsessions, if the facts don't fit, they should be made to. I heard research once indicated that successful weight losers died more often than other people. So the authors of the article asked readers to ignore their results. I heard too that there was a big health study, suitably called MRFIT. There one group gave up smoking, watched its weight, ate only low fat, etc.; the other did not. When

the time came to tabulate results, the health nut group died more frequently than the average slob. So researchers decided to extend the study until it gave proper results.

So Rodney Leighton claims that it isn't insulting to call some woman an "ugly dog who will screw anyone." Or, as someone told me once, "You're a stupid idiot--but don't take it personally."

Ethel Lindsay, 68 Barry Road, Carnousie Angus DD7 7QQ, Scotland

I always enjoy reading Ted White. He has so many sensible things to say about fandom. His idea that fannish history should be by particular individuals sounds good on the face of it.

History is again the theme by Leigh Edmonds and it is interesting to know he is a "proper" historian. I wish I could afford to pay him to write the fannish one! Folks like Ted and Leigh will remember a book published in 1973 by Frederic Westham, *The World of Fanzines*, subtitled "A Special Form of Communication." He sent me a copy as in it there is a small mention of my then zine HAVERINGS. There was also a letter, but that is long gone. They will remember that he mainly had access to comic zines so that some of his conclusions were a bit awry. Still that was zines studied by an outsider.

The letter from Joseph Major made me sit up when he mentioned Deconstructualism. Should he be able to give a nice clear definition of this plus, of course, structuralism. I should be grateful. I have never read anything that has not been poking fun at the subjects, so that I would not feel that his saying "It's a load of Sweet Fanny Adams" would be acceptable.

David Redd, Plas Hyfryd, 48 Cardigan Road, Haverfordwest, Dyfed SA61 2QN, United Kingdom

Unlike you I have never taken any mechanical aptitude tests...but if I had, I'd be right down there with you pulling down a zero score. See: writing this in longhand; can't bring myself to open up the word processor.

So how come I make my living as a civil engineer?

I enjoyed most of HABAKKUK 3:3. Was most interested in the book & fanzine reviews, especially when I disagree. Some of the old-time reminiscences went over my head as my knowledge of 50's fans is limited.

But wasn't Perdita Nelson married to Ray? ((Yes.)) I'm sure I recall a letter in STARTLING STORIES or somewhere, in which she explained how she'd met Ray thru fanning or at least thru the fan columns of the SF mags, and editor Sam Mines commented, "Just thinking about the trouble you can get into reading SS gives us goosebumps."

I hope you don't spoil a good zine by adding fan poetry. A page of Garretish G & S parody is okay once, but not too often, please?

Steve Sneyd, 4 Nowell Pl, Almondbury, West Yorkshire HD5 8PB, England

Probably what follows will be a v. bitty non-linear response to HAB 3:3--still a bit brain-drained after weekend at small press/poets' con (held in a vast freezing Victorian town hall in Middlesbrough).

Red Boggs very kindly supplied the full list of his Galtia poetry booklets—eleven in all, of which I now have stats of four. If anyone who has copies of any of the four titles in the series by Redd Boggs himself, or of those by Lee Hoffman, Marion Z. Bradley, and/or John Peale Cardinal's "Compact of Fire", could possibly photostat them for me, this would be very much appreciated, and obviously I'd refund postage and p/copy costs.

A lot of the articles I enjoyed but either have nothing to add or, in one case, am tempted to a tome response wise, but without the strength or the wish to impose on your good nature to read it. (Sections of Leigh Edmonds' ex-cathedrizing on "what is good history" remind me strongly of the saying that "history is historians' revenge upon the past." ...his statements are in a wick with the dreaded "undistributed middle".) Still, so it goes.

The STF Tycoon filk is funny enough to take on life even for someone like me who has long since lost touch with the direction of Silverberg's life, career and work: definitely the acid test, if it works even if you don't know the background.

Somewhere along the line, hopefully, you'll be offering right of reply to Abi Frost, and hopefully she'll then give her version...I know nowt of any of the folk concerned, so I say this merely in the interests of getting more episodes (or more facets of the same episode) of what sounds almost Ellisonian in its interpersonal tension.

Had an amazingly high strike rate re having seen the zines Ted reviewed. I had seen a RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, albeit not recently, and actually got the issues reviewed of both the other two. It's pointless responding to the reviews in any detail—just as you don't wash in the same river twice, transactionalism if nothing else tells us that no two people read the same thing, so the fact that my perceptions would be quite different is irrelevant.

But one comment Ted makes I find stunningly bizarre...the one re Joy Moreau's "Charivari" column in AQ, where he says "there is nothing here to relate her experiences to fandom, no awareness that she is speaking to fans and fandom."

What is Barsoom was she supposed to do...draw parallels between the hats circus elephants wear and propeller beanies? Note that the average audience for he dad's circus contained seven people carrying copies of AMAZING in their back pocket? Explain that, just as fans habitually misspell words as part of their in-lingo, so, in the circus performers use a sub-Romany vocabulary to baffle outsiders?

Surely Ted isn't implying that fannish readers are so thick that they need that kind of signposting, or so insecure in their awareness that, should they relax and enjoy the sense of wonder/first contact feeling of seeing a strange world through the eyes of its denizens they might, unless constantly reminded, forget they are fans reading a fanzine?

I had thought that the daffiest Ted White statement ever was his one in MAYA n years ago that he wanted to reject Aldiss' "Frankenstein Unbound" for serialization in a mag he then edited because Aldiss' US agent sent him a crumpled photocopy, but this I think has the same sublime idiocy in perhaps

even greater spades.

George Flynn, PO Box 1069, Kendall Sq. Station, Cambridge, MA 02142

Hmm. I like Ted's fanzine reviews, but I'd hate to be the target of one. (As for the matter on which I do appear in one of them, all I can say is that, if Joe Maraglino is really mad at Ted because of what I said in BLAT!, Joe hasn't given any indication of it to me.) OK, Ted does a thorough job of demonstrating that ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY isn't much like the sort of fanzine that he prefers, and I sympathize to some extent.

But I think that Ted may be committing the cardinal critical sin of attacking a work for not being what it was never intended to be. And to the extent that the issue turns on whether AQ is a "fanzine", I'm afraid that things have gone beyond the point where Ted, or any of us, can claim exclusive rights over what "fanzine" should mean. Anyway, I think Joe does a good job of producing the kind of zine he wants to, whatever the appropriate taxonomy for that may be. (And besides, I like Linda Michaels' art.

As for the continuing fallout from Ted's review of CHALLENGER (or rather of Guy Lillian, as I deliberately put it in my loc) Guy sent me (and others?) ((Yes.)) a copy after reading my letter to you, but I haven't actually gotten to the zine yet. However, that doesn't keep me from wondering to what extent this whole concept of "Southern Fandom," or indeed any "regional fandom," is meaningful. Certainly it seems to me that there's a lot more difference between the various fan groups in my area than there is among the members of any given "type," say fanzine fans or con-runners, nationwide. I'm well aware of the conventional images of Southern fans, Midwest fans, etc., but I wonder to what extent these may represent just subsets striking a pose, rather than a genuine regional quality.

Your description of the Fanarcon bears an eerie resemblance to what has happened at some much larger cons in recent years. Attendance much larger than planned for...crashing by unregistered people, many of them not really fans...vandalism and petty crime...anger of the ~~landlord~~ hotel management...it all fits. Except, of course, that it happened with 150 people rather than, say, 4000. Fascinating.

It's gratifying to see from Andrew Murdoch's letter that neos still exist. Even if just reading it makes me tired...

Ted writes of how "The current stock of fanzine fans...discovered fandom through The Clubhouse in AMAZING." Like Robert Sabella, I came in a couple of years earlier, and gained much of my preliminary impression of fandom from Lin Carter's columns in IF. I know now that they were full of errors (not that I recall what the errors were), but they sure made fandom sound interesting anyway.

Sid Birchby, 40 Parris Wood Ave, Didsbury, Manchester M20 5ND, England

Those who may dash a salty tear from their eyes upon hearing of the demise of the Elves, Gnomes and Little Men Science Fiction Chowder and Marching Society, and truly I am myself among the congregation, might take heart for a news-item in THE EUROPEAN, reprinted in FORTEAN TIMES #14. It seems that Reykjavik in Iceland has become the first city in the world to use the services of an elf-finder, and that the city planning department has issued a map showing the main locations of the various Elves, Dwarves and Spirits. No doubt the map will come in useful for tourists wishing to do a guided elf-walk around the city.

Is there a secret known to only one or two fans in Oakland or maybe the city planners in Reykjavik? Could it be that the first chapter of your esteemed society is now alive and well and living in the Land of Geysers? Or are there real true elves, etc. quietly minding their own business in their elvish way?

Well Don Herron is busy exploring the possibility of conducting walking tours in Iceland. He must be In On Something.

Not that there isn't the occasional Little Person up and down the mundane world. You won't have to travel very far before you set eyes on the first one. Only the other day I was reading a boxing report of the World Super Middle-weight Contest where Chris Eubank won on points, but was slighted delayed "when a leprechaun jumped into the ring to pour tinsel all over the canvas and down Eubank's back. The little man who provided the blamey scurried from the ring with boozing in his ears for having delayed the bout."



Marlin Frenzel, PO Box 127945, San Diego, CA 92112-7945

It's great to see a return of the genzine. I still miss CRY OF THE NAMELESS and YANDRO. I was never much of a letterhack; I corresponded with a few fans like Leslie Gerber and Jim Moran. I had a story published in CRY around 1959. And sometimes I would sneak a letter in under a pseudonym.

In New York in 1960 I met Ted White and just about everybody else that was around at the time. In the early seventies I had my greatest period of creativity with Earl and Jan Evers in San Francisco. Does anybody out there know what happened to Earl? I heard a rumor of his demise from Gary Deindorfer.

Perhaps Mike can correct this and/or fill in more details, but Dave Rike says that Mike Deckinger told him in the 80s that Earl came upon a man beating a woman on the street, and, unable to get him to stop any other way, hit him on the head with a piece of wood. The man turned out to be a vice-squad cop rousting a prostitute; the police became seriously interested in Earl, so he took it on the lam and hasn't been heard from since.

But this was a long time ago and even, if true, I should think that things had quieted down enough so Earl could resurface.

I'm trying to replace my copies of Earl's ZEEN and RENO, NEVADA. My copies were thrown out when I was in Europe in 1984. I will pay anything within reason to obtain these.

I keep having this recurring dream that I've been chosen Fan Guest of Honor at the upcoming Worldcon.

I have this brilliant speech all prepared, ghosted by Charles Burbee. I open my mouth and all that comes out is "A fan in need is a fan indeed", and the entire audience faints dead away.

Chuck Freudenthal, 3485 Alameda - #11, Menlo Park, CA 94025

Re the '68 Baycon: it is said that if you can remember the 60's, you weren't really there. I can remember very little of the Baycon since I spent most of the Con with Randy Garrett in the spacious bar with the great view. When I tried to go home, 40 miles away, I found my car wouldn't start. I then joined the surprisingly large contingent of fans living in the lobby. Lobby fandom, anyone?

I appreciate Debbie Notkin's reviews, but I sure miss the hilarious derisive reviews that Damon Knight wrote in the 50's.

There is bad news for Baker St. Irregulars. The almost unbelievably faithful dramatizations of the Sherlock Holmes canon by the BBC have ended and are being replaced by "composited" stories that have not only added matter to stretch the stories to two episodes, but the matter is totally foreign to the spirit of the original stories. (Can you believe Doyle's Holmes making love to a chambermaid?)

Lest I be numbered among the unsaved, I was an armchair Anarchist long before I moved into The Dive. Apple Wine was my tippie at that time. I didn't know about Charlie Dye.

The Dive profoundly affected all of our lives. It created an extended family that lasted at least twenty years. Some of us still see each other from time to time but "drink and the devil have done for the rest."

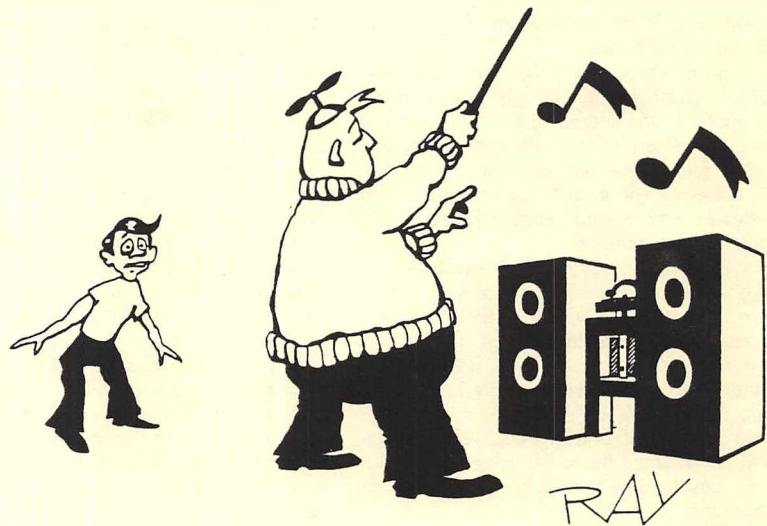
It is difficult to describe the ambience of The Dive. Our weekends began Friday night and ended late Sunday. I still remember the expectancy of waiting for the "main event". Saturday night. The gemütlichkeit was so thick you could cut it with a knife.

I walked a young lady home one Sunday morning about 4:00 am and from a distance of 1/8 mile I could clearly hear the strains of Beethoven's Seventh. (When I got back to The Dive I found Donaho conducting it.) No wonder we were evicted!

gays apart from being a fact of life, it tends to be the long-term, biological approach, that increasing homosexuality in a species means that Mother Nature has decreed its extinction. After all we've done to the Earth, I'm quite happy to see another species take our place; it may be the ants, as so often suggested, but what about the birds?

There is one theory that increasing homosexuality is Mother Nature's response to the overpopulation problem and she means to cut down our number, not kill us off.

The only cavil I have with the gay community is misappropriating that good and useful word, taking it out of the English language forever. With the result that a historic part of old England, the pub sign of The Gay Hussar, has to be taken down in case it gives the wrong impression; or that such songs as The Last Time I Saw Paris with the line "our



Roger Waddington, 4 Commercial St, Norton, Malton, North Yorkshire YO17 9ES, England

I find the idea of Slash Fandom mind-boggling; you mean there are human bloodhounds out there (or perhaps, sniffer dogs) who can track down the homosexual agenda in every tv show featuring overtly male buddies? Well I suppose Star Trek might be an easy and popular target; but what I want to know is, when are they getting around to Hogan's Heroes; or what about F Troop? Star-sky and Hutch might be too obvious; (I'm told it's second only to Star Trek.) but what about Thunderbirds? Re Don Heron's comments on British tv shows, rest assured that I haven't been able to tell any difference either; but then, I've always been too dim to detect sub-texts, undercurrents or even hidden agendas; what's on the surface is usually enough for me.

If you're looking for homoerotic approaches there was always Brideshead Revisited; more recently there's been several series of The British Empire, a comedy show set in a leisure centre where there's a homosexual couple on the staff, obvious even to a thickie like me, and treated with understanding; but where are the rest? NAME NAMES, DON!

Weil, if I have an attitude towards

hearts were young and gay" can be sung no more; why couldn't they have picked some less convenient word?

As a student of history, I've come to realize that it's subject as much to fashion as any other creative world; I've long enjoyed (and still do) the sweeping, romantic, nationalistic history as written by such people as Sir Arthur Bryant; but apparently the old saying that History is written by the victors is no longer applicable; the only Politically Correct approach to history now is through the accounts of the conquered and the oppressed. Not that there's much chance of that in fan-nish history; but I'd still like to think that we at least can still show tolerance for a variety of approaches. Surely the factual treatment typified by such as Rob Hansen can still co-exist with the more subjective approach of Sam Moskowitz? (While Harry Warner finds himself somewhere in the middle.) Together with the sheer enjoyment of such reminiscing and memories of people like Art Saha and your goodself, as in this issue; this may not be writing for the archives in the name of fan-nish history, but it's relevant just the same.

Now that Milt Stevens has declared himself, I'm beginning to wonder if I don't belong to the rule rather than the exception in coming straight to full-blown adult science

fiction, without taking in the rack of specially-written juveniles on the way. Maybe a special case, in that I was reading before the family realized it, and thus through all the infant literature in the bookcase and thus on to the adult stuff before they could find anything in between; but my first venture into sf was *Tiger! Tiger!* (over your side of the Pond, *The Stars My Destination*) and after that, *Earthman, Come Home*. Though you might well be justified in asking how far I got when all I can remember of that first reading is Gully Foyle adrift in Space....

Though there have been juveniles later on, in spite of myself. Somewhere around the time of my first job, I was happily reading *The Hour Before Earthrise* by James Blish as a serial in *WOLDS OF IF*; only to see it come out in hardback, juvenile-rated, as *Welcome to Mars*. (Though Fred Pohl had pulled that trick before, when the very first issue of *WOLDS OF TOMORROW* was blazoned with a "Serial by Arthur C. Clarke!!" *The People of the Sea*; later put among the juvenile titles as *Dolphin Island*, if my memory serves me right.) But in these days of computer games and Virtual Reality, how long will "young adult" titles last?

Brad W. Foster, PO Box 165246, Irving TX 75016

The locs on having a TAFF winner who didn't even seem to be into the whole trip reminded me of when I was approached several (okay, a lot of) years ago about running for DUFF. I was flattered, but this was before I got married and my lovely wife started dragging me out of my hermit ways. Before then, my time at cons was spent at programming, in the dealer's room, or locked up in my hotel room drawing or writing. A social animal I was not. It seemed the wrong kind of person to send on a "goodwill exchange". I could do a trip report, but mainly because I'd be spending my time working on it, rather than actually doing anything worth reporting on.

It's kind of the same thing I encountered when I first started to get invited as a minor guest to some small sf and comic conventions. I realized that once there, I was expected to be personable and talk to people, to be able to speak in front of a large crowd on panels and at dinners, etc. All this stuff was expected of a group--artists and writers--who are, if you think about it, naturally predisposed to being very insular and self-absorbed. It's just the nature of the biz--to make pictures and stories you have to spend a lot of time alone, which is not the best training to be a scintillating social performer. Fortunately, what I lack in brains or talent I make up for in

volume, so I can usually fake my way through being a minor guest. (I've sometimes thought of having my name changed legally to "and others", since then I would see my name in print on those con flyers that list all of the major guests, and, of "and others".

Helen Davis attending a con that was hosting a Senior Prom in the same hotel reminded me of a similar occurrence here in Dallas a few years back, at Galaxy Fair/Art Con. The night they were holding the masquerade, there was a glitzy senior prom going on upstairs. Evidently the only decent rest rooms were also upstairs, and that was where most of the costumers were changing. I was sitting with some friends in the lobby downstairs with a clear view of the escalators, and it was fun to watch the expressions and exchanges of stares from the costumers in full regalia coming down the escalator, facing the seniors done up to the nines headed upstairs. I think it was a toss up which group thought the other was odder.

This was the same con where the hotel decided a convention didn't need programming rooms after 6 pm, and a pen and ink panel I was supposed to deliver ended up with me dragging everybody out into the wide hall and just plunking down on the floor: ended up with a huge audience, just by being where people walking by couldn't help but see all the artwork spread around and stopping to see what it was all about. Maybe all panels should be held in the halls?

William Breiding, PO Box 26617, San Francisco, CA 94026

Since the 70's (72: saw Ted's AMAZING, '73: began getting fanzines, '74: first fanzine published - first Westercon attended) I have been a stalwart but low key member of fandom in the City, which is particularly whacky in its make-up of former southwestern fans, midwest fans and the occasional Canadian. The Third Saturday Group (Shay Badabee, Allyn Cadogan, Shim Khennedy, etc.) were the same folks who started Corlun. None of these people now hardly ever pub their ish.

The Lounge Lizards that "Mr. Jeanne Bowman" refers to were a cool beginning of a frail fannish tradition; pulling it together at a bar was about the easiest way to get people to come in the late 70's and early 80's, most of whom had turned into punk rockers and were pogoing their brains out at the Mabuhay Gardens. (Hi, Gary!) Dave Rike was correct that there was overlap between the Lounge and LJK's rotating parties in the 80's. The Lounge was designed to not compete with the parties and there was often a majority overlap.

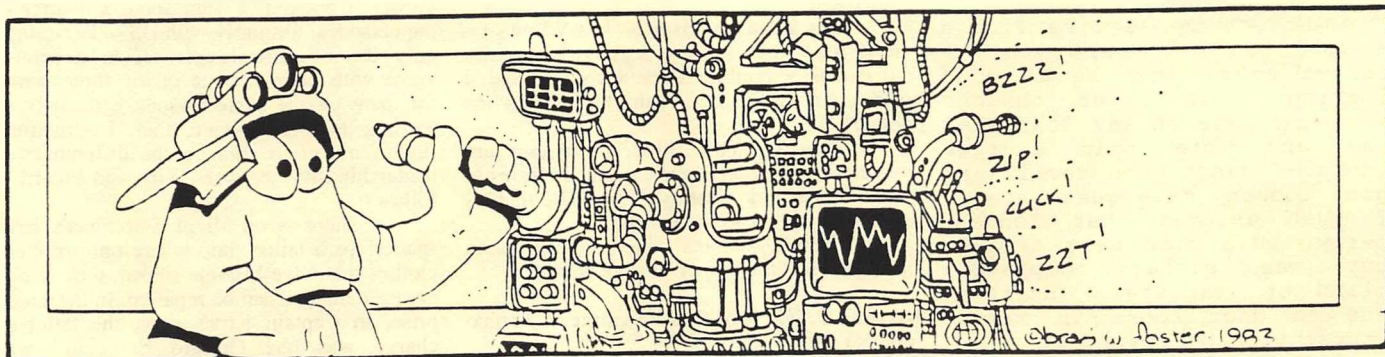
Don Fitch pretty much says it all regardless of Andrew Murdoch's letter that followed: it's the end of the world as we know it. Fanzine Fandom as you and I know it is on the endangered list. '72-'73 fandom (Eric Mayer, Jessie Salomonson, two shining examples in your lettercol was the last major influx of teens in fandom. We are all now heading towards 40. Or there. As we grow older and die off we will have left a major 20th Century legacy behind us, artifacts of incredible curiosity that will instill a Cult following: but interactive fandom lies gasping. There is no other way to go. Struggle and wheeze we will, as a straggle of converts emerges, but death is the final outcome. I'm proud that I could and can take part in these fast waning days.

I think it's been pretty well decided by us old farts that the youth of today have found their homes among the mainstream "zines" and BBSs; it's not theory--it's fact. All you need to do is read any issue of FACTSHEET FIVE or go to any "alternative" newsstand in a large city. Don Fitch has done admirable research and reportage about it, in both his own zine and in various widespread locs.

FACTSHEET FIVE always gives HAB glowing reviews, but I've gotten very few requests as a result of those reviews.

Ted White is a curious beast. I read his writing guardedly, with an arm flung across my eyes. It's not fun to read his reviews here, but it is amazing, startling, fantastic.... Ted weirdly puts his finger on basic truths that I can easily nod to, but then he twists it all around until my stomach begins to churn. Like many of us from the 70's, Ted is responsible for my being in Fandom when he edited AMAZING, but I must regard him cautiously, for all that I owe him. I am not a wielder of words; I could not duel with him as does Guy Lillian III, but I must say something about Ted's review of ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY, Joe Maraglino, ed.

You see, I agree with Ted--whose main gripe is that AQ isn't fannish. What Joe is doing is warping reality, playing, making love, and editing a weird fucking magazine: a halfbreed fanzine/literary mag, which sometimes publishes terrible, terrible writing, and at others, terribly awesome writing. Aside from Ted's inflammatory hearsay and rumor with AQ's editor, what Ted is simply accusing AQ of doing is not living up to Ted White's idea of what a fannish fanzine is. Ted treats this as a crime, passionately, eloquently, but it is not. Like all fanzines, AQ is merely a reflection of its editor. And that in it



merely a reflection of its editor. And that in itself is food for thought: a lot to chew!

One of Ted's current themes about fanzines and fanwriting is that they are done with a specific and known audience in mind. He takes AQ to task for being produced for a wider audience, and he maintains that mainstream zines are produced for an "unknown" audience, and that these publishers are "people who would never get into our Fandom anyway." Likely, Ted is wrong.

If he were to do a large sampling of these zines as Don Fitch has done he might see that many of these kids are strongly fan-nish in tendency, group around and talk of their subjects and create the same types of mythologies that science fiction has created in its fandom.

These mainstream zine publishers know their audience quite well and rarely have a mailing list larger than a couple of hundred. HABAKKUK probably has larger distribution than most of these "mundane" zines.

Aside from that I don't see that there is anything wrong with publishing a zine for an unknown or marginally involved audience. It may be less "fannish" than Ted likes, but this is not a sin. LAN'S LANTERN achieves what it sets out to do; so does ASTRO-MANCER QUARTERLY, BLAT! and HABAKKUK, four very different types of zines.

It's not that I really find myself in disagreement with Ted. Mostly his opinions are good, reasonable OPINIONS that I agree with. What I find difficult with Ted is that his opinions are spread with Great Savagery as the gospel truth, which of course they aren't.

One thing that Ted is spot on about is the necessity of getting Leah into the prozines. We need the teens she could then reach.

Perusing H3:3 again I want to comment that what really makes your zine shine is your own writing. You are extraordinarily graceful, witty, knowledgeable and helpful. (Purrrrr!) Nor can I let pass the immense contribution by Ray Nelson. You have a classic fanzine in the making, but from what I can discern from the locs, this happens every time you decide to degaflate!

I never thought I would find myself discussing Star Trek as an adult, but I do have one comment to add: every one I know, men, women and aliens, finds Riker absolutely despicable and Jean Luc absolutely sexy and cool. Jean Luc is the sex symbol of the show, not Riker. Riker is an angry, pissed-off bull whom everyone instinctively is offended by, and just as casually disregards. Jean Luc is refined, quietly passionate, has a good mix of the femme stirred into his male persona, which always, without fail, causes a man to be sexy to both genders.

Not to me. I like Picard a lot, but it never even occurred to me that he is good looking. I've never thought that any male on any Star Trek had any more than average looks. I can't even recall any good looking male guest stars. I just assumed that Roddenberry could pick sexy females but was either completely blind or completely indifferent to good looks in males. Probably both. Pity...

This seems to be pretty usual among males today--it's as if noticing whether a man was sexually attractive meant that you yourself were sexually attracted to him. ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY has a yearly poll on movies and movie stars. They said that the majority of men wouldn't vote in the category "Sexiest Male Movie Star".

Yet in the sixties I read an article that said sexual attractiveness was always something men noticed in other men when measuring themselves against them, not that it was something that attracted them, but as whether or not the other guy was attractive to women and how much so. A sort of method of measuring brownie points.

The article also noted that what men though women would be attracted to often had little or no correlation with what women actually were attracted to.

Rich's Dengrove's observation that a misfit is a misfit regardless if a convention is one of 8,000 or 24 people is well taken and absolutely true. A good example would be myself and you at the 3rd Saturday party I first espied you jolly countenance. All evening I wondered who the heck was the big guy wearing the "tike beads", talking to Dave Rike about the old times. Had I been less shy and more socially adept I probably would have taken Dave to task for not introducing such an interesting fellow all around and started gabbing at you. But misfits are misfits no matter what situation you set them down amongst.

