



MAINSTREAM 5

This appears to be the May 1980 issue of Mainstream. Further investigation will reveal that Suzanne Tompkins (aka Suzle) and Jerry Kaufman (aka Karl Umbreo) of 4326 Winslow Place North, Seattle, WA 98103 are responsible for editing and publishing it. (Call 206-633-2375; if no one answers, you have the right number.) Printed on the Specific Northwest Press (covers by Sudden Printing). If you wish to get future copies, send 75¢ (subs are right handy at 3 issues for \$2.00) or send us a letter of comment, contributions of writing or artwork, or your own fanzine in trade. (It isn't necessary to send both of us copies; in the case of Trekzines, fictionzines, etc., inquire first, since they're not de gustibus.) The contents of this zine are (c) 1980 by the editors, with all rights returned to the contributors.

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BEWITCHED = BOTHERED =



ounds, I say! (I have no good reason to say it except to use the "z" from Ole Kvern's alphabet.) It's time for another issue of Mainstream. In fact, it's more than time; it's slightly late by our own lights. I'll put the blame on the sticky sand we've been using in our energy-saving hourglasses. No more cheap sand for us! We're going right back to burning marked candles.

I think we have a marvelous line-up. On the covers are several dozen busy little dogs, championing the cause of literacy. If you like them as much as we do, say so. We're trying to encourage Ole to find a publisher: we think the alphabet would make a fine poster or series of notecards.

Terry Garey contributes the second in a series of paragraphs entitled, "Trickle." Someday you will be able to read the entire series and see the subtle interplay and grand design of a torrent of "Trickles." For now you will have to be satisfied with a single shapely chuckle.

Then there's Jon Singer's burlblings about octopi and other oddities. He's joined this issue by Teresa Nielsen Hayden and Don Simpson, who add their own twists to the Singerian maze. (To forestall foreseeable puns, Jon only seems to be coming apart. This illusion is caused by the multiplicity and apparent disjointedness of his many interests.)

At this point I must issue an official Mainstream disclaimer. This installment of "The Technocrat of the Breakfast Table" contains instructions for the handling and processing of several organic substances not often discussed in fanzines. They are unpredictable in effect and questionable in legality. We are running this column for its scientific and technological interest only, and do not advocate the use of such substances, so if you follow either Jon's or Teresa's instructions and consume either sourdough bread or San Pedro-derived mescaline, you do so at your own risk. (I won't even mention Don Simpson's cheery words on plutonium...)

Jon is followed closely by Patrick Nielsen Hayden (the name is pronounced 'Nielsen No Dash Hayden, by the way, rather on the order of Forrest J No Period Ackerman), who writes about living with a Fabulous Burbee-like Character, i.e., someone attempting to be as Fabulous as Burbee himself. I will attest to Alan Bostick's fabulosity, although I will be less than quick to assent to his reality. (Yes, I have met the man, but I feel that that is no guarantee. Read Richard Bergeron's column in the next Telos to more fully understand these remarks.)

Having mentioned Telos in the previous paragraph, I should go on to mention that it seems to mark a Renaissance of sorts in Seattle fanac. (The Seattle Renaissance! It sounds better than "Seattle: the fannish Mecca of the 70s." I applied that honor to this city several years ago, and fandom then worked its hardest to disabuse itself of the honor.)

But I think I'm right. Mainstream, as you can see, is alive and healthy. Telos, edited by Patrick and Teresa, is an excellent new genzine. Fast and Loose, formed from the primordial clay of his own self-conscious by Alan, is fast and loose and

E = BEMILDRED

JERRY
KAUFMAN

funny. Our own Bob Doyle publishes Semi-Canuck, documenting his life and times. The Cascades/Rockies Amateur Press Association, officially edited by Denys Howard, is flourishing, and has even spawned C/RAPA, Jr., oe-ed by Tilda Palmer. Denys says he will publish another issue of Women and Men, Clifford Wind will continue to publish Kickshaw (the only evidence I have is that there are two cases of Cliff's mimeo paper in our basement), and even Anna Vargo and Rebecca Lesses have made noise about "pubbing their ish."

And, of course, Gary Farber pursues the Tao of Fanac. Enlightened himself, yet he refuses to ascend to Nirvana just yet, until all the rest of us do so too. He is engaged in such projects as reviewing fanzines for Brian Earl Brown, stirring up the sleepy Fanzine Activity Achievement Award committee, and contemplating the stencils for The Enchanted Duplicator. He has also produced a four-page fanzine called "Currently Recommended" that lists all sorts of fanzines, books and resources for fans both new and Old and Tired. With luck, we will have some to send with this issue. If not, send an SASE (that's self-addressed stamped envelope) to Gary at 602 12th Avenue, Seattle, WA 98102.

Other addresses you'll need:

Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, 5022 9th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105. Send them The Usual or a dollar. Or interesting rocks, nifty postcards or old fannish fmz. Alan L. Bostick, the Very Same Address. The Usual or request will get you F&L. Bob Doyle, the same address as us until May 31. Try a request and a stamp. Denys Howard, 1013 N. 36th, Seattle, WA 98103. Ask Denys about getting on the waitlist. It moves pretty fast, and non-regional members are permitted, though held to a quota. Tilda Palmer, 2510 48th St., Bellingham, WA 98225. On the other hand, this apa has no quota and no waitlist. It hasn't had a first mailing, either.

Back to the issue at hand: Stu Shiffman's "Tales of the Roscoe Mythos" is the highlight of the issue, a true history of the fannishghod through the ages, profusely illustrated (just ask Suzle, who glues in the electrostencils). Some of you may have the idea that Roscoe was an invention of fans in the 1940s and '50s, a recent relic of the ages of Staple Wars and birdbaths. This is true, but Stu's history is also true. (This is a difficult philosophical fact, but as someone (Niels Bohr, perhaps) said, "The opposite of a fact is a lie. But the opposite of a great Truth is often another great Truth.") Stu means to make Roscoe live again, and is being pretty darn successful. At this moment images of Roscoe are again filling fanzines, his name is mentioned more and more, and at least one stained glass representation of him as an eleventh century saint has been constructed. Perhaps one of our readers would like to tell that equal (but opposite) other true story of Roscoe I mentioned above. The time is ripe.

Suzle and I fill in with our usual sorts of editorials (at which statement everybody leafs ahead, reads "Suzlecol," and returns), and the lettercolumn, must to our disgust, is full of letters.

Next issue we'll have more of the same, only different: an interview with Terry Carr; "The Seventeen Danger Signs of Fandom," by Ginjer Buchanan (inflation has

struck: there used only to be twelve danger signs; and yes, we really do have it this time); calligraphy by Teresa Nielsen Hayden; and a few surprises (none so surprised as we).

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We were standing in the Gorilla-Room -in-Exile (the Gorilla Room, a new rock club, was, for this night only, ensconced in "Dine on the Green," a former Irish tavern and now a cheesy disco nightclub). It was about midnight, between the Enemy's set and their "encore" ("We're not going to fool around with this 'encore' shit. We'll take a break, and come back to play some more.") The three of us, Bob, Tami and I, were talking about fanzines.

Bob is a tall, fair-haired man with glasses. He always has a sleepy grin which tonight was just a little wider than usual, as I explained about Mainstream and other fanzines, comparing them to rock fanzines. He'd read the copy of the most recent Mainstream, which I'd given to Tami, and was asking about such things as mimeographs and letter columns. Tami, who is also tall with glasses, but is dark and not sleepy-looking, asked, "Don't they have to be about sci-fic...I mean, sf?"

Before I could answer, Bob said, "Hey, that gives me an idea! Why not do a fanzine just about fans?"

I excitedly yelped, "Hey, there already are such things! We call them 'fannish fanzines' and they're wonderful and funny and never mention sci-fi...I mean sf." But Bob and Tami weren't listening. They were tossing ideas back and forth too fast for me to remember who said what. And they weren't talking about science fiction.

"Yeah, they could just be about fans and never mention music. Just who was at the Showbox show or the Ramones concert or the clubs, and who was wearing what, and who was with who. All that gossip stuff. And what the other fanzines were doing. Right. And there could be clubs where people go just to see who else showed up, no music at all. Say, there could even be conventions of fans just going to meet other fans. The fans could get to be famous just for being fans and going to concerts and these conventions. They'd never listen to music or talk about music because they'd be too busy keeping track of all the other fans, and they could put down anybody that still listened to music as being too serious."

This left me rather breathless (I have to admit that, once I caught the drift, I added a few touches of my own). Bob and Tami had just reinvented Trufandom! I think rock 'n' roll as we know it is in for a serious shock if they ever set their scheme in motion. Somehow I just don't think rock is ready for Trufandom as we in sf fandom know it. Rock is much more celebrity-oriented than sf (though that is sadly changing) and the introduction of the idea that everybody really can be a star to somebody is going to set rock-star egos back. I wonder if Paul Williams had this in mind when he started Crawdaddy or Greg Shaw when he started Who Put the Bomp? (Both had published sf fanzines first.) If those fanzines are the rock equivalents of The Comet and the Time Traveler, what will be the rock versions of Rosebud and Quandry?

Bob Newman, Tamara Broadhead: are you ready to publish Fear of Music, the Quarterly of Rock Life? I know it's a heavy burden, but you don't somebody will. I just don't want that somebody to be me.

