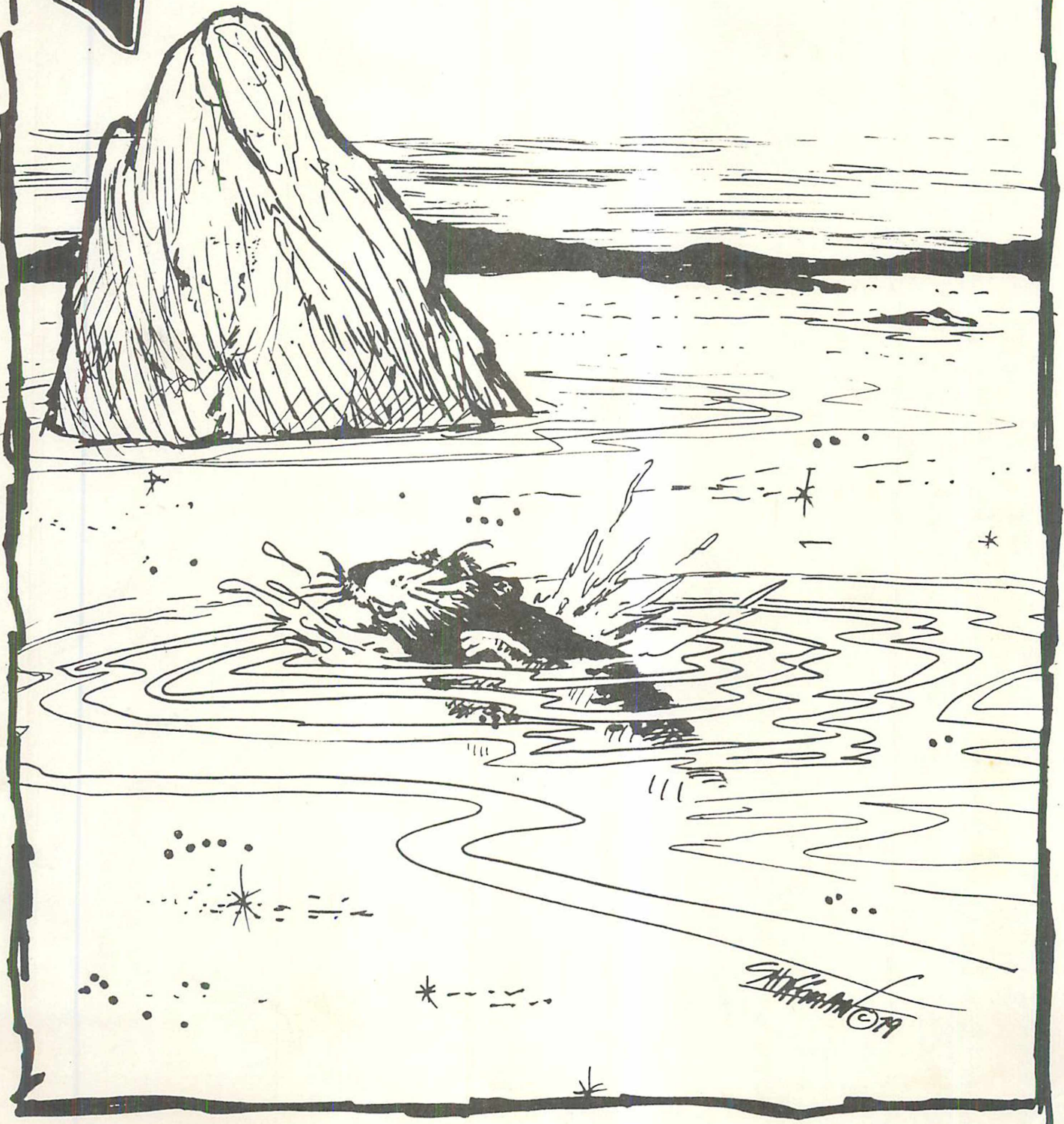


# Mainstream



SHIMAN © 79







ROSOKO PREPARING A STENOIL by Iofanu - c.early 19th.C.

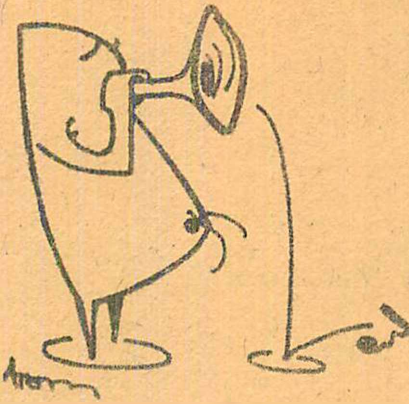
Mainstream #4 is produced and directed by Suzanne Tompkins (AKA Suzle) and Jerry Kaufman of 4326 Winslow Place North, Seattle, WA 98103 (206-633-2375). If it doesn't appear at a theater near you, then send fanzines, art, written stuff, letters of comment or urgent requests containing money (75¢ per copy or three for \$2 will keep us in ink pads) to the above address. This is the October 1979 issue.

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# Bewitched, Bothered and

A month ago, as I write this, I learned to juggle. It came about so: I eat my lunch in an obscure corner of the Seattle Center (a city park built in the remains of the World's Fair) and for several months I'd noticed, out of the corner of my eye, a man practicing juggling daily. One drizzly day I sat in the little covered bandstand, and the juggler joined me. As I munched my sandwich, sitting cross-legged on the concrete stage, he started up a conversation with me.

I'm a slow starter, so I only mumbled a few words back, but when he said, "Have you ever tried to juggle?" I was drawn in. Thoughts of the Flying Karamotsov\* Brothers flew in one ear and out the other, and I stood up. Offering a Fig Newton in exchange for his expertise, I took the little cubic beanbags from John's hand and began dropping them all around. John showed me how to hold them, how high--and when--to toss the next. I found that knowing when to let go was the key, rather like life itself, eh, Eli? (Taoist aside #37---don't collect them all.) "What a tidy metaphor," I thought.

I found that I passed through a number of interesting psychological states as I learned to keep three balls aloft during the following weeks. When I first managed to catch three in a row, my mouth broadened of itself into a silly grin, and I felt I was full of holiness and wonder. As a long-time klutz and incompetent (tell them how well I slipsheet, Fred) I had long been convinced that I could never do something like juggling. The little bags leaped about as though guided from above, and must have landed in my hands by Providence (or by D'Amassa, just east of there). I do believe I achieved satori for a moment.

A few days after my lesson with John, the juggler-guru, I went to the Magus Bookstore, where John told me I could find a supply of juggling balls and beanbags. If I could juggle, John said, I could get the "equipment" at a discount. Sure enough, the storeowner asked me if I could juggle, and handed me three worn red balls to demonstrate with. I think I made five catches in a row, not particularly good, but enough to warrant what amounted to a Professional Discount. I walked out with three cubes sewn from quilting material of bright hues, and a massively, undeservedly swollen head.

As I practiced in those first days, I found myself concentrating hard on placing my hands properly, tossing the beanbags at just the right moment, keeping track of all the moving parts. Juggling took so much concentration that it became a sort of meditation. I was completely involved with action and oblivious to all else.

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\*Spelled wrong, isn't it? I don't have Dostoevsky, Debbie Notkin or a tee shirt handy to check on the correct spelling. But I'm sure you appreciate my creativity. (Footnote courtesy of Jon Singer. Send more, Jon!)



# Bemildred

JERRY KAUFMAN

The next state of mind was also meditative, but now that the movements were becoming reflexive, I found myself musing on everything except juggling. I was still far from perfect, of course, and any slight change I made in the basic pattern forced me back into concentration on my hands and the bright cubes.

At present I am getting a little bored with that basic under-and-up pattern (I think it's called the shower). I've tried to teach myself new patterns, but it isn't easy figuring these things out on my own. John has disappeared from his usual Seattle Center spot. The only other juggler I know is Alan Bostick, recent immigrant from San Francisco, and he is only slightly advanced over myself, and doesn't have the air of being a juggling-evangelist that John did. Meanwhile, I had better keep myself in practice for the day my destined teacher will appear, like the Zen monks who sit zazen daily in order to keep themselves ready for the moment of enlightenment.

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News from the Gold House: We have not arrived at a name for this house, but I suppose "Gold House" will do for now, as the formerly shabby shack is now resplendently gold. For a time our population was five, not three. My brother Bruce stayed here for several months while trying to find permanent work and a place of his own. Succeeding at neither, he has returned to Cleveland. He'll learn to weld, get some experience, and return to Seattle in the future. Also visiting was Fred Haskell. Fred hadn't planned on staying long, but just before leaving San Francisco he lost both of his guitars in a theft. He stayed here while working to make the money to buy a new guitar. He got a Martin 12-string and we got an interesting houseguest. Between Fred and Bruce, things stayed interesting. We'll miss them both.

I've been playing my stereo with the headphones on a lot lately. This is partly because I've been listening to more and more "New Wave" rock; it's also because I've begun to write record reviews for Seattle magazines. My first things were written for Stelazine (now defunct), while currently I'm writing for The Rocket (a monthly). You may think this is great shakes; no, it isn't. I'm still pretty new at this, I really haven't had much published, and I thought that I was getting off the ground with the Pacific Northwest Review of Books last year. This could be another fizzle. But in my usual adrenalin-powered way, I have great hopes.

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It's time for a Great Debate! Let's pick a timely subject...how about the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (might as well throw the Down-Under Fan Fund in, too). And to

begin the debate, here's Mike Glicksohn:

"...I've been getting more and more concerned of late about the way TAFF and DUFF are developing and in response to a Minneapolis fanzine that was promoting a local candidate for DUFF I wrote a response airing those concerns. Basically I questioned that some of the candidates for fan funds aren't really all that well qualified, that they really haven't fulfilled what I see as the requirements for winning such a prestigious reward. And in that piece I stated that while I thought Terry was an ideal candidate for something like TAFF and as much as I liked both Fred and Suzle, I really couldn't see either of them as a TAFF candidate. What I want to make clear is that this is in no way a personal attack on either Fred or Suzle. I consider both to be my friends and I hope they can still consider me that way. And I certainly don't want to seem to be saying things behind anyone's back. If possible, I hope we can air these differences without any rancour or deterioration of personal feelings on anyone's part. /Ed. note: the fanzine Mike refers to must be Quinapalus, which boosted Ken Fletcher and Linda Lounsbury in its most recent issue. An issue with Mike's response hasn't appeared. But it could have been Rune or some other Mpls zine. Don't keep us guessing, Mike./

Essentially, I still see both TAFF and DUFF as funds set up to transport fans who have significantly contributed to fandom on both sides of whichever ocean is involved. The Big Pond Fund, as you recall, was initially set up to bring someone to America who American fans wanted to meet. To me this means someone who has been active in both fandoms and is well-known and respected in both. There's no question that both Fred and Suzle are popular and well-liked people; but I can't help wondering just how much either has done to participate in English fandom or to influence English fans to want to meet them. And it seems to me that neither has done all that much. Fred is mostly known as a con fan and an apa-fan in Minneapolis. Much as he may enrich our fandom, I doubt if he's too well known in England. And Suzle is a very nice person and has co-edited a couple of damn good fanzines but again I just don't see this as a significant enough contribution to fandom as a whole or to English fandom in particular. As a matter of fact, there are very few fanzine editors whom I'd considered had earned a TAFF candidacy strictly on the merits of editing a fanzine. Geis, perhaps, since SFR is such a potent force throughout fandom, but few others. So this definitely isn't anything personal."