The "tike beads" were actually kukui nuts from Hawaii.

Fandom's demographics are no stranger than the world at large. If Brian Earl Brown would take a sweeping look around Detroit he'd see that, in general, the late boomers, all in their mid to late 30's or older, are having kids. It's a case of the biological clock ticking towards exploding, and waiting for as long as possible before committing themselves to the mostly irritating, selfless act of child rearing. Just think. In another 15-20 years there will be another youth movement! I'll be in my late 50's by then, and hopefully listening to their music...

Teddy Harvia, 701 Regency Drive, Hurst, TX 76054

My main criticism of Ted White's reviews is not that they are negative (they are), but that they ramble. They are unfocused. I read them and ask, "Yeah, but what's the point?"

Ray Nelson's fillos throughout are wonderful. They tell their own little stories in vivid blacks and white yellows. The thieves and the space art were moving.

Trina Robbins' literate serpentine headgear was the topper. It says volumes.

Arthur D. Hlavaty, 206 Valentine St., Yonkers, NY 10704-1814

Dave Rike mentions an old con report of mine in which I talk about watching football at a Southern con. Digging the relevant text out of my files, I find that it was slightly different from what he recalls: it was not DeepSouthCon, but MidSouthCon, a much smaller gathering; it was one game, rather than two; and it was on Sunday (I am a pro, not college, football fan), a quiet time at many cons. The point of the story was not that I had (or more precisely, made) time for football watching; the reason I mentioned it was amusement at being criticized for watching violent trash by people who'd been looking at a tape of Friday the Thirteenth.

Bill Humphries, 510 N. Franklin Ave - #3, Madison, WI 53705

Hurrah for Debbie Notkin's book reviews! I came into fanzine fandom after working with a sercon crew of fans in Austin during the 1980's. Ms. Notkin's always had something interesting to say about books. I think there's a trend starting: three major fanzines discussed SF within the past year (SNARKIN' SURFARI, BLAT! and HABAKKUK.) Of course, I said that ignorant of Ted White's review of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY (which really doesn't bill itself as a fanzine.)

Greg Benford's loc didn't bother me. I've never been into timebinding per se, and, with no offense intended, I usually pass over fan history. I don't know why I don't appreciate timebinding, but love to read Steven Jay Gould (or Greg's periodic essays in F&SF.) A good essay is a joy to read or write, but the subject matters to me regardless. Instead of worrying or complaining about us youngsters ignoring fan history, think of it as biodiversity for fandom. People will take what they want from the 'zines in the mailbox. Fan history does have important uses, especially for avoiding fratricidal conflict.

I recognized Trina Robbins' cover from a past Wisconsin program book, which is my favorite work of hers. The snake on the priestess' headdress appears more engaged by the book than she. The snake transformed the whole piece from tedious into funny. Thanks also for introducing me to Ray Nelson's cartoons. It's nice not only to see a faned get art to go with the editorial content, but even to go with the loc's!

Sam Long, PO Box 7423 Springfield, IL 62791

When the original Star Trek came out I was an avid watcher of it though I never became a Trekkie, all ga-ga over the series. I like the TNG series; it's well done and a lot of thought has gone into it, but I'm not a regular viewer. I guess I've seen about a quarter of the episodes. Similarly with DS9.. I've caught only the occasional episode. In general I agree with your critique of the three series, for many of the same reasons, especially regarding PC-ness. Acute, that. I sometimes find it useful to sum up the differences in leadership style between Kirk and Picard as follows:

There is on all of Star Fleet's large spaceships a tailor shop where uniforms and clothes that have become ripped, torn or otherwise damaged can be repaired. In the Enterprise, in Captain Kirk's time, the tailor-in-charge was one Giorgio Botticelli, who

claimed to be a descendent of the famous Renaissance artist; and to be sure, he was extremely skilled with needle and thread. Captain Kirk is known for his rather informal manner. Whenever he would come back from an adventure in which his uniform was the worse for wear, he would stop by the tailor shop and hand over the outfit, saying to the tailor in a friendly way, "Seam me up, Botti!"

Captain Picard is somewhat more formal. His Enterprise also had a tailor shop, and it was in fact run by Giorgio's granddaughter Bianca. Technology had advanced since Kirk's time, such that almost all the actual needle-and-thread work could be done by a robot. (The robot, not surprisingly named Robotcelli, looked humanoid from the waist up but was simply a box on wheels from the waist down. It could understand speech directed at it and was very skilled in its tasks, but was not self-aware like Data was.) Whenever Captain Picard would return from an adventure in which his uniform was the worse for wear, he would bring it to the tailor shop, hand it to Robotcelli, and speak to Bianca rather than to the robot, saying "Make it sew!"

A comment on Eric Mayer's loc. He says "I met my wife [Mary] through fandom!" True enough. I met his wife through fandom too. She and I first became acquainted at a London Group meeting at the Globe in January 1970. She was my wife for not quite 16 years until we divorced in '92 and she went on to marry Eric. Mary met her first husband (the one before me) through fandom too, but that's another story.

Trina Robbins. 1982 15th St., San Francisco, CA 94114

I had that same flu. I actually managed to get out of bed for Christmas, but spent most of the day reclining on my sofa. It was the sickest I've ever been, and I really still have not gotten over it; I've suffered from a series of lesser colds all Winter and Spring. Finally in desperation, and because so many people recommended it to me, I tried echinacea and golden seal, and am still taking them. Currently I have this kinda almost sore throat (like the very beginning of a cold before it hits you), and it may be them that's keeping it from getting it any worse.

I was happy to see a letter from Jessica Amanda Salmonson; we met about 15 years ago at a con in Vancouver, and corresponded for a while—I received her zine, NAGINATA—but then she stopped publishing it, and we lost touch. So, thanks, Bill—HABAKKUK is serving to get old friends back together.

I mentioned to my boyfriend, Steve, that I had received this mag with letter from people like Jessica and Ted White, and he said, "You mean the late Ted White?" and I went, "This is a very recent letter. Maybe you're thinking about Terry Carr? Larry Shaw?" But Steve said he was sure he'd heard that Ted White had died! Rumors give me the creeps. One day I'm sure to hear rumors of my own death, which will of course be greatly exaggerated.

However, Ted dear, you did not have the opportunity to buy one of my pieces for HEAVY METAL. You wound up giving me a kill fee for it, remember? (Of course, strictly speaking, you did have the opportu-



nity", you just didn't use it!)

Leland Sapiro. Box 958, Big Sandy, TX 75755

In his review of RQ Ted White got almost everything right, esp. his remarks on (some of) the book reviews being badly "dated." Those particular pages were written as "filler," since Brad Linaweaver's scheduled lead article on HPL vs. Kafka had to be postponed. Brad's rapid COA's made it impossible for me to contact him in time for revisions, corrections and additions.

I had no permanent grudge against Gay Talese—though I think his downplay of Frank Sinatra's criminal activities was contemptible—but after hearing Harlan Ellison's talk at St. Looney I've been waiting for an excuse to discuss Sinatra's leisure time habit of cruising the town, accompanied by hired thugs to beat up anybody he doesn't like.

The Wichita incident was instigated by a letter in PLANET STORIES by a Georgia fan who claimed that Blacks were inferior because their average brain size was smaller and because they scored lower on IQ tests. I answered by pointing out that within a species no correlation existed between brain mass and intelligence and by citing a study that showed how Negroes educated up North got higher IQ scores than white students educated down south. After this reply was printed Edwin Sigler sent me a personal letter saying that: (1) the study was invalid because it was done by university professors, (2) Sapiro is a Jewish name, and (3) a Jew, not being inculcated with the Anglo-Saxon notion of fair play, couldn't be trusted too closely. (Sigler didn't phrase it exactly this way.)

Some 6 or 7 years later, time and circumstances—including a 2-week break between semesters and a \$175 gift from the U.

S. government--allowed me to fly to Wichita (from Los Angeles) and confront Sigler with his letter. He started to apologize. "Well, I can explain any letter that I..."—but I didn't wish to have made that long trip for nothing, so I hit him before he finished that sentence. I then had to hit him fifty or sixty more times before he went down.

Sigler's version, in a subsequent PLANET STORIES, was different. (I don't recall the date, only the title of the lead story: "Eternal Zend Must Die.") He stated that I'd tried to burglarize his house but "ran like hell" when he got out his .45. I had fun with that letter when I ran for prexy of the student Masonic club at UCLA, posting the letter alongside a mug shot of myself and a writeup that said something like: "Wouldn't you like to have Sapiro visit your house? Then give him your vote!"

On the Harlan Ellison-Jim Harmon Door Incident, cited by Ted, I quote from Phil Farmer's letter in RQ #13 (Aug '69):

"I remember being present at the Midwestcon...when Harlan dropped a sack of water on Jim's head from Jim's hotel window. Jim charged...up the steps, found the door to his room locked...I remember Jim's knocking the door down with his fists a la Doc Savage's buddy Renny. I also remember the cops carrying Jim off, and the hat being passed around to pay for a new door and to keep Jim out of the hoosegow...Those were the days! Wooden doors and iron men then."

I've often wished that some fan had shown enough presence of mind to take from the door some splinters, which would have become priceless fan relics, like splinters from the True Cross.

Alexander Yudenitsch. Caixa Postal 9613, 01065-370 S. Paulo, SP, Brazil

Being in California you probably at

least noticed the World Soccer Championship that took place there in June/July, and which was won by the Brazilian team. I know that it didn't get too much attention in the US press, but it was of vital importance to Brazilians.

Actually it not only got a lot of attention, it persuaded many Americans to take an interest in soccer for the first time.

I once read an article that gave a passing reference to a survey in which they measured the amount of enjoyment which boys got out of various sports. The survey concluded that of all the sports surveyed boys enjoyed soccer the most and hockey the least. Unfortunately the article didn't mention what other sports were compared nor how the enjoyment was measured.

To give you an idea about the importance of soccer (it's just called "football" here) in Brazil, I'll just tell you that practically every business establishment (including federal, state and municipal government) let all employees go home early, so they could watch the Brazilian team's games in the World Cup; this sometimes involved people getting to work more than an hour earlier to make up for it, but few complained. And the day after Brazil won the World Soccer Cup for the fourth time federal and state employees were allowed to go to work after 12:00, to allow them to rest after an adequate commemoration.

The final Brazilian victory, the world tetra-championship, was dedicated to Ayrton Senna by the Brazilian team, since he was trying for the tetra-championship of F-1 racing himself before he was killed in an accident in Italy three months before, and had promised the team that he would be there with them, rooting for the soccer tetra for Brazil. In the extended coverage of Senna's funeral there was a recurring phrase in homage to him: "Valeu, Senna!" That's a current expression of caring, expressing approval for someone's intentions and effort; it was very much in evidence then, and even now some cars still show it.

The funeral had a degree of popular feeling and participation that was surprising and unexpected to many, with impressive scenes of the silent, mourning crowds that accompanied the whole 10-mile funeral procession, the President coming to his wake, etc.

The surprise and unexpectedness came from the fact that, after all, Formula 1 racing is an elite sport in Brazil, needing very costly equipment and training, different from soccer, which even poor kids can play on any empty lot, or even in the street. But even people who don't regularly follow F-1 races felt that Senna died defending the Brazilian colors, making him a hero. The day of the funeral was a non-work day in Sao Paulo, to allow people to participate.

Of course Senna's identification with Brazil was really deep-seated and sincere, and people felt it in his insistence on waving a Brazilian flag in his F-1 victories; but, besides, the generally depressing economic and political climate here in the last 3-4 years also contributed to people feeling strongly about

someone who was bucking this negative trend. People were grabbing at anything and anyone who seemed to offer hope. This also helped people to root for the national soccer team with even more fervor than usual.

Let me explain a little: after 20 years of military-based rule, Tancredo Neves was elected against their wish, but became sick on Inauguration Day and his veep took office, taking the country to an international moratorium and a near-hyperinflation of over 90% per month. His successor, Fernando Collor, elected on a progress and honesty platform, was impeached after one year in office for large-scale corruption, and HIS veep, Itamar Franco, is currently a temperamental and ineffective President. All this with the backdrop of years-long depression and general unemployment. And, in Oct-Nov we'll have general elections, with the favorite so far being the Workers' Party Lula....

The Real (R\$) is our new money since July 1 and so far it seems to be keeping inflation at bay: in June it was 50%, but since then it's been below 3%. R\$1.00 is now worth US\$ 0.93!

As to sf in Brazil, with the demise of the local edition of IASFM once again there is not one regular sf pro mag on the stands. The OO of the SF Readers' Club, Somnium, intends to try a semi-pro experiment which might fill the gap; let's see if they're successful.

Noreen Shaw, 5223 Corteen Pl #7, Valley Village, CA 91607

The new issue of HABAKKUK is beyond wonderful - it's an event horizon!

Ken Rudolph, 1424 No Wilcox Ave, Hollywood, CA 90028

Ted's fanzine column has caused some pain here and there. Here's a good example of the vicissitudes of the postal system and the wonders of synchronicity. I received my copy on Thursday, read my flippant comment about Ted's review of CHALLENGER I with some embarrassment along with most of the zine Thursday night. I was finishing up the letter column at work Friday morning and actually reading Guy Lillian's letter when through the mail slot drops a postcard from the latter fanned "challenging" me to read his zine before agreeing with Ted. Fair enough, except the zine was out of print. Anyway, Lillian got it together and sent me a copy of his zine. And I have to tell you I thought Ted's evisceration went too far. When I went back and re-read the previous Trenchant Bludgeon I really was offended by the ad hominem nature of the attack. Lillian didn't deserve it for his obstinate refusal to bow to the strictures of political correctness. In fact I rather admire the guy for his stand. I'll tell you, I am getting increasingly tired of pressure groups insisting that historical labels are suddenly forbidden by some stupid standard of offense. Femmes-fans beware. I don't give a rap if you object to the designation. Maybe Guy Lillian does have a clue.

Once again Ted is after an editor for "not having a clue"--this time Joe Maragliano. But this time I can truthfully say I disagree strongly with Ted. Not only is AQ a beautiful fanzine, but I think it is a very well edited one. And Maragliano is one hell of a writer of mood pieces which have as much to do with

fannishness as anything else. I don't want to get into a feud with Ted, but I wish he'd open up what I perceive is a rather narrow definition of acceptable content in fanzines and get on with the 90's. There has to be room in fanzine fandom for ambitious, insular genzines such as AQ and CHALLENGER and more traditional fanish zines totally exemplified by the excellence of HABAKKUK (or TRAP DOOR, my other favorite zine). I'm delighted to see all 4 drop through the mail slot.

In answer to your question: Don't you dare shorten "The Arena". Nothing is better than a well edited lettercol with a stable of outstanding writers hacking controversial issues. However, for all I enjoyed the body of the zine and lettercol, I think I'll stay out of the fray this go-round. Instead, I'd like to conduct an experiment in your zine.

I've always imagined that SF fans, and especially fanzine fans, were somehow more attuned to the present and future of the culture around us. And here in the 90's, we can see the glimmer of the "information superhighway" which went almost totally unforeseen by the SF I read in my youth.

I'm writing specifically about the Internet and how it is clearly becoming the paradigm of a new trans-Earth communications medium. I predict that many of your readers have access to the Internet, either thru their work or a personal gateway such as America On-Line, Prodigy or CompuServe. Or that if they don't have one now, they will within the next few years.

Actually the Internet fulfills my fantasy of the superior fanish network. It's non-centralized, anarchic, and subsidized by the government in the interests of the citizenry (whether they want it that way or not). It is truly worldwide in scope, less expensive than postage stamps if you know your way around, and instantaneous in ways that, alas, fanzines can never be.

Now, why do I mention this in HABAKKUK, the epitome of the traditions of fanzine fandom? Maybe because you obviously have a readership which spans several Fandoms of time and space, and I'm curious to see whether we as a group are attuned to the zeitgeist.

Or maybe I'd just like to receive some e-mail, anyway, I solicit comment to my Internet address: kenru@netcom.com. For all I know all of Fandom is already busily involved in this futuristic universe. Maybe there is some sort of cyberspace FAPA going on under our very noses. One thing I'm certain of, nothing will replace the satisfying clunk of a hefty genzine as it drops through the mail slot.

I expect a report on your results for the next issue.

Bob Leman, 2615 Broad St., Bethel Park, PA 15102

Many thanks for the three HABAKKUKs. Each was read with keen pleasure and evoked in me a powerful nostalgia. Good fanzine.

I don't know whether you'll consider that to be an acceptable compliment or not though, coming as it does from an elderly party who tends to value things in inverse proportion to their innovativeness and novelty. It is, indeed, my firm belief that most

new things are no good--as anyone of a certain age can see for himself by recollecting the multitude of new things he has seen appear and disappear in his lifetime. Once in a great while a good new thing does come along, and only when it does not disappear, but endures and becomes an old thing, do we know with certainty that it is good.

All of which is to say that the new HABAKKUK is solidly in the old tradition, is commendably old-fashioned, is thoroughly satisfying, and thus is a Good Thing. One of your correspondents said something about a time machine, and that was my feeling exactly. This is a superior sample of the kind of fanzine that was held to be exemplary in the fifties and early sixties. The letter column in verse 3 lends verisimilitude to the feeling of time displacement: twenty-six of the names, out of--*mirabile dictu*--seventy-three, are very familiar to me. A lot of fans *d'antan* still seem to be around somewhere.

I myself faded from fandom in 1967 or thereabouts, my defection having been preceded by a loss of interest in science fiction a couple of years earlier. That event marked the end of an enthusiasm that had begun when I was nine or ten, and had for well over thirty years constituted a significant fraction of my life. It died with less than a whimper. I sold my collection to Bob Madle with no regrets at all (I needed the shelf space).

Nevertheless, I fully intended to continue with my fanac. The good zines of the time--that is, the fannish ones--had by now come to have precious little to do with science fiction (although everybody had a background in SF, which I suppose is still true). It thus seemed to me that dropping SF should be no impediment to my continuing to publish. In the event I published exactly one more issue of THE VINEGAR WORM, and then passed over into the drowsy halls of *gafia*.

FAPA continued to carry me on the roster without activity for a longer time than was strictly legal, but that of course had eventually to come to an end. For several years fanzines continued to arrive in diminishing numbers. Even today a zine turns up every now and then, probably in consequence of my one continuing fanactivity, a very passive membership in First Fandom.

I'd be interested to know how many long-term retirees from fandom have responded to these new HABAKKUKs. ((All who respond get named.)) A very high percentage of those who've received them, I'd wager. A vestigial itch to be part of it all again seems to exist in quite a number of us, and chances are that every one of the old old gaffates who have commented on verses one and two feels that itch. (You will not have heard from the stone defectors, of course.) The urge will probably not be strong enough to cause any of them to publish again, but it may be of sufficient strength to rejuvenate an appetite for fanzines and a (perhaps transitory) willingness to write *locs*. That's always a good thing for an editor, and I think the reminiscences of old geezers in fandom (is there such a coinage as "*geczertan*"?) ought to be interesting to readers.

But maybe not. My knowledge of today's fandom is very slight indeed, and the current fannish attitude toward history may be that it's boring and irrelevant. It's a feeling

that seems to prevail among people under forty-five in the mundane world at any rate. But my impression is that fanzine fans remain a saving remnant, and continue to cherish the old virtues. I have had notices of fanzine conventions, which means that the movement itself is alive and well. How much it has changed is the question. My impression is that the old principles prevail, although my evidence is slim. One hears of the monster conventions of these latter days, infested with movie and television fans who may or may not know how to read, and from the outside it looks as though fandom as I knew it may be moribund, but HABAKKUK is powerful evidence to the contrary.



In "Memories of the Nunnery" you say "...Liederkrantz (sic) cheese, an American cheese kin to Limburger." No sir. You employ a bad comparison for a noble cheese, the best cheese that has been produced in this country, and one that had few if any peers anywhere in the world. (I agree.) Of foreign cheeses (at least of those thought worthy of importing into this country) it most resembled Camembert, but to my palate it had a deeper and richer flavor.

It also had more odor which is why I compared it to Limburger; but then I like Limburger too.

Liederkrantz (so spelt) was a soft-ripening cheese that developed a brown crust

and became very sharp as it ripened. It obviously did not have a long shelf-life, and when Kraft Foods gobbled up the little plant in Ohio where it was made, they soon discovered that it did not return the kind of profit they required. They quietly euthanized Liederkrantz, to the great loss of those who relish the cheese.

Sometime before its death the Liederkrantz plant was moved to a new location. Panic descended as none of the new batches turned out right. They tried various remedies before they were finally able to solve the problem. They took some of the old cheese and rubbed it up and down all the walls. This put the proper bacteria in the air and they were able to resume production.

But apart from its mistaken position on Liederkrantz, this is an extremely satisfactory piece, as is "Memories of the Dive." These and Art Saha's memoir, are very tasty reading indeed, and it's comforting to have them on the record. I suppose you understand that a decent respect for posterity demands that you feature such matter in every issue.

Wonderful also is your letter column. An exact half of the issue devoted to letters is by no means too much. I haven't seen any of the fanzines Ted White reviews, but reading the reviews is a pleasure anyhow.

The least interesting feature to me is Debbie Notkin's reviews; and that's not because she's not a superior reviewer, but because I'm one of those who haven't reconverted to SF. Silverberg is right: there's without doubt come good stuff out there, only a masochist would undergo the agony of doing the reading necessary to discover it. Finding a reviewer whose taste exactly paralleled one's one would point the way toward reading a bit of SF again, but in the real world generational fads and fashions stain reviewers just as they stain writers.

I have too often been burnt by buying a book on the advice of a reviewer who turns out after the fact to be a true believer (just like the author he's reviewing) in say, the cult of rock music, and has unstintingly praised the book not on its intrinsic worth either as SF or as a novel, but because he believes that there is some sort of transformative power in that hideous noise.

Politically affinities have sometimes slanted reviews in ways that have deceived me, also. Still there were believers in Dianetics back in the old days, weren't there?

I've found an item of--not news, exactly, but something that may not yet have come to the attention of his friends, and probably ought to be known about, since it casts an honorable light on one of ours, Walt Willis. On page 240 of *The Selected Letters of Philip Larkin* (Farrar, Strauss & Giroux, 1993) in a letter to Robert Conquest dated 4-14-54 Larkin says, "I never came across Willis, I'm afraid though several times I've heard SLANT mentioned..."

This has to refer to Walt (Larkin had just moved out of Belfast), although the editor has failed to provide an explanatory footnote. How many fanzines have been topics of conversation between eminent literati like

these? Conquest evidently was a reader of SLANT and a fan of Walt.

Robert M. Sabella, 24 Cedar Manor Court, Budd Lake, NJ 07828-1023

I see that Ted White is as opinionated as ever. Somehow he pulled off the trick of writing a reasonable column in which I generally disagreed with him completely. I don't see any reason why fanzines must have a purpose. Ted obviously believes that, otherwise why such comments as "Fanzines should talk to and about each other more" and "More fanzines should review other Fanzines"?

Fanzines are whatever the editors and writers wish them to be. I have many opinions on science fiction, and I wish to share them with others, hence I publish GRADIENT twice a year. Other editors wish to discuss life in general, and that's fine for them. There are probably even some fan editors who wish to "show...how good the microcosm is and can be." But that's their choice. I guess it's the difference between FIAWOL (Ted) and FIJAGH (me).

My main reason for being in fandom (on and off) these past twenty-seven years has been primarily to discuss and exchange ideas on science fiction with like-minded souls. I am not a missionary, and have no intention of publishing a fanzine which is the fannish equivalent of a Jesuit newsletter.

Which is why I probably will not send a copy of GRADIENT to Ted White for review.

The rest of HABAKKUK was also good, and less disagreeable! Debbie Notkin is an excellent reviewer who half-convincing me to read *Mirror Dance* even though I am not a Miles Vorkosigan fan. Don't let me down, Debbie!

Mark R. Harris, 44 Howard Ave, Passaic, NJ 07055

You must feel extremely justified in your decision to return to zine publishing. I mean talk about your gratifying responses. Loccers of the world were galvanized by the reappearance of HABAKKUK.

I found your comments about the durability of fan friendships quite fascinating because I'd recently read--and been annoyed by--some extremely negative comments about networking relationships made by curmudgeon schoolteacher, John Taylor Gatto in a piece in the *WHOLE EARTH REVIEW*. Gatto argued the tenuousness of relationships based on shared interests as opposed to family and community links, and for the life of me I could not understand what he was talking about, because, like you, I've had exactly the opposite experience.

Last year when I returned to San Francisco for a visit after a four-year absence, I saw many of the people that congregate at third Saturday parties--Bruce Townley, Don Herron, Jeanne Bowman, Rich Coad, Candi Strecker, Cheryl Cline, Lynn Kuehl--as well as other friends from my paralegal days, and I had a wonderfully warm welcome from them all. So much so, in fact, that I'm seriously considering a return to the Bay Area within a year or two.

Alva Rogers always said that he had no control over who his brothers and sisters were, but that he had chosen his friends.

But as Robert Frost says, "Home is the place where, if you have to go, they have to take you in."

Actually, despite knowing pretty well half the people who go I've never been to a Third Saturday party. My involvement in zines and the fringes of fandom postdates my years in San Francisco (1985-89), although a number of the friendships I formed there were instrumental in this context later on. And that's part of my point.

Several of these relationships developed through long-distance correspondence to a higher pitch than they ever had as an occasional in-person thing. Don Fitch is right to say that these sorts of contacts can often be more "complete/complex" than the "superficially social" kind (though those have their obvious pleasures).

Leaving special effects and such out of it, I still think ST:TNG has the earlier series aced on two key counts: there is an actual continuity--past events affect future ones, something that seldom happened on the original, and all the cast members are fleshed out, have their own storylines, get their own episodes; dramatically these are huge gains.

I've only watched NYPD Blue sporadically, but enough to convince me that David Caruso is the best actor to hit television in many a year. The show itself doesn't do quite as much for me as Hill Street Blues used to.

My condolences on your learning of the death of your friend Larry Shaw. It got me to thinking about how death is always sudden, whether you know about it at the time or eight years later, whether you can see it clearly coming or not. No preparation is adequate for the loss of a person you were accustomed to talking to, or even might have talked to.

I recall sending for a zine called JAUNDICED EYE and receiving it with a note from editor Dave Crowley's sister to the effect that he had just died--how I don't know--and she was distributing the only issue of his zine as a memorial. It was a wonderful publication and I have ever since felt cheated of the opportunity to have known Dave Crowley. It might have come to nothing, but I miss the letters we could have written.

Another editor that I did correspond with, Mike O'Brien of Seasoned Books seemed to fall silent for a while, and I let it slide; a couple of years later I sent him a reacquaintance letter and got it back from the post office with the single awful word "Deceased" scrawled on it. A shudder passed through my body electrically, followed by a wrenching feeling of sadness; ask not for whom the bell tolls indeed....

Mark Manning, 1709 South Holgate St., Seattle, WA 98144-4339

You write, about Bill Rickhardt, that he "had a daughter, by a girlfriend who....never approached Bill for...fathering of the child." Either you mean something rather different than what you've written here, or Bill was into frequenting sperm banks, or rape. Don't feel like I'm flaming you, though: I love the amazing realms of reality that come into existence whenever typos (or thinkos) hit the printed page.

That made me stop and think. It's been a very long time since I've heard "fathering" with any other meaning than "male nurturing". So to me, that's what it means. I wonder if this shift is local or, if not, how widespread it is....