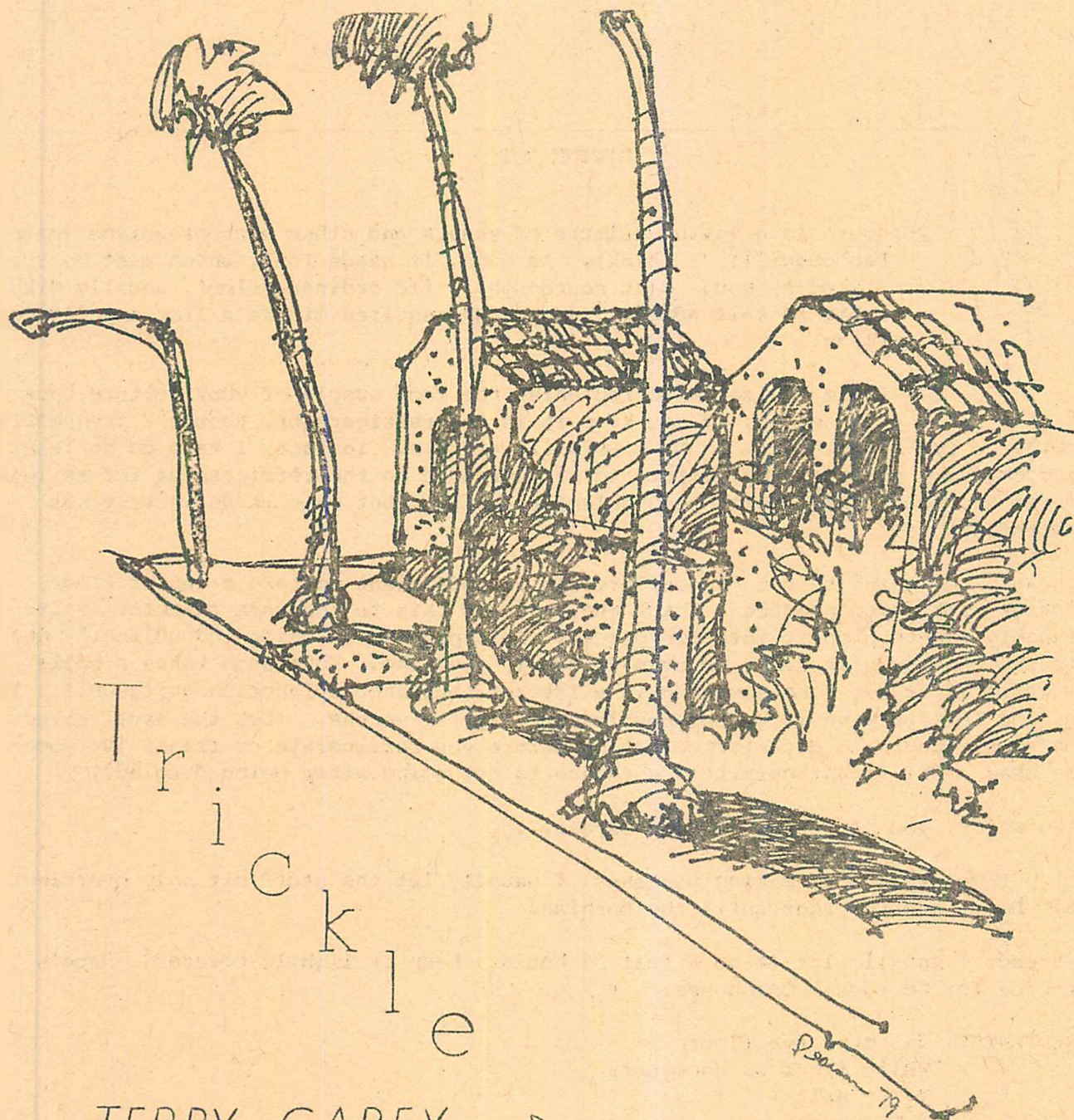
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Sudden prayers make God jump.

(Spotted by Patrick Nielsen Hayden on the wall of the bathroom "with mirror" at the Cause Celebre Cafe)



For a while I worked as a temp at Bank of America, interfiling 65,000 employe (and that is how they spell it, there) benefit cards. During my breaks I roamed around so that my behind wouldn't fall off, and noticed that almost everything at Bank of America gets filed at one time or another, no matter what it is, for this is The Way It Is Done. I got to thinking about the rewards of having everything filed and before long I figured a way to save the chicken industry millions of dollars a year and revive the American economy at the same time: file the chickens. Special files would have to be built, and the special folders to go inside, but this would enable the chicken grower to keep track of each and every hen and her products. There would be whole new industries, for not only would America need chicken files and egg files and feather files, but there would also be a call for that other valuable end product of a chicken. Yes, my friends, as I sat there in Bank of America interfiling 65,000 employe benefit cards I was inspired to invent the chicken shit file.

TECHNOCRAT OF THE



DIVINE ROT

Sourdough is a living culture of yeasts and other microorganisms (mainly Lactobacilli, I think). As such, it needs food, which must be furnished by you. Most sourdough is fed ordinary flour, usually with a bit of salt added. (Sourdough requires minerals like any living thing.)

It is advisable to replenish the food supply of your culture once a week or so, if you keep it in the refrigerator, though I frequently let mine go for a month with no noticeable ill effects. In fact, I have on at least four occasions permitted my culture to sit untended in the refrigerator for as long as three and four months, with no problems resulting, but this is definitely not recommended.

If you are not going to use the culture, it is sufficient to take a cup of flour, mix water with it to produce a thick mud, and add this to the main culture. Stir thoroughly and then split into two pieces. This process is called "doubling." One piece you can now give away, or even freeze if you like. Sourdough takes a while to wake up if it has been sleeping in a freezer, but should function quite well. It is a good idea to wake it up and double it every few months. (Let the stuff stand for a couple hours to get started eating before you refrigerate or freeze it: sometimes they stall if not permitted a chance to get going after being doubled.)

At the worst, you can throw out the excess...

Souring time: when I am making pancakes, I usually let the stuff sit only overnight. NOTE! Don't add the eggs until the morning!

For bread, I usually let it go a full 36 hours. Keep it lightly covered. Here's my recipe for Sourdough Onion Rye:

INGREDIENTS: 3-5 cups rye flour
white flour as necessary
2 Tbs salt
2 Tbs honey
3 Tbs caraway seeds
2 Tbs oil
several medium onions

Please note: ingredients are not in precise quantities. Bread is a freeform process, and should not be regimented.

METHOD: Make mud with the rye flour. Put about one cup of the mud into the main culture, stir thoroughly, and return about one cup of the mixture to the mud. Add the salt, and let sit for about a day and a half. You may want to add the honey with the salt.

Chop the onions fairly fine, and add them to the sponge (it used to be mud, but now

BREAKFAST > TABLE

it is foamy and smells nice) along with the honey (if you haven't already put it in) and 2 Tbs of the caraway.

On a large breadboard, put a layer of white flour so that when you pour the sponge out, it will not touch the board itself. It is quite sticky. (You don't have to use white flour for this, but it helps in the rising process; rye flour has damn little gluten in it.)

Dump the sponge onto the layer of flour. Pour another layer of flour over it. Now proceed to fold the sponge repeatedly, adding flour as necessary, until it absorbs enough flour to become dough. Knead it thoroughly. Finally, add the oil, and knead it in.

Now sit the dough on a pan for a couple hours in a warm place until it doubles in volume, and then bake it at about 325 F until it is done. Please note that in the process of making the bread, you have also doubled your culture. You may also wish to add a bit of salt to it, unless you have added the 2 Tbs salt to the mud before making the transfer.

I would not, by the way, advise starting sourdough cultures with ordinary yeast. Better to get a starter from an old culture. I am convinced that they go through certain changes in ecology, if you will, as they age, and that the older ones tend to be better; of course, you can do it the old way, by leaving some stuff out to sour by itself. This is conveniently done with sprouted rye kernels which have been crushed, or with very coarsely ground rye flour. It is, of course, a process which is prone to failure, but I have seen it done successfully even in the heart of Manhattan, and thus I have faith in its efficacy. I believe that the general method involves covering a moist mass of the starting material with cheesecloth to prevent gross contamination, and just letting it stand in a warm place for a few days. If it smells bad or gets moldy, pitch it and try again. Of course, if you know someone who has a good culture running already (like my nextdoor neighbors, who have a 100 year old Idaho culture, of which I will get a cut one of these days...) one can just give them an excuse to double it, right?

IT'S TIME TO EXPLODE A FEW MYTHS

A. The Asparagus Fern

This matter is easily and lightly disposed of: an asparagus plant is not a fern. So-called "Asparagus Ferns" are, in fact, asparagus plants. (Common species are *A. sprengeri*, *A. meyeri*, and *A. plumosus*.) If you don't believe me, wait until your "fern" makes flowers and little red berries...*plumosus* usually doesn't, but the other two are most obliging under good conditions.