I wrote back a card questioning Mike's standards: what did Terry do besides editing Mota? Who besides Terry could possibly fit Mike's description? Who did he think could possibly run for DUFF? And what would we do in future? He wrote back:

"...What has Terry done besides edit about the best of the recent fannish fanzines? Well, if you got as many British fanzines as I do you'd realize that next to me he's been more active in British fanzines than any other North American fan. (You were up near the top of the list a while ago--although admittedly it was a very short list--but you seem to have dropped out of that scene of late.) You're right, of course: by my criterion Terry was the only qualified TAFF candidate. (Well, actually, I think I was qualified as well but I can afford to go anyway and Terry can't so I declined to run against him, even though I think it would have made a pretty exciting race. Anyway, most English fanzine fans have met me and haven't met Terry...) You are also close to being right about the DUFF candidates although I'm happy with Glycer because even if he hasn't been active in Aussie fanzine fandom at least he's published an excellent genzine and a damn good newszine which is a service to fandom everywhere... Then the problem becomes Who Do We Pick Next Time? And why do we pick



them? Is being a nice guy/gal enough? Should we pick our friends, whether they're totally unknown to their prospective hosts or not? I think we've got a lot of thinking to do."

Next voice you hear is me: Mike, your letters raise many questions, some of which are minor quibbles, which I must resist to keep this brief (and reasonable). I'll work on three areas, namely, what is TAFF for (or DUFF), how does a fan fund work, and who shall we send.

First, I see TAFF and DUFF as being different than special funds like the Big Pond Fund, the Bob Shaw Fund or the Tucker Transfer. In each fund the point was that there was one special fan the fund organizers wished to bring or to send. In TAFF and DUFF the point isn't the fan sent: it's the transfer itself. The regularity and mutuality of these funds is meant to encourage greater exchange and understanding between Their fandom and Our fandom. Your understanding is that there should be great contact before entering one of these races. My understanding is that these races should gently create or enlarge contact. Of course the nominees must have some familiarity with their proposed hosts: how else can they get nominated? But the acts of getting nominated, circulating platforms and campaigning do as much to inform the host country about the sending country and vice versa as a TAFF trip itself. And that, I believe, is the point.

So in this sort of fund a competition is necessary. In order to do the most good, the fund must be ballyhoo to all, and a competition (a friendly one, one hopes) is the best way to encourage ballyhoo. Also hoopla and fofaraw. If one person were so obviously a choice, if it appeared a necessity that she or he be transferred, then it would be rather silly to enter into a competition. However, since the point is not that one special person be transferred, but that a transfer take place, then it makes sense to have a competition between a number of "worthy" fans. Furthermore, fans will be more likely to donate money, either as a way of voting for their favorite or simply in support of the fund and the trip.

Your narrow criteria rule out almost everyone from standing for, much less winning, TAFF and DUFF. I'm a lot looser than you. For instance, I would be glad to send Mike Glycer. I would also be glad to send someone whose cartoons have for years defined fandom and the fannish cast of mind, who has given visual expression to Crazy Minneapolis Fandom (who may have invented most of it himself)... and, yes, is a great guy, a friend, and someone who doesn't get to go to Australia too terribly often (Ken Fletcher, donchaknow). Terry was an excellent choice, true. That doesn't make other people bad choices. It also doesn't wipe out the fact that there has to be a choice, and it's us fans who get to make (and pay for) it.

The next voice I expect to hear will be the readers. I sure hope they're more coherent than I am. ((Notes on the above: it took me three drafts to reach the semi-coherence of the above, and it is essentially a fourth, new draft...I know Linda Lounsbury ran for DUFF with Ken, but the fund only paid for one of them, and, though I like Linda, I don't I would have voted for her alone. So I feel justified in citing him alone. Enough of this.))

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Quick notes on this issue: "Trickle" by Terry Garey is the first in a series of paragraphs for Mainstream. She can't quite manage a full column..."Your Basic Straight Person" by Sandra Miesel is the only entry in a series entitled, "Best from Imryrr." Imryrr was edited by Ginger Buchanan and Suzle many years ago. It had one issue. But plans are afoot for several volumes of reprinted fan articles, and a volume of Sandra's humorous work (she's done plenty alone and with John Miesel) is at the top of the list. Stay tuned for further news. ((Oh, here's more news: Our Housemate Bob Doyle is going to marry Marianne Nielsen and move to Edmonton next June. Applications for his rooms are now being accepted.))

Y' BASIC

// STRAIGHT //

PERSON

[Ed. note: It's been ten years since this was written. My how things have changed, haven't they? Haven't they?]

John and I arrived at St. Louiscon Thursday afternoon, flushed with triumph at having successfully negotiated the intricacies of the city's expressway system. Sitting on our suitcases waiting to check in, I scanned the strolling fans. The sights were not especially reassuring. "What's a staid young Indianapolis matron doing in a place like this?" I muttered. What if there were trouble with the authorities? How would a narcotics agent react to the contents of our medicine bottle?

("Why, Officer, the pink and blue ones are vitamins, the yellow ones are vitamins, the crimson and white ones are iron...The big red ones? Aspirin, honest. What do you mean, you never saw shiny red aspirin tablets before?")

Happily, this scenario never materialized.

The first crack in my priggish facade came at the art show. The long, hot drive and the wait to hang my entries had left me desiccated---with nary a fountain in sight. Then a bearded and bizarrely accoutered individual handed me a glass of cold water. Ah, friend, your place is safe on Judgement Day!

Relations between the Convention and the Outside further polarized for us that evening. What promised to be a delightful group expedition to a local Lebanese restaurant proved to be a dreary ordeal at a sub-ordinary American restaurant. The management viewed us with such distaste they kept us waiting two hours for dinner. The hostility engendered by our slightly mod appearance was scarcely soothed when one of the party recited lyrics from Hair within earshot of the waitress. We retaliated, though. I wonder what the next customers thought of the "I Grok" stickers on their menus? Anxious to shake the dust of this accursed place from our feet, we decided to return to the hotel in one trip. Yes, ten people can fit in a Dodge Coronet. No, our ailing radiator did not expire and leave us stranded on the Kingshighway.

Actually, not all Outsiders were so unfriendly. Waiting for an elevator the next day, John and I were approached by a gentleman who politely asked what "St. Louiscon" was. We explained, a bit defensively. But he smiled and inquired further: "Do they perhaps publish a little magazine?" We bravely stifled our hysterics.

An impression that was reinforced time and again in the next few days was the refusal of people to fit rigid categories, stereotypes, and preconceptions. Some

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Reprinted from Imryrr #1, November 1969 with the permission of the author and the connivance of the editors, Suzle Tompkins and Ginjer Buchanan.



## SANDRA MIESEL

with whom I'd crossed swords in print proved delightful in person; authors I'd belittled were revealed as charming and erudite. There were a few disappointments, of course, but very few.

The pros were consistently gracious and approachable --indeed some were entirely too approachable. I'd always been too paralyzed with awe to speak to any of them at regional cons but I finally managed to conquer this affliction. Why had I waited so long?

We were not the only people thinking as well as partying: witness Harlan Ellison's impassioned plea for concern and commitment Sunday afternoon. But we remained unconvinced that SF people have any unique qualifications/obligations to better the world. Each time Mr. Ellison said "fan" or "writer" he could have said "human being." With a few judicious changes his speech could have been delivered with equal appropriateness to the League of Women Voters or a group of seminarians.

My conversion from ruler-straightness was completed that evening. We were dining with two friends in a small restaurant which showed vastly more enthusiasm for fannish patronage than the hotel. As we innocently watched columns of famished fans straggle past the window, we caught the notice of several natives. I am simply not used to being stared at with such obvious aversion. These people evidently regarded long hair as a badge of infamy. One scandalized old man stopped to look twice. What else could we do? We waved at him.

Then on the way back to the hotel, a gas station customer threw a small firecracker at us. By this time I was almost relishing persecution. Visions of noble martyrdom spun before my eyes. When I tried to count a barking dog as further harrassment, John punctured my delusions. He was right, of course--only people can be intolerant.

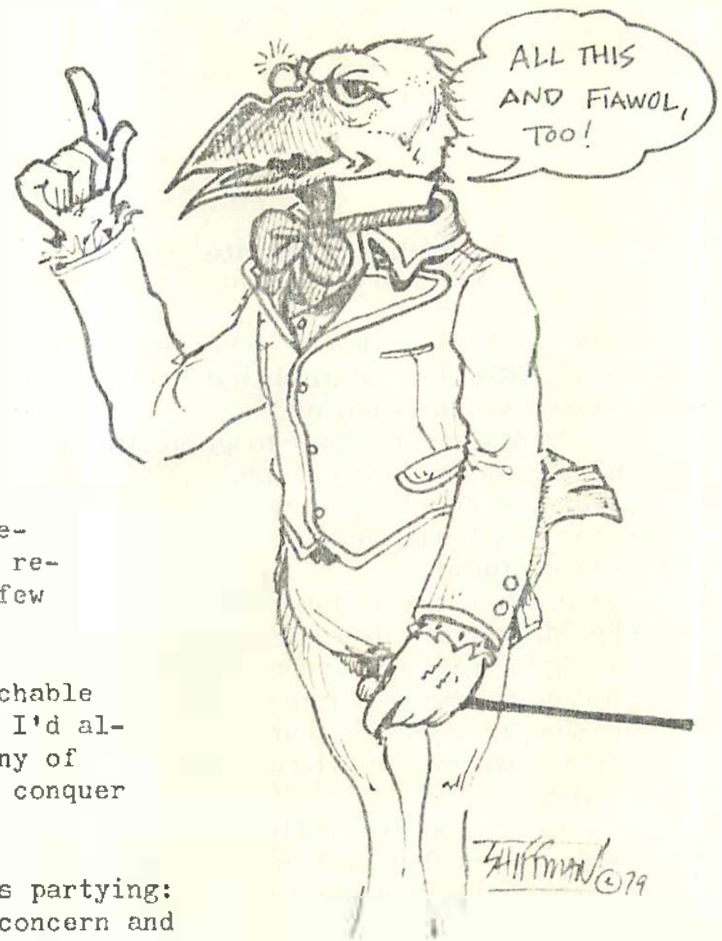
By the end of our stay I was trying to persuade John to grow a beard.

"No use, wifey," he replied. "I'd still seem incorrigibly straight--I always squeeze the toothpaste neatly from the bottom of the tube."

So John will continue to serve fandom by confusing prejudiced Outsiders with his conservative dress and sober demeanor. Even Y'Basic Straight Person has his special role to play.

We reflected on our experiences all the way home. A sign in front of a church in Montrose, Illinois, said it all: "DARE TO BE DIFFERENT."

We'll try.



# THE ONLY

by **Richard LaBonte**  
(special to *Mainstream*)

Years ago, when Georgette Heyer fans and followers of ERBdom outnumbered Trekkers at worldcons, I avoided them all.

Now, in numbers too large to ignore, the ones to watch out for are the cat people.

Not the Cat People. That was a silly movie. I mean the people who think cats are *nice* for people to have around.

Cats are not nice to have around, and the trend in fandom towards celebrating their existence—the WisCon's two-year-old parade of cats is an insidious example—must be stopped.

Cats sleep on your face, tear at your flesh, clog your nose and can seldom be used as footrests or past-times.

They are an aloof breed of beast, as ancient as the treasures of Tut and, in this decade, as trendy as hanging plants and jogging suits.

They inspire normally sane people to mope and emote and emit the most maudlin sentiments; they can cause the most penny-pinching of people to hand over vast sums for specialized care from specializing vets who treat only cats.

They are, to some of us, a bore.

But not to too many fans, and not to John Gault or Raymond Smith.