It's not odd that the Third Saturday party you report on had a knot of people discussing the sexual revelations in Chip Delaney's autobiography. It's certainly a very interesting and even liberating book in that regard; surely this country can benefit from a text that demonstrated the humanness of gay sexuality so vividly. Hell, in Oregon, where anti-gay initiatives have occasionally won by referendum in certain areas, they should probably make Chip's book part of the mandatory high school reading list.

It's not odd that fans would discuss



the book. What is odd is that your explanation of how he could have sex 15 times in one night allowed me to comprehend the name of a theater troupe that played the Seattle Fringe Theater Festival this year. I realized that the name of Greek Active showed that the members of the troupe were openly homosexual, but didn't know the exact meaning of the reference. Ummm, by the way, wouldn't 15 Greek passive encounters in one night cause some tissue damage? Not that I'm particularly concerned about the answer to such a question, just that I sort of doubt that all those encounters were really precisely the same act.

Well it would certainly result in a sore ass: Not being in Chip's confidence I don't know what he did or does, but every guy I know that has told me about having such a marathon has always been Greek passive during it. But I would think that some variety would make it more interesting.

You say that reading the FOSFAX discussion of the Anita Hill case convinced you that she was lying? OK, Bill, but I wouldn't go around publicly, if I were you, admitting that I'd been politically convinced by anything I read there. I view FOSFAX as sort of the Anti-Hyphen. My private nickname for it I won't divulge, as I don't relish lawsuits.

Anti-Hyphen?

Ted White may well be right that Joe Maraglino is hypersensitive to criticism. To me, my severest critics are perhaps even more likely to be my most insightful teachers than just mere fuggheads. So, if I personally knew Joe, I'd of course advise him to be less thin-skinned. Like, does he plan to last in fandom long enough to go through with the Niagra Falls in '98 Worldcon bid?

Ted's expose of Joe's pique, I-crossing and T-dotting as it reads to me, doesn't look to me though like it would help matters. After all, vivisectioning a cat and labeling each organ and tendon as you go is a rather bad way to teach kitty to fetch.

I utterly disagree with Ted's attack on the "Beardsleyesque" artwork of Linda Michaels and Margaret Organ-Kean, *et al.* I hadn't known that any particular fan art style had an exclusive agreement with the fanwriters of America (FWA). Is this something they announced at a Conflu I didn't attend, or what? Anyway, if Ted wants to ban elegant art from fanzines, he'll have to pry my gluestick out of my cold, dead fingers.

I also utterly disagree with his view that Joy Morceau's "Charivari" has no place in a fanzine. Frankly, I'd run over H. R. Halderman's grandmother (have I got that reference right?) for a column like hers, or like Sharon Farber's in MIMOSA. Such pieces might be a bit outside the norm of conreports/fanzine reviews/SF-natter/Harry Warner Jr. LoCs that most zines consist of, but they do show us worlds of wonder, humorously conveyed, in ways that I find very compatible with the fan-nish mindset.

While I hadn't remarked before that AQ sucks up to pros, and I won't necessarily concede the point without re-examining Joe's work (RSN, natch), I think Ted's exactly right that such an attitude is all wet. I no longer hold that pros are a lesser breed than we fans.

On the other hand, I do think that a fan-nish fandom, even one steeped in stinal referentiality, as ours so often is, could easily continue indefinitely even if no more pro-SF is ever published.

The reason I think this is possible is that I see fandom as a cargo cult, analogous to the ones in New Guinea, except that, for us, it's not a passing ship or airplane that's left the beautiful cargo that presages the coming Messiah-Age, but a bunch of writers for prozines (and now, for the SF-novel houses) who have dropped textual cargo. Their cargo tells of the bright future of super science, when geniuses will bring us domed cities with moving walkways, ansibles, time machines, and so on. Of course, a lot of the newer, post-New Wave SF doesn't add to this canon of utopian vision, and that might well be why it wasn't particularly popular among the First Fandom generation.

Agree with my analysis or not, I think that the corollary view of fanzine fans as analogous to cargo cult shamans (or India's bauls and santis, or the ancient Irish fianna, etc) goes a long way before the parallels get too strained. And it goes a certain ways to lend yet more support to Ted's observation--a commonplace one, as cited in his YHOS critique--that fandom is, more or less, a working anarchy. Support, plus perhaps a worthwhile revisioning: his casting of the image of fandom in the social/political mold, comparing it to Anarchy, might not be as potentially fruitful as my cultic/religious view. Of course, if you have things Ted's way, it does let fans see quite a lot, mainly when you start asking yourself how Anarchy can maintain any kind of cultural continuity in the absence of a leader or leadership clique.

I mean, what does a leader do, anyway? Historically, the modern conception of leadership (the one the philosophical Anarchists have so vividly critiqued) got under weigh only after there were lots of printing presses and cheap rag-based paper. ("He's watched Connections too many times," I hear you saying. Calm down, this won't take long.) These technological developments caused the existence of newspapers, which really changed how people might deal with social facts.

Basically, we've got a lot more of them at our disposal. It's not like it was in the Dark Ages, when, say, your local Welsh chieftain would send bards around the realm. If you ever read the nature poetry those bards produced, you'll understand them a lot better if you read them as being thumbnail intelligence reports for raiders who, for a living, rode fast horses over ground they hadn't personally been through before. Information on the lay of the land away from the castle came in to the chieftain by random dribs and drabs, a surprising amount of it via bardic verse.

How much data about terrain, crops, social conditions, dynastic rivalries, and men-at-arms was conveyed? Well, there's not much early Welsh bardic nature poetry, is there? Even the ancient Greeks, conquerors of the known world and major actors on the Eurasian stage for, what?, a thousand years or somewhat less? only left a relatively small amount of written material behind them after the fall of the Roman Empire that both succeeded and continued the Greek one. A person of solid intelligence and unflagging deter-

mination can lean ancient Greek and then read every surviving Greek text and recorded inscription within the space of a decade or so.

Today, it would take the same person longer to read every English-language text published in the USA this week. And this change started with the rise of newspapers. The voiceless peasantry and virtually apolitical guildsmen became a citizenry, formed themselves into nations. The Public is a body which rationally (or so the theory goes--read your Locke or Hobbs for more detail, I guess) decides about and acts upon the information about their world as contained in the news. After all, the Public had more knowledge of how their society was going than their kings had had in the pre-newspaper days. A lot more.

So much more, in fact, that it was actually unassimilable in raw form. Remember the science fiction tale about the tyrannical computer that demands that its slaves give it information about EVERYTHING? The cunning programmer-slaves follow orders, but, clogged with the latest data about shoe sizes on Alpha Centauri 3 and the transshipment of quail eggs in the Andromeda sector, etc., etc., the giant machine ground to a halt, and "died."

Well, it was for pretty much the same reason that, from the first, the Public had to rely on Leaders, a caste of men who formed ideologies, conceptual tools for the organizing of the vast amounts of raw societal data. And with the organizing of the data, the Leaders could benefit from the organizing of Public sentiment, which could then be mobilized in some direction or other.

OK, back to Ted's column, which inspired all this footaraw. In a "working anarchy" or ideal libertarian enclave or whatever, each of us is his/her own Leader. (To be sure, no pro or gaggle of pros is our Leader, eh, Ted?) On the other hand, Anarchist theory supports a non-State wherein non-coercive social motion, in some definite direction, does take place. Fandom long ago gave up the idea of organizing all of fandom into a unified social or political movement. This, I think, is precisely where Ted's politically-or-socially-motivated analogy of fandom as an anarchy breaks down, as any analogy is bound to do, I suppose.

In other words fans are too anarchistic to form an anarchy?

I see that Lloyd Penney wonders whatever happened to the Great Fannish Migration to Seattle. He's right, it's still a going concern, as his example of Alan Rosenthal's recent move-in demonstrated. You realize, of course, that there's also been a Great Fannish Migration from Seattle: Loren MacGregor, Jack Speer, Linda Blanchard, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Lucy Huntzinger, and, er, umm, I've heard even Bill Donaho (can that be true?) all lived here at one time or another.

No. I've been in Seattle once in my life. In early 1960 Terry and Miriam Carr, Dan Curran and I journeyed up to meet Dick and Pat Ellington who were in the process of moving from New York to Berkeley, stopping in Dick's old hometown of Seattle.

As for what's happened to the immigrants: a New MAINSTREAM will soon be mailed out by Jerry Kaufman and Suzie; Andy Hooper sends out APPARATCHIK every week or so (!); this same Andy, together with Carrie Root, issue SPENT BRASS fairly frequently; this past year or so has seen two birthday one-shots, a fanish folk-music first issue zine, and a successful Bouchercon bid at the home of Andi Shechter and Stu Shiffman; Luke McGuff has put out various one-shots, plus he founded the Men's APA; John Do. Berry's perzine hasn't been officially pronounced dead yet, although it's certainly not terribly frequent; and those are just the folks who were fairly well-known fans before moving here.

We home-grown Rainytown ten aren't dead either: the old CRYgang pretty much runs SAPS; Craig Smith illos still pop up here and there; Frank Denton has recovered by and large from a heart problem, and recently issued a new ROGUE RAVEN; Jack and Pauline Palmer are mostly active these days in Mail-Art circles (as Rudy Rubberoid and Ofelia Swanshite, I'll have you know); and I might even issue an issue of my genzine this summer, Roscoe willing. Admittedly, our fanish bookstore (The Arcadian) went out of business, and The Nameless Ones hasn't had their regular meeting since the bookstore stopped hosting them, followed a few months later by the hiatus of Babel-17, the SF book discussion started yonks ago by, I seem to recall, Linda Blanchard. But these are but temporary setbacks, Meyer.

Mike McInerney, 83 Shakespeare St., Daly City, CA 94014

I still read SF, fantasy, horror, etc., but I've got so many books I haven't read yet that I have to restrain myself from any new additions to new writers. I enjoy the book reviews, but the chances are slim of me buying any of the books.

Ted's review of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY contains background information on the history of the zine and adds enjoyment to me by telling about Sapiro's attack on a bigot. The zine itself has always been too sercon for me. His audience could be librarians instead of fans. Cost of \$2.50 per issue may seem high, but I'm sure Leland would rather trade or get locs. Any zine with a price tag should be priced high. I used to not really want money, but would charge double or triple price to help pay the costs for the traded or locced issues. Fanzines are done for egoboo, not money. If someone only wants to give money, make them pay!

Ted's review of ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY inspired me to write to Maragino and ask for a copy.

Keep on pubbing fanzine reviews. If all zines had fanzine reviews that in itself would help keep fans interconnected in the most effective, natural way. It's a handy recruiting tool also since any non-fan potential recruit who stumbles across a fanzine that looks interesting will have a choice of others to write and ask for. Some zines don't seem to recognize that other zines exist or that their readers are fans and know what simple fan jargon means. I've seen some that explain to their readers the meaning of the terms con, zine, apa, ilk, etc. This seems unnecessary to me unless they are not fans or are stuck in a

sort of faanish kindergarden where they are forced to repeat endlessly their A-B-C's.

Any contributor to a fanzine is paid only in egoboo. Obviously most of them would love to receive letters or comments or other fanzines sent directly to them. I feel that if someone writing to or for a fanzine wants to keep their address unpublished, all they have to do is ask. No faned would ignore a request for privacy. **There is a presumption of approval to publish addresses unless otherwise specified.**

I've always loved to get mail. I'd rather get crudzines than nothing. Crudzines have a value. They help us appreciate the really good ones like HAB, BLAT!, SPENT BRASS, etc. If it weren't for crudzines, fan reviewers would be boring sweetness and light, all good, all the time.

Jay Kay Klein's convention photo albums of the 60's provided faces to go with the words and zines of many fans who were only mental images until then. He did a difficult and valuable service to us all. Yes, he made mistakes; and I'm sure he still does; yes he never really was a fanzine fan or pretended to know them all. Still he has shared his interest with us for over 30 years, and I'm sure he's neither making a living from it nor trying to. It's his form of fanac ad I'm glad someone is doing it!

Clubs like the Fanoclasts are an oddity in fandom. I haven't been to a meeting in 25+ years, but I still feel that I'm a member. Since there were never any dues, I'm certainly paid up to date! I'm not aware of any former member who is mad at any other former member. The only reason we don't have meetings anymore is that we have scattered too far and wide.

There must have already been lots of history of 60's fandom written and published as personal remembrance articles during the last 20 years. Maybe someone with an extensive fanzine collection and time and energy could republish some of those articles in an anthology of 60's faanish happenings.

I'm talking about contemporary accounts mostly...good example of the type of article I'm referring to is "Remembrance of Times Lost" by Art Saha.

Fanrchie, wobblers, Catholic workers, Libertarians and other radicals and Craziies populate the stories of 50's fandom told by Saha and Donaho. I'm sure there must have also been a conservative side of fandom then, but they may have been quieter or at least less colorful. I joined the IWW myself in the 60's, but only paid dues the first month. I still have my membership card.

Fans of today will think you were all activist commies, but actually these groups were most attractive for free dinners, social activity and a youth oriented feeling of excitement and rebellion.

Art says that Dave van Ronk played a significant role in the history of the Dive and doesn't mention him again. I would like to hear some detail about him since I love his singing and used to go see him once a week at the Gaslight on MacDougall St. in NYC 1964-1968 on "Hootenany Night" every Tuesday. He hosted an "open mike" with guest singers including Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Richie Havens, Rambling Jack Elliot, Pete Stampfel (the guy that Dick Lupoff apparently objected to) and the Holy Modal Round-

ders. Johnny Cash dropped by one night so drunk he broke a guitar string and didn't know it. And he forgot the words to "I Walk the Line." I think it cost \$2 to get in and one drink minimum (usually I had a Grenadine).

Last time I saw him was a year or two ago in SF at the Paradise Lounge where I ran into Miriam Carr Knight Lloyd whom I was happy to see.

Miriam's brother treated her to a trip to New York for the 25th Anniversary of some milestone in Dave's career. She met all sorts of people including Odetta.

He was in the area recently and Miriam and I had breakfast with him, the first time I've seen him since 1959.

I recall that when I moved to NYC in 1964 fans were still enthusiastic about the cast album of Candide. I think Ted White played it for us at a Fanoclast meeting in Brooklyn. The book was one of my favorite required readings in college, but I remember nothing of the songs or music in the play.

Your stories of the Five Spot and McSorley's Old Ale House bring back memories. As I recall McSorley's had only ale, light or dark, and porter and stout. I preferred the dark ale. Only place I've ever paid money to get a plate of raw onions and smelly cheese and enjoyed it immensely.

Ray Nelson deserves a fan Hugo for his illos in HABAKKUK. ((Yea! Go, Ray Go!)) He vividly captures the essence of my mental images as I read throughout the issue Ray takes off from the zine reviews, articles and even the letter column and shows us in more than 2 dozen fabulous cartoons what has just been described. I haven't seen (on this scale) anything like this before, in a normal issue of any fanzine. It's the labor of love of a genius!

I loved that drawing of John Berry on the Roller Coaster at Coney Island--what an expression of fear!

Yes, peyote certainly tastes foul and bitter. It inspires a gagging reflex no matter how you eat it. We tried it several ways. The chopped up and blended into a milkshake method didn't work too well. I recall making thin slices and baking them in a low temperature oven and creating "peyote chips" and walking around the New York World's Fair stopping at every water fountain popping a few into my mouth and swallowing quickly. That worked better. These buttons were mail order from Texas. I haven't had any of this in 25 years, but still remember the taste.

I ground my "chips" into powder and stuffed them into Triple 000 capsules. 10 or 15 of those would do the job. But they weren't as effective as peyote sliced, boiled, and the liquid reduced to a very thick goo which was also stuffed into capsules. But this was much rougher on the stomach.

I'd like to have someone continue your history of NYC fandom, taking up the story from where you left off. Bill. Maybe Ted White or Dick Lupoff will continue the tale.....

I think that Scott Spence has a good point. Old fans (like myself) write and talk so

much about the traditions of the 50's, 60's, 70's that we may not realize that there are new fans making their own traditions. History hasn't ended yet and 20 years from now these will be the "Good Old Days" to them. I'm not worried about the death of Fanzine Fandom, but we need to be more accepting of new blood and allow them to participate on their own terms.

Andrew Murdoch also affirms this in more detail. Special interest fandoms are good for getting people started writing, drawing, editing. Surely some of these folks, after a time will decide to broaden their Field of Interest. Our fandom connects all of the special fandoms and is less restricted, more eclectic, and should be able to attract some recruits from all the limited interest offshoot fandoms back to the mother ~~church~~ fandom of them all.

I'm not going to take sides in any fan arguments involving personalities or ability. I assume we all do as well as we can and that each of us has some good qualities that we can encourage. Still, you must realize that any reviewers (movie, book, fanzine) can write more interestingly about a failed effort. Ebert & Siskel give 2 thumbs down and tell you why in detail! 2 thumbs up and all they can say is "We loved it." That would get boring, wouldn't it?

Where can I buy the 2 Harry Warner Fan History books?

Art Saba, 66 Brunlar Court, Cooperstown, NY 13326

I agree with you that Bork is brilliant: he surely must be one of the finest 18th Cent

ury Minds of our times. But I do agree with him in his opposition to the Balanced Budget Amendment.

Was Mike Nichols already Mike Nichols when you knew him, or was he still Michael Peschkowsky? Nichols.

In your "Memories of the Dive" you mentioned the young lady, his then fiancée whom Randall Garrett brought to the Dive. She was Campbell's stepdaughter, not daughter.

A couple of months after we had moved to 432 W. 45th St. (the Hive) I got a phone call on Saturday night about midnight. It was Randy (as it was all right to call him in those days). He had just broken up with the lady and wanted someone to talk to. So I told him to come on over and that I would put the coffee on. He arrived very shortly thereafter. As you recall we lived only a few blocks away from the Port Authority Bus Terminal.

We sat around, drank coffee and talked until about 6 am. Randy then asked me to come to church with him. About two blocks away was an Anglo-Catholic or high Episcopal Church. I told him, "Randy you can come here, drink my coffee, cry on my shoulders, even crash here, but I'm not going to go to church with you. He then left, and I proceeded to finish my TIMES and then went to sleep.

What the hell is Slash Fandom?

Slash fandom is a fandom for homosexual pornography about male buddy characters in TV shows. It started with Kirk Spock and I am told this is still the largest sub-group

with Starsky-Hutch second. I thought it mostly involved straight women with a few gay males, but back a ways ~~Harry~~ Has Bond says otherwise. There are even slash apas which do not send their pornography thru, but discuss the shows, their zines and their lives. I found one of these mailings of considerable more interest than the porn itself which was boring, boring, boring. Has points out why.

In my talk about the 1954 Metrocon I really should have mentioned the fact that Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett were our Guests of Honor.

Years later, at the 1976 World Fantasy Con, they showed up, and I had long talks with both of them. At that time I was editing the Program Book for SunCon at which Jack Williamson was to be Pro GOH. Hamilton was the obvious choice to be one of the Williamson appreciations which he immediately agreed to do. Unfortunately he died shortly thereafter.

One of the stories he told me hears repeating. At one time he and Leigh and C. L. Moore and Henry Kuttner were crossing the country pulling a house trailer. I don't think campers were around then. Anyway they pulled into a meadow somewhere in Nebraska. I believe, late at night and proceeded to go to sleep. The following morning Kuttner was the first to wake up and found an elephant looking at him thru the window. It seems they had parked where a circus was being set up.

Back to Metrocon. I also had a long conversation with a young fan who was at that time terminally ill. He died shortly after and willed his collection to Yale University. I have tried for years to remember his name, but I simply cannot. Can anyone out there remember who he was?

I have had some second thoughts about the Perry Ellis I mentioned. According to the Book of Lists, 90's Edition, in their list of people who died of AIDS, he was born in 1940 which would make him only 16 at the time of the '56 Worldecon. The person I remember was, I thought, older than that. Of course, he may just have looked older, or perhaps the date in the book is a typo. The book is full of them.

As I was reviewing my piece it occurred to me that a couple of other incidents happened between the door and me besides letting in the Toronto trio to the Shaw/Hoffman wedding reception and handling the mob that appeared at our door during our final party.

One was the time Dan's mother came to the door asking for him. Since he wasn't there I could honestly tell her that I didn't know where he was. I don't know how Dan handled it after I told him about it.

The other time was when two plain clothesmen arrived at the Dive looking for Pat, having been sent there by her mother. Fortunately they came on a Sunday afternoon when the Circle members were gathering together for our monthly meeting. I don't know what would have happened if they had arrived on a Saturday night. Anyhow I explained to them that we were a club which



met once a month to discuss our favorite literature. They looked around the apartment and were impressed by how sedate and quiet it was. John MacCormick, a holdover from the poker game, was sleeping it off in his underwear in Dick's room; he was still drunk and almost blew it when he protests vehemently at being awakened. Somehow we managed to smooth it over. Nothing further happened. They did take Pat with them, but she was back the next day.

During the Hive days one of the events I remember vividly was the time Boyd Raehurn came down and set up his tape recorder on my kitchen table and proceeded to tape a long session of Dave van Ronk singing and playing his guitar. This was long before Dave became a well-known folk singer. Although this was late in the evening, none of the other tenants protested. In fact many of them gathered in the hall to listen. Years later I mentioned to Boyd that he probably had a very important set of tapes.

My Nunnery memories all seem to blend together although I was there frequently. Once incident I do remember well is



creamed. I staggered upstairs dripping blood. Trina and Jeannie Bird managed to get my shirt off and proceeded to dress my wounds.

The troops reappeared and we started forming a squad to avenge my wounds and their honor. Trina and Jeannie were declaring, "No, No, Don't be silly!"

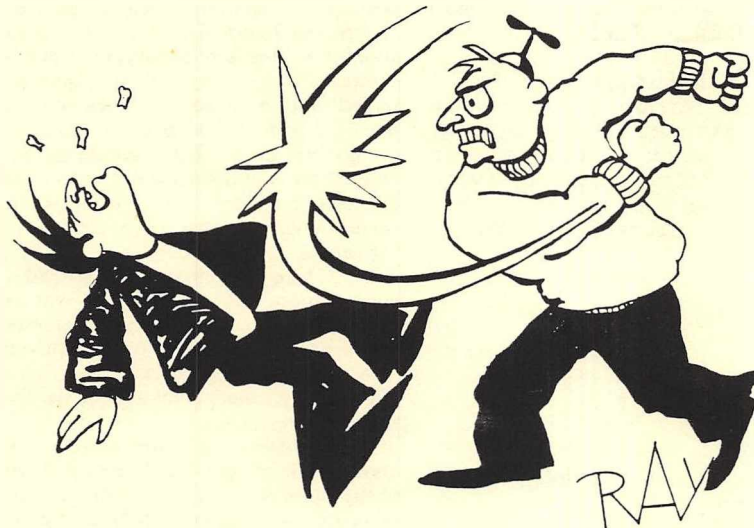
"Mind your own business!" I declaimed as they mopped up my blood. Fortunately they continued mopping.

The posse surged out and tromped the neighborhood streets for an hour or more, but the gang had disappeared.

You had to remind me, Art. I much prefer to forget the whole thing.

I thought Otto's last name was Albanesis, but I might be wrong.

I'm not clear as to how



the time well-known jazz man, Phineas T. Newborn came up with some other musicians and proceeded to entertain us for several hours.

Then there is the time some neighborhood tough came over for a fight following a street altercation one of them had with Dan. Several of us interceded and shoved him down the street. He disappeared into some building, but later came back with a group of his buddies. I no longer recall exactly how the whole thing ended.

Somehow or other I'm not completely sure you don't remember.

I don't remember how we got to that point but we had a line of male fans in front of the Nunnery door. A line of gang members confronted us. They started to move in.

I swung and completely flattened the original guy's nose. It made a very satisfactory squish. Somehow or other the rest of the troops disappeared and I got totally



to spell it, but there was definitely a von there.

I always considered Otto one of the oddest people I'd ever met. I seem to remember that he was always talking about building, not buying a Chinese junk. I never believed a word of it.

Well, since Barbara confirmed that he did have tons of money and was coming in to more I see no reason why not. "Otto was weird, but I do regret all that lovely money," she said wistfully. Otto was very much fascinated by junks. And he sure believed money was to play with.

I remember years later when Dave Pollard introduced us to his new wife, Barbara, she told us how Dave had arrived where she and Otto lived, told her to pack her things and to come with him. Apparently the marriage was an abusive one. Dave then helped Barbara get her divorce and then marry d her himself.

But Barbara had been part of the Nunnery crowd--even before she married Otto. And we had a party for Barbara and Otto when they got married.

Ethel Lindsay, as I sit here and light a cigarette, I fully expect/intend to live well into the next century and new millennium.

Harry Warner, one does get older in our out of fandom. I too get discontents, but I'm sure it can't be because of my face. It must be because of my gray hairs. I do dislike the euphemism, senior citizen, which I think is just plain stupid. But then I dislike most euphemisms. Among my least favorites is passed away for died or even the medical term expired.

George Willick, actually it was Betsy, not Elsie who was and still is running DAW Books. Don had an extremely severe stroke in 1988 shortly after the World Fantasy Con in England. It left his left side paralyzed and slurred his speech. His mental capacities were not affected and we managed to put together two issues of the annual, World's Best SF.

Guy Lillian, I have news for you. Many of the so called BNFs do fall for 'rank flattery', especially when they don't even recognize it as flattery, but their just due for their 'remarkable contribution' to the field.

I am rather surprised at the extensive discussion in The Arena about the Star Trek series. While I do watch the programs whenever I think about them, I don't feel a loss if I miss some. I'm really not a big fan of them. I don't, however, look down on Trekkies, and of my most valued friends have come out of Star Trek fandom. I also attended some of the early Stark Trek conventions, primarily because they were put on by friends of mine.

But then I also think about the young man, probably mid twenties, whom I sat next to at the hotel coffee shop. I asked him how he was enjoying the con to which he replied with an enthusiastic "I love it." I then asked him if he liked science fiction in general, to which he replied with "What's that?" I didn't carry the conversation any further.

It was at this first convention that I met Gene Roddenberry. I understand that a new biography of him claims that he didn't know a thing about SF until he started plans

for Star Trek and that he then took a crash course from Sam Peeples. I find this hard to believe, because the conversation I had with him expressed the same kind of love and enthusiasm for SF that I've experienced with others when we discuss the writers and stories published in the pre-war pulps.

If this was indeed not the case, then Roddenberry was a better actor than most of the actors in the TV films.

It was on the basis of this discussion, not because of Star Trek, that I invited him to join First Fandom. In those days and up until about a year and a half ago I was an officer, first as VP, then as President of the organization.

W. Andrew York, PO Box 2307, Universal City, TX 78148-1307

What is paella? The only recipe I can find under the name looks like a fish stew; but not the type you'd have for a group dinner. It listed the like of shrimp and lobster. What is your recipe?

Paella is a Spanish dish. It's not exactly a stew since the only liquid used is in cooking the rice and it is all absorbed. In Spain it is rice and saffron and whatever else is cheap and/or handy to throw in. Plus such things as green peppers, onions, some hot peppers, pimentos, and maybe other spices. Green peas is the only appropriate vegetable.

Saffron is extremely expensive in this country and some restaurants serve what the call paella without it. It is not paella.

I always put chicken in, sometimes whole pieces; sometimes chunks. I learned how to make it from Spanish anarchists and they only put chicken in, but any kind of sea food is appropriate also. I used regular fish once, but I didn't like the result. I've never used lobster, but I usually use shrimp and scallops.