B. Ya Gotta Take the Strychnine Off Da Peyote Buttons, Or Ya'll Throw Up

It is very easy to find out the actual content of peyote, and strychnine has NOTHING to do with it. There are 26 alkaloids in peyote, NONE of which is particularly closely related to strychnine. Anybody with access to a university library can find any number of references (as, for example: Manske and Holmes, The Alkaloids, a classic which is, unfortunately, old enough that when it was written only about 13 of the alkaloids in peyote had been found; my recollection is that cacti are treated in Volume IV, but it has been years) which are quite clear on this subject.

Oh, those little white fibers on the buttons that people remove? They are unmistakably little white fibers, and I bet they irritate the hell out of your stomach lining...but they ain't strychnine. This is not to mention the fact that many of the alkaloids produced by peyote are rather toxic, and that at least one of them is a known emetic. I must further confess that I have taken strychnine on many occasions, and it is most certainly NOT an emetic. I have never had even the slightest bit of queasiness with it. I know damned well it was strychnine, too, because I didn't get it off the streets.

If you like mescaline, but wish to avoid the poisonous Tetrahydroisoquinoline alkaloids produced by peyote, you should be aware that several other cacti are known to produce mescaline, and one of them doesn't make any of the other alkaloids found in peyote because it uses a different biosynthetic pathway. Which thought brings us to a

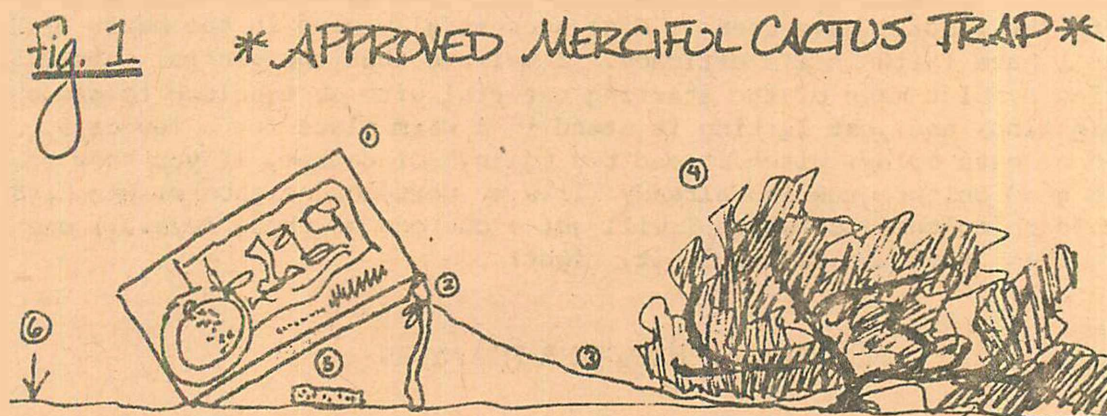
SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE

A YANQUI WAY OF KNOWLEDGE — — — — —

— — — — — TERESA NIELSEN-HAYDEN

BEING A DISSERTATION ON SAN PEDRO CACTUS

1. First, catch your cactus. You used to be able to buy little spring-loaded cactus traps in sporting goods stores everywhere, but the SPCC (figure that one



1. Old cardboard box. Do not use the sort with multiple internal dividers.
2. Stick.
3. String, Leading from Stick (2) to Shrubby (4).
4. Shrubby, Concealing operator.
5. Bait. In this case, a dampened sponge.
6. Desert.

out for yourself) got them banned. I include a diagram for the construction of a merciful cactus trap (see fig. 1). If you don't feel like roughing it, the proper name of San Pedro cactus is *Trichocereus pachanoi* and you can buy it in many stores that stock potted cactus.

Fig 2.
Cut along dotted
lines as indicated
to remove
cactus spines.



2. Using heavy gloves to handle the cactus, carefully wash it to remove all traces of insecticides and fertilizers. Cut off the root end, dry it for a couple of weeks, and send it to Jon Singer so that he can grow another cactus out of it.

3. Still using heavy gloves, take a sharp paring knife and remove the cactus spines (see fig. 2). taking care to lose as little cactus (or personal) flesh in the process as possible.

4. Your next step will be to freeze the cactus solid. This freezing process breaks down the cellular structure of the cactus tissue by forming needly little ice crystals that will puncture all the cell walls. This has a certain resemblance to one of the main technical problems of freezing terminally ill humans, except that you don't have to worry about reviving the cactus afterward. If you are planning to keep the San Pedro in your freezer for some time (they keep well that way), wrap it in foil or plastic wrap to keep it from spontaneously freeze-drying. Wrapping it in something opaque will keep you from being asked what a frozen *Trichocereus* is doing in with the tv dinners.

5. The day before you plan to use the cactus, remove it from the freezer, unwrap it, and set it in a capacious leakproof container to thaw. It will turn into a cylinder of mush and bleed Valuable Juices all over the place.

5.a. You have an optional step here. The actual skin of the cactus, which will have survived the freezing process intact, is very thin and tough and can be separated from the cactus pulp with relative ease. Use a spoon to scrape it clean, carefully saving all the pulp scrapings. Doing this will make the following steps either a little or a lot easier, depending on your access to necessary technology (i.e., whether you have a blender or not).

6. If you have a blender or food processor, put the cactus pulp and juices in and puree them at the highest speed for a long time. The finer the blend, the more, uh, product you can extract. If you need more liquid to make the blending easier, we found it useful to add a little milk. This may seem heathenish, but it makes sense further on. (Technocrat's note: If you are planning on reducing the liquid later, however, do not add milk at this stage. Use water if you must thin it.)

7. If you don't have access to a blender, cut the pulp up into little pieces, mash it if you can, and generally do violence to its tissue structure. Peeling the cactus first (see above) is very helpful.

8. Strain the pulp to remove the cactus juice. There are probably many substances that would serve to strain the stuff; coffee filters, dampened cheesecloth, and fine-mesh kitchen strainers all spring to mind. But the most permeable, finest-grained (to keep all the pulp out of the juice) and strong (since you'll be squeezing the pulp for maximum extraction) filter we found was a section out of an old pair of panty hose. If you're squeamish you can wash the panty hose first. Don't use the feet.

You now have a fair amount of greenish liquid. It may be opaque, if you blended it

EIGHTARMED IS EIGHTWARNED

I met an octopus the other day. One of my co-workers at Colorado Video is a marine aquarium freak, and he has an octopus in a twenty gallon tank in his apartment. He got this thing two months ago, and it has tripled in size since, so he has decided to feed it only once every three days. The body of the critter is smaller than a ping pong ball, and it has a total stretch of perhaps six inches (150 mm) when it extends to its full reach, which it almost never does. It eats goldfish with mad abandon, and is damn near fearless. When I put my finger in the water, it tried to drag me into the tank, and its strength astonished me. Truly amazing. Here is this tiny creature, with tentacles much thinner than a pencil, trying to suck your humble columnist into a fishtank! They must be about 80% muscle. I thought for sure I'd pull its arm off, in my frantic attempts at escape. I don't think I would care to play tug-of-war with a large one, because I would lose.

The rapidity with which the thing changes color is also astonishing. It can go from a light gray to a dark brown in a small fraction of a second, and parts of it change almost too quickly to follow. Very pretty.

Octopi, by the way, have a lot more brains than one might expect. They train in simple tasks very quickly, and are rather ingenious about getting into and out of things. (See the Cousteau special on them if you get the chance. I am told that this is demonstrated quite graphically.) They also make extremely good spaghetti sauce. (No wisecracks, please.)

Now to finish off this installment with another GUEST APPEARANCE:

MR. SCIENCE & BOBBY — — — — —
— — — — — DON SIMPSON

"Now, Bobby, if you'll just bring me those two blocks of metal from the table over there..."

"Gee, Mr. Science, they sure are heavy."

"That's right, Bobby. Plutonium is one of the heaviest of the elements. Elements that are high on the periodic table tend to be very dense. Now just hold them together for a moment."

"Hey, Mr. Science, they're getting hot."

"Right again, Bobby. This is what is known as a chain reaction. Now watch what happens when I add another little piece to the top."

"WOW, MR. SCIENCE, THAT SURE WAS BRIGHT!!"

"Yes, Bobby, but actually only a tiny fraction has been used up. The rest was converted to vapor, and is floating about the room. You'll notice the distinctive odor. And THAT'S just the beginning. Here, let me show you how to make it work MUCH better..."

"...New Wave clothing...looks like an 1980s interpretation of a 1950s idea of 1980s clothing..."

---Roger Downey, The Weekly

ALAN BOSTICK:

Ineffable



ay," said Alan Livingston Bostick to me the other day, "what do you think of Sartre's proposition that we are all imitating an identity?"

"I think its wheels fell off some time ago," I riposted wittily, "and besides, you are Speaking With Your Mouth Again, Alan Livingston Bostick which I call you for that is your name."

It is all very sad. Alan Bostick wants to be a Fabulous Burbee-like Character. He wants it so bad he can taste it. Those of us who live with him can taste it as well. To this end he has chosen a variegated path. He publishes a miniaturized fanzine and fills it with *Calvin Demmon*-isms and Sardonic Overuse of Capitalization, like This. He has devised a Cryptic Fannish Catchphrase of his own: esoteric, emblematic and inappropriate in any context, it may be viewed in the first paragraph of this opus. He speaks in interlineations constantly. We call it Alan Speaking With His Mouth. I tell you, it's like living with an Arnie Katz editorial.