Gault, once an editor with the Canadian weekly newsmagazine *Macleans*'s, loves his cats so much he made a fool of himself in the January issue of a city magazine, *Toronto Life*; Smith, editor of *Cats Magazine*, makes a living out of printing poems with lines like *Cats and windows seem made for each other...wherever glass is cat is*.

The public display of silliness from Gault came in the Relationships column of *Toronto Life*, a regular feature where the anguish of finding, being in or losing love is regularly examined by earnest writers.

Gault's anguish—his lost love—was a cat dumb enough to fall off a balcony.

"Obviously there is something in cats—in other creatures too, but particularly cats—that brings out the irrational in us, and while I like to think of myself as a relatively reasonable and reasoning human being, I am far from immune," Gault rationalized.

"I have two Siamese cats who, at this very

moment, are lying just a few feet away stretching and languishing and smiling in the mid-afternoon sun. I cannot look at them without thinking how beautiful and sensual they are, about how much I love them and, when I'm in a particularly pensive mood, how much they enriched my life, making the worst of times somehow bearable, and the best of times just that much better."

That's cloying.

When Gault and his wife separated, he lost the apartment but kept the cats; that was fine with him. At a party, when discussing the world food shortage with a stranger, Gault blurted out that "if it ever reached the point where there was no food for my cats, I'd go out and kill a human and feed him to them."

That's irrational.

In another revelation, he confesses that no woman, "no matter how much I love her, could force me to give up my cats as a condition of marriage."

That's extreme.



**GAULT DISCOVERS HIS DEAD CAT, SMITH.**  
"OH, WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN  
MY MOTHER INSTEAD!" HE CRIED.



# GOOD CAT...

And then, wrote Gault, one of his cats died in a fall.

"I thought Smith's (the cat, not the other human character in this account) death was the worst thing that could possibly happen to me. When I found her little body, still warm but broken and lifeless in the flower bed 11 floors below my apartment, I was in hysterics. Two weeks before, my mother had been operated on for cancer, and though I cried it wasn't the same. If she had died, instead of recovering nicely the way she has done, it might have been different, but I could not think—and I know this sounds terrible—that any grief could be greater than what I felt on the cruel death of my beloved Smith."

That's embarrassing.

It's awesome that cats have the power to render talented people tiresome and sensible people silly.

And that brings up the matter of *Cat Magazine*, a monthly publication from Pennsylvania which claims a yearly circulation of 750,000 copies.

The magazine looks as quaint as a hand-knitted tea cosy, with no concessions to the snappy graphics so common these days on any magazine—from scuba diving to dance to the conduct of foreign affairs.

There are dozens of blurry thumbnail-size pictures of Somalis and Toninese and Singapuras and Manx and Korats and Maine Coons and many more breeds, as well as 11 pages of cats-available classifieds and a hundred ads for cat products: Odokleen for cages and Flexports for doors and Crazy Kat beds and cat belt buckles and collections of cats on stamps and Kitty Cots and Cat's Eye Pendants and Kitty-Litter Pans and the Kitty Collage and a catalog offering Christmas gifts for cats and cat breed stationary and appeals for funds to "K.O. Cat Leukemia."

And the Fifth Avenue Cats 1979 Calendar, featuring Buffy and Muffy and Ruffy and Duffy and Wuffy and E. Nuffy.

E. Nuffy? Exactly.

Features include a discussion of why a clump of cats won't feed at the same bowl, an article on how terrific the Tonkinese is (because it is an excellent conversationalist, sheds hardly at all and is clean—and perhaps also doesn't fall off balconies?), and a report on feline panleukopenia—cat distemper.



*Cat Magazine* contains the sort of information—this is a grudging admission—that cat fanciers probably want; but it's a wonder, given the generally well-read and upwardly-mobile nature of most cat-lover's today, fan and non-fan alike, that it's not a snappier publication.

Not all cat people are maiden aunts; even fans who are maiden aunts don't act like one assumes they should. But *Cat Magazine* is a maiden aunt magazine.

So despite his slavish fondness for the animal, it's difficult to imagine John Gault enjoying Raymond Smith's magazine.

On the other hand, it's difficult to imagine any sensible fan being as foolish as Gault. But it could happen. Somewhere in a living room dimmed by plants and coated with cat fur, some fan may be planning...a cat apa.

Next year's WisCon can't come too soon; that's where those of us who know a stand must be taken plan to stage the Madison Parade of Dead Cats.

No weepers allowed.

# MEN AND FICTION

MARILYN J. HOLT

Men and Fiction, a phrase rarely used, yet there are men who read fiction, though fewer men write fiction. Then why are men and fiction not more often paired for study? One answer, albeit there are more, is that while the women of the nineteenth century were being procreative, the men, in an attempt to express themselves took control of the new media of mass publishing. These men made niches for themselves as publishers and editors, and reproduced the writing of other men, also barred from the procreative process. (Sadly for the men of that time, as well as our own, the procreative process does not have to be totally in the female realm, yet it remains so because of male doctors who found a way to make themselves rich by excluding their brothers from the male birthright of participating in the procreative process. This is, of course, a battle which men must recognize and fight for themselves.)

The male-oriented mass publishing wave caught on in the boys' schools of the time, until the poor creatures put all their energy into this narrow aspect of life. (This is better than the other hobby men took up at the time--war. More, longer, larger wars have been fought since men were barred from the procreative process.) In an effort to keep this one aspect of productive living from being taken from them as procreation had been taken, men as publishers, editors, even the few who wrote, built the myth that men did all the writing. While harmless at first, this story became so popular that some of the younger males--who did grow up, I assume--took it as gospel, and when the fiction of this became apparent they tried to bar women from this activity out of fear of being again supplanted.

Women, recognizing the problems of men, left them to their myth while continuing to write. Some women were published under male pseudonyms--George Eliot and George Sand, for example. Other women, Shelley, Barrett, Austen, Radcliff, the Brontës, Stein, Woolf, all used their own names, and were continuously published. The writings of countless other women passed through the presses as the men delicately turned their heads to avoid seeing the romance of their publishing houses tarnished by the truth. Men could not dominate mass publishing anymore than they could dominate procreation.

When men found that the strong foothold they had hoped for in the early nineteenth century could not be achieved they turned their energies to narrower topics. H.G. Wells' genre, called by publisher Hugo Gernsback Science Fiction, and Conan Doyle's genre, the mystery, and the great romance of freedom, the western, became male reserves.

Sadly for the men who longed for an expression of their own, these narrow topics also fell to the enormous creative strength of women. First fell the mystery to the like of Agatha Christie, Dorothy Sayers and Ngaio Marsh, to name three who made this male re-



treat their own playground. Westerns next fell. Leigh Brackett, Lee Hoffman and Marie Sandoz roughrode their way to the top, leaving Zane Grey in the dust.

Science fiction, though long a women's playground, became the last best hope of men. A stalwart group of men tried to revive the British schoolboys' myth that women did not write sf, but even those women who would have let the men keep this niche recognized that the public of mass publishing would not let go of their female favorites. The public demanded and still demands that the powerful wit of the female had to be turned to sf: the Merrills, Le Guins, Tiptrees, McIntyres, Lynns and Russes (to name a handful) could not turn back to other genres, no matter how sympathetic they might be to the male need to create.

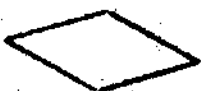
Men always have appeared as characters in fiction. Their appearance in most novels and stories is of an archetypical nature, which has not allowed examination of the true essence of the male nature. Men in fiction continually appear as symbols of the phallic-oriented virility myth, either in a quest or struggle to express or achieve the primal virility. The fictional man is put through so many tests and challenges to establish or destroy his virility (something any high school biology student can tell you is of no real consequence to the total make-up of a man) that the essential nature of men has been ignored. Ironically, this narrow presentation of men in fiction has been perpetuated by men writers. The dominance of this theme in men's writing appears to be a direct reaction to the loss of a place in the process of procreation.

Men writers such as Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, and J.P. Donleavy concerned themselves almost exclusively with the phallic myth of virility, and its companion piece, impotency. This trend continues in genre writing. Georges Simenon and Nicholas Freeling, two popular men mystery writers today, include so much verbiage on the virility of their detectives and suspects that the development of the clues is lost. The conclusion is too often a surprise cheaply gotten. The same is true in westerns.

Men science fiction writers, albeit that they use more inventive settings, too fall prey to the phallic-oriented characters. Writers such as Poul Anderson, Jerry Pournelle, and John Norman ruminate so on the phallic aspects of their men characters that the personality, creed, and psychology of the men characters is non-existent, except for proving or disproving their virility. The narrowness of this concern produces predictable plotlines which serve to demean both the men characters and readers, producing a vacuum which sucks women into the field to fill the void.

I do not mean to say that men and fiction are incompatible, or that men do not have a place in fiction as writers and characters. What must happen is that men expand their "literary" horizons, and include in their writing more well-developed characterizations. Shakespeare, a man, created well-rounded characters which have lived for five centuries. Possibly he did not feel the pangs of incompleteness in a fruitless urge for procreation.

Men have a place in fiction, and to assume their rightful place they must quit looking back in regret that their bodies do not birth, and look ahead to the complexities of life, and the beauty of the individual beyond his achievement of virility. Unless men can achieve this goal, and begin to strive for the heights of creativity, men are going to have to fix their attention and energy upon traditional male roles as workers, coaches, and fathers, leaving creation as well as procreation to the female.





I have just had the ineffable experience of crossing the Canadian border illegally. That wasn't the way I intended to do it, but that was the way it worked out. If it wasn't actually illegal, it was at least highly unorthodox.

I walked.

Now that isn't the usual way of entering Canada. It is so much not the usual way, in fact, that the main border crossing station between British Columbia and Washington state has no real method of handling pedestrians. I had to walk back to the Canada Customs building from inside the country in order to make my entry official.

It was a bright, sunny day in October, with a strong wind from the north that had blown away the usual Pacific Coast clouds and was making any patch of shade into grounds for a coat and sweater. I had hitchhiked north out of Seattle, on my way to Vancouver to spend the weekend with a woman who lived there. It had been a long, leisurely, pleasant afternoon of rides from town to town, never waiting very long, never getting a ride straight through. I was feeling mellow and happy as my last ride brought me into the border town of Blaine, but the shadows were lengthening and the sun was setting behind the islands to the west. It was getting cold.

I had set out with a secret desire to walk across the border. All my previous crossings had been made by car, by train, or on a Greyhound bus. I had made the bus trip all too often and was thoroughly sick of folding myself into a cramped seat and paying \$12.20 (round-trip) for the privilege. I had walked across several borders in Western Europe, but never one on my own continent. And it seemed quite likely that if I was hitchhiking I would end up having to cross the border on foot, since most people are leary of carrying long-haired strangers with them across international borders.

My ride left me at the last freeway entrance before the border, right on the edge of



Blaine; there was traffic on the local streets, but the only cars going onto the freeway were coming from a quick meal in Blaine or an even quicker visit to the duty-free liquor store on their way home to Vancouver. The people in those cars were all families with children, and they ignored me as they roared up the entrance ramp.

It seemed obvious that nobody was going to pick me up. The next northbound bus wouldn't stop in Blaine for hours; I could walk back to the Shakey's pizza parlor and get something to eat, and wait there for the bus, or I could try crossing the border on foot, and hitching from the other side. It certainly seemed that I could make better time on my own than on the Greyhound bus.

I was wrong.