Many people use ham or sausage, but I think they overpower the taste of the shellfish, particularly the scallops.

This is one thing I cook that always gets tremendous compliments. It is usually served with salad being the only other dish, but with plenty of bread, olive oil for the bread, hot sauce for the paella and lots of red wine.

I can empathize with Brad Foster. I usually keep a pocketful of paper clips as I'm reading zines (in restaurants, waiting queues, red lights, et al). Then, as I find something to comment on, I clip it. Of course, by the time I set before the word processor, I can't remember the quip I was going to relate or the comment I had to say. It doesn't make the reading that less of an enjoyable time, but it does make my toes a tad dry.

Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon, OH 43567-1133

Sorry that I haven't written after receiving HABAKKUK, but you know how these things go. Actually I started a letter to you after getting HAB 3:2, but then threw it away without mailing. The reason? I was pissed off at Ted's review of Guy Lillian's zine. So, after writing my loc, I read it over and thought to myself, "Hey, I'm damned near as bad as Ted was." Not wanting to lower myself to that level, I just threw it away.

Mae Strelkov, 4501 Palma Sola, Jujuy, Argentina.

I looked up HABAKKUK. It means "embrace". So in HAB you have given all your old buddies a marvelous hug, and many are responding! All the BNFs I used to come across in the early 1960s in zines like CRY.

But now, what's this general outcry? "Creak, creak, go my bones!" they're all saying. Who's the youngest among us? Not I! Let me maintain my status as "Grandma Mae", oldest of you all.

My bones may creak if you get too near me (you'll hear 'em!), but I've been laughing at my skeleton for a good spell. I think it was in MAINSTREAM Jerry and Suzie pubbed my "Dialog w/my skeleton" around 1978 or so. Or did Eli Kahn pub it? I've forgotten already, but that's when I had my first laugh at my vanishing "youth". My age now? 77 in July. Beat you all, don't I?

Ray Nelson has captivated me, particularly the illos underlying remarks made in the locs. No future fanzine will ever top his illo of "Fan versus lion" for a loc-column's heading. "Arena!" What a good choice!

I like his women (uh? girls? "femme fans"? Surely we're not ladies?). I loved his "angry housewife on page 46. He's good at doing lively cats, rats, dogs, etc. also. He makes them all so alive! The "giant above a mountain" versus a tiny fleeing fan (page 55) is great! The "fleeing dope-dealing pair"--comical! The "kinky stiff" on a table (p. 64)! Wonderful!

Since receiving my first CRY in 1961 I have admired many styles of comic artists. I can now say these last RAY examples have won my delighted admiration.

Alex Slate, 8603 Shallow Ridge Rd. San Antonio, TX 78239-4022

I wonder if I am the only (or alternately) one of the few of my age group (mid 30's and younger) to recognize the "literary" allusion of the name of "The Elves, Gnomes and Little Men. Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society." About age 12 or 13 I was going through my father's hardbacks and came upon a book titled *Barnaby*. Curious, I opened it up to see whether I would be interested in the story. You know what I found--to my great delight, Mr. O'Malley made a wonderful foil to the fairy godmothers of my earlier youth.

It's nice to see educated book reviews that aren't just plot recaps. Debbie is unique among reviewers I've seen (myself included) in providing a framework explaining the reasons she enjoyed (or did not enjoy) a particular work.

Ted White! Ahh, Ted White. This issue's offering is far superior to the last. Much

less in the way of personal attack. Much more in the way of analysis. Not that I entirely agree or disagree with Ted....

What is bothersome to many of us younger fan is that Ted approaches his reviews from the "old phart" experiential view. (Please note. I am not calling him an old phart; this is not an attack.) He remembers fondly the "Golden Age" of zines and either expects similar zines or reminiscences of the good old days ala' MIMOSA (and even HABAKKUK).

Fine, but everyone does not get into fanzines from that direction nor with that intention. Please note Ted's words from page 12. The whole fucking point of fandom is that we know our audience. Wrong! Wrong! **WRONG!** Fandom is now too large for us all to know each other, even those of us in the fanzine scene. Has Ted Ever met me or I him? Do we know each others experiences, dislikes or desires?

Once fanzines were a way for a small, physically separated community to keep in touch with each other. Some still use fanzines for that reason. Others of us simply want to pub our ish to get our feelings out there, not reminisce.

Fanzines, like anything else, must be judged in light of what they are about. Now, I'm not saying that you don't critique or criticize, but there must be room enough in our zinehood for the likes of AQ and MIMOSA and FOSFAX and even RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY. There must even be room for crudzines. And fanzines should also be a place where we can practice our crafts.

I enjoyed the remaining articles as well. Bill, your personal reminiscences are well written, well enough to keep me interested--and I bore easily these days. Sadly, I will likely not be able to keep all the fanish history related in the various zines remembered. I am grateful for those in 1st, 2nd or whatever fandom who blazed the way for us young'uns, but my interest in y'all lies in who you are today, not necessarily what you did.

I wish you--or someone--would tell me: if a story is interesting and/or funny, what difference does it make if it happened last week or 30 or 40 years ago?

Rodney Leighton, RR #3, Pugwash, Nova Scotia BOK ILO, Canada

Here's a true story which you might want to use to add to the mystique of Rodney Leighton. Some time ago I approached the doorway of the post office. A fiftyish woman approached from a different direction. I arrived shortly before she did. As a matter of habit I pulled open the door and stood back to allow her to enter. She stopped dead in her tracks, turned to look at me and exclaimed: "My God! A gentleman in Pugwash!"

Since you have a plethora of female readers, here is something which might be worthy of discussion: do human females of today appreciate such gestures? I do it as a matter of habit 98% of the time; hold open doors for women; open my truck door for any female passenger; say please and thank you to clerks and such folk. Is this a good thing or maybe another aspect of my Neanderthalism?

Of course, I also call the twenty something babes who work in the post office,

bank and store "doll", "darling" and "good lookin'". Doesn't seem to piss them off.

In what will hopefully by my final comment on that outrageous letter...not knowing you, I had no way of knowing you would swear that you would not print letters and then turn around and do so. It was a method of possibly stirring someone I didn't know how to answer, via letter, some of the things I was mildly curious about. If I had had any idea that it might be seen by women, and especially women I have a lot of respect for, like Lyn McConchie, Leah Zeldes Smith and Peggy Ranson, I would not have used such terminology.

Nice try, Rodney. However, (1) I never swore that I would not print letters; I swore that HABAKKUK would remain a letter substitute. And letter substitutes do sometimes print other letters. (2) I got your name and address from your letter in Dale's OPUNTIA, where you said exactly the same thing.

(Bill Kunkel's illo of Rodney was sent to Rodney and used by him on the cover of his zine ROD'S REFLECTOR #1. Rod then sent it to me.)

Unless, my "Hot Rod" persona took over my mind, as sometimes happens. HE is all work, or, I guess, hoax, in SF terminology.

I suppose I'm treading on dangerous water here, but what the hell...is Catherine Mintz's long-legged babes an indication that she is, herself, all legs?

Speaking of coyotes...Dale is incorrect in his statement that they only come out at night. I've seen quite a few of them in daylight, including some in Alberta. And 3 of them running at full tilt, yapping and growling and coming straight for me, this while I had my weenie in hand, taking a leak. Slightly unnerving.

Some people like coyotes...my neighbors consider them beautiful animals. Their primary diet is mice, moles, rats, rabbits and other little critters. A few of them love sheep. Similar to all other species, they adapt. If there is not enough of the above to feed the coyote population, they eat sheep, goats, calves, cats, small dogs. Oh yeah, they supposedly love frogs. If none of that is available, they scavenge trash and carrion. They normally do not attack people, but I wouldn't advise leaving small children unattended in areas with a high coyote population.

The reason for the population explosion is basically that the war on them stopped. Governments dropped the bounty or worse put them on the protected lists. Pelts are worthless. No one has any reason to kill them, except sheep farmers. Plus, their few natural enemies...wolves, wild cats and bears have themselves been greatly reduced in number.

I was told recently that Ted White is famous for writing vicious fanzine reviews. I guess if he's happy with that rep...This edition wasn't quite as virulent. This guy epitomizes the old saying about wanting your cake and eating it too.

Everyone views things differently, including, or perhaps, especially, reviews.



The Arena proves that conclusively. I see it seems to be a bit more pro-White than otherwise. Then again, since you like the venomous wanderings through the miasma of Ted White's mind which are mislabeled reviews, I guess that is to be expected.

I printed every comment on Ted's reviews that I received.

But back to the wanting his cake after just having eaten it...White execoriates Joe Maraglino, apparently for having the audacity to ignore some of the great Ted White's locs and ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY or not being a "real fanzine" and proceeds to rip AQ to shreds, article by article. Then, arriving at Leah Zeldes Smith's column, he praises THAT, mostly because she writes reviews that people who haven't been in elitist SFandom for 40 years can understand.

Later on in a loc he makes the same point and goes on to bemoan the loss of fans

and the dying of fandom. He wants new fans, but at the same time complains to be for an elite, favored people. Ted says he wants new people and new participation and yet he also, apparently wants a fandom that is something like an apa that Arthur Hlavety allegedly once operated in which the only way to become a member was to have sex with him.

If you limit fanzine distribution to only those folks you know...and, by the way, I heard of one with 500+ distribution...where are new fans or readers going to come from? I suppose the top fans' kids could become the next generation...but what if there aren't any kids? Or there are and they hate SFandom with a passion. You can't have it both ways. Either new blood is welcome...and there are ways to attract same...or you keep "our fandom" limited to those folks you know. In the former case, some new people will come along. SOME of them (us, I guess) may possibly turn out to be worthwhile human beings. In the latter, "your fandom" will eventually die. Can't help it.

Of course, SFandom encompasses a lot more than Ted White and people he considers friends. I am very much a fringe fan. Ted is, so you and others tell me, a BNF (Big Name Fan...sorry, Fan). Yet, he's never heard of Tom Sadler, whom I heard of about 3 years ago and who had a piece in STET something, I think and he states that the maximum distribution of fanzines is 400, which, as mentioned, I've heard of one which went over 500. Which merely serves to point out that SFandom is a bit scattered.

In a purely non-scientific survey, done completely, if not competently, in my head, I believe I've seen something in the order of 45 to 60 different SFanzines. Some came direct--my name has appeared in about 9, to this point--and I have a friend who sends me batches of the things from time to time. Some names are everywhere, but I suspect I've seen at least 500 different names.

I once got a list of fanzines. There were about 160 on the list which was far from complete. Say there are 300 SFanzines in the world. If I've seen 50, that's about 17%. If my math and memories are correct, that extrapolates to about 3,000 fans in the world. So, does Ted want to keep his fandom to the 400 he knows? Or allow some of the other 2600 in? Or allow in total newcomers? I'd like to know.

I can't address the question of luring teenagers to fandom, but I do wonder about the insistence on teens. Older people can be of some interest or value. I told you I wasn't interested in fandom and I'm not as you define it. However, I've tried a few things and changed some since my association with SFandom. I was over 40 when Leah Zeldes Smith put me on her mailing list for STET and well over 40 when the Smiths published my loc pleading for fanzines and promising to loc every one I received. I got only a few from that, including OPUNTIA, from which you got my name.

I also hooked up with a guy who has gotten me interested in horror, especially psychological horror and have become good friends with a wonderful lady in New Zealand. And, hell, I recently read a story in THE MENTOR 83 which I enjoyed, in spite of the fact that it was a sci-fi story. First one I've ever seen that I got beyond the third

sentence.

I consider that the best way to attract new fans is by sending copies of zines to reviewers. I'm not sure that sending review copies to Ted White would attract any new blood, but Dale Spiers does excellent reviews in OPUNTIA, although you would probably consider that too short. I do columns in 2 publications in which good SFanzines appear. Leah does excellent reviews. And others. Concentrate on publications which go outside SFandom to some extent.

Are you asking people to send you zines to review? If you are reviewing, you should publicize.

And one idea might be for people who don't keep their fanzines and who can spare a few dollars to choose a likely name from a zine or fanzine and mail them to the chosen person. The Smiths are selling a pound of vintage fanzines for 5 bucks for DUFF; a bagful, mailed surface rate would only cost less than 5 bucks.

The recipient might be a real asshole or just uninterested and the result will be nil.



On the other hand, if I received a bag of fanzines, I'd think what a generous person it was who sent them want to send them something back, probably content myself with a too long letter of thanks and maybe write to the publisher of 2 or 3 of what I considered the best. And probably use some of them in my review columns.

When I first got back into fandom Gary Deindorfer sent me SIX bundles of fanzines. They were an invaluable aid in catching up.

Another person might well become a full fledged neofan and later a trufan, reading SF books all day long; reading SFanzines at breakfast and in the tub and looting them months after they have arrived.

One thing that people who worry about the lack of new fans seem to ignore is the economy. Times are tough. Despite Leah's question if DUFFACTO as to whether there is any class in America other than middle class (bet the homeless people would love

that comment to death!), money is hard to come by. And it costs a damn lot of money to partake of your sort of fandom. One needs the funds to put out a fanzine, which is sometimes excessive. Then there's the postage. And travel to cons. On and on. A person would need to be rich to consider it.

Andi Sheebter, 8618 Linden Ave. N, Seattle, WA 98103

It was with a distinct gulp that I read that the Elves, Gnomes and Little Men, Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society has breathed its last. It was in fact thanks to the Little Men that I found Real Fandom. It was, thanks to that crowd that I found many of the friends I have today. It was due to the Little Men that I had my first ever taste of Power, chairing it for two terms.

In my search for True Fandom, I'd wandered hither and yon, and the Little Men became for me one of the linchpins in life, along with the Magic Cellar. My first meeting, as I recall, was held in someone's house in Albany, and Tom Scottia and Frank Robinson were the guests. Those were heady times. In those years, the late 70's, everyone went to the Little Men. I discovered good conversation, found out I really liked Irish Coffee if it was made with real whipped cream like they made it at Brennan's, and learned that almost anyone would do you a favor if only you would ask. In chairing the club I had the chutzpah to ask just about anyone to come and speak, and just about anyone did.

I had the same experience. I remember particularly Miriam Allen de Ford speaking to us about her experiences with Charles Fort.

It's been around 15 years, and I still remember Marta Randall and the Perpetual Motion Machine and Grant Canfield talking about work as an architect. I remember standing outside Brennan's one night looking at a newspaper headline about the problems of aliens in California, and feeling absolutely wonderful that in this crowd, everyone first thought of beings from Alpha Centauri, or maybe Vulcan, but no one thought of Mexicans.

I have clear and perfect memories of a couple of the picnics we had, even without the chowder (You missed something; the chowder we used to have at the picnics was Karen Anderson's clam chowder.), with a visit to the glorious carousel and the time that Australian Andrew Brown and Marta showed us that in the matter of eating cotton candy, height is no object. I remember the crowd that went to the apartment Alva and I had in Oakland while others headed to Larry Verre's (I think) for the premier of Space 1999. During the first commercial, as we all tried to come up with the right words, Ctein called from Larry's. His first words were "Hi. Is it as bad over there as it is over here?"

I've been part of other fandoms and maybe it's just a factor of different times and different places, but I have never found a club like that again. We've all moved on and fandom is getting so big and ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta, but nothing changes what a great time I had and what great people I met, thanks to that club.

Milt Stevens, 5384 Rainwood St. Simi Valley, CA 93063-3580

You touch on one subject which can get me angry. That is the entire issue of smoking. I usually just ignore people like Hans Persson in the Arena, who is perfectly willing to be reasonable as long as he gets things 100% his way. What a swell guy. However, numbers are a different matter. For a long time the Government has been generous with their conclusions but almost secretive about actual numbers and hard data.

There was only one occasion in which I saw some actual numbers in print. Those numbers indicated that heavy smokers had a three in ten thousand chance of dying of lung cancer. This was greater than the risk of non-smokers which was one in ten thousand. To put the numbers in perspective, three in ten thousand is also the risk of dying in an accident while commuting to work. The risk of being murdered while living in Los Angeles is three per ten thousand for each single year.

Milt is a professional statistician and speaks with authority. *** If anyone thinks it relevant I haven't smoked cigarettes for some 47 years and pipes and cigars for over three.

To judge by what the Government says, it would appear that people wouldn't die at all if it wasn't for smoking. On the face of it, this doesn't seem terribly likely. As long as the easy money researchers can stay in business by finding connections between smoking and acne and smoking and male pattern baldness, they will continue doing it. This will keep attention away from other possible causes of human ailments. For instance, I strongly suspect that genetics has a major influence on what sort of conditions you are likely to develop. The Government doesn't want to deal with the idea that some people are naturally healthier than others (even though it is observably true).

I enjoy Debbie Notkin's reviews. I haven't pursued the Vorkosigan series after reading *Barrabar*. *Barrabar* gave me the strong impression that Lois McMaster Bujold had been frightened by a Russian novel as a child. I kept expecting one or more of the characters to either go mad or play the bala-laika. It was a good novel though, and I just haven't got around to reading any more of her work. On the other hand, the Octavia Butler sounds a little too much realism for my tastes.

Yes. Unfortunately I think it is very likely to be a true prediction. And beware, it is far from the least depressing of her works.

It would be an ironic turn of fate if fandom's only lasting contribution to Western Civilization was the invention of the propeller beanie. Before reading Ray Nelson's revelation, I had been uncritically thinking propeller beanies had been around for sort of forever. If I'd thought about it I would have realized that stone age man probably didn't have them. Stone age persons probably didn't have them either. I might have guess that some medieval alchemist had originated the propeller beanie in an unsuccessful attempt to invent a blender.

There is one point in the letter column I absolutely must correct. I was in the Navy,

not the Army. That's why I always seemed to be floating in and out of Bay Area Fandom in the sixties.

Mike Whalen, PO Box 70055, Metairie, LA 70055-5422

I am currently on a "Fandom's Past" binge. In addition to catching up on zines such as yours and MIMOSA, I am reading *A Wealth of Fable* which I happened to pick up at MidSouth Con. Even though I had promised myself I wouldn't buy anything, I just had to get it.

Stan Shacks. All can honestly say is, "Wow!" I had heard of them, but I never really knew that they had, at one time, existed. At the time almost every fan here in New Orleans seemed to be mad at each other, and I couldn't possibly believe that such a place could exist where fans of all denominations could get together and...gasp...cohabitate. Never! Actually, that may be a half-incorrect statement considering that from what I understand fandom didn't seem to splinter into the different categories until the 60s. Is that a correct reading?

Yes and No. The many different possibilities appeared then, but the first split occurred in the early 50s when faanish fans first appeared. Many, if not most, of the older "sercon" fans of the time, seemed to regard them with disapproval. They thought Fandom should be about science fiction. Not this discussion of all these other things.

However, with all the barbarians swarming nowadays, these past separated ranks are tending to close.

You guys seemed to have so much fun, and I couldn't have possibly been there. I have felt a type of community within the local fandom on a couple of occasions via being able to converge on a couple's house at any time to have parties or watch movies, but even that was short lived. It must have been something to live with fans. Sometimes I really think that I was born in the wrong era. Just a few decades sooner and I would have had a better opportunity to experience a lot of things that are long gone in this day and age.

My thoughts and opinions started to get the better of me after reading Andrew Murdoch's loc. I am two years older than he, and I am very new to fanzine fandom. I happened upon it literally by accident. In 1991 I started publication of a newszine called F.A.N. I guess, by faanish terms, it would be considered a sercon type of fanzine, having only reviews and news on media fandom and science fiction. It was a big failure for reasons that I need not go into here. Nevertheless it did yield something unexpected.

One day sitting in my mail box was something unusual called STET. To this day I really don't know how those guys got my name, but nevertheless I received it. Immediately I understood what was meant by the mark on the envelope: Write a Letter of Comment or you get no more. So, I read the entire thing and hated it.

Now, up until this point I was not exposed to anything but media fandom. Even though I had read SF books I never read

many general ones and before long I was shuttled over to Star Trek books. So, when I ran across this new facet of fandom, I was immediately turned off by it. I felt that STET was filled with nothing more than old fart fans who did nothing but talk about the "good ole days" and complain about the current state of fanzine fandom and/or the "kids" that were coming into fandom who were immediately being whisked away over to fringe fandoms (as I was). So, I read STET, put it away and never looked at it again for four to six months.

Meanwhile things were becoming a little ridiculous in local fandom. We had just gone through a pretty vicious political involving nearly all the clubs, and even though there were promises of stopping it after a certain event, it didn't. Instead of people being openly upset with each other, no one trusted each other even worse than it had been before the "warring" started, and as the months went by, a pattern started to surface. Go to a meeting; wait a month without seeing a soul from fandom; go to another meeting. It was more or less like being forced into galia.

Gee, Guy didn't tell us anything about this.

So, I started to turn to different outlets including Trek Fandom through the mail and on-line computer networks like GENIE. It was on GENIE that I once again started to hear small bits of information regarding fanzine fans and because it was more of a conversational setting, I got to understand that side of everything a little bit better. So I re-read STET and started to really look into what everyone was saying. After I second reading I have to say I liked it. I loved STET, a portion of my comments was published in the next issue and that's where I began.

I am new to this and I very much want to be a part of it, but I have to say that I've felt that I've had to stumble over a few roadblocks already before really getting started. To me, Fanzine Fandom seems like a wonderful place. It's a tie to the past and the old traditions and people that started it all. It's catching, if only a glimpse, that wonder that those fans felt reading their first novel or publishing their first fanzine. All this is great, but I'll have to say that it can be fairly intimidating.

First of all, there's the age factor. A great many people in fanzine fandom seem to talk and present themselves as elders. I'm 24 in September, and I don't know someone's age unless I ask them, but in most cases I'm made plainly aware of when someone has stature in fandom. By the end of the letter or article I am not only aware of their stature, but also approximate age, their place, what they did and at what time, and who they got to hob nob with. It was, and sometimes is, a bit intimidating, at least to me.

It's kind of hard to put my finger on it, but older fans tend to present themselves with such an authoritative air about fandom, that some almost feel ghod-like in their letters. In fact I fear some do it to such a degree that they might even scare off newcomers completely. The type of letter, which would make a perfect example, but one which I haven't seen, would consist of a person stating who they got to talk to in the fifties, how many parties they held, and then go on to say that newcomers to fandom do nothing but partici-

pate in a bastard fringe like Trek.

I haven't seen any this scathing, but I can tell you that there are at least two people in your fanzine that I wouldn't feel comfortable approaching with questions about fandom. They've really given me the impression that they simple don't want to hear it. It doesn't deter me from fanzine fandom, but it does deter me about those two people and what they represent.

Second, there's visibility. I know that fanzines can't advertise on TV or radio. They can't very well take out an ad in the newspaper requesting submissions or loans, but they could be a little more attainable. Maybe it's just the area I'm in; (I don't doubt it if it is), but I just don't see fanzines down here in public. In order to get one, I had to publish a fanzine, almost totally out of the genre, to get one from Illinois. It was pure luck. If I hadn't done F.A.N., I wouldn't have seen STET.

It was luck that I had the very good fortune of running into, but maybe I would have been here earlier if I had seen a fanzine sooner rather than later. Now, admittedly, I didn't know about even the existence of fanzine fandom up until the point I did publish, but I suppose what I am trying to convey is that if I hadn't published, there would have been no way that I would have come across fandom, even with fans like Guy Lillian and Peggy Ransom in the very same city.

From what I gather, most people simply don't know about it or know how to get to it. Fanzines that have found their way into the media fanzine circuit seem, at least to me, to have been met more with puzzlement than outright rejection because they can't tell the difference between serious and lannish. In their fandoms, it's either tv fanzines or book fanzines. When they come across something like STET, HABAKKUK or KNARLEY KNEWS, they aren't sure what it is. It certainly isn't filled with "science fiction, like a Science Fiction fanzine should be!

Thirdly, there's the somewhat cliquish nature of it. Part of it I like. It feels real nice to belong, but that's only when you do. When you don't belong and you want to, you feel very stupid. Or some people even feel offended and defy it. I still don't know if I'm using terms like *thush*, *lastish*, *loc locol*, etc. correctly. I want to put an "h" in the title of the next issue of my zine, making it PHASSIONATE FULCRUM, but I'm worried about doing it because I am afraid some older fan later on in some other fanzine is going to blast me for not knowing the correct usage of the fan-nish "h". It's a perfect use for it... It might sound somewhat ludicrous, but to someone new, these thoughts could very well come across their minds, and I feel that most won't decide to pursue it. Why venture into something where they might not be liked when they can stay in Trek fandom and publish Trek zines with their Trek pals until they get tired of the series--which does happen I'm told (smiles).

Fandom, and I agree with others who have said this, has unfortunately become more of a diversion, something to attend on a couple of odd weekends in a given year. I suppose that most folks don't see it as a "career" or "a way of life" as I've read in some of the materials I've been perusing recently, and many simply aren't willing to work on something they feel is just entertain-

ment. Part of this is probably the result of how much fandom has ballooned over the last sixty years. The bigger the place, the less special kind of atmosphere you have. I suppose it's up to the individual fandoms to get to the point where they can create an atmosphere or a feeling of community. Fanzine fandom, elusive as it is, feels like it's still a community, a community I want to belong to.

(It really should be noted that of all the fandoms I've encountered, I've really only run into two with community type atmospheres: Fanzine Fandom and Klingon Fandom. Yes. They are both quite organized. Klingon fandom also has its international BNFs that everyone wants to meet, and I've even heard talk of fund-raisers to parade people around different conventions. There are tons of fanzine publishers and while they definitely have a Klingon bent to them, most laden them with the attitude that while, FIA-WOL, it's really JAGH. They also have their huge fanzines, which by themselves are pretty much letter zines that everyone wants to get into via loc or article because you will become known and get a chance to meet others. The similarities are...interesting.)

What's the difference between Klingon Fandom and Star Trek fandom?

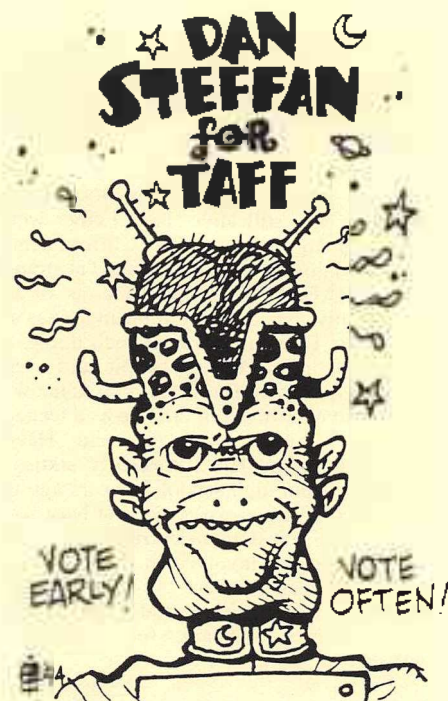
I'm not complaining. At least I am trying to sound like I'm not. I am also not trying to sound like an expert in something I'm clearly not. But this is what I've witnessed in the different fandoms in which I participate in. I think that Fanzine Fandom deserves its place, and people should at least want to see what it's all about. I feel there's so much to learn here about fandom's past. It is important to learn.

Right now I feel like it's hard to cross the different fandom lines. I publish PASSIONATE FULCRUM on the Fanzine Fan side, and it's something that I feel media fans wouldn't understand, so I don't show it to any. By the same token, over in Klingon fandom every once in a while I publish a spoof zine that I wouldn't show to a fanzine fan, because they simply might not get it and some people talk as if they're brutally offended by media fan's existence. I know of one person who is trying to get into different fandoms down here with the same fanzine, and the reaction has been lukewarm at best. It's a shame, but to each his own.