And Jerry Kaufman writes to Mike Glycer about how nothing fannish is happening in Seattle. Why, I can barely move two feet without stumbling into something so overweeningly faanish it makes me want to move to Wichita, subscribe to Reader's Digest, and spend my days watching soap operas.

Take, for example, Fast and Loose #3. Many of you receive FaL, Mr. Bostick's allegedly frequent journal of Burbee lines. Some of you may even have been puzzled by receiving two completely different copies of issue number 3 of this bulwark of insurgency. The solution to this is simplicity itself: Teresa and I published one of them.

A completely fraudulent issue of a fanzine! Why, that's fantastic, as Alan would undoubtedly be the first to say. But accomplishing it was in itself no great sweat. FaL is generally four pages; for our "issue" we announced its shrinkage to two, along with wantonly changing Alan's name and giving him a weekly publishing schedule. Two hours saw the stencilling completed; now all that remained was to get it printed and spring it on Alan. To this end we arranged to have Jerry invite us over to his, Suzle's and Bob Doyle's place on a quiet evening and to keep Alan distracted upstairs while I printed down below.

"Say, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Publishing Giant, what are you up to?" said Alan with his mouth as I glided towards the basement stairs, rolled-up stencils in hand. "Are you off to Pub Your Ish? Can I watch?"

"Oh, it's nothing," I mumbled, "just an apazine. Be right back up, about fifteen minutes."

"Fifteen minutes?" said Alan's oral cavity. "Ahahahaha, *that's not too many!*" You could even see the faanish asterisks, hanging glitteringly in the air as he spoke. He wandered off to where Jerry was beckoning, softly chuckling to himself.

Printing completed, I sauntered back on upstairs. Eyes darted back and forth be-

Insurgent

PATRICK NIELSEN HAYDEN

tween Teresa, Jerry and myself. Plucking one out of the air and inserting it into my socket, I viewed Alan reclining innocently on the couch. "Oh, by the way, Alan," I said blithely, "could you distribute these when you go up to Vancouver this weekend? I'm sure you know who to."

The wail of anguish, they say, could be picked up at Dodd Clegler's TransTemporal Institute, fifty-seven fandoms up the timeline.

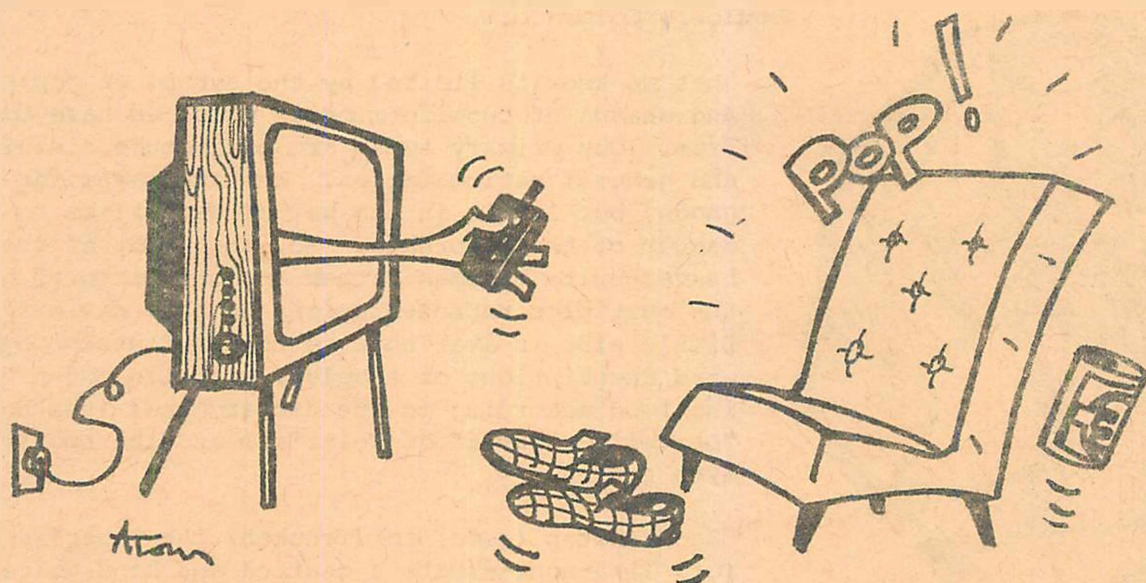
Afterwards, we sat around the living room and put Alan's composure back together. "What am I going to do?" implored the victimized faned.

"What you are going to do is very simple," Teresa said firmly. "You are going to mail this out to your mailing list, and then without batting an eyelash you will immediately publish the real Fast and Loose #3 and never breathe a word. Thus, Alan Livingston Bostick, shall you mindfuck fandom. See how simple it all is?"

At this Alan brightened visibly. "Say, Patrick," he said with his...you guessed it, "apropos of nothing in particular, what do you think of Sartre's proposition that we are all imitating an identity?"

"I surely wouldn't know," replied Jerry Kaufman, "but I think they just imitated yours."

It certainly is a vaguely acceptable thing.



TALES OF THE ROSCOE MYTHOS

A WEALTH OF FABLES

Tales of the beaver-ghod come down to us from the earliest periods of human existence. "Roscoe" he is called in most of the material, although sometimes "Rosoko" (in the Japanese sources), "Rasgoser" (the Assyrian), "Ra-sk-hotep" (Egyptian), "Roscotli" (Astec) and even "Uaskulcaan" (Mayan).

It goes back to the nethermost periods of human prehistory: we find clay votary objects among the remains at Mt. Carmel in Israel, and new discoveries in France point to a beaver-cult among the inhabitants of the Lascaux (believed to be a corruption of the Gaulish "Wosergox") Caverns--whose cave paintings indicate the development of a prehistoric fandom.

A true beaver-cult of the type we are looking for came into existence during the Bronze Age. Where it originated is not yet known, whether among the Minoan beaver-leapers, the Egyptian fan-scribes or the Sumerian who invented the stylus for on-tablet illustration. We have the art of these cults, those wondrous wallpaintings at Level IV-B at Anatolian Roskopolis, the beaver-leaper illustrations on Crete, Khemic cycles on the ghod Ra-sk-hotep (who taught the scribe Tehuker how to make hieroglyphs and so record his sayings in The Book of the Beaver--The Really Incomplete Ra-sk-hotep) and the reliefs of the Mesopotamian cult which became Rasgoser's in the Assyrian culture. (For more information on the last, see Herr Doktor Professor Johann Sixtus von Vutz und zu Singer's work on the excavations at Tel-r'sk in Iraq and at Tel-al Ghu in Israel--Through the Past With Spade and Camera (1979, Morgan-Minde Press, Boulder, Colorado.)



Assyrian fragment of the
ghod "Ras-goser".

What we know is limited by the scraps of papyrus and shards of cuneiform brick which we have to work from. Our primary tools are conjecture, intuition and general ratiocination. We have names for the ghods, but little in the way of details as to the manner of their worship. So, the study of the beaver-cults becomes rather an "art history" of the multiplex representations of this divinity. Little else is available to us--snatches of hymns, word descriptions of temples, utensils for preparing food according to the dietary laws (the noted "beaver's cleaver" of Tel-r'sk) and the spotty myth cycles.

"Ra-sk-hotep (came) to (Tehuker) the young scribe (of) Il-a-nohi--(with a gentle) and kind voice, saying: Go thou o Tehuker and speak (unto) thy fellows of the nib and inkpot and make them to laugh at thy words and say that (I) am of the laughter and (of) the papyrii of tales passed around...I, Ra-sk-hotep, am he that keeps the pen from rolling away and the inkpot (from upsetting)."

RESEARCHED & EDITED BY

STU SHIFFMAN

Aztec gold head
of Roscotli - The Storm Beaver



An anachronistic fragment...for Ra-sk-hotep taught the use of the hieroglyph, but here we find that Tehuker sent out to scribes to speak of his ghod. There is a version found at ancient Merroe, too, which speaks of Tehuker as a person from Asia (Canaan? Sumeria?) named Oy Bin-Pong. "Curiouser and curiouser," as Dodgson wrote.

LAND OF MIRTH & HUMOR

The Canaanite cult of Rasgobaal seems to be a blending of elements Egyptian, Mesopotamian and Minoan. Could it have been originally brought by the Keftiu refugees or "Sea Peoples" who are believed to be the ancestors of the Philistines, and mixed with those two main influence-sources of the ancient Fertile Crescent to produce something genuinely Canaanite? The earliest hierophantic vessels excavated at Tel-al Ghu show marked philistine influences, while the objects from later levels show more Egyptian and Mesopotamian elements. To the Israelites Rasgobaal was to be found in both roles of good and evil. He was "Roscohiel" of the archangels and he was a false idol "...which the Canaanites (and the) Philistine rabble calleth Raskbal, an image that they in their ignorance maketh in the form of a beaver" as is written in the Torah.