There are two border crossings at Blaine: the main one along the freeway, which was only a couple of hundred yards north of where I was standing, and the truck crossing, a mile to the east, which I was familiar with from many bus trips. I knew that there would be no problem walking across at the truck crossing, which is on a small local road (albeit an international one), but I didn't really want to have to walk a mile over there, and then most likely a mile back again on the other side. I wasn't sure, though, if it was possible to cross the border on foot at the main station; I was standing under a freeway entrance sign that specified motorized vehicles only, no pedestrians. So I walked up to one of the duty-free liquor stores to ask.

I got directions from a young woman behind the counter. "Yeah, sure you can walk across here. You just go down to the end of this street, then you cut across the grass to Canada Customs."

Just down to the end of the street. Well, I walked north past the low houses and the kids playing on the lawns, and I found a wide, empty parking lot at the end of the street. It was the entrance to the Peace Arch Park, and I could see the brightly-lit complex of Canada Customs off to my left and ahead. A little behind me, also to my left, was the American customs building. I crossed the parking lot, then set off across the grass toward the bright lights.

The sky was filled with purple and orange clouds as the sunset was just beginning to fade; I was walking through a pleasant park with park benches and landscaped flowerbeds, and it was getting dark under the trees. There was no sign of anyone keeping an eye on the border; a man on the American side was driving some kind of large motorized grass-cutter or leaf-raker around a small hillock, but he paid me no attention. I walked down a slight slope under some trees, trying to follow a straight line toward the customs building, and I came out on a flat area of grass opposite the Peace Arch. The only indication that I was crossing an international border was a little stone pylon, about three feet high, with a plaque on each side; the plaque on the south side said "United States of America," the one on the north said "Canada," and both had short inscriptions about the Treaty of 1846. Off to my left, toward the shore of Boundary Bay, the Peace Arch stood bathed in floodlights. I noticed that the arch was set at a slight angle to the actual border.

I walked on past the pylon, past a little grove of shrubbery with a stone bench, up a set of shallow steps set in the grass, and found myself with another swathe of grass in front of me. I cut across this toward the Canadian customs building. As I approached it, it looked more like a giant drive-in shopping center than like the entrance to a country.

But when I got within fifty yards of this imposing structure, I ran right up against a cyclone fence. It seemed to stretch all the way back across the border on my left, and on past the customs building to my right, and there was no way over it.

Well, damn, I thought, how are you supposed to walk across the border? What should I do now?

There didn't appear to be anybody watching me, but I figured that there must be, somewhere. They couldn't be that slack about it. If I tried to walk back along the fence to U.S. Customs, I would have to recross the border to get around the fence, then cross it yet again to come up to Canada Customs. That would be complicated, and border guards don't like anything complicated; they get suspicious of anything they're not used to. But I could see that the fence ended just past the Canadian customs building, so I walked on down to the end, moving farther into Canada with each step.

I tried to look as open and above-board as I felt: I had no intention of sneaking across the border, I just wanted to get to Canada Customs. I looked for somebody to ask directions from, but there was nobody there. So all I could do was walk to the end of the fence, round the end of it, and back towards Customs.

I hesitated at the end of the fence. There seemed to be nothing preventing me from continuing on down the road, sticking out my thumb or walking into White Rock to catch a bus. But there had to be somebody watching; if I did that, I would undoubtedly get into trouble. So I headed back into the lights.

There were innumerable diagonal parking spaces filled with cars, and a stream of people walking into the Customs office with paper cards in their hands. I walked down to the door they were all entering, and into the office.

There was a line of people waiting to make their declarations, but there was no line at the desk marked "Cashier," so I went up to the man behind the desk and asked him what I should do.

"I just walked across, and I'm not sure where I should be going. Should I get into that line?"

"Anything to declare?"

"No. Just a book and a couple of magazines."

"Okay. Here," and he filled out one of the customs forms, scrawled "Pedestrian" across it, and handed it to me with a pleasant smile. "Take this down there to Immigration." That was all.

Immigration was a separate office at the end of the building complex. I carried my small bag down the concrete sidewalk, stopped to tuck a few wisps of hair back behind my ears, and walked in the door.

Now Immigration is a very different thing from Customs. The advantage of crossing the border by Greyhound bus is that you only have to deal with a Customs officer, unless he or she sees something funny about you and sends you over across the road to Immigration. It seems to be an essential part of an Immigration officer's training to be suspicious.

It was my luck to get the Supervisor of the Immigration office. He was a white-haired man in a neat business suit, who looked quite conservative and a little sour. He eyed me with professional suspicion. I tried to explain about how I had walked across the border.

His eyebrows shot up and his face hardened. His voice came out like iron. "Where did you walk across? I see. Suppose you come over here and sit down." He led me to his desk behind the front counter. He sat down behind the desk, folded his



hands, and peered at me intently.

"Now let me get this straight. You walked across the international boundary?"

"Yes."

"And you came back to here?"

"Yes. I followed the directions I was given and found myself in the park, with a cyclone fence between me and Canadian customs. The only way I could get from there to here was to go on around the end of the fence, then walk back."

He took out a piece of paper and a pencil.

"I had no desire to cross the border illegally. All I was doing was trying to walk across, and that's the way the woman at the duty-free liquor store told me to come."

"May I see some identification?"

I handed him my Washington state voter's registration card, and my Virginia driver's license, which I have never bothered to convert to a Washington license. He started to quiz me on my place of birth, age, address and so forth.

"Have you ever been denied entry to Canada?"

"No."

"Even casually?"

"No." What does it mean to be "casually" denied entry to Canada?

"Have you ever used any illegal drugs?"

"No."

"Marijuana?"

"No."

"Heroin? Hashish? Cocai--"

"No, none of them." I was shaking my head and smiling. "I haven't done anything illegal at all."

His expression got even grimmer. "Mr. Berry, it would aide our relationship tremendously if you would wait until I have asked my question before you answer." He pronounced each word carefully, with suppressed tension. His lips were very thin. It was hard to tell whether they were pursed with anger or simply grew that way.

When he had exhausted his line of questioning, he got up. He told me to wait there and took my identification over to a machine of some sort. It looked like a terminal for a computerized information system, and I assume that is just what it was. He checked it to see if I was on file anywhere. He found nothing, and after a few minutes he brought my cards back to the desk.

He seemed disappointed and unsure of where to go from there. He eyed me suspiciously again.

"May I ask how much funds you have on you?"

"About forty dollars."

"May I see them?"

I brought out my wallet and pulled my money from it. I laid out twenty-five U.S. dollars and fifteen Canadian.

He looked at me sharply. "That's very interesting, Mr. Berry. These are Canadian dollars. What are you carrying so much Canadian money for?"

I may have looked exasperated; I'm sure I looked surprised. "Because I'm going to Canada, of course. I made a point of changing some of my money before I left Seattle."

He didn't appear satisfied.

"I also have an American Express card, in case of emergencies." I pulled it out and laid it on the desk next to the money.

He sighed. "Very well, Mr. Berry, you may put your money away." As I started to do so he got up and added, "Please take a seat in the outer area." He disappeared into his office and shut the door.

It didn't seem like that long that I sat in the Immigration office and waited. I had a good book with me, which I continued reading. I chatted with another hitch-hiker I had seen a couple of hours earlier in Bellingham. There was a woman behind the counter in the uniform of Manpower and Immigration, and I chatted with her.

"Yes, we saw you walking around out there," she said, although I didn't know which side of the fence they had first seen me on.

"Just how are you supposed to walk across?"

"Walk right up the side of the road. It isn't a freeway between the border stations, and the cars are only going fifteen or twenty miles an hour."

After a while, I went back to reading my book. I could see the Supervisor through the glass door of his office; he appeared to be doing nothing but shuffling papers on his desk.

When he finally came out of his office, I stood up and walked over to the counter, where he was already standing. He peered at me again.

"All right, Mr. Berry, you may go on." But he didn't seem to be able to leave it at that. "You know, Mr. Berry, you won't usually find immigration offices in parks."

I murmured something.

"Next time that---...next time you feel the urge...you just try it going the other way. Yes, you do that, and you may find you get a very different reception." He appeared satisfied, and he turned away.

I stared after him incredulously. After all that, he was trying to play the Nice Canadian, as opposed to Those Nasty Americans? I shook my head, picked up my bag, and left.

It was fully dark outside. I walked down the road beyond the Customs building and out of the glare of the lights. A few dozen yards down the road was a tourist office, closed, with a telephone booth in front. I put down my bag, dug out a dime, and dialed.



"Heloo?"

"Hi, it's me. I'm at the border. I just got through a big hassle with the Immigration people. What time is it, anyway?"

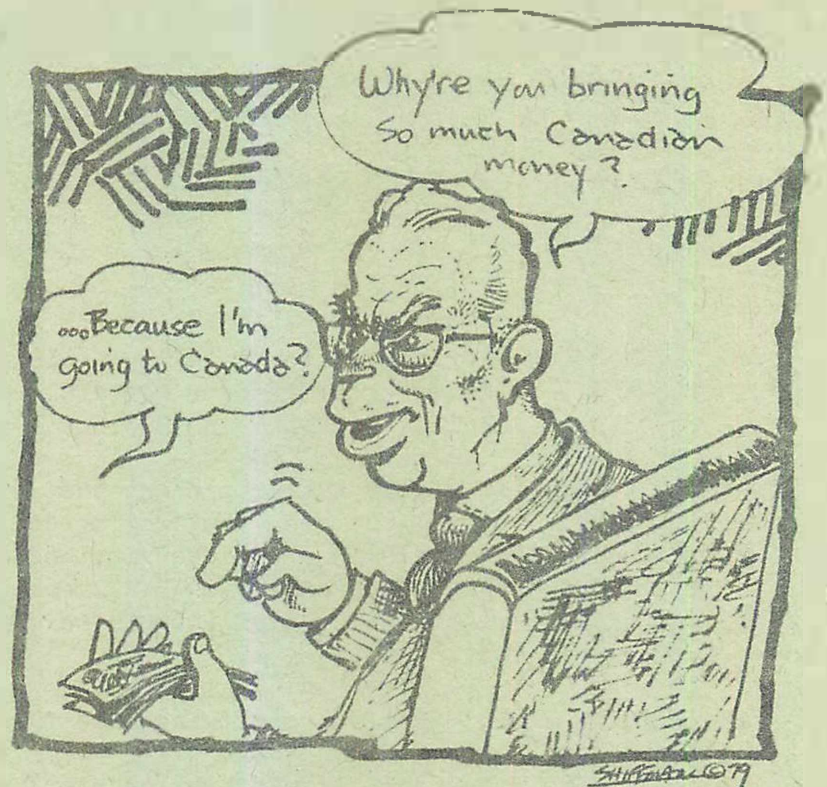
"Quarter to eight."

It had been around 6:15 when I walked across the border just at sunset.

It took me another two-and-a-half hours to get to Vancouver. It was dark and very cold. When somebody finally stopped to pick me up, it was only because he saw the white of my sign in his headlights. He wasn't going into the city, but he could drop me off at a busstop outside New Westminster, where I could connect

up with the bus system. It would take me three long bus rides to get where I was going, but at that point the slow certainty of the city buses looked better than taking my chances on another ride.

We told each other border crossing stories all the way to New Westminster. We laughed and cursed and laughed again.



When an anthropological site is dug a catalogue is made of the objects found. Scrapers, pot sherds, fragments of household implements all have their special place within it. However, there are some things for which the anthropologists cannot find name or function. Rather than admit that she has absolutely no idea what that curiously shaped rock is, or of what possible use that small triangle of bone could be, the anthropologist creates in the back of the catalogue a special heading entitled "Objects of Great Ceremonial Significance." It is a sacred category: most anthropologists would never dream of disputing its contents because someday someone might return the favor and then they would all have to admit anthropologists don't know everything.