I am so new to this that I fear there wouldn't be too much I can personally do because of lack of knowledge. I would of course be willing to help in any way, but what can I do? What can we all do? Fanzine Fandom CAN die out within twenty years if something isn't done. It's sad. It really is. If that should happen, everyone's going to think that fandom was born of Trek and the mythical Bjo Trimble's letter writing campaign. Most of the rest would be forgotten and lost, only to be spoken of, like fiction.

In any case I intend to make the best of it. I think there's something to learn from each and every one of the people participating here. Let's face it, Bill Donaho in Oakland, California is much more real to me than Lt. K'targ of the IKV Destroyer. Bill Donaho, I want to meet. I am not so sure about Lt. K'Targ.

Would someone please tell me what Ghoddminton is?



Ghoddminton is a joke game started by Walt Willis and the Irish crew back in the fifties. It is of course a takeoff on Badminton.

I don't even know whether they actually played any game of it or not or just invented it and talked about it.

We did play it in the living room at the Dive, using Badminton equipment of course. As far as I'm concerned any game using Badminton equipment in inappropriate terrain and having silly rules is Ghoddminton. Others may have different definitions.

Tom Sadler, 422 West Maple Ave, Adrian, MI 49227-1627

In her loc Helen Davis was somewhat misleading--unintentionally I'm sure in her information about Contest. (1) Context styles itself as a literary con with an emphasis on written SF. There are no video rooms or gaming and only a rather small costume contest with the requirement that the costumes be based on novels and short stories. (2) The Guests of Honor Helen mentioned, Elfinger, Niven and Sheffield were not guests at the same year's con. Fred Pohl was GoH in 1992; Elfinger in 1992; Niven in 1991; Sheffield in 1990.

For some reason they don't have many parties at Context, but I believe some of them do last beyond 11:00 pm, though I don't manage much beyond that.

All in all though, Context is a good, small, intimate con where it is easy to meet and visit with the other fans and the pros. It is also an easygoing con and some fans may find it not exciting enough for them--or dull as ditch/dishwater. But I think it's a worthwhile convention because it is so small and less frenetic and frantic than some of the larger

cons.

Robert Bloch asks the--possibly--rhetorical question, "As for Guests of Honor--aside from Ellison, who else is worth seeing?" Well there may be something wrong with me, but if Robert Bloch were GoH at one of the nearby cons I regularly attend, I'd show up because I think he is worth seeing. When he was still alive, Fritz Leiber would have been another, as well as Clifford Simak. But then I guess even among fans I'm strange.

HABAKKUK, of course, is of real high quality, especially your meanderings and memories. Every time I read such things detailing all the fascinating people and events from those days and earlier, it makes me wish I had gotten involved in fandom as a teenager the way so many other fans did. Having grown up in the late fifties/early sixties (I graduated from high school 30 years ago this year), I could have experienced at least some of the fannishness you describe had I made the effort to get involved in fandom. That's one of my many regrets. At least, thanks to you, I can experience second-hand a portion of those times. So thanks for sharing them with us.

E. R. Stewart, 6838 Charlesgate Rd, Huber Heights, OH 45424-7081

Flue shots are, of course, experiments on a grand scale. Virologists won't admit this because they're able to hide under the blanket of Doing Public Good, but in fact they're messing around to see what'll happen. Anyone else out there concerned about some of the apparent trends? Please pause, hand to your head, and remember the joys, the magic of antibiotics before offering your answer

The Trenchant Bludgeon is aptly named and White wields it with deftness, bombast, humor, grouchiness, and eerie, squinty insight. He explains his responses (mostly), and he lets you know the reasons he jumps the way he does, and you can then decide for yourself in you want to join him where he's landed. All in all a good show.

The reason for any review is to get the word out. Age of the reviewed, the reviewer, an anecdote contained therein, or anything else is irrelevant. And taking offense, no matter how a review (or a review of a review, for that matter), stings, misses the point. In fact, a caustic review can be the most informative and analytical, and maybe it hurts because it hits close to a nerve, eh? (No pain, no gain school of literature, vol 1, p. 1.)

After all, open discourse and honest opinions are the civilized way to challenge and change minds, while public humiliation and rallied communal opprobrium are more brutal, closer to barbaric, and mostly not conducive to further communication.

And woe the looming day when SIGs picket writers' houses in order to stop them from doing what comes natural. With words, I mean. What's next, caning? Ah, we're so misery-stricken some of us call for bringing back flogging. Dead horses asses all, perhaps.

Ted White's write-ups of the various and sundry zines that come his way are valuable, particularly to those of us less experienced, less widely read in the field. For that he's earned his ink.

Let's allow others a chance to earn theirs too. When someone writes a bonthead review, let them know it by all means, but in a rational way. Be critical as hell, as long as

you're open about why. A dismissive sneer tends to boomerang, in other words, which is why White's detailed comments are all the more valuable. Remember to duck and you'll survive.

As White wrote in his review of ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY, "most writers are in fact desperate for intelligent feedback," echoing Blish. I venture to suggest that most reviewers share that howling desperation?

In any case, much food for thought graced The Trenchant Bludgeon, even in the positive reviews. Oh, and I even sent for RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK because of this column. Glad I did, too.

"Fanzine Fandom and Oral Tradition" by Leigh Edmonds rings true. The act of telling changes the story, and any memory of experience captured in any coherent order is an analog, not the experience itself, and as such has been filtered through individual sensibilities. It's not winners who write history so much as writers who win history via the war of words, simply because words can last longer than any person.

Also, the distinction between factual and truthful ought to be mentioned. Facts can lie, and fiction can embody and reveal truth. Oral traditions, reflecting the dominant orthodoxy, as Edmonds says, strike a chord in fandom because it reflects what we're allowed to say. Freedom of speech still follows rules, in other words, in the sphere of influence of any given group.

A kudos for citing the mythic quality. It's that mega-aspect that keeps fandom going, and when it goes away, so do fans. It parallels the Roman Catholic church's decision to stop saying the mass in Latin. In a stroke of misguided leniency, the mystery evaporated, and an entire aspect of the experience went away, and people went with it.

This article is top-drawer and ought to be read by anyone who skipped it, and many others besides.

The View from Tian by Gregory Benford delighted me, answered a few questions I'd had about Bonestell, and left me with a lingering appreciation of two men and their different, similar arts.

Lenny Bailes's parody of the pastiche, or vice versa, parses Silverbob well, and yet, and yet--has he leaned perhaps a shoulder too much into the disrespectful side of things? The humor's kind of astringent where it ought to be warm, seems to me. Ten again I've never been a Gilbert & Sullivan fan, nor even a fan of Gilbert & Sullivan.

Gee from your letter I'd thought better of you. By definition all worthy people are fans of G & S.

Bob liked the piece. He said that it was a good poem and right on about him, and that he had had no idea that anyone had followed his career that closely.

Memories of the Nunnery prompts me to observe that our musical tastes overlap, at least into the Mahler. If only I had the bux to catalogue. Your account of those days is fresh, lively and well-paced; enjoyed it greatly. And now I'm sure I'm sure to avoid some things too by the way. I'll take my epiphanies straight, no chaser. Why run when one can stroll?



Your stuff reads like some of De-laney, in a way, but much more direct, clear of clutter. It occurs to me that part of fandom is making artifacts of each fan's fannish life, and that's not an unworthy goal, as aspirations go. It keeps alive people, places and events that might otherwise vanish, and besides, it's certainly great fun reading these reminiscences, to it ain't like it's work or nothin'. Heck, it even makes a lone shark like me spare a thought for the benefits of schools and society--almost. I got better.

You alarm me. Like Has Bond I would hate to wake up one morning and find out I had written Janigren.

Glad to see the Bloch's still chipped, cynical as ever and, alas, right on target. There are those of us, however, who hail from the lolliping land of literacy and who might actually attend a con just to see writers whose works we've admired. In fact, just read *Lori* by some psycho or other, and I've got to tell you, there's still a hell of a lot to be learned, even from the masters. It's not a brand new book, but everyone who likes a good long chilling shiver, with a great zing at the end, should read *Lori*.

Bill Kunkel: can't you just see the time coming soon when cigarette addiction will be valid grounds for murder--of both smoker and choker, probably.

Laurie Yates: "They're taking her out to the desert..." is a great line, but think of the poor desert. Having met folks who never have anything nice to say, all I can say about this one is, "Whew."

Steve Sneyd: It strikes me as pointless to have university or college degrees in narrow fields such as sf. It's all one, fiction, I mean. Distinctions of genre areas tenuous and fleeting as high desert fog, and often stem more from market categories and advertising strategies than from internally consistent qualities or aspects.

Your own reference to Willy the spear shaker failing a modern course in Understanding Shakespeare demonstrates this exact kind of dichotomy. We must get away from the divisions and stop the petty judgments. Good fiction is good fiction, period; each of us must decide what that means, or provide coherent criteria if discussion is to take place.

Skiffles throb when academia includes their beloved literature, but really, does any book or writer or reader need approval or, worse, criticism, in order to grok? (i.e. Mind-meld)

Your idea of a Harlacon is great, but perhaps dangerous, too, because someone's likely actually to cobble one up. Then again, there could be, and have been, much worse excuses to convoke a conclave, eh?

Pamela Boal: Offend? But, please are there not those one might wish to offend, as Churchill once said? If a word offend thee, pluck it out of your copy of the text, rather than trying to knock it out of the writer. Words, all words, any words, are far too sacred to avoid. Your words, for example offended me, because of content, rather than elocution or vocabulary, yet I'd hardly ask you to forego writing or saying them, in any idiom.

Rodney Leighton and Rob Hansen: Size counts, but only if you're counting.

George "Lan" Laskowski and Bill



Donaho: Picard's decisions are indeed usually PC, but consider Schwartzkopf's thud & blunder in that last "beach engagement": what else was all that about but PC? Or Somalia, or Panama, or Granada, or....The days of purely military decisions are long gone, if indeed ever they existed.

Jomini and Clausewitz and even Machiavelli are descriptions of PC for their times, and even Sun Tzu provides the basics as acceptable in his time and place. Cite the wrong eternal verity at the wrong time and place and your head rolls; always has; always will. Ask MacArthur's opinion of Truman and vice versa, then look what happened between them and why. What held sway but PC, (consensual reality in jackboots)?

Algernon D'Ammassa: Take nothing in print personally, unless it's actionable a lawyer kind of way, and anyhow, when someone gets snippy, it usually means they're tweaked, and when they get personally insulting, their imaginations have failed, that's all. In other words, I can empathize, but don't sweat it when someone expresses what ever self they've mustered. Feuds, politics, and self-importance ought to repel all. Check some of Pickersgill's remarks in a recent RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK on just this subject. He urges conciliation and a higher level of general kindness.

Guy H. Lillian III: White's reviews are exactly and only that. Is anyone influenced? Or is it just the word-show--often diverting, often breath-taking, and now and then appalling--that it seems?

Either way, reviews are precarious, dangerous things for all concerned, seems to me. They tend to review the reviewer as much as, often more than, the ostensibly reviewed. You can only display what you bring to the table.

And I can't wait to see CHALLENGER. I'll LoC for a look.

Brian Earl Brown: Watershed and aquifers are vanishing. Yes, great lakes are fine, for those near them, if they can be cleaned enough to be used. USA may well run out of fresh water, however, because of local climates, distance, and the like. We cannot all live as Southern California is trying to keep doing. It's not provincialism on the part of a SoCal writer so much as a misapprehension of the scale of the problem. Travel more,

you'll see. And you'll taste. Water's going downhill, to coin a phrase. It's bad all over.

Wrinkles in Time by George Smoot and Keay Davidson, (Morrow, 1993, ISBN: 0-688-12330-9), discusses the latest in cosmology, which fits in with recent Hubble Telescope confirmation of an active black hole. It's recommended; a clear, concise, and complete account of the vindication of the Big Bang and what it tells us of how things are. It reads like an Arthur C. Clarke novel, with grand schemes, huge concepts, and compelling action as Smoot and his many colleagues track down their elusive confirmations.

David Brin's *First Word* in the latest OMNI equates the abduction phenomenon with elves, faerie and the like. This is cud-chewing, but still, the point's valid, as any fan would know. Being one of the five known humanoids actually to have read *Abduction* by John E. Mack, MD, however, I must gently remarked that making such a correlation is not grounds for dismissing what's happening to these people. That's what's compelling. We must find out not so much what is happening, but why. So what if it's the typical religio mystical experience in modern cultural tuxedo? That doesn't say a word about how come this experience overwhelms a certain percentage of us, nor whether it's useful to smirk at their lack of cold, hard scientific rationality. It's the people, not the phenomenon, that ought to count. And if we can get to the point at which we understand what's going on, rather than chasing after chunks of the crashed mothership, maybe everyone will be better off, and certainly those afflicted with claiming an abduction experience could benefit. Compassion doesn't cost anything but some time.

So Martin Luther gets struck by lightning and the next thing we know he's nailing papers on doors: would Brin dismiss this behavior by saying, "Yeah, synaptic overload and delusions of grandeur," and walk on? If so, he'd miss one of the most influential phenomena in history.

That's the worrisome aspect, history. Are we repeating it, in a new form? Or is this something new? Sadly, no one can really say, although it seems the prevailing narrow confines of PC in the USA keep us from going with any but the strictest flow.

For example, the Dalai Lama supposedly shrugged when he heard about the abduction claims. "Oh, we call that *bardo*," he said, and went on to explain about out-of-body journeys and spirit-realms and the like. In his world-view, in other words, such things as abduction by Others were no big deal, nothing with which he couldn't deal with emotionally or psychologically, and in fact, not even unexpected.

This doesn't mean one view's right and the other wrong, far from it. It does mean, simply, that Western culture excludes far more than it includes. And it begins to look as if that's been a mistake in the overall scheme of things.

While we dazzle even ourselves with technology and science, we neglect other aspects of ourselves. Some call these other zones of existence spiritual, mystical, or mythical. Others employ jargon, dogma or ritual to embody the feelings such experiences engender.

Our mistake has perhaps been the application of the strictly limited world view of the scientific method in other areas of our lives, where it's been not all that successful. It's not impossible to break free of this limitation, nor even frightening. Nor need such freedom lead to pie crust reality, (almost irresistible but flaky and not all that good for you). It's merely a matter of finding appropriate ways of dealing with each part of our lives and our selves.

It's almost seems at times that we're alarmed at the prospect of trusting ourselves instead of our numbers and boundaries.

Ekistics, the science of human settlements--colonies and compromises--both, teaches that everything must harmonize and balance in order for a house, city or life to function properly, which sounds very like ancient teachings, doesn't it?

Jessica Amanda Salmonson, PO Box 20610, Seattle, WA 98102

When I was a teenager, perhaps even younger than that, I read a story that I'm pretty sure was badly written and trivial, but which haunts me now and then nevertheless, because of the buttons it pushed for me. It was about a future when books are so antiquated, there was not even on publisher left, and the world's last Writer had to sell his last eraser and typewriter ribbon--as quaint relics to a collector of useless geegaws--in order to obtain one last meal.

I've wanted to be a writer since I was six or seven years old, so that story really stung, even in those days before I'd sold stories or knew for sure that I ever would. I don't really believe the Book, and Literature, will ever be obsolete. Just as some of us will never want to eat dinner-paste from a squeeze-tube, so too there will always be sufficient numbers of people who prefer a real, physical book to hold, and flip through, and read.

But there is a terrible change that the Book is undergoing as regards its position in society. Previously, a literate minority was an influential class. Today, the book-obsessed consist of oddballs and eccentrics who have no influence whatsoever, but dwell at the fringe of society. One need only work in a used bookstore for a year to see how down-and-out, strange, and genuinely outcast the bookish minority can be.

What passes for a "successful" book, especially in hardcover, sells twenty thousand copies. A television show seen by that many people would be the least-viewed show in the history of television. A rock and roll band that sold 20,000 copies of their first album would never be allowed to make a second album; but a first-time novelist who does that well will be invited to make a series of it. A right-wing talk-show that says stupid things has a million listeners a minute, year in and year out; but a novel infused with beauty and great truth sells a few thousand copies, and becomes a lost rarity, a year later. Yes, the book will always exist; but as for impacting society, that age is over.

The letter Robert Bloch had in HAB 3-3 addressed much this same condition. There was a bitterness in his words. I fear, as he notes how even conventions--once islands for eccentrics who loved the written word--are today populated by cretins who wouldn't

know a writer from a waiter. Could this be the same Bob Bloch who always had a kind word and a post card even for the most moronic fanzine editor? Who gave comic and sage advice to goofy yunkers other writers would have shooed away? I hope it was only his mood that day, and not how he felt at the end of his life, that the art to which he committed his life was swept away and forgotten on growing tides of ignorance. The media certainly noticed his passing, yet you'd think the only thing he ever did in his life was a script for Alfred Hitchcock. Forgotten, indeed, those works that mattered.

But not indeed! I still believe the ranks of eccentrics weird enough to love books, and especially books of equally weird writings, whether old or new, in fact constitute a horde. It is a horde scattered thinly around the globe; and as the world progresses, it may well become a horde of outright outcasts. But isn't that how fandom started out? Bookworms and oddballs who read WEIRD TALES and PLANET STORIES in secret, under the covers at night, flashlight in hand, against all advice. Among this band of happy-to-be weird bookish fringies, "The Hellbound Train" will always be recognized as one of the great fantasy tales of the 20th century. And that heart of a small boy, which Bob had in a jar on his desk, belongs to all of us.

Kim Huett, PO Box 679 Woden, ACT 2606, Australia

So I'm lethargically unpacking a box of fanzines the other week as the flue type bug I've picked up won't permit much more. I pull out a bundle of SCIENCE FICTION TIMES. You remember it don't you, Bill? I'm flicking through them to see if the Hugo nominations for any year is included in one of them. I love to see what was nominated but didn't win. I'm in luck because here is the June 1967 issue with 1966 nominees. Well, well, well, so what do I find but a certain Bill Donaho was nominated for best fanwriter and HABAKKUK was on the list for best fanzine. Now there, I thought to myself, was true time-binding. After all those years we have you and your fanzine in our midst once more. What odds the possibility that you both make it onto the Hugo ballot once more next year? Win or lose that would be a mighty record you could set. It's not often that fanwriters or fanzines receive nominations almost thirty years apart. If it happens I think you are entitled to feel a little special.

I don't know if you realize it, Bill, but you sure do put forward one powerful argument for pubbing one's ish. To not know that Larry Shaw was dead these last eight years or so is sad indeed. To not know that Richard Coad is a person well worth seeking out is indeed unfortunate. Puts a lie to the thought that it's possible to step to the edge of this mess we like to call fandom and still be told all that we should. They don't call it gaffia for nothing you know.

You're not alone in this. I can think of a few other fans not active for many a long year that it would be good to see making a contribution once more. If the Nineties don't become a fannish golden age, it will certainly be a chrome-plated walking-frame age.

As to the assorted versions of Star Trek I am quite cold. I've attempted to watch

a number of episodes of the original version but never made it past about 15-20 minutes. Did see a couple of Next Gen episodes all the way through but was totally uninspired. I've never been able to explain this lack of interest on my part to my total satisfaction.

I do suspect one component involves growing up with the BBV serial Dr Who during its peak years. Despite a minuscule budget (cardboard props doh reign supreme) it contained far more in the way of action and exotic locations/aliens than any other sf/fantasy programmes I can think of off the top of my head. It also had the advantage of plots which were not only of reasonable quality but on occasion contained an extraordinary degree of imagination. Extraordinary for a tv programme that is.

Star Trek on the other hand always seemed to move too damn slowly for my imagination to be bothered waiting for it to catch up. I've found the plots to be no more dramatic than The Crosby Show and the setting no more exotic than The Waltons. Consistent with this idea is the discovery that I find Babylon 5 to be watchable if not exceptional. I would describe this series as having more action and color than assorted Trek series.

The best US program I've seen in recent years though would have to be Mystery Science Theater 3000. I have had about a dozen episodes sent to me on tape. Enough to make me wish one of the tv stations down here would slip up and buy a season or two. As extremely unlikely occurrence, so I'm denied doses of what would have to be the ultimate in late night entertainment.

I'm pleased to see you have Ted White reviewing fanzines for you. I might not always agree with his conclusions but the process he uses to reach them is usually interesting. I do have a reservation though.

To my mind a column devoted to reviewing fanzines like The Trenchant Bludgeon should revolve around the fanzines being reviewed. It's unfair of the reviewer to bring in other material or topics which are not from the fanzine in question. Partly because such material is based on evidence which the reader may well have no access to and partly because it brings up arguments not directly relevant to the fanzine. Or at least doesn't allow the fanzine and its contents to be central to the argument.

This is what I found happening to Ted's review of CHALLENGER. Guy Lillian's fanzine. Early on in the review Ted brings in the information that Lillian wrote "ass-kissing letters". In the next couple of paragraphs he explains about Southern Fandom's regionalism. All this before examining the fanzine he is reviewing in any detail.

What Ted has to say may well be very true but without all the background evidence to hand, how am I supposed to evaluate these assertions?

If Ted wishes to show us that Lillian is an unpleasant person and that Southern Fandom is chauvinistic about itself then he should do so via the contents of CHALLENGER since these things are only of interest in this context if they affect the quality of the fanzine. More than that I, the reader, will be in a position to read both the fanzine and the review and reach an informed conclusion about what Ted has to say. I think it only fair that Ted give me that opportunity.

Speaking of Ted, and I somewhat feel I am loosing BLAT! rather than HABAK-KUK. Mike Glicksohn is right when he says that Ted always has a lot to answer for. I guess we're lucky that Ted is so willing and able to answer for it, copiously.

I have gained much second-hand pleasure from Roy Lavender's Baycon story by reading it out over the phone to various SCA members in Canberra. So far I'm yet to find somebody who didn't enjoy it immensely.

You might like to mention to Debbie that I've tried to read *Red Mars* and it isn't worth \$599, even in hardcover.

The art in this issue is great (HAB 3:2), but there is something about it that worries me. The Dan Steffan piece on page twenty-one makes me think of Grant Canfield, not Dan. Not only that, but the alien on page thirty-two looks more like the work of Harry Bell than his. I don't know, is it just me and killing one brain cell too many, or is Dan busy messing with our minds? If he is you might like to mention to him that some Steffan artwork that looked like it came from Faral would just about do the trick.

decade. Who, without a thousand dollars to blow going to the worldcon, and three, four hundred dollars each for several others cons a year, is truly an active member of fandom? I used to compensate by publishing fanzines. But over the years I watched and suffered as postage rose from only a few cents for a 16 page zine, to around a dollar. The increase of postage costs has run far ahead of general inflation, and I simply can't afford to give away several hundred dollars in the form of stamps every year.

Pretty much the first thing I turn to was Ted's column of fanzine reviews--whatever the subject, whether he's absolutely right or not quite so right, Ted is always entertaining. He means what he says and says it with feeling. No hesitation while he searches his mind for a less assertive phrase or weaker word, no hedging his Thots, no choosing a stand to the center of his actual opinion. Those who do qualify and waffle and balance their statements carefully, tend to make less interesting reading in as much as they end up sounding much alike.

In spite of which, I have to correct Ted about a minor detail in his review of AS

dom the only challenge seemed to be overcoming a general apathy among editors toward non-humorous art, and I was most definitely being ground under by it.

How that makes me feel about fanart probably shouldn't be printed.

Thank you for the art you sent me. I appreciate it. Perhaps it's a prejudice, but I think non-humorous art needs to be well-drawn, but humorous art can be quite effective without that. Look at the comic strip Cathy which is vilely drawn, but frequently quite funny.

John Foyster, PO Box 3086, Rundle Mall, Adelaide SA 5000, Australia

Thanks for another vast HAB. For the moment, the recollections of you and Art Saha have to be the highlight of each issue, but there's very little for a reader to do other than say something appreciative about what a great read that section of HAB is.

Your editorial serves the usual purpose of warning the reader up for the main course, but sometimes you manage to slide some weird stuff in there. Take the casual remarks on page 6 about smoking. You say that Avedon Carol looked up all the research on direct smoking damage. Really? All those languages? Where does she find the time? In any case, people make decisions about their behaviour independent of any evidence about effects. I think it is pretty well accepted that every day motor cars kill people (no correlational studies required) but even passive users are complacent about it.

Debbie Notkin's reviews this time start off with a real puzzler: what to do about Lois McMaster Bujold? If FALLING FREE was a clunker and uninteresting, but won a Nebula, then what faith can we place in the Nebulas as indicators of excellence? (Very little.) But this doesn't help us with the book under review, which Debbie now recommends. The features which Debbie selects for praise: captivating people in exciting situations, etc etc sound awfully like transplants from LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS. Has tabloid TV now so powerful a hold upon average sensibilities that glitz is everything? All that Debbie has done in this review is strengthen my own old-fashioned view that Bujold's success is a terrifying symptom, rather than a miraculous cure.

Ted White's TRENCHANT BLUDGEON maintains the standard set in his previous column, with the greatest strength continuing to be Ted's capacity to bring a clear perspective of what fandom is all about and focus it upon individual examples; you don't have to agree with Ted to see the absolute consistency of his analysis, so that once you've calibrated yourself against a few fanzines you feel very comfortable that Ted communicates directly on your wavelength.

In this particular column, the fact that I have read RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY and YHOS for years, and haven't ever seen ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY provides a check on this. I may be wrong, but the clear impression comes across that AQ would be of little interest to me, and it is information at



On a less unbalanced note I must say that your return has certainly brought out the best in Bill. This issue has some of the best Rotsler artwork I've seen in years. Personal favorites being the inside backcover and the strip on page nine. Sometimes I think Bill makes what the rest of us have to say seem superfluous. Except to say that it's high time he was nominated for the fanartist Hugo once more. And given it too!

Tara Wayne, 245 Dunn Ave. - Apt 2111, Toronto, Ontario M6K 1S6, Canada

Fandom has very much become a middle-class and middle-age hobby in the last

TROMANCER QUARTERLY. I could not do justice to fanart by writing about it. The truth is, that with few exceptions, there's little fanart being done I can say anything positive about. Even the exceptions in some cases have seen better days.

Perhaps some of my current poor opinion of the state of fanart is simply that I've shifted to a different forum for my own art. It has limitations and poor practitioners as much as fanart does, although not the same ones. No matter. What counts isn't the low-end but the open-endedness of any creative environment. In recent years I've met new challenges and, I think, risen to them. In fan-

rich brown, 2520 N. 10th St. - Basement, Arlington, VA 22201

I'm delighted to see a recognizable HABAKKUK once again. "Recognizable in that it's starting to put on some weight...I believe I only saw the last few issues of its previous incarnation, which were large indeed. I'm so delighted, in fact, that I'm going to totally avoid making any obvious comments, such as pointing out (as I'm sure others have) that something in your wp program turned your comas to periods, or that the phrase really is "dull as dishwater" and Elinor of the Buxbix tribe was just being her usual inventive self when she said "ditchwater".

You seem to be wrong here. Most fans seem to have heard both. And "ditchwater" seems to be the more usual word in England. Buck Coulson believes that "ditchwater" is the original and that it got changed to "dishwater" as our civilization became more and more urban.