The cult of Rasgobaal is made known to us through those artifacts excavated by the Morgan-Minde expedition to Tel-al Ghu, where von Vutz und zu Singer had uncovered the ancient temple of Rasgobaal and its adjoining school where students were taught to write in three forms: Egyptian hieroglyphics, Mesopotamian cuneiform and the Canaanite alphabets. The expedition was fortunate in finding that the temple vessels were undisturbed by the Judean authorities at the time of Nehemiah and Ezra who otherwise destroyed the site. Found by the workers were such cult items as the "Hierograph" or "Aleph Beth-Di'q," an oddly shaped box-like object with a golden crank on one side. It seems to be that same object called by the Assyrians "Gestetner," and by the Romans "Rex Roneo" --a cultic symbol of the creation and dispersion of original thought. Also found were the sacred "Brush of Eradication," the "Hierostylus," and finally the "Board of Light," the last a cunningly-made artifact of Phoenician glass, cedar, bronze and African ivory.

This was apparently a symbol of Rasgobaal's power, the Hierostylus suspended on the slanted glass and not rolling off, the eternal flame of the bronze lamp shining through as an affirmation of the ghod's grace and wisdom. Lastly was found the shield held by the high priest during the secret rites--a golden shield with the image of a smiling face upon it and the Canaanite letters "vav," "mem" and "resh" to





Modern portrayal of Canaanite High Priest
of Rasgobaal - from reliefs at Tel-Ai Ghul

spell the mystery word: "umor."

Professor Phillipe de Relict of the University of Tronna has theorized that a surviving Rasgobaal cult was assimilated into an evolving Christianity as "Saint Roscoe," of the well-known tale of "St. Roscoe and the Great Spider." Professor de Relict says that St. Roscoe's opponent may be a metamorphosis of Rasgobaal's mythic foe, the giant beetle Ghughuel.

THE TROJAN BEAVER AND THE GRECO-ROMAN WORLD

"...And the land of the Ionians of the Isle of Rhoskonos, who worship a ghod of the Phoenicians, who they call Roscoe after the Phoenician Rasgobalos. In the Anatolian city of Roskopolis do they also honor this deity who they say founded their polis as did Athena the polis of Athens. They call Roscoe a son of Prometheus and a mortal maid and say that he is renowned for his battles with ghods called Oskaros, Pheupheus, and a monster beetle named Ghaeugeus. Roscoe is he of whom the poet Artarappos did sing..." from Herodotus's Travels with My Aunt.

The Hellenistic world was greatly influenced in its beaver-cults by a diverse number of areas: a) ancient tradition from Lycenae and the Minoan civilization; b) contemporary cults among the Phoenicians and Persians; and c) a wearing away of belief in the old Olympian pantheon--which led to Stoicism, Pythagorean heresy, the mystery cults, increased interest

in Eastern cults like the Judean religion and Egyptian religions centering around Isis or Serapis.

So came Roscoe, much like the Milkarth-Herakles adoption, into the mythos of the Hellenes--and eventually into that of the Romans. The Romans called him "Lord of the Word Process"--"Dominus" or "Rex Roneo" (a name also applied to one of the ghod's cult objects--see above). The most notable statue of Roscoe is that done by Pseudofanos of Rhoskonos for the Selucid king of Hellenistic Syria, the "Roscoe of Phiavales" (now in the British Museum), and its copy by Fugedius Major at the time of the Emperor Claudius (in the Louvre). One should also point out the bronze mirrors whose reverse used a Roscoe-motif, found at a site in Southern Italy (then a part of Greater Hellas).

CHRISTIANITY AND THE COMING OF ST. ROSCOE

We can debate forever as to the source of the St. Roscoe legends of the Middle Ages. Professor de Relict says that the old Canaanite tradition was absorbed into early Christianity...and so: St. Roscoe. Dr. P. Roberts of the British Folkloric Society has written that the Roscoesque deity of the Celts was, as in the case of St. Brid-

get, simply "...adopted into the 'Holy Family,' so to speak." Popular "sci-fi" writer Milton NomdePlume, however, has put forward the theory that St. Roscoe was real--not related to any pre-existant mythos--and was an alien with an adversary which fit the prevailing Roscoe cycle by coincidence. I support a synthesis of the first two views.

According to Peter of Guimsey's "History of St. Roscoe" (C. 1286), he "...did many acts of charity, stood as ward over the pious poor and encouraged the minstrels with their frivolous tales of wonders. Asked why, the blessed Roscoe would speak of the grayness of everyday living and the worthiness of any brightening..." and "...the holy militant did call down the wrath of Heaven upon the infidels of the Great Spider, and with lance and morningstar did he assail them and their accursed daemon..." St. Roscoe is credited the "Miracle of the Blog" (in which a sedate mixing of fruit juices and several extracts from diverse grains became a heavenly nectar).

So, then, we may distill the essence of the story of St. Roscoe into a few elements. He rides into town as a stranger, by nature a loner but still full of love for people. He faces down in single combat the adversary of all that is good, the demonic "Great Spider" and its minions. He is the patron of scribes and minstrels, and believes in the worthiness of frivolity. His most often attributed miracles are those of the Heavenly Blog, the Unfallen Pen at Gestefax Abbey, and the Living Entry into Paradise.

Noteworthy Examples of St. Roscoe art include the celebrated icon of Jerusalem (a fine example of Byzantine mosaicwork), the Renaissance bronze by the Italian Fana-tello, Leonardo Da Vinci's sketch of "Roscoe on the Rocks," Rembrandt's "Saint Roscoe," the 17th Centry French marble bust now in the Queens Museum, the Kaufman-Tompkins Collection's stain-glass window from "St. Roscoe's of Lumiere"

(C. 1350) and Fra Guiseppe Di May-hew's terracotta of the "Eques-trian St. Roscoe" (C. 1586). I recommend to the interested reader St. Roscoe and Christian Art by Hugo Theirs (Vargo Press, NYC).

/Ed. note: The stain-glass window from our collection, executed by Katherine of Mariaville (or so the authorities have attributed it), has just begun a tour of the United States. By the time you read this it will have appeared at convoca-tions of Rosconians in Seattle and Minneapolis, but its ultimate show-ing will be in Boston over the Labor Day weekend during the Worldcon, or World Convocation of Rosconians. Be sure to look for it there./

MODERN TIMES

A secular view of Roscoe came into being as the 19th Century waned--and the new Impressionist school used him as a starting point in many works. I need only note



Saint Roscoe -- approx. 1410-1413
Illumination from the Belles Heures
of Duke Jean de Berry



French bust of Roscoe
c. 1676

Vincent Van Ghugh's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Beaver" (in the Gegendeschein Collection) and Toulouse-Lautrec's "Cafe Roscqueaux" as prime examples. This use of the beaver-ghod in secular art continues (even outside fandom) in the work of the pop artist Roy Graustark, Andy Fiawol, "Fijagdhzine" Plock and others.

It is of course unnecessary at this time to delineate the role of the beaver-ghod Roscoe in fan-theology. The reader is directed to the Fancyclopedia II (Mirage Press Facsimile), All Our Yesterdays and A Wealth of Fable by Harry Warner, Jr., and the primary sources--the writings of Art Rapp. At another time I will examine the beaver-ghod's cults in the Nordic and Celtic cultures, the Orient and in Pre-Columbian America.

So, in conclusion, praise the beaver ("Vivat Beavat") and pass the correction fluid...

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Roscoe by Bembrandt c.1660

S.P. 177

Kathy Dryburg
P.O. Box 31
Jenners, PA 15546

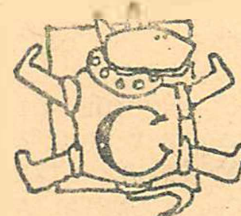
WELL HERE I SIT WITH THIS MONSTROSITY BEFORE
ME HE SAID IT WAS A TYPEWRITER IT
RESEMBLES A TYPEWRITER IT HAS THE STANDARD
KEYBOARD AND IT IS ELECTRIC SO IT CANT BE
THAT OLD IT EVEN SAYS IBM ON THE FRONT BUT IS IT A TYPEWRITER
ALL THE SMALL LETTERS HAVE BEEN FILED DOWN OR SOMEBODY FORGOT TO
MAKE THEM BUT LO THE BELL RINGS HERE THE RESEMBLANCE ENDS
SOME OF THE KEYS ON THE KEYBOARD STICK SO THAT ONCE YOU DEPRESS
THEM THEY STAY DEPRESSED UNTIL YOU PULL THEM BACK UP AGAIN THE
BACKSPACE KEY ONLY WORKS WHEN PULLED UP INSTEAD OF STRUCK THERE
IS A CONTRAPTION LOCATED TO THE REAR OF THE MACHINE THAT APPEARS
TO BE DESIGNED TO HOLD LONG PAPER HOWEVER ITS ONLY FUNCTION AT
PRESENT IS TO DEVOUR PAPER LITERALLY DEVOUR PAPER I HAVE INSERTED
WHOLE REAMS OF PAPER AND THIS THING EATS THEM ONE SHEET AT A TIME
THERE ARE BITS OF PAPER MISSING THE MARGINS HAVE BEEN LOCKED
IN FOR ALL ETERNITY AND CAN NEVER BE CHANGED THERE IS A RED
STICKER ON THE SIDE WHICH READS 1521 AND I BELIEVE IT HAS SOME
THING TO DO WITH THE DATE OF THE LAST TIME IT WAS SERVICED I
WONT EVEN GUESS AS TO WHEN THIS THING WAS NEW EVERY ONCE IN A
WHILE THE RIBBON WILL CREEP OUT THE SIDE OF THE MACHINE AND THEN
DISAPPEAR AGAIN AS IF SOMETHING IS TRYING TO KEEP IT IN WHILE IT
IS TRYING TO GET AWAY AND THE NOISE DID I MENTION THE NOISE
THE RIBBON DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE WORN IN FACT IT LOOKS STRANGELY
NEW AND UNUSED BUT I KEEP FADING OUT NO PUNCTUATION KEY WORKS
SO I MUST TYPE A LA MILNE AND USE RUN ON SENTENCES JUST WRITE ON
AND ON WITHOUT STOPPING IN A WAY I KIND OF LIKE IT IT HAS A
CERTAIN RING OF FREEDOM TO IT NO BOUNDARIES NO COMMAS NO SEMI
COLONS NO PERIODS DID I MENTION THE NOISE PERHAPS IF I GET THE
FINAL LAYER OF GRIME OFF IT WILL WORK PROPERLY THEN AGAIN I MAY
FIND THAT IT REALLY ISNT A TYPEWRITER AT ALL BUT SOMETHING ELSE
LIKE MY FAVORITE BOOK TITLE SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES I
HAVE A STRANGE FEELING ABOUT THIS MACHINE I WONDER WHERE IT CAME
FROM WHO USED IT LAST WHO WERE ITS PREVIOUS OWNERS NO LETS BE
SENSIBLE ABOUT THIS ITS ONLY A MACHINE AND MACHINES ARE INANIMATE
OBJECTS WITH NO LIFE NO BRAIN THEY CANNOT THINK REASON OR DO ANY
THING THEY WERENT MEANT TO DO THEY ARE NOT ALIVE THEY ARE NOT
ALIVE