Trickle

TERRY GAREY

# CROSS

Loren MacGregor I'm tempted to write long, ridiculous things about the cover, but  
Berkely, CA I'm severely limited by being told exactly what the cover represented, way back in 1970, so I won't.

However, it does fit neatly into a project that I've been giggling over for about 10 years. I have a theory, you see, that all these fantastic full-page Steve Stiles covers are actually panels in a comic strip, and that if you should just fit them together into the right order All Will Be Revealed To You, you will have found the secret of the universe...and you will begin to chuckle with insane merriment as they come to lock you away.

A sample daily strip might run something like this:

Panel one (from, I believe, an old Nyarlothotep) shows an eyed globule of muck on a lawn, surrounded by futuristic men with futuristic rifles. "As duly elected President," says the globule, "I feel I must protest this outrage."

Panel two: "Meanwhile, somewhere in the Galactic Cluster..." "Men in the Jungle"?" (I think I did that because of the absurdist punctuation.)

Panel three: "While, in the catacombs below Paris, the following exchange was heard: 'I said merde, M'sieu, and merde is what I meant!'"

Tomorrow: adrift just off the islets of logorrhea.

In my own humble (yet, of course, remarkably erudite and well-informed) opinion, Steve Stiles is the best of the several good comic artists working in fandom, and it's a pity we don't see more of his work these days (he says, as he cuts down on his own fanac to start making money in the Real World). I would actually be very happy if (with Steve's permission, of course) people would start reprinting some of those exceptional covers he's done. Entropy Reprints needn't only cover written material.

I do hope you will continue to use Stu Shiffman illoes to capture the Mainstream essence (what?) as he is neato-cleano, and does neat stuff. His heading this time is a little bit murky, but I liked the general idea and the feeling of the thing. And, while I'm on the subject of art, let me say that I'm very happy to see ATomIlloes in Mainstream; even if they're borrowed from other faneds, they fit quite nicely here. I've always liked ATom's art, and (in my own muddled mind) I think they complement your writing, Suzle (and your writing, Jerry) and add a nice touch to the issue.

((All those who like Steve's art should be interested to know that Kitchen Sink has published an all-Stiles comic book, Hyper...we will continue to use Stu's work as long as he cares to do art for fanzines...the AToms were passed on by John Berry. We'd love to get new stuff, though.))

In case no one has ever told you, Suzle, you have a very good graphic sense. Your heading, and the art, go together very well on Suzlecol, and demonstrate something that not even the Hildebrandt Brothers (with what they pass off as their incredible technical virtuosity) have noticed, which is that characters have to be looking at something. The placement of the illo and your lettering together function as a unit.



# CURRENTS

## LETTER COLUMN

Nicely done!

An Article by Ginjer Buchanan? I second the motion! And, if necessary (but it won't be), I'll stuff the ballot box. Ginjer: if you write an article for Suzle and Jerry, I promise to sing old Chad Mitchell songs with you at the next convention we attend together ~~And I don't even mention that you sing in the key of F.~~

((We fully expect to run "The Twelve Danger Signs of Fandom" next issue. See if we don't.))

In response to Grant Canfield's cartoon, I can only quote that old axiom which says, "Any landing you can walk away from is a good one." In a very odd way, though the cartoon style is utterly and completely Grant's, the inking reminds me a lot of the loose, flowing lines of a Jack Gaughan cartoon, especially on the figure. Kind of neat, actually. (I like Grant's style a whole lot, and he has a really disciplined line. But it's been interesting to see him experiment with different treatments in the last few months. Good stuff.)

I agree with Jessica that poetry can be the most revealing, the most all-encompassing, and certainly the most challenging form of writing. But it is so because, with the best poets, it is a disciplined form of writing. Either through intense study (or, rarely, through a wonderful innate sense of harmony) good poets create their own structures.

So "free verse" isn't free; it has its costs, on nearly every level. Bad free verse costs much more than its worth, in terms of murky imagery and a line structure that is, generally, little more than an aesthetic but unnatural break in the line, without reason and without (excuse me) rhyme.

Perhaps the most important lesson I learned in poetry I learned sixteen years ago, when I was reading a poem to my father. It was awful (something that ocured to me years later, on re-reading), but it was Required Reading at our school, and I really liked it at the time. It was also rhymed, with the particular heavy-handed structure favored by the school. As I was reciting it, my father suddenly stopped me and said, "You don't have to pause at every rhyme."

You don't have to pause at every rhyme. I didn't really listen to him then (except to notice that he was right, it did sound better when I read it as a sentence instead of as a thing that ended, plunk, at every moon, June, spoon), but it gradually helped give me my first insights into structure.

One of the facets of True Art (whatever that may be, and wherever it may be found) is to make the difficult look effortless, so that anyone can look at it and say, "Oh, hell, that's easy. I can do that!" Good poetry forms its own structure, each line, each division, each word adding subtly, but perceptibly to the whole. It isn't easy, and it takes a lot of disciplined work. But the best of the poets--Marilyn Hacker, Olga Broumas, and (one of my favorites, getting better and better) Wendy Rose--have a steel skeleton of structure under their flowing, supple surface. (With Marilyn Hacker especially I've often read a poem several times before I've even noticed that it was structured. I mean, how can one fail to notice a sestina, for god's sake?)

Nevertheless, I will discourage anyone it is possible for me to discourage from writing free verse, simply because I don't want to read a whole lot of dreck...and if I can discourage them (like the frequently-cited "What is a writer" cliché) then they're not poets.

Harrisburg International Airport, you say. Right. Su-u-re. Uh, huh.

I've never really had any trouble at airports, largely because I am completely and utterly convinced that planes can't fly. However, there have been times... I was in Denver, Colorado once (for example), planning to catch a plane to Fort Collins, a plane flight which was delayed for quite some time while they first fixed the landing gear, then the cargo door, and then while they checked to make sure the plane would remain pressurized. Oddly enough, all this was fairly comforting, as I had the feeling that if they checked it before we were airborne, we at least had a 50-50 chance that it wouldn't break down during the comparatively short flight. However, my opinion began to change when they once more announced a delay--this time, they said, the windshield wipers needed repairs.

Windshield wipers? On a jet? Oh, come now.

My incipient panic was only fueled later, while we were in the air, during an extremely interesting conversation I was having with a gentleman from Boulder, traveling to Fort Collins on business. "They've improved these flights remarkably since they updated their equipment," he said. "They hardly ever crash these days."

And later, when I was flying to Toronto for the TorCon, I was in a nearly-empty plane stacked up over what seemed to be a deserted O'Hare International Airport. "We are stacked up over O'Hare," our pilot told us. "If you will notice, we are on schedule. If you will notice, all the runways are empty. There doesn't seem to be anything obstructing our landing. However, we will be stacked up here for at least a half hour while the air traffic controllers decide whether or not they're going to let us land. Sit back, relax, and enjoy your flight."

We did, of course. Then the plane crashed, and I was killed instantly, so I never made it to TorCon after all.

((Too bad; it was a pretty good convention.))

Rick Sneary                      First off, you have very good art work. I'm especially pleased  
2962 Santa Ana St.              to see ATom's work again, outside the pages of Scottishe. ATom  
South Gate, CA 90280            and Rotsler have done thousands of fillos, and yet they all  
   seem to have the same wit and grace as the best... And two  
who have mastered the mimeo-art medium... A style so clear and simple that almost  
any club-handed neo-fan can transfer it to stencil, and still make it look good.  
There are others more artistic, but none that work within the limitations better.

((True, except...we are too club-handed to trace anybody's art, and electro-  
stencil everything. I suspect nobody (except Juanita Coulson) handtraces  
art nowadays.))

I am mildly anti-FAAN Awards. While I have always liked to answer polls (I was answering polls when Lin Carter was a fan), I have a feeling that knowing you had won should be enough, and I shouldn't have to put up \$1.00 to buy someone else a dinkie little loving cup. The poll in File 770 will be just as meaningful as the FA's (if you exclude the natural landslide for Mike's zines--which even he laughs about).

((Three points: 1) I don't mind paying the buck, as it's a lot less than the  
\$8 minimum one must pay to vote in the Hugos (with its much less satisfactory



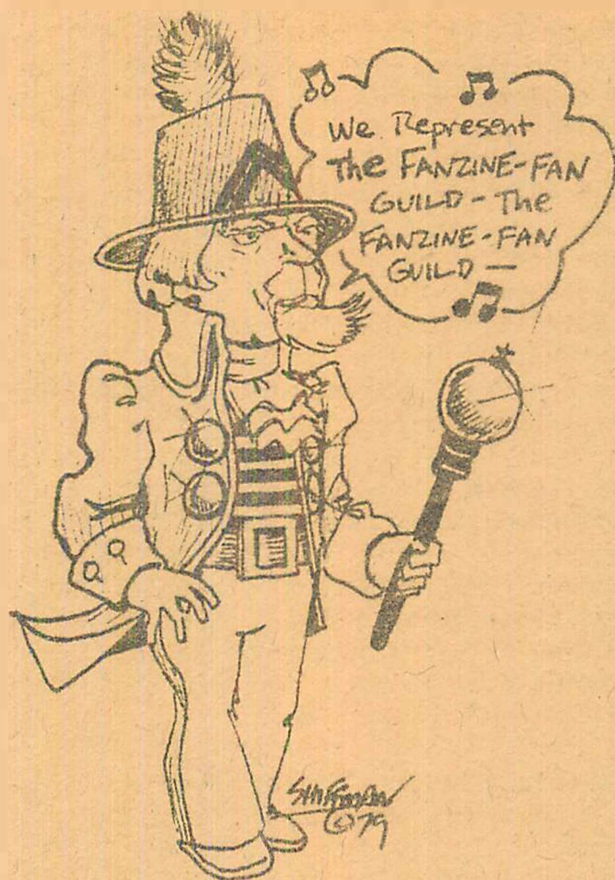
results. 2) The Awards are individually hand-crafted little statuettes of a bheer-can wearing a helicopter beanie and perched on the Enchanted Duplicator, all made by Randy Bathurst. 3) I'd forgotten that Mike Glycer ran a poll in File 770. Who won (excluding, as you say, Mike's own zines??)

Regarding the article on poetry by Salmonson, I must admit that I have always been slightly tone-deaf, when reading poetry. I can understand the very simple beat in something like the work of Kipling, or even the easy parts of Shakespeare, but with the most part of it I'm so hard pressed to make rhyme out of what I am reading, that I don't make much reason. And as one who is slightly tone-deaf would be at a loss to understand the fuss made over the fine points of an instrumental piece, I have always been at a loss to understand the fuss made over vague and often meaningless phrases about something that might not be very interesting in itself. I can be moved by poetry. Clearly, there is something about the arrangement of the words that gives them greater power over the attuned listener. But I would argue this point with her, that poetry is much more an acquired taste than prose. That it can deliver its message and meaning only to those who are used to the form and understand the medium. My point is the stereotype poet, who writes long, wistful poems that appear in "little magazines" and are raved about by a couple hundred other people who write the same way. We in fandom know how relatively easy it is to become famous and highly praised in a small group without ever being noticed in the rest of the world.

MacGregor writes a nice, easy essay--but it certainly belongs in a mainstream magazine, as it has very little if anything to do with sf or fandom. In fact, the whole issue has very little to relate it to fandom. It really is more of a letter substitute for your friends than a fanzine, as you do very little that tells me about fandom or sf. I'm not sercon, and I don't insist on everything being fannish. I just thought I'd call it to your attention, that there might be other reasons than Professionalism, to keep a little magazine from getting a Hugo.