If my restraint causes me to rise in your estimation, I'll no doubt tumble back down again by offering unwanted remarks on your tastes in alcohol. You say "...I've never cared much for Merlot, but our Host had a lot of a quite palatable vintage. Along with champagne and both imported and domestic beer of course."

While I also like what I consider to be "good" wines, I'm not a wine snob, or at least not the kind who looks down his nose at people whose tastes in wine differ from his own. (Well, maybe I am, or would be if I came across a significant difference in tastes--someone extolling the virtues of TikiPete or Thunderbird, say.)

I tried Thunderbird when it first came out. Drank a pint. Only time in my life I was hungover without being drunk. Never again.

My feeling is, if you have to have champagne and imported and domestic beer along with it to make a Merlot taste palatable to you, you'd be better off not to bother....

Err...Read the remarks you quoted again. I described what our Host offered, not what I drank.

Actually I am very fond of wine. I particularly like Cabernet. And while it has been readily available for years, Merlot has not been--I don't know why. So my experience with it is strictly limited. And I had not liked what I had sampled prior to this party. But I liked this Merlot well enough so that at a dinner at Silvercon I shared a bottle with Art Widner and Greg Benford.

You not only misspelled epistemological, but for awhile had me wondering what you meant by your use of the term: "It seems there were 11 epistemological (Sp?) studies done on whether or not (second-hand smoke) was harmful. Eventually I figured you probably meant something else entirely--"epidemiological", perhaps?"

"Epidemiological" has to

be the right term. I was quoting someone else, and had never heard the word before. (The guy clearly said "epistemological" however.) I knew that "epistle" meant letter, so I was somewhat puzzled. I should have looked it up in the dictionary, but I didn't.

Let me confirm what Ted White says: he has frequently told me to my face that he thinks I have a tendency to get too verbose in my fanwriting. Ted's honesty is not only refreshing, it's one of the many qualities I like in him. I value his honesty so much. Probably wouldn't take offense even if I thought he were dead wrong.

He's probably right. I just choose not to do anything about it. I write the way I write. I'm not certain I could change if I wanted to, but as I really don't want to, and have never wanted to--despite the frequency with which Ted has brought the matter to my attention--it would be dishonest to claim that as an excuse.

But I have never thought, "Well, let's see what I can do about cluttering up my prose." It's not that I'm altogether satisfied with my writing. I've always written primarily to please my own sense of aesthetics, but I've never been totally satisfied with anything I've ever written.

I must add that I nonetheless enjoy writing the way I do, and it's nice to know--from what other fans have said about what I've written--that it's not an entirely solitary pleasure. But I refuse to lose any sleep over the fact that there are perfectly reasonable people who can't or won't.

Fundamentally Ted and I have one goal in common when we sit down to write: Communication. No form of art--writing, music, painting, dance, film, what-have-you--can succeed if it fails to communicate to at least one person besides the artist. That's why masturbation, beautiful as it may be at times, isn't ever likely to be considered an art form.

Maybe I'm being too pretentious when I consider fan writing as if it might be a form of art, but at least when it's reasonably good, I think it's closer to art than masturbation. Most of the time anyway. Anyhow, please grant my premise, if only for the sake of discussion and analogy.

I submit that there is no single "right" way to go about this goal of communicating. And even as primarily important as it is not every artist places precisely the same value on it. Some have other goals they want to achieve, other means of expression they want to achieve, other means of expression they wish to explore, which they consider to be just as important--or even more important. And to do these things, they may legitimately require that the receiving side of the communications equation work just a little harder.

They are not wrong to be different. Yet the history of all the arts is full to overflowing with individuals who sincerely believe the simplest way, the way that gets across successfully to the largest number is the "right", the "best" or the "only" way for Real Art to be done. The writers of sonnets and odes who dismiss all free verse. The purist "realistic" artists who regard Picasso and Dali as a couple of fakes and charlatans.

Composers and practitioners of a more classical form of music who dismiss Schonberg and Cage as "noise, not music". Dancers and choreographers who apparently are incapable of seeing anything good in Duncan or Graham or Balanchine.

Ted and I do not have precisely the same aims when we sit down to write an essay. Ted's prose is much leaner, more to the point; I'm more interested in banging two or more ideas together to see if they produce sparks, and in following the faint trail of those sparks wherever they may lead. As I twist and turn down pathways that perhaps only I see clearly by that dim light I may be difficult to follow. Often as not I'm trying to find out what I really think about a set of subjects by examining my opinions even as I try to articulate them; I know in a vague way the general direction in which I'm headed but usually have no idea where I may eventually wind up. I try to be amusing--or at least to amuse myself--along the way, but I also try, and this is an important point to me, to cover all my bases.

Ted takes aim at a topic and usually puts a bulls eye through it with a single well-placed high-powered rifle shot; I tend to leave the target, and most everything in its vicinity, in tatters after a few shotgun blasts from the hip. Some might say I might be better off to eschew obfuscation and attempt to emulate his lean, straight-forward, no-nonsense, get-to-the-point style. Maybe so. Maybe not. But I'd rather be the best "rich brown" I can be than the second-best Ted White--however foolish or ill-advised that may sound to Ted.

Mind you, I enjoy reading what Ted writes almost as much as I enjoy reading what I write. That this is pure egocentricity on my part can be seen by anyone who observes the results of any number of egoboo polls. I know in my heart of hearts that Ted's a far more popular writer than I am or will likely ever be. Furthermore, I believe this is perfectly justified and easily understandable: I can think of few people in our microcosm besides Ted who so consistently say what they mean and mean what they say with a minimum of bullshit or excess verbiage.

Unfortunately, despite the clarity of his prose, I can also think of few other people in our microcosm who are so consistently misinterpreted and misunderstood.

As to why this has happened so often, I really can't say. I can, however, speculate.

First of all, fans are not slans; we have our share of morons, people who never have gotten it right and probably never will, who invariably hear "black" when you say "white".

And possibly some of it is deliberate. The Big Lie Technique. It is hard to believe that some of these basic misinterpretations can be anything but deliberate distortions when you see how downright stupid they are. But even though that may be true in some few cases, I don't believe it's the major underlying cause. Why?

Well back in snow-filled antiquity Ted and I had a number of disputes. There might even have been a few in which Ted was absolutely wrong and I was absolutely right. But probably the vast majority were the result of my reading something Ted did not mean into something he'd written. That's a misunderstanding, not a deliberate distortion:

my thinking was, "If he says X, he must also mean Y, not "Since he says X, I'll make everyone believe he means Y".

But I can't entirely discount the applicability of the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle to the written word--because, since Ted and I had had "a number" of disputes, I was often looking for something like those implications; Ted's straight-forward uncomplicated prose, with its lack of digressions and qualifiers, helped me believe I'd found them. I was wrong of course.

Still, anyone who'd believe I did that "deliberately" would have to believe I would deliberately shoot myself in the foot--because it invariably set up a situation where Ted could make me look like a fool with six little words: "Show me where I said that."

I'm not sure why, but I don't suffer from this malady of misunderstanding anywhere as often as Ted does--even though my prose is filled with digressions on digressions and qualifications of qualifications. I may not be as "controversial" as Ted--but if controversy alone is the underlying reason, I have to point out that I've not entirely shied away from controversy over the course of my fan career and therefore should suffer at least a proportional share of these kind of misunderstandings. But I haven't.

Could it be that my way at going at things slows people down, makes them focus harder on trying to discern my meaning. It's an amusing notion--that complexity may ultimately result in fewer misunderstandings than simplicity.

I'd like to emphasize that I'm not trying to defend what I said regarding institutionalizing a BoF volume in "Totem Poll," the column I write for YHOS which Ted reviewed. What occurred to me when that issue arrived and I read that column for the first time since I'd written it was that my ideas for the volume sounded very much like a proposal for a Dougherty Project. (How many of us who should "know better", have Dougherty Projects deep down inside us, just waiting for some unguarded moment to get out?)

So I'm perfectly willing to accept what Ted says about my writing in that installment of "Totem Poll"--that my "getting sidetracked in digressions on digressions" is kept to "a tasteful minimum this time around" even though the column itself is "weak".

Ted's first point is an excellent quibble but nothing I find worth arguing about; I listed two (of what are surely many possible) reasons why fanzines should talk to and about each other and Ted offers a third, which for some reason he feels is more to the point. I don't fully agree, but as he isn't misunderstanding me in what he says, let's just say that that's what makes horse racing and let it be. Ted goes on:

Rich says he believes we should show rather than tell people how good the microcosm is and can be: I wish he'd show, rather than telling us, how fanzines can talk to or about each other--by talking himself about other fanzines in YHOS's pages. Abstract discussions of what we should do are all very well, but why not put it into practice instead?"

I'm being quoted out of context here, but the misinterpretation quotient is only marginal. What I said was that, rather than stopping what we're doing in an effort to "recruit" more new blood (which to me smacks of

proselytizing), "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."

Still, since it has been posed, let me answer Ted's question: while I believe fanzines should talk about other fanzines, I don't believe every column in every fanzine should be devoted to talking about other fanzines, or even things that occur in other fanzines. That would be boring.

"Totem Poll" is not and has never been a fanzine review or fanzine discussion column; it has always been, with few exceptions, a column that is about fandom. The installments which have gained me the most egoboo, for what that may or may not be worth, have mostly been borderline fannish memoirs--my recollections about "Ted Johnstone"/Dave McDaniel and the LA fan scene in the late '50s/early '60s, how the *I Ching* had an effect on fannish destiny when the Fanoclasts bid for a worldcon, my experiences as a fan while in the Air Force, musings about the effect he continues to have on modern-day fandom in the two-part "I Dreamed I was Francis Towner Laney". The specific installment Ted reviews doesn't discuss issues brought up in other fanzines, true enough, but it does manage to mention in passing (and thus acknowledges the existence of) other fanzines--specifically TRAP DOOR, STET, SPENT BRASS, LET'S FANAC, IDEA, MIMOSA, FOLLY, DOUBLE:BILL, LOCUS, SFC and SSF EYE.

There are reasons why "Totem Poll" is what it is, and is not what it's not, which should not be too difficult for anyone to fathom; my editorials in the defunct *beard-mutterings* actually came closer to being what Ted says he would prefer "Totem Poll" to be.

I would only point out that when you're pubbing your own ish, you usually have a reasonably accurate idea of when it's

going to be sent out--or can easily rewrite to accommodate a change in plans. But with YHOS, which is a FAPazine, the wait between submission of a column and publication can be (has been) anywhere from a couple of months to half a year or more. This makes it nigh on to difficult to be "topical".

Oddly enough, the closest I've come to writing about contemporary goings-on in fanzines in "Totem Poll" was an installment which appeared in BOONFARK--a long, rambling essay on WARHOON 28 which, as I recall, Ted didn't like either. *sigh* You can't please some of the people some of the time, and you can't please some of the people any of the time, it would appear.

At this juncture, things start to get interesting:

Rich's second topic is to suggest institutionalizing an annual BEST OF FANDOM anthology. I resist this suggestion on principle: I think the least "institutionalizing" is the best, where fandom is concerned. Fans resist being organized for most purposes; fandom is the closest thing to a working anarchy that humanity has ever created, and the reason is the simple one that we're all volunteers here--we can drop out and gaffate any time we wish (and will, if pushed in directions we don't care for).

For the benefit of anyone who might think the sentiments expressed above refute anything I said or even came as news to me, let me quote from the column which Ted is ostensibly reviewing:

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 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 of 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.



It's not the reconnaissance I mind, it's filling out all those reports afterwards.

Have you digested that? Fine. Now back to Ted's review:

And, in any event, it's already occurred: Corflu now traditionally publishes a BEST OF FANDOM volume each year, and has already done so for three years now. (Each Corflu committee grumbles, but shrugs and gives in to the inevitable.)

Now tell me how the above refutes, or even significantly differs from, the installment of the column in question, after you finish reading the following quotation from it:

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 LA. (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.)

A Quick digression by way of warning to you, Bill Donaho: Mike Glycer (Ilang Art Widner right off the FILE 770 mailing list for daring to publish the above sentiments. Can you imagine the ghastliness of such a fate? More to the point, are you willing to take the chance that you might share in it?

A little-known fact about Mike Glycer: although his anus begins a few inches from his balls, just like other men's, it extends all the way up the left side of his back, across his neck and around his right ear, then continues down at a slant, bridging his nose, but missing his lips, where it moves in an unbroken line to his chin, throat and upper chest, ending just a few inches short of the nipple of his left breast. Reportedly, that's why, when he walks through a room, you hear so many people say, "What an asshole!"

I've learned not to read implications into what Ted writes, so until I hear from him to the contrary I won't assume that e's defending the essential worthiness of the Glycer volume. Although it would be a reasonable inference to make if Ted's review were indeed read as an attempt to respond to what I actually wrote.

Ted ends his response to my column with the following:

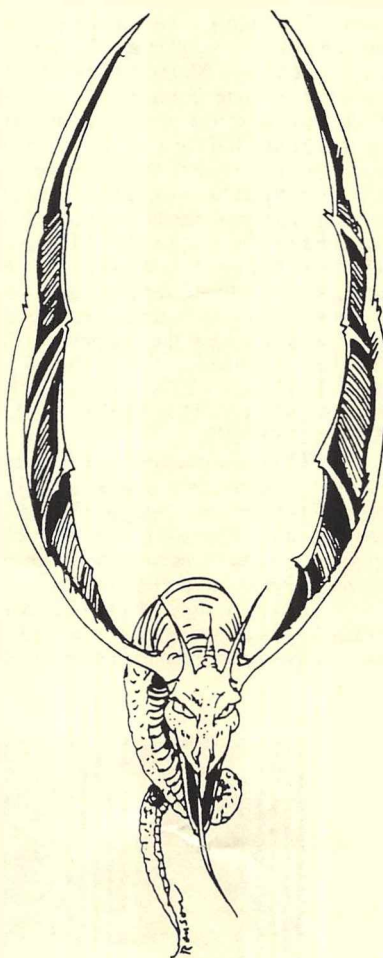
...Rich wants to set up a procedure, "a bit like TAFF," in which fans would nominate and vote for the contents. I think this would not only be unwieldy in practice but certain to go the way of the Hugos (the readers of LAN'S LANTERN would bloc-vote for their favorite book reviews from LAN'S LANTERN) in devaluing the volume.

Nope. Wrong again. I suggested we set up a TAFF-like procedure in which fans would pay a nominal sum to elect the BoF editor; the voting fee would help defray publishing costs. In a second phase, upon payment of another small fee, fans could nominate anything they wanted to see in the volume. The voters would also have to provide a xerox (at least) of any piece they nominated, along with information about where it first appeared.

This mechanism might help ensure that the elected editor would get to see what other interested fans felt was fandom's best published offerings for the year, but only as non-binding suggestions. "Since these nominations would only be suggestions, they would not be binding on the editor," is the

way I put it. The elected editor wouldn't have to be concerned that perhaps s/he did not receive (or could not put his/her hands on) all of the year's "best" fanzines; s/he could easily use the 2000 ballots nominating the best book reviews from LAN'S LANTERN to line a bird cage and the voting fees collected from those LL readers to publish a really spiffy volume without actually publishing a single LL book review.

Now I want to emphasize again that I'm not defending what I was proposing in that column. Nor am I disputing, really, the real thrust of Ted's criticism, which happens to remain valid despite the fact that he misunderstood what I said: it makes no substantial difference, after all, whether the readers of LAN'S LANTERN bloc-vote their favorite



LL book reviews or bloc-vote G. "Lan" Laskowski to the position of BoF editor--the results would be the same. For that reason, and because, it's damn unwieldy (like unto a veritable D.P., as it were), I'm no longer in favor of the idea myself.

But I do believe what I'm shown here buttresses my notion that clear and simple prose, as implicitly advocated by Ted, may not always be the best or most effective shield against being misunderstood. I think it also shows that misunderstandings of this kind are not entirely the province of morons "who never have gotten it right and never will" or, alternatively, of Machiavellian enemies who, as part of their Big Lie Technique, "deliberately distort things they really understand perfectly well. Ted remains free to cor-

rect me if I'm wrong on this, however.

In the meantime, I'll just keep on keep on, the way I always have. More fool, eh?

Murray Moore, 377 Manly St., Midland, Ontario, L4R 3E2, Canada

Bill Rotsler: the Harry Warner, Jr. of fanartists. He's everywhere and seemingly everywhen; he's prolific; he's one-of-a-kind and inimitable; he's always fresh or found a new twist on a traditional theme.

Ted White is always worth reading. I used to read *The Trenchant Bludgeon*, where? in *SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW*? I will always think of Ted White first as the editor of *AMAZING* and *FANTASTIC*.

I remember his editorials, the letter columns, the fanzine reviews. I read all the non-fiction editorials and enjoyed the art by unknowns--relative to today--including Jeff Jones and Mike Kaluta.

The fiction took second place for me toward the end of his editorship. Maybe his budget was cut, or he took the fiction in a direction I didn't want to go. I was happy to buy *AMAZING* and *FANTASTIC* as nationally distributed fanzines with better than average fiction.

Next I think of Ted as the editor of *HEAVY METAL* during its most literate period.

Personal computers are a magnitude of improvement over typewriters and stencils in the creation of fanzines, yet *HABAKKUK* looks like a pre-PC fanzine. *HABAKKUK* has the layout, the colored paper, the interlineations, the Rotsler cartoons, the types...

I bet writing *Memories of the Dive* was like spirit writing for you. You began to type, the words flowed, you stopped, and were surprised. "Did I type all that?"

No, I always have considerable revising and rearranging in my writing. Even *Meanings* is not as spontaneous as it looks; it is rather carefully calculated.

I could produce an equally great fanzine too, if I knew as many core fanzine people as you do. Attending ConFrancisco and sending out Chapter Three Verse I must have been like Norm walking into Cheers after 25 years' absence. "Bill!!!"

HABAKKUK is a major league fanzine. Welcome back to the show.

Print fans' letters and they will write. By all means edit tightly *The Arena*...starting after my letter. The *Arena* is not too long.

Trenchant Bludgeon makes me think of two groups of fans opposite each other. One group chants, *Fandom Is A Way Of Life!* The other group chants, *Fandom Is Just A Goddamn Hobby!* Ted White is prominent in the *Life!* group.

The conviction which Ted brings to his fanzine reviews--that fandom matters, that fandom has value, that fandom is important--is his strength.

PS: Coming, in the next chapter of, Donaho! More *Memories!* More locs! *Sweeps Week Exclusive:* Michael Jackson discusses, for the first time, his slip sheet collection!

Lloyd Penney, 412-4 Lisa St., Brampton, Ontario, L6T 4B6, Canada

Whatever *ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY* is or isn't, it is a fine piece of work,

with some worthwhile writing inside it. It is also the product of an awful lot of hardware and gigabytes of software coming together to produce a typographer's dream. In talking to Joe Maraglino, though, he admitted that the publication is very much a vehicle to help promote the Niagra Falls in '98 Worldcon bid. No matter what, I'd like to see more issues, but money may be a problem.

A few comments about the fanzine lounge...the room used was an abandoned cocktail lounge that the Winnipeg Convention Centre wasn't using at the time. They charged usurious rates to the convention, but I feel it was worth it. Thanks to the good graces and wallet of Geri Sullivan, we had a bar service the middle three days of the con.

I think all who came, visited, drank and smuffed had a good time, and we have volunteered our services to the Los Angeles and San Antonio Worldcons to run their rooms. We're working to simplify the paperwork, and while Winnipeg was not confident of our success, LA and SA are, so we should have some more good times there.

I didn't feel we could operate both the party suite and the fanzine lounge, and the Minneapolis in '73 folks seem to have fallen right into running that party suite.

We certainly welcomed one and all, and some people actually got to sit down and read a fanzine or two. (I am expecting to see some very familiar names in some locots, I hope.)

We raised some funds for TAFF< DUFF and CUFF, the Canadian Unity Fan Fund, but because of extremely poor advertising on the part of the CUFF administrator, who just happened to be the chairman of the Worldcon, John Mansfield, CUFF went not competed for, and was subsequently declared dead by the administrator, without bothering to find out if anyone would take it from him.

I don't think I'll be able to afford to go to Intersection; otherwise, I would certainly volunteer to work in Jenny Glover's fanzine lounge.

Andrew Murdoch was extremely lucky that a fanzine like UNDER THE OZONE HOLE was readily available to be picked up and read. When I found out about fanzines, they were hidden away from my unwelcome eyes. Given what he's been doing with his fanzine, ZX, I think Andrew'll be enjoying the publishing circles for some time to come.

Martin Gittins, 22 Dinvan Rd, Reddish, Stockport, SK5 7HA, England

The thing that really strikes me about HAB is the quality of the artwork. I love Trina's work in general, and I stared at the cover of #2 for ages, admiring its elegant lines. Brilliant. The rest of the art in #3 is pretty good too, especially the specially drawn Ray Nelson images that accompany specific articles.

Even though much of HABAKKUK is nostalgic and reminiscent, it is generally written with enough warmth and enthusiasm to be entertaining to a modern reader. Memories of the Nunnery possesses a certain rhythm, describing the events with a cadence that gives it a lyrical quality rather than being a boring list of comings and goings: it sounded quite a place.

Arcna is turning into a pretty good fo-

rum for discussion and debate, and I've a few thoughts on the comments of Don Fitch and Andrew C. Murdoch, being a reasonably young fanzine publisher myself.

I pretty much agree with Don Fitch that most young fans will self-publish via home computer and photocopying and use FACTSHEET 5 as a means of disseminating their zine, and judging from the growing size of FACTSHEET 5 this form of fan activity is very popular. It is a medium for invention and self-creativity and the idea of a Fandom Tradition is the sort of restriction and role that most zine publishers would try and get away from.

Having a zine reviewed in FACTSHEET 5 is a good way to get sent zines from various interesting people, a good way to expand your mailing list beyond a limited circle of familiar faces that will occasionally send you a brief LoC if you're lucky, and whose own zines are perhaps staid and offer little of interest.

Andrew Murdoch's comments about getting neos interested in fanzines are worthy, but one must ask what a non-fanzine reading person would make of something like HABAKKUK? Most fanzines cater to their existing readerships, and see no need to write for neophytes and outsiders. This is certainly a failing of many fanzines that I have seen, and only those with a varied and lively content will attract and hold a novice's attention and interest. However, a varied and lively content is often missing from many zines.

Take HABAKKUK #3, for instance. A casual read would reveal a heavy dose of nostalgia and a cliquish letter forum, even in on closer inspection the articles are interesting and avoid the "fandom was better then" attitude that bugs the hell out of me (and I suspect many other younger readers).

So does that mean that HABAKKUK should change? Well, maybe, if it wants to attract a younger readership, but is this your intention, Bill? Do you have a duty to bring new blood into the hobby? I don't think fandom has any duty to encourage new members into the fold, but by the same token, it can't complain if fandom dies.

Things change and mutate, and maybe the sort of fandom Bill and Art write about has pretty much run its course. One only needs to look at the proliferation of me-

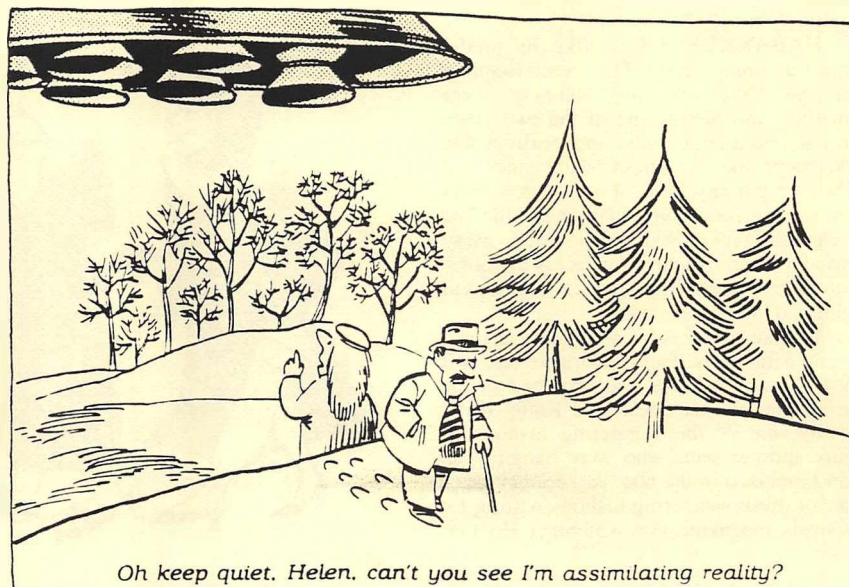
dia science fiction as well as the explosion of the genre as a literary subject to realize that it is now a very diverse subject encompassing a morass of work and sub-genres, and it's almost inevitable that new groups and zines spring up to cover them.

While the loss of a common ground and a commonality of shared interest is in many ways a shame it is only symptomatic of a media explosion in all areas--music, comics, books, art, poetry, technology--just look at the subject headings in FACTSHEET 5. The fact that there are so many zines is to me a triumph of the medium, a cheap way of spreading information and ideas and getting in touch with like-minded individuals. To my mind it's one of the key cultural activities of this particular point in history--due to the proliferation of cheap technologies (the photocopier, the home computer and DTP software)--and it will retrack again into another medium, probably computer networks and BBS's.

This is why I love getting zines and try to reply to all of them as often as possible. A small, active readership is infinitely more rewarding than a large, passive one, which is something I've discovered from working professionally as a writer on a corporate magazine, where the reader response is almost nothing. So it's nice to get a zine with lots to get your teeth into and lots you want to say about.

Such as Ted White's fanzine reviews. I admire Ted's standpoint, in that of conducting long and extensive reviews of a few fanzines to really give them a thorough critique, but I have reservations. By judging them with such high literary expectations, is he perhaps not judging them on terms for which they are not best suited?

Fanzines (in my opinion) are a fairly ephemeral medium whose merit is derived from their immediacy, hipness and freshness, their Zeitgeist or foot-on-the-ball factor. Are they up to being examined in minute detail like this? That said, I admire Ted's studious and scholarly approach to his reviews, and look forward to the next fanzine review he does where he exaggerates a few lannish faux-pas into crimes against fandom as he did with the ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY review. Flame on, Ted!



Oh keep quiet, Helen. can't you see I'm assimilating reality?

Dave Rike, PO Box 11, Crockett, CA 94525

I've just finished typing up a bunch of letters for Bill's letter column. Based on this experience I have some suggestions to make, both for someone like myself who's doing the transcription and for the writers so that their pieces receive fair treatment:

(a) Type your letters. Some persons do wonderful calligraphy and/or printing but most cursive handwriting blurs into illegibility when in comes time for a stranger like myself to type it up. There are others who combine letter forms and graphics in all sorts of wondrous ways. They should be treated as the works of art that they are instead of as mere texts.

(b) It is also helpful to put your name and address at the top of the first page. We like to know who you are and where you're from. Subsequent pages should be numbered with perhaps a header including your last name. Such as "White-3."

(c) Not as crucially important perhaps, but it would be nice: ragged-right margins instead of even-edged justified lines makes things a bit easier to scan when it comes to typing them up. And use a fresh ribbon please. Bill told me that he received over 110 lacs on H#3, so everything you do to make easier for him to read and edit them is appreciated.

Kate Yule, 1905 SE 43rd Ave, Portland, OR 97215

Thanks and words of appreciation for Habakkuk 3:3. I especially enjoyed hearing from Ray Nelson on the origins of the propeller beanie, although the mythology has rather taken on a life of its own and the "horse's mouth" version is probably destined to take its place among the others rather than squelch them...I think he need not be worried about "dampening fannish creativity with the cold water of fact."