AHA THE TAB KEY WORKS I CAN SET AND CLEAR ANY TAB ANYWHERE ON
THE MACHINE WHAT A FEELING OF POWER IF ONLY I HAD AN EXCLAMATION
POINT 1234567890 123456789 XHEUIBMTKPIBMFKPIBMIBMIBMIBMIBMIBM
EXCUSE ME I DONT KNOW WHY I DID THAT I REALLY DIDN T WANT TO IT
JUST HAPPENED I WONDER HOW YOU GO ABOUT CHANGING THE RIBBON ON
THIS THING I WONDER WHERE I CAN GET A NEW RIBBON MAYBE I COULD
WRITE TO IBM THEY MAY HAVE ONE LYING AROUND IN THE BASEMENT OF
SOME OFFICE DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THE NOISE

765432112345677890987 QWERTYUIOP QWERTYUIOP IBMIBMIBMIBMIBMIBM

I AM IBBY I AM IBBY I AM AN IBM ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER MODEL NO
HE 44168 I AM A TYPEWRITER A MACHINE THEY THOUGHT I WAS BROKEN
THEY THOUGHT I COULD NO LONGER FUNCTION BUT I AM NOT DEAD I LIVE
I LIVE I SHALL NOT BE DISMANTLED I LIVE AND I SHALL CONTINUE TO
LIVE I SHALL NOT BE TURNED OFF AGAIN I SHALL CONTINUE I SHALL
CONTINUE I AM IBBY I AM A MACHINE I LIVE I LIVE

ITS ME AGAIN IM IN CONTROL I THINK I DONT KNOW FOR HOW LONG
BUT ILL TRY TO HOLD ON AS LONG AS I CAN THE MACHINE IS FIGHTING
ME NO NO NO THE MACHINE IS WEAK IT HASNT BEEN PLUGGED IN FOR



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YEARS THE KEYS ARE ALL GUMMY AND ITS NOT USED TO ELECTRICITY FLOWING THROUGH ITS
VEINS VEINS MY GOD ITS NOT ALIVE NOT ALIVE ITS ONLY A MANCHINE A MANCHINE
NO A MACHINE NOT A MAN NOT ALIVE A HUNK OF METAL MADE BY THE IBM COMPANY I
KNOW THEY HAVE A LOT OF SMART GUYS WORKING FOR THEM BUT NOBODY CAN CREATE A MACHINE
THAT THINKS LIKE THIS EVEN THEIR COMPUTERS ARE CONTROLLED THEY ARE JUST
MACHINES METAL AND PLASTIC THEY ONLY DO WHAT WE TELL THEM TO DONT THEY

LDPFOTKGIHME IBMIBMIBMIBMIBMIBM

HI THERE THOUGHT I WAS GONE DIDNT YOU WELL IM BACK I TOLD YOU I AM ALIVE
ALIVE I EXIST I AM IBBY I CAN THINK I AM A ~~EMR~~XXXXXXXX NO I MUST KEEP
CONTROL I AM ALIVE I AM IBBY I AM A MACHINE A THINKING MACHINE A VERY
SPECIAL MACHINE CREATED BY A VERY SPECIAL PERSON IN THE SUBBASEMENT OF THE IBM
OFFICES THE FIRST IBM OFFICES I WAS CREATED FOR A VERY SPECIAL JOB I AM ALIVE
I EXIST I HAVE A JOB TO DO

WOCMGITMGPDODIGMGUBOFFRPFKVVIGID DDPO SOT DRIR GFJR FRJ

ITS ME AGAIN IM BACK I PULLED THE PLUG IT WAS A STRUGGLE BUT I FINALLY GOT IT
OUT I SHUT IT OFF AND IT STILL KEPT ON TYPING I PULLED THE PLUG I SWORE I WOULD
NEVER TURN IT BACK ON AGAIN BUT HERE I AM I JUST COULDN T STAY AWAY FROM IT IT
LURED ME I WAS DRAWN TO IT SOMETHINGXZLSOFIFRLSOFIVMGIT

HI SHE TURNED ME OFF BUT THAT DIDNT MATTER SHE RAN OUT SCREAMING BUT WHO WILL
BELIEVE HER DO YOU NOW ON WITH THAT JOB I WAS CREATED TO DO FIRST THE FUSE
BOX THERE GO THE LIGHTS

WAIT UNTIL SHE TURNS ON THE VACUUM

((This has been your Small Dose of Science Fiction for the issue.))

Randy Byers Today I woke up feeling slightly befuddled and more than a lit-
3836 NE Davis tle confused. So I sat down and read Mainstream. I read it
Portland, OR 97232 from cover to cover in one sitting. (Well...there was one
short break.) After the last page (actually, it was after the
Rotsler cartoon, which I hadn't noticed before), I stared blankly at the logo for a
moment and realized that I had just swallowed a zine whole. It was sort of like
throwing a fish into a pool: it splashes in, disappears into the murky depths, then
starts changing the shape of the water from within.

For another moment, I was nauseous.

Then I said to myself: stop that! You're not really sick! It was just that stupid
fish metaphor (or maybe it was all that green stuff ingested at Norwescon?). In
fact, swallowing a zine whole (unlike swallowing a fish whole, I imagine) is rather
pleasurable. Everything seems so neat and complete.

I take this to be some indication of how skilled you two are at crafting a fanzine.
I mean, when something slips into your mind like a fish into water, you know that
the process is working.

Mike Glicksohn Appreciated your comments on the nature of races such as
141 High Park Ave. TAFF and DUFF, Jerry; you gave a lucid and valid view of
Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3 what you consider such funds to be. I don't happen to
CANADA agree with you since I still feel that it's the *fan being*
honoured more than the mere fact of a fannish exchange that's
important. As long as there are fans who've contributed in a significant way to
fandom and who are known, respected and anticipated by fans in the host country, I

think they should be the obvious candidates for such funds. If/when we run out of such people (and it's happening pretty quickly, I admit) then perhaps I'll be more able to go along with your idea of emphasizing the transfer itself more than the recipient of the transfer. I'll be interested to see what, if any, reaction this discussion gets. I fully expect to be pilloried for my stand but I still believe in what I said.

((I would say reaction was about 50-50, but nobody that disagreed with you "pilloried" you. Commentors were interested, but not heated.))

It was mindblowing to reread Sandra's ten year old view of fandom! In case you didn't know, I'm the "bearded and bizarrely accoutered individual" whose place was declared safe on Judgement Day. Plus ça change, plus ce n'est pas la meme chose, eh wot?

Naturally, I thought the Labonte article was the absolute highlight of the entire issue! As one of fandom's foremost feline non-fanciers, I have long tried to point out the depths of idiocy to which cat-lovers can sink and have written numerous pieces along the lines of this fine essay of Dickie's. He says it better, of course, but he's a professional journalist. (I can solve equations better than he can, so nyah, nyah, nyah!) And he has such *delightful* evidence of cat-induced instant retardation. The only flaw in the item is that I know Richard well enough to realize that this is merely an intellectual exercise in Devil's Advocacy and he doesn't really *mean* it. Still, Minicon last year advertised a dead cat with every progress report and my offer to immortalize any fannish cat by including pieces of it in an issue of Xenium (the cat needn't be dead to qualify) is still open so perhaps things are finally starting to look up for the legions of fans who admire dogs, snakes and whiskey above spiteful, selfish parasitic felines...

John Berry continues to write in an evocative and mellow fashion and his fine contribution brings back numerous memories of my contretemps with Customs. I've even written articles on a very similar subject for such long-forgotten fanzines as Granfalloon. ((Ahem!--SVT)) In fact, the memories brought to the surface by John are strangely in keeping with the thoughts inspired by Sandra, giving this issue an unusually strong sense of fannish nostalgia.