((Grump, grump, Rick. Well, you'll find stuff on fandom in this issue, and one article mentions science fiction. But the average article on sf or fandom is boring and banal, and, to us, any article about a subject that interests a fan, done in a "fannish" manner, is about fandom, even articles on cars, cats or \*shudder\* bowling (Hi, Larry Carmody; so there, Taral). But anyway, we do support your Worldcon bid: SOUTH GATE AGAIN IN 2010!))

Lee Carson                      Jon Singer's piece lacked his usual verve...I personally would like to see him tackle refrigerators...which is to say the peculiar topic of freon if he be conversant. I thought Jessica did a very clear and concise job of describing the growth of her appreciation of poetry. It was an excellent article for the first stone in the stream. It just so happened that I'd acquired a Marilyn Hacker album (Caedmon, no less) about a week before M3 arrived. I've always liked poetry myself, despite the inchoate but powerful pressure of peers of both sexes to stifle the interest, at least insofar as old, classic or egghead stuff figured in, quite similar to, and possibly correlate of, a situation circa 1966 when various blandishments and threats were offered by dormitory neighbors in the vain hope of dissuading me from listening to Bob Dylan records. I too once revived an untitled Volkswagen from the degraded status of "Revised Junk," to a level of operability despite numerous equipment violations (no mirrors, no back seat, no emergency brake--in San Francisco!) and on through Hairraising Adventures which I am fortunately too tapped out to relate. Spare "gives": the time of day (at least), the bum's rush (at most), your tired, your poor, your huddled mastiffs yearning to be free...Which leads us to Roman Polanski, toward whom I have some sympathy he being in my view more finned against than finning. The little bit by Jeff Frane (apparently) at the end was interesting although it terminates in what I suspect to be a hideous pun. Leda actually swan-



ified, all right, but did he mean the Kalamari?

J. Owen Hanner,  
338 Jackson St., #2  
Libertyville, IL 60048

Jon Singer's article was a tad over my head. Computers in any form fascinate me, but I've never had any sort of

Meaningful Relationship with one. The closest I came was about five years ago in my junior year in high school, when our math class had a perfunctory course in Fortran, and the silly machine and I never could see eye to eye about anything. It'd keep spitting out perfectly good programs with ERROR blazoned prominently all over the best parts like a parade banner, and no matter how hard I tried to convince the thing, it still wouldn't admit I was right and it wasn't. Its calm impassiveness was infuriating, too. So I gave up and chased the girls in the class instead. Smartest thing I ever did.

Loren MacGregor's article was quite funny. I enjoyed it a lot, even though I have no similar experiences to relate. I've been blessed with a string of very reliable and properly operating cars, though my first

one did approach real close to looking like something out of a Looney Tunes cartoon. Otherwise, I've been able to afford pretty recent models, and I had a massive Pontiac Grand Lemans about three years ago that was quite impressive by anybody's standards and was fun to drive, but it sucked up gas so fast and required such immense ~~XXXX~~ insurance payments that I switched to a Pinto, bought new, and I've been bumbling along in that quite happily, thank you. Sneering at the clowns at the gas pump watching the register hit three digits before the decimal point as their eyes slowly bug out of their heads and their breathing becomes shorter with each ding of the bell, and all that. Smartest thing I ever did. Well, second smartest.

Mike Glicksohn  
141 High Park Avenue  
Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3  
CANADA

Thought I'd send a note of appreciation for your new genzine and welcome you back to general fanzine publishing again. If Mainstream 3 is any indication you haven't forgotten how to produce a good fanzine since SpanInq folded and fandom can look forward to some fine reading coming out of Seattle.

Once you get away from publishing a regular genzine it's pretty hard to get back into the work involved. Just ask Bowers or me! I've still got my mimeo and all my supplies but it's a loooong time between issues of Xenium. Last week, though, I bought/ordered a Selectric II just to type Xenium stencils with so maybe I'll publish more frequently now. I may have to, just to justify spending a thousand and fifty bucks on something I absolutely don't need except once a year!

((That was May, folks, and there's still no new Xenium. Did the Selectric II turn out to be as bad a stencil cutter as it's reputed to be?))

Harrisburg, of course, is now more famous than it's probably ever been in the entire history of the town. It must have been an odd feeling for you, Suzle, to actually know the places that were in danger of being blown off the map. To me it all seemed



remote and somehow totally unlikely. I never really considered that there was any real danger despite the scare stories in the mass media. But apparently quite a few Toronto residents took the incident much more seriously than I did and were extremely worried about it. (The Case of the Non-Singular Airport was a nice piece of fan writing, by the way. Send ten or twenty such pieces over to English fanzines and you'll have a much better chance if you run for TAFT again next time.)

((To be brief, Mike, this sounds to me as though you're saying that only if I'm involved in fandom as a writer should I be considered a "worthy" fan. I'm not a writer as you well know (and as we used to joke about), and don't think that anyone should be discriminated against, excluded, because of it. Lots of British fans have seen my work, as a faned, in Spaning and now Mainstream. I don't think writing alone should be the basis of determining one's worth in fandom. SVT))

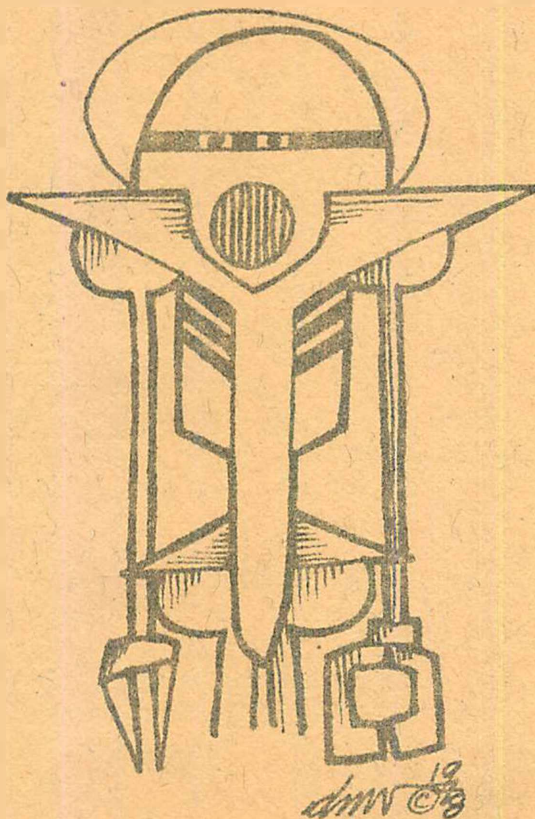
I'm glad to know that I'm not alone in not wanting to chat with fellow travellers when I'm flying or training anywhere. Like Suzle, I've never met one of those truly fascinating characters who can enrich a trip and provide material for articles or letters for months afterward. So mostly I tend to keep to myself and read. This isn't too hard since I'm not known as a brilliant conversationalist even within fandom. Of course, Suzle has a problem that I don't have: she's too attractive for a certain type of passenger to pass up. On the other hand, I generally look so grubby and degenerate-looking that I'm traditionally the last person to have the neighboring seat occupied. I've been on quite a few busses and even a plane or two where the only empty seat was the one next to me. Since this fits my own desires, I don't complain; in fact, I probably compound the image by glowering a lot as people approach my row. At least it leaves me free to read all these fanzines filled with stories of people meeting fascinating or famous people while travelling to cons...

Barney Neufeld  
2726 Girard Ave. S., #B-1  
Minneapolis, MN 55408

Jessica's article brings vividly back my memory of 10th grade English. Unlike most of my classmates, I enjoyed reading poetry (cripes, unlike most of them, I enjoyed reading, period). In an in-class theme, I defended this stance with a point very similar to one which Jessica makes: poetry, by its very compactness, allows, or rather forces, a degree of expressive craftsmanship which prose simply cannot approach. My teacher's response was, "Very good. Would you now please read For Whom the Bell Tolls by Hemingway and tell me if you still believe this?" I did. And I did! About the only thing this assignment left me was a firm (and continuing) dislike of Ernest Hemingway and his writing.

Loren MacGregor made me laugh so hard I cried. I've only owned three cars, and I've never thought of building one, but Loren had me in stitches over these ~~HA~~ adventures.

((There'll be more MacGregor in future issues.))



Luke McGuff            On punk in Chicago: Chicago's scene is really laid-back, to coin  
2217 N. Hoyne           a phrase. Immune System, our hottest band, is definitely not  
Chicago, IL 60647       punk. They all went to art school and look it, but they don't  
                         do the art school acid punk that bands like DEVO and Pere Ubu do,  
either. They do straight ahead, bouncy, poppy rock that's really great to dance to.  
They have a single coming out, and I'll mail you a copy. Like a fanzine, it'll be  
out Real Soon Now.

Other bands in Chicago are Wazmo Nariz, a unique band that's hard to describe. Wazmo  
Nariz is the adopted name of the singer, who has reputedly taken opera voice training  
and would rather sing in the opera. He had a single on Stiff Records, and now has  
an e.p. on Fiction, Chicago's own little ol' label. The songs are pretty good. My  
favorite is "I Just Want to Have Sex," a clean-cut smelling-of-deodorant-soap circa-  
79 update of "I Just Wanna Make Love to You." Definitely for the anti-perspirant  
me-first generation.

There was also the Dadistics for awhile. They broke up, though. Hanging out with  
them was exciting, because they were always at each other's throats. Some bands  
(notably Immune System) get along real cool on stage; if someone makes a mistake,  
it's just grins and shrugs. The Dadistics, now, would fight. If the singer danced  
too close to the bass player, he'd bap her in the face. Their interpersonal tensions  
created a fast and furious stage presence, but also a lot of friction off-stage that  
led to their demise. Just when I was getting around to doing their posters, too,  
darnit.

((Charming.))

douglas barbour            i don't want to alienate Jessica & i am grateful she has  
10808 --75 avenue           come to where she is now, but it saddens me somehow to know  
edmonton, alta t6c 1k2       that like so many people who have come to writing thru sf  
canada                       she had to spend so long outside what contemporary poetry  
                             offers us all. she names two fine poets, one Marilyn Hacker,  
a writer who can work in traditional modes to great effect (it's hard, partly because  
the north american language isn't suited to many of the forms, not the way we use it  
post 1945 anyway). but there are others, & to ignore the men, because they are men,  
is to deny what they can teach you, man or woman, about writing: i cite Olson, Rob-  
ert Creeley, Jack Spicer, Robert Duncan (who is perhaps the most Romantic of this  
group--the so-called Black Mountain group). but i also cite the writer of the group  
who most influenced me in the mid sixties when i was apprenticing more obviously  
than now (tho i take a fellow poet's words to heart: bpNichol calls himself, still,  
'an apprentice to language,' & i suspect he will still feel that sense of apprentice-  
ship the day he dies. me too.): Denise Levertov, whose later books were very politi-  
cal, & not always working then (contra the vietnam conflict as it was called), but  
whose early books, especially O Taste & See, show what one can do with the language,  
not "manipulate" it, a word Jessica chose to use & which i feel betrays a lack of  
proper respect for its living qualities.

Patrick McGuire            Re Singer: It is to be hoped that in some future  
5764 Stevens Forest Road, #204       year the decreasing costs of word processors and  
Columbia, MD 21045           my hopefully-increasing income will cross. In the  
                         meantime, I have had some work exposure to a very  
simple-minded processing package tied into a big computer, and I've had a couple of  
discussions with C.J. Cherryh about the IBM gadget she has recently acquired. Hers  
doesn't have a video display--you have to do everything in hard copy. This would  
seem to be rather inconvenient, and she says she's now spending a fortune for type-  
writer ribbons since she goes through so much draft wordage, but apparently it means  
a considerably smaller initial capital outlay for the system. But she also says that  
given the way she writes, which involves much revision, going back a hundred pages  
to put the shotgun on the wall and whatnot, she finds a word processor to be a real  
time-saver.