I agree with Henry Welch about Ted's demonstrated ability to beat a dead horse...Surely one can give an insightful, informed review of a zine, addressing various of its sections and citing examples to back up one's assertions, without dissecting it limb by limb for three full pages (as he did to ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY in this ish). Enough already.

Richard Newsome, 281 Flatbush Ave #1-B, Brooklyn, NY 11217

HABAKKUK 3:3 is, like its predecessors, a great read. The reminiscences about the Dive and the Nunnery were fascinating, and remind me of the two years when I shared a large house--not really a slum shack, more like a den of slack since we hardly ever got any fanatic done--with 4 other fans at the University of Oklahoma in the late 70s. David Thayer lived a few blocks away and used to drop by and show us his cartoons. All of them except Tom Jackson and David are gaffed now, of course.

I'd like to know, if you get a chance, how you came to be Father Donaho. (Or is it Bishop Donaho?) Were you ordained in the same manner Walter Breen and Kathy Kurtz were, by one of the wandering bishops of obscure splinter sects who were hanging out in San Francisco in the 60s? Jay Kinney has a couple of these wandering bishops writing for his Gnosis magazine now (Stephen Hoeller,

who used to write for Robert A.W. Lowndes' Exploring the Unknown, is one).

Actually, it's Patriarch Donaho. Back in the early 60's Dan Curran, Dick Ellington and I founded the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way. The church had a rather extensive membership at one time. We secured recognition by both the Federal and State governments for donations. And the one of our ministers ;who needed one got a draft exemption.

In the 60's the COTBOTW had many fannish references and cartoons--most of the cartoons being by Jack Harness.

As a minister I performed many marriages including Chet Helms, the manager of The Family Dog and Big Brother and the Holding Company.

I once had a wedding on stage at the Avalon between sets of the Grateful Dead and the Quicksilver Messenger Service. That couple announced to the press that they were the first couple to get married while under the influence of LSD. (With assists from the Quick and the Dead.)

We were quite a procession as we marched on stage. I had on pink fluorescent robes which glowed brilliantly under the black light. Dick and Dan and the other males had on burlap monks' robes, and Pat Ellington, the Mother Superior of the Little Sisters of Mary Magdalene, and her nuns had on satin robes with rolled up stockings and slits to show them off.

(Sometime later I went to a Byds concert at Winterland in similar gear and one young teenager approached me, asking why priests in general were so down on r&r.)

And Ray Nelson married Larry Miller, the dj for KMPX, the first, and at that time the only, concert r&r radio station in the country--as distinguished from Top 40--with the wedding taking place in the Anchor Steam Brewery.

(I never saw either bride before or after the ceremony, so don't remember their names.)

I would like to dissent from Leigh Edmonds' views on history in "Fanzine Fandom and Oral Tradition." I spent several miserable years as a graduate student in the NYU English department, and the attitudes Leigh expresses are painfully familiar. This sort of dismissive attitude toward fact gathering and sifting first began to appear among young American scholars in the humanities after the war, when science departments were awash in cash and the humanities were put on very stringent budgets.

It became necessary for graduate students and young faculty to do their research with very limited resources, frequently without access to the lavish travel funds and grants that would have enabled them to do slow, tedious archival research at distant locations. Thanks to the GI Bill, students who were not from well-to-do families were suddenly going to grad school in record numbers, and little things like hopping a plane to London to check something at the British Museum or the Warburg Institute were not the sort of thing they could afford to do out of pocket.

Because of the rule of "publish or perish" they were forced by necessity to learn to work from published sources, coming up with new spins on what was already known.

The result in English departments was first a large quantity of Freudian re-interpretations of the classics, then the emergence of structuralism--which required only a paper and pencil, plus some stories to analyze, as the scholar's working tools, but which needed a slight knowledge of linguistics and formal logic. Then when structuralism began to pale along came post-structuralism and "theory," which dispensed with a formal notation and could be done



with nothing more than a good working knowledge of modern philosophy and academic Marxism.

History departments went through a similar phase in the 60s and 70s as Marxist and Lacanian reinterpretations of history became all the rage in some journals. This enabled the busy scholar to sit down to produce a paper with a few published sources in one hand, and a volume of the latest fashionable theory on the other. Simply apply Theory A to Source B, and voila! a publishable paper. No digging through moldering old parish records required.

Fortunately, this tendency seems to have receded recently, at least among young historians here in the United States. Maybe it's because graduate study in history is extremely demanding and the lazier students tend to get weeded out quickly, or maybe it's simply that history graduate study is so unpopular these days that only the hard core of real enthusiasts sign up.

I hope Rob Hansen and other fan historians will continue to ignore those who want fan history to be a quick, jolly read, and leave the boring details in. Let someone else write the dumbed-down, popularized version later.

End of rant. Sigh.

Jeanne Mealy, 4157 Lyndale Ave S, Minneapolis, MN 55409

A cold shiver went down my spine and a sense of dread filled my heart: Harry Warner, Jr. was writing about the "g" word (gaffiation). While there's no question that he's done an amazing job of supporting the fanzine industry with his wonderful LoCs and is due for a respite, it just wouldn't be the same to open a zine without hearing what he has to say. Has he received a lifetime achievement award yet? I'm awaiting a scenario like the one in "UHF" where the radio station engineer turns into an alien and beams up to a spaceship. I can imagine Harry turning into a beam of pure white light and zooming out into the universe...

Catherine Mintz, 1810 S. Rittenhouse Sq #1708, Philadelphia, PA 19103-5837

There is one comment that I must respond to, and that is Sheryl Birkhead's proposing to call the small people who pose for my cartoons Chocolate Mintz. What's next? Peppermint Patties? The shame of it!

These hard-working little beings number among their more famous and considerably better-paid kin the 7-Up Spots, the California Raisins, and the spoketoon for Domino's Pizza--not to mention billions of M&M's (and their slightly-less-numerous cousins, M&M's chocolate-covered peanuts) who "Make you open your head and smile." They all are generically referred to as "grylli," singular "gryllo," from a Latin word for "small," "gryllo."

John Millard, 86 Broadway Ave #18, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4P 1T4

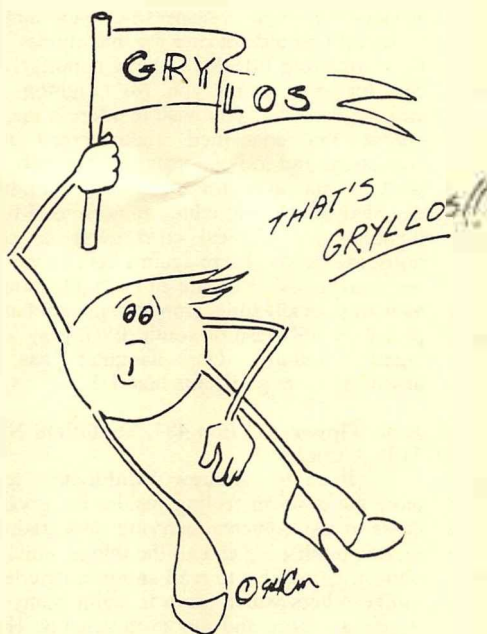
I quite enjoyed the Arena, a bunch of the locs were from a number of old friends, another lot from people who I only know by name, and, of course, a good lot of blood. Ray Nelson's story about the birth of The Propeller Beanie is very interesting, it also brought back a few memories. I still

remember George Young prancing about Torcon 1948 with it, he never seemed to be without it. However, dear Ray is guilty of not doing his home work. He mentions the summer of 1947, "we held what was Fandom's first Michigan Regional Convention." If he will consult Harry Warner's book, "All Our Yesterdays," pp. 241-243, he can read about the Michicons, the first was held in November 1941, the next one in September 1942, both were held at the Ostego Hotel in Jackson, Michigan. Michicons for 1943, 1944 & 1945 were held at the Slan Shack in Battle Creek. I can only write about the first in 1941 as I did most of the organizing, etc. I don't think we had more than 20-25 fans present, but it was quite enjoyable. By the middle of 1942 I had other fish to fry, being a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force, away from fandom. I finally got my discharge in July 1946.

Luke McGuff, 4121 Interlake Ave N, Seattle, WA 98103-8151

Since three Habakkuks have come to this address, politely and properly addressed, I figured I had best get off my duffus and perform my part in the fanzine/oral tradition part of this fanish history you (and we readers) are engaged in committing--er, creating. Sorry.

Sometimes I get the feeling that everyone at a fabled fanish event knew they were in an epoch making historical occasion and wore their best ceremonial robes. I mean, wasn't there someone reading in a corner at Room 770? Wasn't there someone who thought the Fanarcon was interesting, but maybe a little too crowded? Of course, part of the effect of this fanish auto-mythologizing is that those people would never be heard from in this continuum.



This is preface to saying that I remember meeting Leigh Edmonds as kind of a life-shaping event, whereas most of the other people there might recall it as a pleasant

evening with a bottle or two of wine and some great conversation and catching-up-with.

It was in John D Berry's living room. Eileen Gunn was in Boston on family business. I remember that my partner, Jane Hawkins, Stu Shiffman, Frank & Anna Jo Denton, and a couple other folks were there (I apologize to those whom I've forgotten).

Anyway, Leigh Edmonds was talking about how much it was to be a filthy pro historian, and especially fun to be involved in this radio show where they called him up and said, "Can you do ten minutes on (arcane topic)?" And Leigh would always say yes, even if had never heard of (arcane topic) before, then go out and read up on it and do a ten minute radio show on it. Sounds like fun to me, too.

But none of that impressed me as much as the fact that Leigh had a box of neat books sitting next to him. He was reveling in, practically wallowing in, the experience of having spent the afternoon prowling some of Capital Hill's larger used bookstores (which are great but too feline-enabled for your current correspondent). He kept going on about how expensive it would be to ship them back to Australia, how he'd pretty likely never read them, but it was part of what he came to the US for, and besides --and this was always the tagline, and the thing changed my life to some degree: he always ended with this phrase--"they'll look so good on the shelf."

The first time he said I kind of blinked. The second or third time he said that a small light started to grow in the hinder regions of my febrile brain. The fourth or fifth time he said it (it's the sign of a good raconteur that they have a large and expansive answer to hand for the question "what did you do today?" and if the early arrivals have to hear that question answered several times with variations, well, that is their issue to deal with and no skin off the raconteur's fundament) I was just about blinded with revelation.

Of course! Who ever said that buying meant that I had to read it? Buying and reading a book are two separate actions, not necessarily connected in time, space, or even intent. Wowser! I know tons of people (considering your target demographic, probably literally tons) reading this have already gone beyond thinking they had to read a book just because they bought it, but it was a shock to this person, who will never be described as "Catholic guilt challenged."

See, I have this cabinet of books I plan to read some day. It was a kitchen cabinet from an efficiency I lived in Mpls. that I kept. For the next couple apartment homes I lived in it even performed the function of kitchen cabinet. But somewhere along the line I started living in places that had cupboards, and the kitchen cabinet became a cabinet for the books I bought that I would read someday.

Well, as the analogy test would have it, "bookshelf: books: black hole: cosmic dust," don't you know, so of course pretty soon this cabinet of books I was going to read someday got pretty full. Then books started getting stacked on top of it, then there were occasional rearrangements of the shelves inside such that most are now double and

triple stacked.

I've looked through this cabinet to discover that I have not only favorite unread categories (most having to do with the history, philosophy, or ethics of science; most frequently, physics and mathematics) but favorite unread authors, most prominent among them William S. Burroughs and Jacob Bronowski (sort of epitomizes ridiculous to the sublime, eh?). Not surprisingly, the hardboiled mysteries and police procedurals are veritable mayflies of unreadiness.

On the other hand, *The Heritage of Copernicus* and *The Rebirth of Cosmology* have been with me since I lived with my mom, fourteen years ago. They are old and venerable edifices of unreadiness, vast stone men of accumulate gonna-read-someday intentions. It would be almost too final to actually read them at this point: I would expect them to have the impact that finishing the list of God's names supposedly would have.

Fandom is definitely the longest running and loosest anarchy that the 20th century has seen: I'd have to know a lot more about utopian colonies and the tribal cultures Western Civ. 101 has destroyed before I'd feel confident in making a statement as conclusive as Ted's.

I think Ted was right (oops, I just agreed with Ted White: hold on 'til the world stops shakin') when he said that one of the things that distinguishes (and even elevates) sf fanzine fandom from other networks is that it's self aware. Lately I've noticed how few of the zines reviewed in FS5 are willing to trade with other zines, and I think that's a real deficit, turning the so-called "zine revolution" of the 80s into the trendy publishing category of the 90s. I think "the usual" is community, and then, if the participant lasts long enough, into a family.

Pamela Boal, 4 Westfield Way, Charlton Hts. Wantage, Oxon OX12 7EW England

I appreciate the book reviews simply because I wouldn't have time to browse through half the books on the market today to make a selection. I would miss out on authors new to me because it is easier to skim through the latest offering by people whose work I know to be more confident my scarce budget wouldn't be expended on something that did not live up to its blurb. I not only appreciated Debbie Notkin's reviews, I also enjoy her style of writing, so straight forward and unpretentious; she isn't trying to impress her readers, she is telling about the books she has enjoyed, and very well too.

I enjoyed Ted White's reviews more this time, still a little on the lengthy side but less viperous. Perhaps a little humility Ted? To say I do not like this or that rather than this or that is bad, might make people consider what you are saying rather than who is saying it?

As a Gilbert & Sullivan fan I had a great chuckle over, "I Am the Very Model of a STF Tycoon." Extremely well done, if only I had the breath to sing it.

The final sentence of Leigh Edmond's most interesting piece is very relevant to fandom and fanish history. "You can't eat egoboo." Indeed you can't, the very reason why so many fans galliate after a few years' intense activity. The fact that so many fans

are coming back to fandom when they no longer have to spend the same amount of time earning the wherewithal to eat indicates that despite the changes the intrinsic values of Fandom remain constant.

Gregory Benford is a powerful writer. I really seemed to see, hear, touch and feel the emotions of his visit.

Remembrances of Times Lost and Memories of the Nunnery were indeed fun to read and, to use the current catch phrase, "Time Binding." I don't often read of fan parties today except for small affairs held for visiting fans but parties were still a fairly regular feature of British fandom well into the 70s. Some of my fondest memories are of fan parties held here. Not so much specific incidents or even more than a handful of names, mostly the general ambience. One fan in particular, whose blushes I will spare as I feel he would be embarrassed by being named for kindness, always came early to help me prepare and stayed late to help me tidy up. Every one brought food and drink and if they stayed over got their own breakfast. I didn't even have to send out the invitations. I left that to two fans whose judgment I trusted.

All I had to do was sit and talk, a real hardship, as I'm sure you can imagine. During one such party I recall being somewhat amazed that so many people (36 at one time) had managed to squeeze into our small living room and kitchen. I retired somewhat earlier than most and was even more amazed in the morning by the number who had found space to sleep over (mostly on the floor as all but four makeshift beds had been occupied by my own family) and professed to have slept well and comfortably. Of course in an out of the way town like Wantage there was no danger of gate crashers.

What a wooden spoon wielder is Rodney Leighton. I suspect he knew darned well that I would not care for that clumsy and ugly sounding title Ms. I have happily been Mrs for 38 years but you, Mr Leighton, can call me Pamela if you wish to address me. Of course I'm concerned about equal pay, education, and job opportunities not only for women but also for inner city children, disabled people and ethnic minorities. I have no time for political correctness or such nonsense as Ms. There again I have never felt less than equal. You are quite right, though, as with yourself some grandparents are barely past their full flush of youth. Even gray hairs signify nothing. Our daughter has, if anything, more gray hairs than I do.

John Tipper, PO Box 487, Strathfield NSW 2135 Australia

Reading Andrew Murdock's letter gave me a warm feeling inside. It's good to come across someone carrying on a tradition of zine publishing and all the things which go with it. Good also to read an optimistic letter unlike others which seem to paint many old timers as doom and gloom merchants. Hang in there, Andrew.

Funny how difficult it is to come up with something worth putting into print, considering the large number of letters to be found in issue 3/3. My letter in that issue must have been composed after a heavy day. The movie I'd been trying to connect with the

Oakland Bridge was Detective Story. A big blunder there as it concerned the NYPD and was filmed on location. The Brooklyn Bridge, perhaps? As for the storm water channels in Them, yep, they're in LA. The Terminator movies also used them for location shots.

Rob Hansen's letter gave me a laugh, sandwiched in between those of Rodney Leighton and Peter Brodie who are actually one and the same person. I know Peter, I've even seen Peter and I speak to him regularly on the phone. But I know your secret now, old pal. The X-Files have revealed all. You travel along the fiber-optic cable between Oz and Canada and lead two lives.

Sharon N. Farber, 1000 Panorama Dr. Chattanooga TN 37421-4027

Thanks for the zine. Nice Articles, nice production, nice graphics. I was surprised to see art from Trina--I knew her vaguely in my brief underground cartoon days and didn't know she was into s-f. But then, though I was born and raised in San Francisco, I was unaware of organized fandom. My friends and I had found an article in F&SF about fandom, and since the numbers ended long before 1968 we thought that meant we were on our own. So we started an s-f club and fanzine at Lowell High with no guidance, reinventing the wheel. It rolled, but not well.

I was surprised by the animosity to Riker in your letter column. He began, like all Next Gen characters, as bland and far too well-adjusted, and slowly developed his own personality. Granted, the ain't-I-a-little-devil smile that he thinks he's a lot smarter and a lot naughtier than he really is can be grating. And there's his xenophilia--taking to heart a bit much the Federation philosophy of diversity, extending it to eating weird cuisines and sleeping with anatomically unusual aliens.

I've found the trick to liking Riker is to consider the above traits, and then compare him to old college friends. Isn't he that immature guy in your dorm who dragged you to the awful Terkestan raw-meat restaurant and then went home with the waitress?

Tom Feller, PO Box 13626, Jackson, MS 39236

My relatives in rural southern Wisconsin tell me that coyotes have become such a serious problem that it is legal to hunt them year round. They are feeding on pets and livestock and have no natural enemies.

I enjoy rock dances at cons, and they are a tradition at Gulf Coast conventions. About a year and a half ago, I foolishly attended a gaming con in New Orleans. (I had to be in the area on business anyway, so what the heck?) I spent most of my time in the movie room and attended what I thought was going to be a dance with a live rock band. I discovered that the band's music was impossible to dance to and that was their intention. They regarded themselves as a concert band, and they had a substantial following in the area. Those followers packed the room, sat on the floor, and, from what I could observe, were perfectly happy to passively listen.

My experience is that the best way to handle criticism such as Ted White of Southern fans is to ignore it. Since it is not

Surrealists' Ball



meant in any constructive manner, there is nothing you can do to satisfy the critic. If you're satisfied with what you're already doing, then it's best to continue and not worry about the Ted Whites of the world.

I just saw the Deep Space Nine episode that has Kira and Bashir finding themselves in the "Mirror, Mirror" universe of the original series. Fascinating, as Spock would say. Kirk would have noticed Kira in the black skin-tight outfit. My pulse rate certainly jumped.

My information about the Hugo for Dramatic Presentation is different from George Flynn's, at least for Nolacon in 1988. The studio that produced Robocop sent a camera crew to record their expected victory. When they lost to Princess Bride, they offered the film to the rep of the other movie. I can't remember his name, but the rep was also on a panel at Noreascon 3. He did not expect his film to win as it was the year of Roger Rabbit. Seth Goldberg and David Bratman, who ran the Hugos for ConFrancisco and Canadian can clear up any misunderstanding.

Michael Pargman, Fagelstavagen 14A, S-124 33 Bandhagen, Sweden

Fan activities in Sweden are at a low point at the moment. ConFuse was canceled this year and just this week I got news that Fantastika, the largest Swedish con (biannual ca 250 participants) has been postponed (canceled?) because of lack of advance memberships. So for 1994 I have to put my hope to Intercon in Oslo, Norway next weekend (August 12-14). They usually manage to get some British fans and try to keep 30% of the programming in English. Visitors from Sweden understand about 70% of spoken Norwegian and they understand us even better. Me and three fans will go by car (600 km) and we hope for a great con.

It's about time I said something about myself (at least to you, since I don't expect you to know me). I'm in my early 30s and I joined fandom well after my teenagers, but science fiction has always been my kind of literature and I have a passion for books. Maybe because of my late entry, fandom is only a part of my active life (and that's a necessity if you want to survive as a fan in Sweden). I have been around several sub-

cultures like gaming (board games only), comics, music, frisbees, etc., and I'm the secretary of one of the largest chess clubs in Stockholm. When I don't occupy myself with anything of the above I also fiddle around as a technical writer, doing user manuals for the computer systems of the Swedish saving banks.

The world is certainly getting more and more intense, and there are so many things that want the attention of young people today. And in order to get that attention organizations try to pick up kids at earlier and earlier ages. In Sweden, sf fans really haven't wanted kids to join fandom (they're just a problem when it comes to liquor, etc.). They'd prefer if the kids wait and turn up when they're 17 or 18, and by then they should be ready to do everything, publish fanzines, organize cons, etc. But at that time they're already into gaming or music or comics or something else. And if they have any talent for writing, they're already started with a gaming or comics fanzine and then they'll stick to that.

John Baxter, 18, rue de l'Odeon, 75006 Paris, France

I moved to LA from Australia in 1989, where I lived for a year and a half, and got to know some very pleasant people - and Harlan Ellison. I even attended a few cons, at one of which Aussie pro Terry Dowling and I caucused in a Marriot coffee shop. Australian SF Writers in the Western Hemisphere. Turnout = 100%.

Not that I write much sf these days. I'm almost totally occupied with books about movies, especially since I married a French lady and moved to Paris, movie scholarship capital of the world, five years ago. My biography of Federico Fellini was published last year, in the week he died; a sad coincidence but, as the publicist said, rubbing her hands, great for sales. St. Martins are doing it in the US this fall. I've just now finished one on Luis Bunuel, which took me back to LA again briefly last summer to talk to Dan O'Herlihy, star of Bunuel's *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*.

Other guests for lunch the day I met with him were the dean of Dan's old Dublin university and a friend, en route to Florence to take up some academic appointment.

Clearly they only knew him as the man who played Macduff to Orson Welles' Macbeth and in Huston's *The Dead*. When I recalled his scene in *Robocop*, they were obviously baffled. I started to describe it, but Dan began to hop about in his seat: never do an actor's lines in his presence. It's like asking a cook what's in the soup. He was delighted to finish the scene, including his great line - the one reason he'd agreed to do the film, he said - where the mogul looks up from the bloody carnage wreaked when Robocop Mk I goes wild in the boardroom, and says to his minion, "I'm very disappointed." The Dubliners could hardly wait to grab their hats and leave.

I enjoyed Greg Benford's reminiscence of visiting Chesley Bonestell. First-person reports like this are gold in my business, and there are never enough of them. Leigh Edmonds is right that the oral tradition distorts the record even as it entertains. In fact the amusement value of an anecdote is usually in inverse proportion to its accuracy. Sheridan Morley, Robert's son and now a critic and biographer in London, recalls coming home from David Niven's house in Klosters with Noel Coward, and having Coward and his friends rate Niven's new versions of his stories, marking him on a scale of 1 to 10 for the way he'd embellished and perfected them since the Christmas before.

Which leads me to ask, incidentally, if any reader has a Stanley Kubrick story, since I'm working on a book about him. Anyone had any meetings or encounters with the great man? If so, I'd be very grateful to hear from them.

And to have more copies of HAB-
AKKUK.

Andy Sawyer, 1, The Flaxyard, Woodfall Lane, Little Neston, South Wirral L64 4BT, England

Ain't fandom wonderful. There's JF Haines wondering about synchronicity when all these years I've been kicking myself for not buying that album I saw from a band named HP Lovecraft some time in 1968. And now it takes a letter in a fanzine published in California to inform me that someone in practically the next town is a fan of the band and has got the albums! I will be writing to John pretty damn quickly.

Thanks to Steve Sneyd for the plug for the SF Foundation. Can I pick up the point he makes about the MA course requiring a degree in Literature though? (Actually, the official course requirement specifies something like "literature or related": there is a difference as the Philosophy department, for one, has a big input in the course.) This is something that has been pointed out to me several times. The point that many SF writers have an academic science background is of course true (and more appositely, many SF fans have an interest in or educational background in science). However, we don't read their novels as science books. We read them as works of literature. Yes, we need to know the background to the works, just as when studying Shakespeare we need to know something of why he wrote the kind of literature he did, but in the end, we're applying the disciplines of literary studies rather than assessing the writers as to how

effective their science or academic knowledge is. While a course which looked at SF specifically from the point of view of science would be interesting, there are already such courses in existence, in the USA at least. The number of courses which take SF as an aspect of literature (rather than slumming in the swamps of genre as a curiosity or taking a low-level approach to attract students who don't read much) is few. I don't think there are any others or quite this mode in the UK.

SF writers without a scientific academic background? Well, there's Olaf Stapledon (who will be strongly featured at Liverpool), Philip K. Dick (ditto) (I don't believe he completed his academic studies but they weren't in science) and William Gibson, whose academic credentials are I think in literary and film studies. There's Ian Banks and Colin Greenland, who has a PhD (on the SF of the "New Wave"). I've probably missed

It's a good story, and one that I've cited a fair few times, but the author isn't always aware of everything that's in his work. Why should he be? Like most writers, Shakespeare (a) wrote for the rent and (b) wrote to knock the shit out of the competition because that was the way that (a) came true and (c) knew that what he was doing was partly a matter of careful design and partly a matter of letting the brakes off the unconscious because that was the way (b) came true. (And I bet the same goes for Jack Williamson who's taught SF at university level for a good long while and knows both sides of the fence.)

Thanks anyway, Steve, for the plug, and can I echo it: the Science Fiction Foundation needs You! And thanks yourself, Bill, for HABAKKUK. I enjoyed Debbie Notkin's reviews and Ted White's fanzine column. But most of all, I enjoyed the Brad Foster cartoon on page 71. I could do with a thousand copies of it to bludgeon people with.

*** (If I'm not mistaken it would appear that UK academia is still wrapped up in what CP Snow called the Two Cultures problem in books he wrote 30-40 years ago. It would seem that SF could possibly bridge this gap. In fact, wasn't this an underlying subtext to a lot of stf from the Golden Age on, especially in ASF, at least until Campbell got sucked into all sorts of specious pseudoscience during the 50s? Of course techno-nerds who apply for the program would have to come up to lit. crit. standards to be eligible, but that should be easily accomplished. D.R.)***

Kim Hainsworth, 833 N Lucia St. Redondo Beach, CA 90277

I am happy to know that someone else besides myself finds *ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY* a big waste of trees. Ted White is 100% right on this one. I received AQ without ever having heard of it before and my first thought was that it was too perfect-looking to be any good. (I think this comes from being a teacher's aide-- I've noticed that poor students will often go to great lengths to make their papers as perfect-looking as possible, with fancy typefaces, illustrations, etc.) I admit that this is a trifle judgmental, but as I read, my first impression was justified. AQ was all style and no substance, delivered in a cutesy, in-joke way. It was the first fanzine I've ever read which I had no desire to finish--although I did finish it, hoping it would get better. It didn't. My 12-year old cousin really like the illustrations of Art Nouveau ladies with long, flowing hair, though. She cut them out and taped them to her wall, so I guess the zine wasn't a total loss.