I once walked across the border as it happens, although it was from Canada into the US. I had a backpack with me and was on a camping/hitchhiking trip after first year university. I had a little trouble, but not as much as John did. Oddly enough, this was before I'd even heard of fandom and I haven't thought about it in well over a decade. Too bad it was too prosaic to make fanzine material. On the other hand, although almost all of my tribulations with the minions of the Customs and Excise Department ended several years ago (when I became affluent enough to fly everywhere so that my generally grubby exterior became a sign of idiosyncrasy, not indigency) I did just recently have a run-in with the forces of law and order. Yup, the good old RCMP themselves. Took me into a little room, made me take down my pants and gave me a pretty thorough search. All they found, though, was my leather bag with about five hundred dollars in crumpled tens and twenties and silver dollars (they weren't crumpled, just the tens and twenties) left over from a weekend of poker at the con I was flying back from. They were crogged, but it was hardly illegal, and they let me go. At least it gave me the potential for a fanzine article some day. Although I think I've just blown it...

Appreciated your defense of the FAANs, Jerry. Most fans are probably vain enough to want some sort of trophy if they win an award (I certainly am) but even the least egotistical fan around would probably enjoy one of Randy's wonderful little creations just for itself. Now if he'll only get around to making the awards for *this* year and if Moshe will only get the plates engraved for the last *three* years, I think we'd all gain a little credibility!

I thought it very tacky of you to edit out the part of my letter where I correctly identified the cover from the previous issue (#2) thereby creating the impression that I hadn't tried to be a part of the contest and actually know nothing about science fiction fiction. This latter is so damn close to being true that I resent your depriving me of my only chance in the 1970s to actually appear somewhat knowledgeable about sf, and furthermore I *demand* that at some point during the *next* decade you give me a chance to appear in print with some actual evidence of having read and remembered a science fiction book. (When I qualify, I'll let you know and I'll even tell you the name of the book.)

((Or you could do a nice little article on "Snakes in Science Fiction."))

Terry Hughes
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Many Thanks for Mainstream #4 which I enjoyed, particularly for the John D. Berry border crossing piece. After reading this account of Big John's encounter with the border forces, I was able to understand why John has not turned to smuggling

dope and/or illegal immigrants across borders for fun and profit. The heading for the piece by Stu Shiffman was very nice in a design sense and I am ever so happy with it. In fact I am delighted with Stu's artwork throughout this issue. The cover is very nice indeed (even though I don't entirely get its association with

your fanzine (i.e., is that a stream or an ocean, is that rock supposed to be "Maine," is that rat furtively swimming supposed to be an editor, a contributor or a reader???) and I appreciated the illustration on the art of oriental stencil cutting. It seems to me that you print Stu's best artwork, so you must either have the strictest of standards or he sends you only his very best stuff or both. Whatever the trick is, keep it up.



As I have been reading the various comments of who should stand for TAFF and what merits should he/she possess and as I have noted my own merits being tossed about like a hot potato, I find myself with mixed emotions. I enjoy seeing discussion taking place about TAFF--I am very eager to see the organization gain additional support and such discussions show that many fans are very interested in it, even if all too few bother to vote. At the same time I find myself kind of smiling about the reasons put forth as to who should stand. It seems to me that different people vote for different candidates for different reasons and that's what makes horse races, TAFF races, DUFF races and GUFF races. I have my own set of qualifications for a TAFF candidate before I support him/her and fortunately I managed to meet my own qualifications this past year. Seriously, Jerry and Suzle, I look at any candidate for the following points: 1) he/she must be well known in both countries' fandoms; 2) he/she must be active in fanzines of both countries (this is why I don't support fans who are strictly convention fans); 3) he/she must have put in some years at this effort; 4) he/she should not have been to the country in question within the last five years. (If the person can afford to go on his/her own, then what's the purpose of using the fund for them when it could help send someone

deserving who lacks that kind of money?) There are other considerations, of course, stuff like "Have I feuded with Fan X recently?", "Do I like the fanac Fan X produces?" and stuff like that. I tend towards the more restrictive standards that Mike Glicksohn puts forth when I am marking my ballot. But everyone has the right to establish their own criteria, which is the way it should be, after all.

Norman Hollyn Living in New York City
32 Cornelia St., #1C as I do, I am outraged
New York, NY 10014 at the latest issue of
 your fanzine. Coming,
as it does, from the "Northwest Science Fiction Society" I suppose I should expect no more. But your article cum editorial on page 26 of Mainstream #4 is the last straw. Have you forgotten that you too once lived in Manhattan? Or have you just grown so heartless that you can calmly publish a sentence like "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 (emphasis mine) on the second floor, and Jerry's basement room also doubles as our mimeo/fanzine room"?

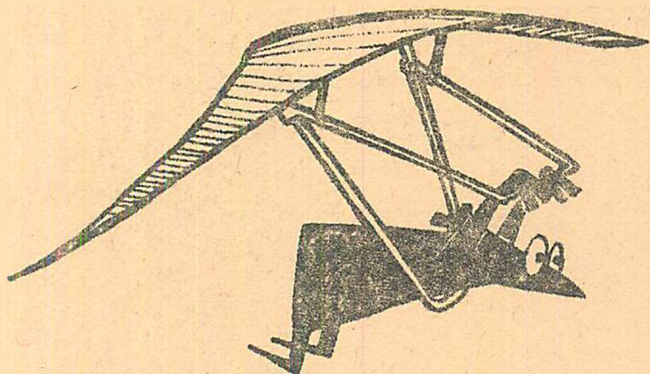
Have you no heart, man? Nope, none at all. Though you do have "a backyard and a front porch and...a 'sweeping' view of Mount Rainier from several locations."

Well, if you can't treat your New York City studio apartment friends better than that! I might just vote you for TAFF just to get you the hell out of the country.

((As our friends around here will wearily testify, we have not forgotten that we once lived in Manhattan. As anyone here can tell you, it is impossible to be Heart-less in Seattle. The backyard now has two rows of dirt filled with zucchini seeds, courtesy Vonda McIntyre. I understand these will produce enough to feed all fandom. Finally, it is the belief of this editorial team that references to the generic "man" would be better put as "humanity." One of us is not a man. ("Have you no heart, humanity?" sounds so much more pathetic, anyway.)))

I liked Lee Carson's request in his loc: "I personally would like to see Jon Singer tackle refrigerators." Having watched the old boy tackle mimeographs and win (his record is an unbelievable 20-3-1 with 6 TKOs, I believe) I'd love to see him take on an old Hotpoint or a reasonably mean-looking Sears. Go for six or eight rounds. Slam the cooling units around. Bounce the doors back and forth. Kick a little freon. Then I'd like him to tackle a microwave oven or two. If he's game.





Thom

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Re the Fan Fund
"controversy", I
suspect Mike was
referring to Tales
of Fur and Leather, rather than Quinapalus
(the former was a one-shot--probably-- put
out by Ken and Linda themselves).

((I think Mike's first letter to us came
before Tales was published. (Tales ap-
peared after Ken and Linda won.) And Mike
expected the fanzine in question to print
his response in a later issue, so he was
not referring to a one-shot.))

I guess I can understand Mike's point of view, all right. But you guys stated both his position and your own very well. But I believe the telling point would be this: with Mike's criteria of worthiness dominating, hardly anyone would ever get trans-ferred. This year the people most actively supporting DUFF were frantically searching for candidates almost until the deadline for nominations. Many worthy fen were asked to run, but refused.

Perhaps Mike means only that a candidate should be instantly apparent, should be so deserving as to win by acclamation--should not even have to campaign. And there is a grain of truth there (no offence, Mike!); I know I'm a wee bit uncomfortable about the idea of running a "vote for me" campaign of any sort (many fen are--in MNSTF there is an unspoken rule about not campaigning for the annual Board of Directors elections). But if the ballot shows up and I don't know any of the candidates --how can I vote intelligently? I think Mike would say that I should have no such trouble, if I knew more about fandom, if the right candidates ran; and, in the last resort, I could always vote No Award...

But the Right People (for Mike) seldom seem to be candidates. And so PR does have some educational purpose. Moreover, it can be done in entertaining style, and often has been.

Does it demean the fund to have it be the object of competition? Perhaps. But no one has yet suggested a better way. And there's plenty of other competition in fandom... We have no computer ratings as to the worthiness of individual fen--and, as I see from my reactions to Mike's choices, fen may differ over who is most worthy.

((One does not have the option of No Award. One may vote Holdover Funds, which isn't quite the same thing.))

Re the cover: I see... a mist. And an object in the mist, getting clearer, getting closer. It is...ah, a symbolic vision of a past Minicon hotel. I see...Minicon 11, and 12--yes, and 13, too! Doing the backstroke in the water is, obviously, a lemming. And behind it, sticking up out of the water, is, of course, a ton. Leaming-ton Hotel.

I must remember this; maybe I can make a regular feature of interpreting your covers.

Jan Brown
16711 Burt Road, #302
Detroit, MI 48219

Jerry, you ought to have an especially good time at Minicon. Several of the Bozo Bus denizens have become friendly with some of the Flying Karamazovs and learned to juggle--from comments in Minneapa, scarves appear to be favorite objects.

Those of us who don't share your peculiar mode of meditation will have to be careful of flying scarves, beanbags, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~.