Bruce Townley            I don't know if Tom Digby knows about this (or even Fred Has-  
2323 Sibley St.        kell or even you guys) but the bit about topographic maps being  
Alexandria VA 22311    rolled by passengers and hoax airplanes isn't that different  
                         from what was available to visitors at an exposition at around  
the turn of the century. Apparently folks who couldn't afford to take an extended  
sea-voyage could at least get an approximate taste of what it was like by boarding  
an elaborate contraption that simulated riding on an ocean-going ship down to even  
sea sickness, I suppose. There was a complex system of rods and pistons attached  
to a two-deck mock-up of a ship that rolled, pitched, and swayed just like twas  
being tossed about by the bounding main. The thing was surrounded by a motorized  
diorama of moving cardboard waves, seagulls and such, so the experience was as flaw-  
less as Victorian ingenuity could make it. Do the same thing with an airplane cabin  
and you have the main plot-device for about twelve episodes of Mission Impossible.

AND NOW FOR SOME OF THE MORE INSPIRED GUESSES IN OUR "EXPLAIN THAT COVER" CONTEST

Dave Wixon                Subtle Greetings from far-fetched Minneapolis.  
Box 8600  
Minneapolis, MN 55408    You wanted an explanation of that cover? Well, ok, but you're  
                         gonna think this is slightly holy... It's obviously the result  
of Steve Stiles' last visit to the Twin Cities, where he was shown a decrepit copy  
of a little-known tale, by a couple of forgotten local authors, about what happened  
after the Hokas discovered the well-known Edgar Rice Burroughs classic: Spinrad of  
the Apes. (It's about all the hokas putting themselves out for adoption by humans,  
and growing up to out-human the humans--i.e., become football players and talk-show  
hosts...)

Harry Warner, Jr.        Unfortunately, I'm not the imaginative type, so I can't think  
423 Summit Avenue       of any far-fetched explanation for that front cover. My mind  
Hagerstown, MD 21740    runs in such deep ruts that I just assumed it portrays a scene  
                         in the far future, when the counter-revolution to the feminist  
movement resulted in the annihilation of all personkind, owing to the fact that the  
men had assumed the women had no nuclear weapons at their command. In the radio-  
active confusion that followed the final struggle, a new form of life began to stir  
in a few teddy-bears that weren't completely destroyed, and their descendants have  
just found, as the artist went to work, one of the books whose title was to blame  
for the whole mess.

Alex Eisenstein        Oh really, Suzle: it can't be all that obscure? I mean, there  
2061 W. Birchwood       are these teddy bears in a variety of pulpish adventure costum-  
Chicago, IL 60645       ery, obviously hokas, looking at a book (well, two of 'em, judg-  
                         ing by the shared thought-balloon), and they are thinking in  
consternation of the title: Men in the Jungle, a very silly novel by Norman Spinrad  
...essentially this portrays a "genre discontinuity," with the implication of hokas  
re-enacting a Viet Nam, guts-&-blood war (which in itself was transplanted by Spin-  
rad to another planet...)

((Just so, Alex.))

((We also heard from: David Singer, Joseph Nicholas, Seth Goldberg, Laurie  
Mann, Dave Langford, Tony Renner, Steve Miller, Sarah Prince, Lester Bou-  
tillier, Nae Strelkov, Marty Levine, Lee Pelton, Don Fitch ("Jon Singer  
writes?!"), Alan Bostick, Ron Salomon, Gary Deindorfer (twice!), Dave  
Rowe (thrice!!), and other people too few to mention. Our motto about  
lettercolumns: never type anything bigger than your head. No more 20  
page lettercols! (Unless we have to.)))

# SUZLECOL

Is it my imagination, or do all fanzine editorials begin by explaining why this issue is late? Oh, they do? Thank you.

Well, we moved for one thing. From a one-bedroom apartment which was too small when we moved in, to a large, beautiful house, which will probably take years to become too small. A Seattle fan, Bob Doyle, came in on it with us; we couldn't have afforded it otherwise, and things seem to be working out rather well. I won't bore you with details of the house other than to say that it has a large living room, dining room and kitchen, my room also has a sunroom/dressing room, office, Bob has the two rooms on the second floor, and Jerry's basement room also doubles as our mimeo/fanzine room. We have a backyard and a front porch and, when it's "out," a sweeping view of Mount Rainier from several locations. (Gee, you couldn't guess I've never lived in a house before from that, could you?)

We're pretty well settled, aside from the need for curtains here and there, and the fact that we keep having to beg friends near-by to let us use their washers. Of course, Bob did call us in the wee hours on the Monday after Westercon to let us know that he and Marianne Nielson are getting married and he's moving to Edmonton next June...but...

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Oh, yes, for those of you who don't read colophons (I admit to being guilty of this myself on occasion), please note our CHANGE OF ADDRESS, if you haven't already been told. After only a month of confusion, the P.O. finally began forwarding what we hope is all of our mail, but we keep discovering exciting things like mail from Canada being returned to the sender with the envelope marked "No Such Address" when they sent stuff to our former, but perfectly good, address...there's more to the story, actually, but it makes me sick to think about it. If you've written to us, or sent subscription \$\$, or something, and have heard nothing from us, then you can be fairly sure that your letter/fanzine was either delivered to our old address/sent to Nome/forwarded to the apartment building a block from here with the same street numbers as our house (we got mail for that whole building one day)/returned, but possibly not to you/none of the above. (I wonder if the man who moved into our old apartment is enjoying the fanzines he's been receiving...)

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It's been months since I wrote the above and it's been a busy, eventful summer wherein I didn't get a damn thing done. I meant to finish the zine and make trips to various places that Jerry and I have intended to go to since moving to Seattle (like the North Cascades Highway, and Paradise (the point closest to Mount Rainier to which one can drive), and the Olympic Peninsula for more exploring), but June disappeared without a trace, spent mostly settling into the house; July was used up by attending Westercon and the arrival of two house guests (Jerry's brother and Fred Haskell, fresh from having his guitars stolen in San Francisco); August was getting ready for, then attending, Seacon and spending two weeks in England (more on that later); September was spent recovering from Seacon and carrying out miscellaneous projects, as well as hosting a during-NasFiC "Non-Con" at our house. Hullo, October.



SUZANNE TOMPKINS

Looking back, I did a lot, but have nothing tangible to show for it. Just some fond, or nerve-wracking, or fuzzy, memories. We did, in fact, get back to the Olympic Peninsula, thanks mostly to Fred, who wanted to go and provided the impetus. We limited ourselves this time: first, to Port Townsend, taking a 5:15 a.m. ferry from just north of here (it's an hour and forty-five minute trip---I wandered around watching the sunrise and the snow-capped mountains disappearing into the smoky haze from the summer forest fires; Fred wandered about taking many pictures; Jerry ~~wandered~~ ~~about~~ slept in the car 'till we arrived).

From Pt. Townsend we drove to Dungeness Spit  
(of Minneapolis song and legend...), then  
through Port Angeles and up to Hurricane Ridge,  
stopping as we went, many, many times along  
the way, to see old buildings, lakes, mountains,  
snow, gorges, foggy beaches, spider-web hung  
rain-forests where it rained just in the trees from condensing fog, and various  
furry animals. (~~kid/pops/vit/bess//and/bess//and///~~) The trip took 19 hours, and was  
wonderful, if hectic and tiring. (We thought that Fred would only be in the area  
for a few weeks, so we went on a Sunday, two days before I left for England.) Hur-  
ricane Ridge itself wasn't as awe-inspiring this time, partly due to the time of  
year and location of the sun, which was in the wrong place for the most spectacular  
view of the Olympic Mountains from one mile straight up. I recommend this trip,  
even to non-outdoorsy people, like me.



SHIFFMAN CTB

What Else I Did on My Summer Vacation; or, Everything Was Perfectly Fine Until the Engine Fell Out of the Train...

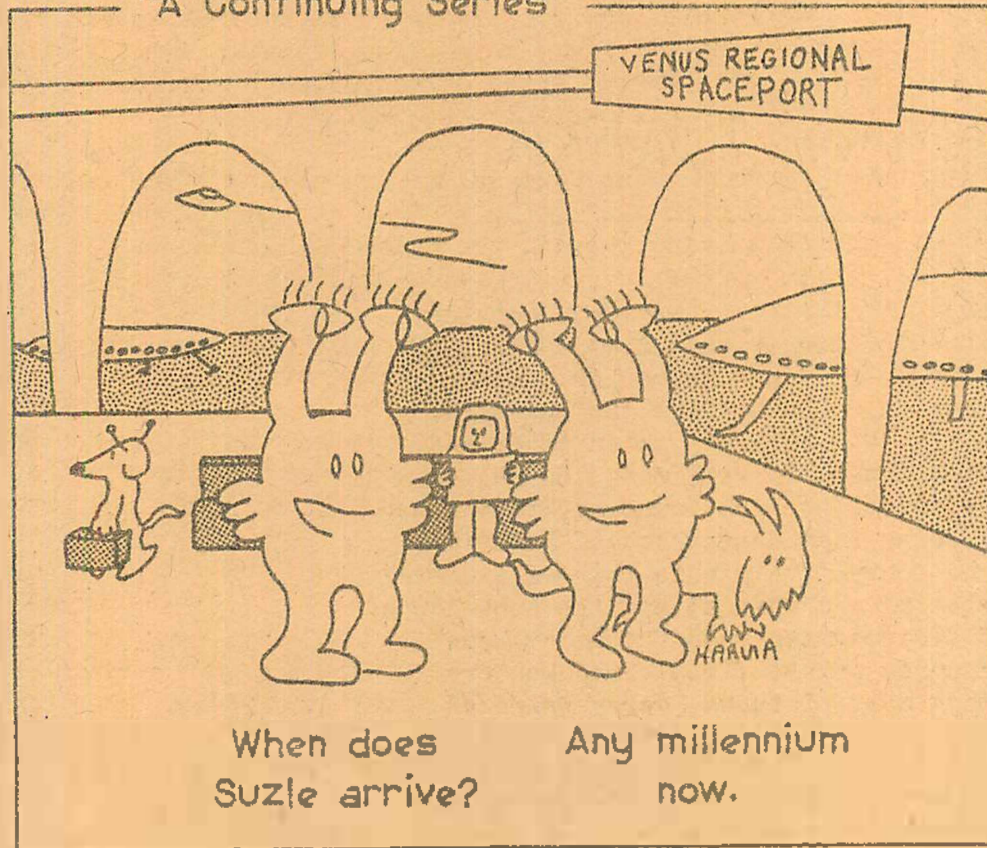
And afterwards, even. Seacon was a really good convention and my whole trip to the U.K. was fantastic. (For anyone interested, I managed to make the trip, although I lost TAFF, because I have the ability to get into debt, and not, unfortunately, because I could actually afford to go.) I'm not going to do a full report right now, saving the bulk of it for next issue. Except to say that I enjoyed the con particularly because I had the opportunity to meet and get to know, or re-acquaint myself and get to know better, many, many British fans. Jerry and I have gotten to meet the few who have managed to make it to the States, but there were so many fans whose zines I've read, or I'd heard about, who I'd never have had the chance to meet. Most everyone I met was really marvelous and I hope they enjoyed meeting me half as much as I did them.

Now, let me tell you how I got there...and back.