I loved your tales of the Dive years as well as Art Saha's remembrances. The Arena is terrific--don't change a thing. Almost every letter contained some fact or comment which intrigued me, which is true of every letter I read. For the sake of brevity I shall replay only to the topic I've been hearing an awful lot about lately--namely, lack of fanzine participation by teenagers. Now, I am twenty-six, which is perhaps a little in the tooth to be speaking for the Clearasil crowd, but I do attend college and come into contact with a lot of the little critters on a day-to-day basis. I'd like to dispel a couple of rumors. They can

read and they can write. Surprise! They may not do either as much as some people did back in the good old days (when were those?) but I think that they've been done a disservice by the media, which presents everyone under twenty as ignorant, illiterate and glued to a Nintendo machine.

Not true--I know of three people on my campus alone who publish fanzines! In fact, there are all kinds of fanzines out there published by people in their teens and twenties--FACTSHEET 5 is chock full of them. They aren't traditional SF fanzines, that's all. They're about music and roadtrips and awful McJobs and poetry and other things of interest to people in their teens and twenties--which, incidentally, includes SF. The reason why they don't get into traditional SF fanzines is because #1, they're not easily available to people who aren't plugged into the convention circuit, and #2, even if they did discover them I don't think they're terribly interested in stories about cons that happened before they were born, no matter how fascinating. When you're young, you want to have your own good times, not listen to stories about other peoples'.

The average fanzine fan is forty to sixty, as far as I can tell. When I was a teenager I thought of fortyish people as having one foot in the grave--a ridiculous attitude, I agree, but a normal one. If anyone had told me that in a few years I'd be involved in a community of people my grandparents' age, I would have laughed. It's nothing personal--it's just the way of the world. One just assumes that one doesn't have much in common with people of older generations, and it takes time to discover otherwise. When I saw my first fanzine I was pretty disappointed that so much of the material dealt with the past, but I was interested enough to keep writing and stay involved, and now I really enjoy reading fanzine history.

I think I'm an exception, though. Sad as it might seem, the things that you all love so much about fanzines--the reminiscing, the jokes, the stories, the everybody-knowing-everybody atmosphere, the traditions--are the very things that most young people want to break away from. They don't want the tail end of someone else's literary traditions. I hope no one will get the impression that I'm suggesting that SF fanzines change in order to attract younger readers. I am not. I am simply trying to point out why they aren't going to come on their own. Me, I read all the zines I can get my hands on, whether they're about SF, alternative music, sightings of the Virgin Mary in locales around the world, or way to get even with your evil co-workers... Anyone who thinks that young people aren't putting out fanzines anymore should come check out my overflowing mailbox before passing judgment!

John McLaughlin, 247-19th Ave #6, San Francisco, CA 94121

HABAKKUK has been one of the brightest lights in a dismal year of fanac dominated by the unpleasant experience of working on BayCon '94 (more on that some other time).

I've always appreciated Ted White's fanzine reviews, and I love his approach. His review of YHOS reminded me that I've got to



out a few, but there you go, I'm not feuding with Steve, just making a point. (Actually, I admire the writers I've cited tremendously, but I do think that there is something about a "hard science fiction" novel, written by a writer who is both fairly intimately involved in the science featured in it and a first-rate writer, which is an astonishingly rewarding experience.)

I hope we can explore some of these areas over the next few years in Liverpool. These writers are, I think, actually fairly rare, but not as rare as all that. Stan Robinson's "Mars" novels are deeply-researched and well-written, thought-provoking on a number of levels, while to go back to the "classics" I think that the quality of Arthur C. Clarke's writing when he is concentrating on some idea that excites or moves him has actually been overlooked or ignored even by SF fans.

The story involving Shakespeare flunking a course on his own plays is, I think, by Isaac Asimov, but I couldn't swear to it.

write Art Widner and get back on his mailing list (I lost track of Art when he moved from Orinda). I see that I didn't need to take many grains of salt with Ted's comments about Guy Lillian, having read Guy's own words in "The Arena" (grin). Here's hoping "Trenchant Bludgeon" will be a permanent feature.

I've spent most of my fanac time over the last decade working on conventions. The biggest drawbacks have been: (1) I haven't had much time to socialize with fans outside convention committees (and all they tended to do was gripe about running cons--which got old quick); and (2) I haven't had enough time to do the things that got me interested in fandom in the first place--like reading the latest f&sf books and fanzines, and watching films and TV shows.

So Debbie Notkin's book reviews are always a godsend, because I have no idea of what's out there these days that's worth buying and reading (and from what I've seen and heard, most fans are afflicted with having too much product from which to choose). Thanks to HABAKKUK, I now have Frank Robinson's "The Dark Beyond the Stars" at the top of my "buy and read" list.

I was on KPFA radio's Probabilities program (co-hosted by Dick Lupoff and Richard Wolinsky) promoting BayCon '94 back in May, and was asked by the lady that's joined Dick and Richard as the third co-host if I could recommend some good sf to read. I told her to call the Other Change of Hobbit and ask Debbie Notkin. Debbie knows.

They didn't get into the issue on air, but they all seemed upset at the lack of good sf in the current marketplace. Richard Wolinsky in particular thought both the Hugo and Nebula nominees left much to be desired, and asked if I had any idea why so much of today's sf is so bad.

I said I thought it was because sf has become "pop culture" in America today. So the people who call the shots at the publishing houses are making their decisions on what to print and promote based on the material's appeal to the lowest common denominator, just like network television. Like the cliché about a favorite restaurant not being able to survive being "discovered," sf's quality has suffered because of its current popularity and marketability.

Am I oversimplifying the issue? Sturgeon's Law aside, why is there so much garbage sf out there?

"Memories of the Dive," "Memories of the Nunnery," "Remembrance of Time Lost" were great! I didn't discover sf fandom until 1973, so these articles, combined with the reminiscences of your readers, really told me a lot about Fandom before my time.

For example, I've always enjoyed Trina Robbins' art, and her viewpoint; but I never knew she was a part of sf fandom. My exposure to Trina was based on comics fanzines of the mid to late 60s, underground comix, and conventions. It was quite a trip to discover she's been an active Fan since the 50s!

"The Arena" is perfect just the way it is. Keep editing as needed, and keep that lettercol long!

Sorry to hear Scott Spence feels he's been beaten over the head with the traditions of fandom's previous generations. Perhaps this comes from too many older fans insisting

the fandom of their youth is TruFandom (or 'real' fandom, if you prefer), and today's fandom, composed as it is of so many diverse groups, is not. Is this a refusal to accept the fact that fandom has evolved over the years (like it or not), and will never be the comfortably small community it used to be? Or is it a reaction to the sad reality that far too many of today's fans just don't give a damn about history?

Since fandom is a reflection of the society from which its members come, and given the society we have today, is it any surprise that our community is overpopulated by rude people who don't read, collect or work on fanzines, or want to learn the traditions of generations past? They've been raised on sound bites, video bites, and mass media completely oriented towards a short attention span. No wonder they think fandom is a spectator sport.

Brian-Marie McLaughlin, 247-19th Ave #6, San Francisco, CA 94121

Thanks you very much for mailing HABAKKUK to my husband and me. John has been a fanzine fan for 25 years, but I--a whippersnapper who is relatively new to fandom--have not previously been exposed to the history I am finding within the pages of your publication. It saddens me somewhat to think of all I have missed. And it saddens me to think that very little of the sense of pride and history of F&SF fandom has been in residence at present-day conventions.

Case in point: I was working in BayCon '94's programming department as the flunkie who places the butcher-paper schedule grid on the wall and scoots everything around on Post-It Notes until it fits. I submitted the draft of the final programming schedule to the Chairman, Craig Nicolai, for inspections, and on the first of May, 1994, he called me, sounding very upset, and told me not to use "strange words that nobody would understand." I told me I didn't know what strange words he was referring to. Then he read a description of a programming item that went something like "(Name of participant whose name I don't recall) and friends get together to discuss local fanac and its future in the Bay Area." (or something like that. I don't have my notes anymore...) I said, yeah, what's the problem? I understood all of those words. Mr Nicolai wanted to know what the hell "fanac" meant. I told him it was short for "fannish activity," and to leave it in the description, for anybody who was remotely fannish would know what the word meant. Mr Nicolai then said he guessed that meant he wasn't much of a fan, and I said I guessed not. I was fired on the second of May, and do not plan to make the mistake again of working with any group of people who claim to represent Fandom without knowing its history.

With the advent of affordable and easy-to-use desktop publishing, it was become apparent that any yamhead with a computer and a printer and a marginal knowledge of Pagemaker can print something requiring a staple on its spine and call it a fanzine without really knowing what fanzine fandom is all about. Does this mean fanzines are being produced by illiterate Generation X Nintendo-Heads who have No Fucking Idea how to tell shit from Shinola? Unhappily, in

some cases, yes. It is my opinion that fanzine fandom has become bogged down with some flotsam that would not exist except for simplification of publishing methods over the years. I wonder how much more carefully their words would be considered if they had to type stencils and fiddle around with a mimeograph?

I have really enjoyed your publication reading about the way things used to be. I wish there were still someplace here in the Bay Area that could offer the sort of "family gathering" atmosphere that is so absent/lacking at conventions nowadays. Fandom needs to be more of a family, instead of a whole bunch of little bitty conventions under one rood, the way the most recent Worldcon appeared to present itself.

Oh well, I guess I missed out. Most of the "fans" who are in charge of running things these days are standing around telling



each other that the flies bussing around their shoes are status symbols.

Thanks again for a wonderful fanzine.

Joseph T. Major, 4701 Taylor Blvd #8, Louisville, KY 40215-2343

I understand that the big thing of straight men for Lesbian porno novels (and lesbian scenes in videos) is that in ordinary sex scenes the man participating in a sense comes between the woman participating and the man reading/viewing. No other man there means no such barrier; the man can more easily imagine himself with either of the women there (or both, since a two-and-one scene is often found in male fantasies). Much the same, or so I hear, applies to women and scenes with gay men. Perhaps we should ask Dick Geis.

There also is the old feeling of "I love



Kirk and I love Spock (or whatever male media characters apply) and those I love should love each other." In the real world, of course, that is the sort of formula that produces intensely boring parties with the host chirping at first one guest and then another to fill the vast void into which these people with only one thing (well, person) in common have fallen.

Ted White discounts the possibility that would-be fanzine fans are going into zines. Perhaps so. The content of what zines I have seen--and I will be the first to admit I have not seen a representative sample, for what it is worth--has not been particularly inspiring. The dominant content seems to be collage--stick together a collection of ads and photos from several dozen magazines off the newsstand, add a chopped-up block of prose calling itself poetry, copy it all off, and you seem to be on the way to being a Big Name.

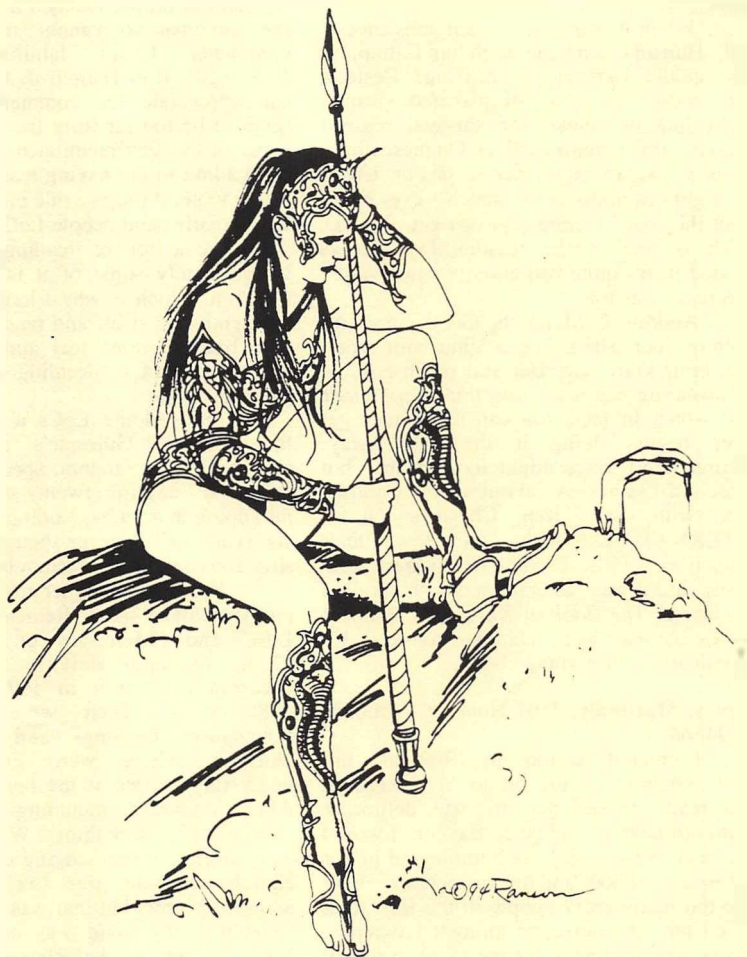
But media fans do have their own fanzines. I sat through a lecture by Star Trek fan, fanwriter, and pro writer Jean Jorrah a few years ago on fanzines. She explained how the costs of fanzines were going up. One was perfect-bound, so they all now had to be perfect-bound. One had a stiff cover, so they all had to have stiff covers. One had a color cover, so they all had to have color covers. Admittedly it was blatantly clear that she was talking about media fiction zines, not publications like HABAKKUK. It shows though that a kind of fanpubbing is alive and kicking in media. ((Albeit with the editors as wintable small press publishers.))

Martin Taylor has done something worth remembering in expounding the Taylor Theory of sitcom: "The 'first series (Brit: Yank equivalent being 'season') is spent wondering what you can do, the second actually doing it, and the third asking yourself why you bothered in the first place." It explains Star Trek so well--which, you will recall, lasted three seasons, with the first marked by their wondering what they could do, the second by actually doing it, and the third, well enough of the third.

As he points out, this is happening to books as well. Every new book series seems to be a 'property,' something to be usefully exploited and carried on. This is why you see volumes of 'Isaac Asimov's Robot City by William Wu' and 'Arthur C Clarke's Venus Prime by Paul Preuss' on the shelves in your friendly neighborhood bookstore (next to volumes of 'rex Stour's Nero Wolfe by Robert Goldsborough' and 'Ian Fleming's James Bond by John Gardner.')

Love the Stiles slant on the Brighton seashore and its postcards!

Allow me to stick in a plug for a book that fans should find informative, interesting, and enlightening: *Watch the Skies!: A Chronicle of the Flying Saucer Myth* by Curtis Peebles (Smithsonian Institution Press; \$24.95; ISBN 1-56098-343-4). Peebles recounts the evolution of views on flying saucers, from the original questioning of the purpose of those flying disks to the current view of the aliens as semi-malevolent genetic experimenters and underhanded political conspirators. The saucerians' views of astronomy (like say that the Moon has an atmosphere and growing things) would be laughable were it not that there are people out there who take this sort of thing seriously.



Alan Sullivan, 30 Ash Road, Stratford, London, E15 1HL, England

Slash fiction writers (male or female) need no encouragement from the TV. They have plenty of ideas as it is, more than enough if they've been drinking, and a quite unfeasible number if they've been drinking with the Filkers. In fact, there seems to be more than little bit of merging going on between Filkdom and Slashdom (at least in the UK) at present. It makes for some, ahem, "interesting" filk songs, anyway. The Hedgehog Song, which originated in Terry Pratchett's Wyrd Sisters, has been written, and is constantly being added to. As the author said when he was sent some of the lyrics: "Deary, deary me..."

So one Fan's ditchwater, is another's dishwater (what a thought). Isn't language wonderful?

Fanzine Fandom And... (Leigh Edmonds): I never really got into history as a subject, when I was taught it at school. There was so little of any real interest to me. They were long on information, short on interesting stories. Legend-type stories, myths and sagas--now they were interesting, but short on facts. So, you end up stuck between the two.

I've read THEN 4, and it is of interest in an academic sense, partly because I'm interested in Fandom as it was, and how it got to be as it is, and partly because there are events I've heard people tell about. However, that said, I would have like to have read a few more of the anecdotes and stories around the

events. The problem Rob Hansen is facing is how to get in the relevant facts and keep the important anecdotes, to hold the readers' interest--which raises the question of which anecdotes are to be taken as being important and meaningful. He's frankly not got an easy task on his hands, writing a semi-formal history of Fandom in the UK. Hats off to the man for trying.

I like the idea of having a body of Fannish legend and myth though - and I think that there's room for both in their weird and wonderful world of ours. History to be the basis of the legends, legends to bring colour to the history. Get me a bard and a cleric, there's definitely a saga in this...

On Cats: They Know. Some say it is a touch of psi, although my theory is that cats have a fixed idea of the respective duties of Humans and Cats. Humans are responsible for feeding, cleaning and generally taking care of Cats (as far as cats are concerned). Thus, they are automatically to blame for any problems in those areas, as well as problems with the weather, and any pain and indignities suffered. You are Human, specifically the one who provides food and is generally responsible for the cat's well-being, therefore you are to blame for any suffering/humiliation, eg: having him debailed. So... Rest assured, you're not the only one to fall victim to this. My younger brother used to cause grave annoyance to a cat we had once (about 10 years back). One day, the cat located my brother's school bag - and sprayed

it with ripe *eau de tomate*. Like I said - Cats Know.

When it comes to certain substances - well, Humans don't get high on Catnip, so why should Cats enjoy sniffing? Besides, cats must have a deep-seated primal fear/dislike of smoke for survival reasons (smoke = fire = runlikehell...). On mescaline - it sounds like an experience to savour. Under the right circumstances, natch. I've heard about the "bad" feeling you can get on LSD, which is one of the reasons I've always avoided it. It's quite bad enough when you're a depressive as it is.

Andrew C Murdoch: Good points on pubbing your ish. Doing a 'zine with typer, glue, craft knife, Letraset and much cussing and swearing can teach you things computer DTP won't. In fact, you can sometimes get better results doing it the "old" way. Computerland 'zines might look smart - but there is a "sameness" about them. Contrast them with, say, Ken Cheslin's OLAF ALTERNATIVE, with its low tech production, swirls, decorative outlines (one review said it was "as crammed with doodled sketches as *The Book of Kells* with spirals") and occasional hand coloured covers. It's individualistic, if nothing else.

Garv S. Mattingly, 7501 Honey Ct. Dublin, CA 94568

I entered fandom in 1969 and my father wouldn't let me go to St. Louiscon. That really pissed me off. He definitely would not have let me go to Baycon. I would have been between my sophomore and junior year in high school and he was certain there were too many crazy people in the Bay Area at the time. Of course, he thought Lawrence, Kansas was too liberal for me to go to school at KU at that time. I do wish I could have gone to Baycon. I worked on the bidding committee for MidAmericon (the worldcon). I took Coors to East Coast conventions. I never understood what was that great about Coors.

Ted White's fmz reviews are well written but unfortunately I have read none of the fanzines so cannot make too many comments. I am familiar with Greg Pickersgill, Rob Hansen & Guy Lillian so I can appreciate the comments. They don't seem to be too far from the mark. I do have some of the fmz mentioned in Ch 3 V3, but must admit to not having read them yet. I am trying to get through a pile of current fanzines and actually send people LoCs to thank them. There is a lot of reading there though. Unfortunately some of it is more drudgery than fun, which is why I have a tendency to frequently put it off and read books. At least with books I don't feel quite so bad about reading part of it, deciding it's garbage and putting it aside.

Enjoyed the LoCs a lot. Particularly found Bruce Gillespie's comment about growing old in fandom, specifically "What's this slim, dashing twenty-six-year-old (i.e. me) doing in a tubby, balding body of a forty-six year old?" I never thought of myself as slim and dashing but I can relate nevertheless.

I enjoyed the other articles in Ch 3 V3, but particularly liked "Remembrance of Time Lost" and "Memories of the Nunnery." Things similar to activities in these articles occurred in Detroit in 1975 through, um, 1980 or so. There were Wayne Third Foundation meetings and Seldons Plan clubzine. There were entertaining and interesting parties at the house of Paul and Alice Madarasz, including indulgences in various and sundry things. We even had some entertaining Gospel singing coming from the church across the street (well, I think it was across the street but that was a while ago and frequently my mind was on other things). Why we even had Autoclaves. When I moved to San Francisco there were also many entertaining parties, people coming and going. I think there was a San Francisco Westcon in there too that had some really entertaining carpets. There were many more visits to clubs for music. Entertaining

moments interspersed between worries about money, relationships and more.

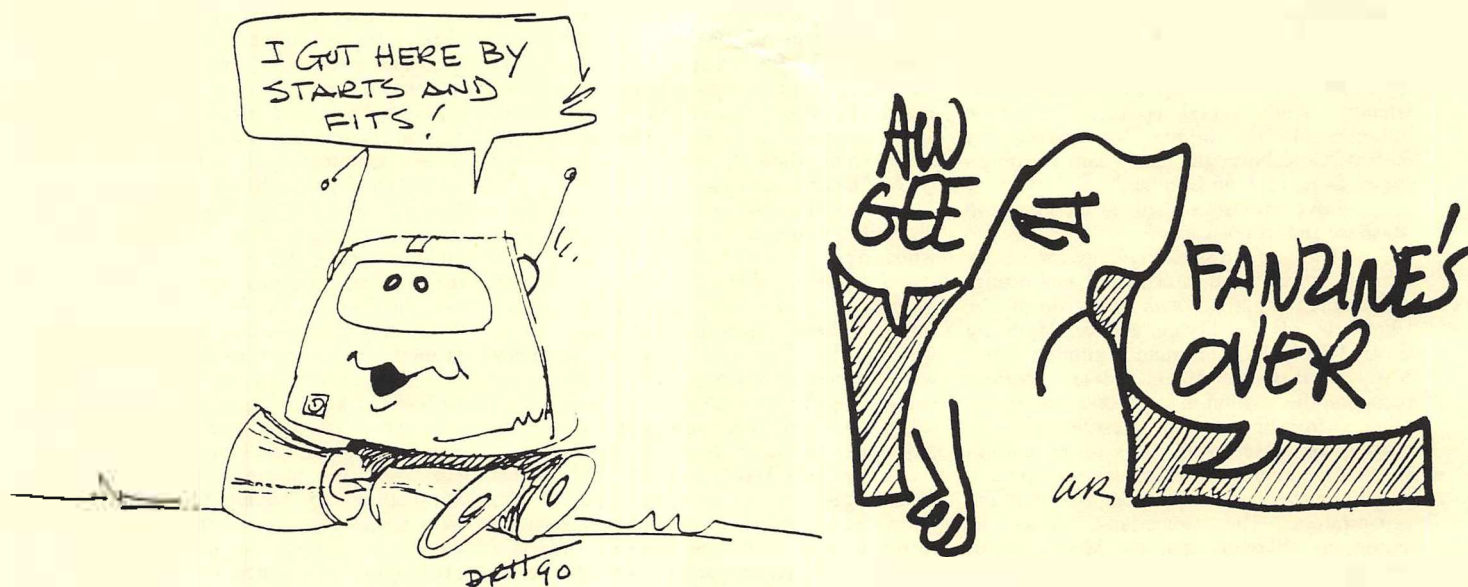
Mike Ashley, 4 Thistlebank, Walderlade, Chatham, Kent, ME5 8AD, England

Because my research in sf and fantasy is usually in the pre WWII period I tend to regard the sixties and even the fifties as recent, so even though it's welcoming to see you back in active circulation, it still doesn't feel that long ago since your last appearance! It's when I see letters from people like Clifton Amesbury in fanzines and know that he was one of the first letter writers in AMAZING back in 1927 that I really shiver at the thought of long years of fannish activity. It's great in your lettercol to see such long-time devotees as Sid Birchby alongside newcomers like Algernon D'Amassa. It doesn't feel that long ago since I briefly corresponded with Don D'Amassa back in the 60s when he was probably his son's age now!

In case you don't know, a few years ago I completed a massive tome all about Hugo Gernsback's days in sf, predominantly the 1926-36 period. Robert Lowndes helped out a lot and also contributed a massive section, his own personal survey of the fiction published in the magazines of that period. This book was due to be published by Starmont House a couple of years ago, but after Ted's death and Starmont's demise the book's now with Rob Reginald of Borgo Press and hopefully will see the light of day in a year or two.

WAHF

Martha Beck, Woody Bernardi, Monika Best, Sheryl Birkhead, Peter Brodie, Chester Cuthbert, Paul DiFilippo, Bruce Gillespie, Ben Indick, Roy Lavender, Adrienne Losin, Brian McNett, David Russell, Janet Stevenson, Mark Strickert, Sally Syrjoka, R-Lauraine Tuohasi, Walter Vincent, Mary Alice Warren, T. Bruce Yerke, and Henry Welch



PHYSICS or the CONFUSED

$$E = \frac{1}{2}mv^2$$

LESSON SEVEN:
"ENERGY CONSERVATION,
the PENDULUM,
and YOU!"

$$a = \frac{F_{net}}{m} = \frac{Wt - R}{m}$$

$$2+2=53$$



I WAS MEANT FOR BETTER THINGS...

©2020 W. Foster, 1983 - FROM AN IDEA BY STEVE (MR. WIZARD) LAFLER!

PROF. ADDLEPATTE, B.v.d.

WITHOUT TENURE, THE PROFESSOR HAS TO KEEP HIS STUDENTS ENTERTAINED...

TO DEMONSTRATE ENERGY CONSERVATION, I WILL USE THIS BOWLING BALL SUSPENDED ON A LINE.

WHERE ARE THE PINS?

SHUSH!

I SWING THE BALL OVER UNTIL IT IS ONLY JUST AT THE TIP OF MY NOSE THEN...

...IT'LL NEVER WORK...

SHH!

...RELEASE IT, ALLOWING IT TO SWING FREELY, WHILE I REMAIN IN EXACTLY THE SAME POSITION...

HE'LL BE SORRY!

...ON ITS RETURN SWING IT WILL NOT STRIKE ME. OF COURSE, AIR FRICTION DOES SLOW IT A BIT...

WOW! HOT DAM! AMAZING!

...BUT IN THE IDEAL CASE WHERE FRICTION IS NEGLIGIBLE, THE KINETIC ENERGY GAINED IS EXACTLY EQUAL TO THE POTENTIAL ENERGY WHICH IS LOST...

SAY WHAT?

HUH?

OMYGOD!!!

A SUDDEN RIPPLE IN THE FABRIC OF TIME & SPACE HAS OCCURRED, CAUSING A QUANTUM LEAP IN THE PHYSICS OF CONSCIOUSNESS!

IN A FLASH, NEWTONIAN LAW IS TRANSFORMED! GALILEAN THEORY IS WARPED! AND EINSTEIN IS SET TO SPINNING IN HIS GRAVE!

... WITH ONE OBVIOUS RESULT!

URK!

SNEK!

SHOULD WE WRITE THAT DOWN?

ASK HIM IF IT'LL BE ON THE TEST.

SOMEWHERE IN SPACE...

THE GODDESSES ARE TRADING COMICS.....

I REALLY LIKE MAGGIE FROM LOVE AND ROCKETS!

ANYONE GOT A LITTLE LULU?

WANNA TRADE FOR WONDER WOMAN?

OOH, LOOK WHAT KATY KEENE IS WEARING!

A CENTURY OF WOMEN
CARTOONISTS

WONDER WOMAN

Trina Robbins '93

MINI
S. NIWWIM

THE
MAGGIE
LOVE AND
ROCKETS