SUZLE TAKES A TRIP  
"A Continuing Series"



First of all, I was not just flying from Seattle To London; I was travelling from Seattle via Vancouver to Glastonbury, which is 100 miles west of London, south of Bristol. The reason for Vancouver was that I didn't want to take a nine hour flight by myself and everyone leaving from Seattle was either going for three weeks (I had decided that I could only afford two weeks--later I was to discover that I could really only afford two days, but that's another story) or the timing was wrong. Eli Cohen, in Vancouver, however, was going for two weeks at about the right time, and it's cheaper to fly from Vancouver, so I joined him for the flight. The reason for Glastonbury was that we were meeting Ginger Buchanan, John Douglas and Genie DiModica there for two days and then travelling back with them to London. This all seemed completely reasonable until I tried to figure out how to get from London to Glastonbury, and... (I'm getting ahead of myself.)

It's really quite simple getting from Seattle to Glastonbury. I only needed a van to a bus to a car to a taxi to a plane to a train to an underground to another train to a car. That is, from my house to the Seattle Greyhound Terminal (where I was seen off by such Seattle fans as Clifford Wind, Paul Novitski, Fred Haskell and Lesleigh Luttrell), to the Vancouver Bus Station to the Wood Hotel to the Vancouver Airport to Gatwick Airport to Victoria Station to Paddington Station to Bristol Station to the George and Pilgrim's Inn, which is 500 years old. This whole endeavor took 26 hours of continuous travel, except for when we stopped about fifteen minutes outside of London on a high-speed train for a while because the engine had fallen out. (Actually, it didn't really, but the person who made announcements was, it sounded, of Indian origin and was fairly incomprehensible. We gathered he was saying, "It's broken.")

After waiting for a new engine, we were on our way, not the least bit nervous about not knowing if Ginger and John, who hadn't yet arrived at the hotel when we phoned Glastonbury to tell them which train we'd be on, had actually gotten this message,



or our exciting discovery that there are, in fact, two train stations in Bristol, which wasn't known when plans were made weeks before. Now, of course, not only was the time uncertain, and their (and our) whereabouts uncertain, but even the damned station was uncertain... We all found each other, though; they had been late, too. (Who said, "I don't want to arrive ahead of schedule--I want to arrive there late, but there...") See, it was quite simple, really.

About getting home. A word about Wardair, a very nice little Canadian charter airline: the operative word here is "little." They have six planes. The one that was scheduled to return us to Vancouver on the Wednesday after the con was, umm, broken. They had to bring another one in--from Canada--which took nine hours.

Wardair has a baggage and flight checkin service at Victoria Station in London, which is really convenient: not having to lug one's bags with one out to Gatwick, etc. When we checked in there early that afternoon, we were told the flight was delayed for about two hours, but the airline wanted everyone at the airport before 5:00 p.m. Arriving at Gatwick, we were told, via a riveting "news release," that the flight had been "delayed indefinitely." This later turned out to be until 10:45 the next morning. The next morning?

Although not legally obligated to do anything more than get us to our destination, Wardair informed the assembled mob that we would be given lodging for the night and food, if we'd report back at 6:30 p.m. to board the busses. Where were they going to take us? What was about to happen? The possibility of a "free" night in London was interesting, but not one at the Gatwick "Hilton," thirty miles from London and everything else. Eli went off to inquire and returned laughing. "Well," he said, "the attendant said she didn't know exactly where they were taking us--it'll either be the Bedford or the Metropole." It took me a moment to fully grasp this.

The Bedford was a hotel where many fans stayed during Seacon and the Metropole was, of course, the main con hotel where all the programming took place. They were taking us back to BRIGHTON, for ghods sake!! All 455 of us, divided between the two hotels. We'd just spent five days there, in a place where I would never have gone except that the worldcon was there. I ended up in the Metropole, where the nice little room was nicer still, I suppose, because I didn't have to pay the \$35+ per night to stay there that fans did during the con. It certainly was convenient knowing where all the late open shops were, especially since we didn't have our luggage. Remember, it was checked back at Victoria early that afternoon, and couldn't be returned.

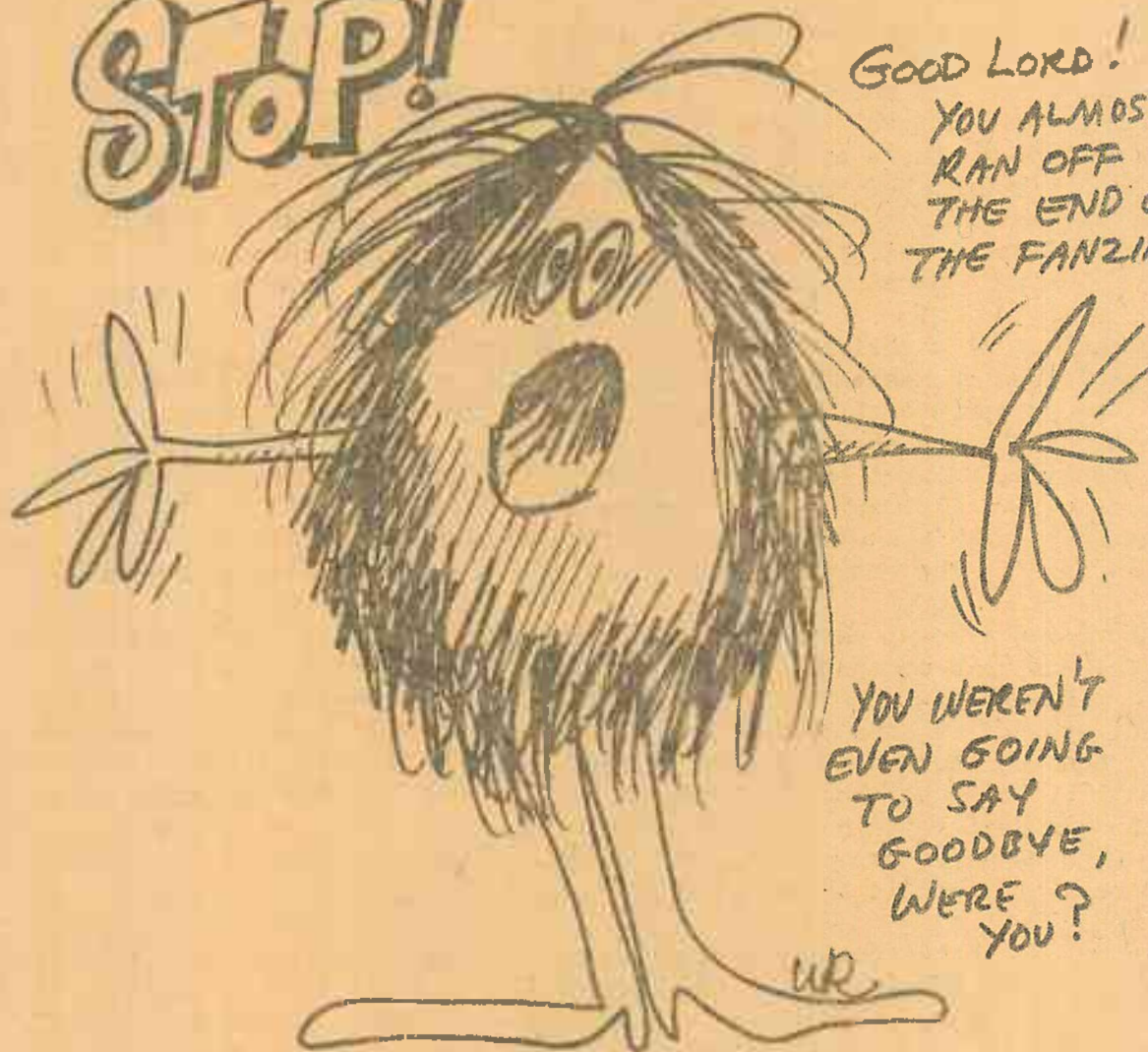
Eli pointed out that it was a shame that there weren't more fans on that flight--just imagine the expressions on the faces of the hotel staff when those "weird people" they'd just managed to get rid of came marching back into the hotel.

Makes a great con story, though. Curse? What curse? Do you see a WPSFA curse? I don't see a WPSFA curse.



**STOP!**

GOOD LORD!  
YOU ALMOST  
RAN OFF  
THE END OF  
THE FANZINE!



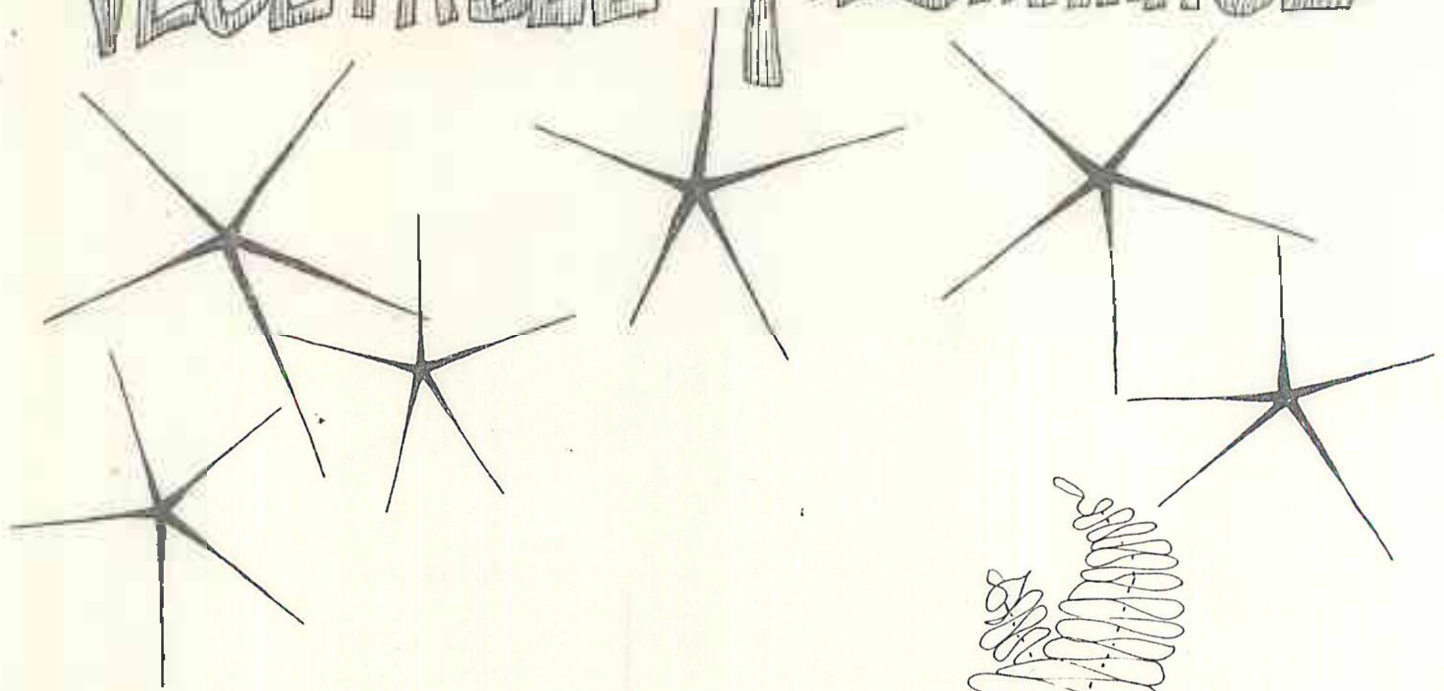
YOU WEREN'T  
EVEN GOING  
TO SAY  
GOODBYE,  
WERE YOU?

WR





# VEGETABLE PILGRIMAGE



IS IT SAFE  
TO COME OUT  
YET?

YOUR ANIMAL MASK  
IS SLIPPING

SHIFFMAN  
J. GOWELL  
SHIFFMAN