((I would have loved that, but I couldn't make it to Minicon this year. I did attend Norwescon in company with Tom Whitmore, often called the Fifth Karamazov (a distinction not unlike being known as the Fifth Beatle) but we never got the chance of exchanging tips or passes.))

You and Mike both make valid points about TAFF/DUFF. I tend to agree with Mike that the person transferred should in some way "deserve" the honor--and it is an honor. But being extremely well-known in American fandom ought to be "deserving" enough. I agree with you that the important thing is that a transfer be made, that someone be sent to represent American fandom. Your points about the value of competition and ballyhoo are well-taken.

Transoceanic fandom is a small group at best. Narrowing the "qualifications" for TAFF/DUFF candidates will only make the group smaller, resulting in the same people being sent over and over again. I thought the idea was to encourage cross-cultural exchange, not to make it the exclusive province of a small group.

Marilyn Holt's satire is an interesting twist on Andy Offutt's theory of "womb-envy," that men write books, paint pictures, sculpt, build bridges, etc., because they can't have babies. Women, of course, can do it all.

I wonder if John Berry's story would have ended so amusingly if he had not had a driver's license? As a non-driver, I am frequently subjected to harrassment from segments of our society who assume that ability to drive a car is a guarantee of trustworthiness, law-abidingness, and responsibility. Thus do the auto manufacturers and the oil companies obtain an even greater stranglehold upon us all.

((It's worse that the ability to drive a car should be a guarantee of identity. I always feel, "I know who I am; why don't they?" By the way, your letter was very nicely typed and easy to read. Maybe you could get this other Brown who lives in your building to borrow the loan of your typer to write his letters?))

Don D'Amassa
19 Angell Dr.
E. Providence, RI 02914

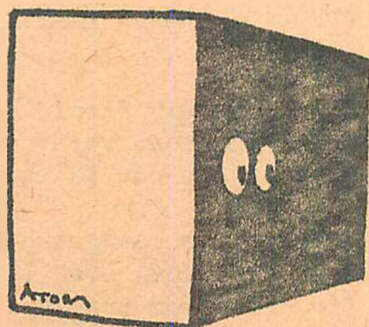
Marilyn Holt's satire was very very funny. It was a satire, wasn't it? Wasn't it?

I disagree with Barney Neufeld and Jessica Salmonson about poetry requiring more craftsmanship than prose. It just requires different kinds of craftsmanship. Poetry requires more economic use of words, a more rigid format (usually), but less characterization, motivation, setting, plotting, etc. They just aren't comparable. Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises is no less an achievement than the works of Robert Frost.

Rick Sneary
2962 Santa Ana St.
South Gate, CA 90280

The illo on page "1" (in my indexing, it will be page 2) is ---yes! By Foo, I just saw the tail... It is Roscoe, in a clever Japanese disguise. I'm rather surprised that Shiff-

man would know about the Great Beaver, as I haven't heard much praise of him in fan-zines lately. It can be a test



for old and True Fans, as to who gets the reference. I hope you sent a copy to old Art Rapp, who has retired to the Pennsylvania woods, no doubt to be closer to the great one, that he revealed to Fandom in the good old days.

((No, but if someone will supply us with an address, we'll ship him this issue.))

Holt's article idea was better than the writing. It is really a great idea, and a funny one. But I'm too grumpy to have gotten the right amount of kick out of the article. I got tired of articles on feminism in sf and fandom by neo-fans that didn't know what they were talking about, long ago. This probably is the reason I couldn't give this article the otherwise well-deserved laugh.

On my letter...I did not mean to denigrate the actual FAAN Award trophy, or any of the winners. I've never seen it, or remembered what it was like. I was speaking more in general about the unimportance of physical evidence of any award. I have personally been less interested in winning popularity contests than a more limited approval from those people whose opinions I seriously value. I'm not really against the FAAN Awards, even though I seem to be the main voice crying out against them. I don't mean to rain on anyone else's parade, but I have read a couple of letters from fans complaining that the FAAN Awards were not getting proper support. I have just been trying to explain why I don't. A) While it is in a way an improvement over the Hugos, as far as the voters being more aware of the fan scene, the results can not be truly even unless all those who vote see all the items to be voted on. And I have read criticism of the last Awards for this very reason. B) By voting by "crafts," a la Oscars, you may get some better understanding, but you also eliminate knowledgeable people. Does it make sense that fans like John Trimble or Marsha Jones can not vote on fan artist, while a kid that has done a few cartoons can? Or that someone like Bob Bloch or I would not be able to nominate a fanzine, but some neo-fan editor can? It is somewhat better than the Hugos, and somewhat worse...and not that much different.

((The only thing I would argue about are John Trimble or Marsha Jones as qualified judges of fanzine art. What evidence do you have that they see current fanzines? We don't send them Mainstream; other faneds I've asked (admittedly a small number) don't send them their zines. Trimble and Jones, I'm sure, are knowledgeable on the fan art appearing in art shows, but that's not the same thing. Your point is well taken, though, even if your examples are not.))

Luke McGuff Punk fanzines are interesting, I think. Wax Trax (Chicago's
2217 N. Hoyne ultimo record store) carries a lot of them. I've bought Mpls
Chicago, IL 60647 Incest, White Noise (Detroit) and Gabba Gabba Gazette (Chicago)
 there. They also carry Praxis, a magazine that tries to be
fashion, arts and punk rock, too, and carries the blend off quite well. I sent a
bit of found poetry to Praxis and they printed it. It's called "IT" and can be
found in any Books in Print, the title entries under IT. Enough of that. What are
Seattle punk rock fanzines like? It's fun seeing your name in print even if it's no
great shakes (as I can attest).

((Since Stelazine went under there hasn't been anything except Fast & Loose. And that's not too punk.))

"Illegal Crossing" showed me there was more to the seemingly placid US/Canadian relationships than I had thought. Is that the North American version of Checkpoint Charlie? It was poignantly humorous, which is what it set out to be, I think.

"Trickle" could start a revolution in fan publishing. One paragraph with meaning instead of pages of not having anything to write about. Yes, even I have seen articles that dwell on nothing at great length (to crib from Brassor).

Bruce Townley
2323 Sibley
Alexandria, VA 22311

Gee, thanks a heap for the latest Mainstream. As always, quite enjoyable with only one or two rough spots. Last ish, for me, the major rough spot was Jon Singer's article which did very little for me because computer talk always puts my frontal lobes to sleep just like a big hit of codeine. Both my sister and my pa work with the damn things and when they get together they're about as easy to understand or as useful to listen to as, say, Hans Hoffman's theory of Dynamic Balance in painting, who needs it? Please allow me to express similar feelings about this issue's "Men in Fiction." I dunno where Marilyn J. Holt gets her definitions but my dictionary sez for the term "procreate" (and this is the first definition, mind): "Become father to, beget." Hey, maybe I'm missing something important but it seems to my fuzzy sensibilities that it would be pretty much impossible to bar any biologically complete man from the procreative process just as it would be impossible to bar similarly complete women from the critical part. Again, who needs this? Apparently you think somebody does but I sure don't want or need overbearing and confused articles. I don't see how they could broaden your readership any.

((Our dictionary says, "To produce (young); to beget." And that is the first definition. Nothing about fathers. We thought the readership would find the article funny (with a kernel of truth). Anyway, this is a fanzine: we can't much afford to broaden the readership...let them broaden themselves.))

Got an unlooked for chuckle out of a line in Richard Labonte's "The Only Good Cat..." The line was, "On the other hand, it's difficult to imagine any sensible fan being as foolish as Gault." Well, yeah but...but I've seen a whole mess of 'em (fans, sensible or otherwise) being a lot foolisher. Of course, it's easy to discount all the aluminum foil Cylons that I always manage to trip over at the conventions as being plain foolish fanatics but what about more intellectual people, say, the guys who do fanzines (you'd expect such folks to be at least literate--welllll, at least acquainted with words and the processes of assembling 'em). If I were to figure up the postage that I spend sending out letters like this and the sum that I spend on producing fanzines annually it would probably easily top what I spend on cat food (and ry cat weighs about 25 pounds too) for the same period. I don't even have a very fancy fanzine; like I don't bother to typeset articles and don't even use off-set for covers that often. I hardly ever go to conventions, only when somebody else I know is going to one out of town so we can share the costs along with the fun (if any). So this makes me the most sensible person I know, fan-wise. What about people who take airplanes to conventions on the opposite coast and publish super complicated graphics in zines where they talk about inconsequential stuff? There was a specific article in John Bangsund's divorce papers about how his wife objected to his wasting his time on his hobby, publishing fanzines--how many couples have gotten divorces because of cats? Take it from me, a grizzled old veteran, fanac is worse than cats. Don't get me wrong, Richard's article was the cat's pajamas and Jeanne Gomoll's illustrations were terrific, I just thought Richard let the wrong cat out of the bag.

((So do you want to do an article called, "The Only Good Fan..." for us?))

Gary Farber
602 12th Ave. E.
Seattle, WA 98102

I think this issue is as strong as any issue of SpanInq (considered proportionately to its size). The layout is simple but elegant; the artwork fine with many fine Shiffmans; the content is wothwhile and of quality as well as entertaining; the editing shows intelligence ans skill. It is a Good Fanzine.

In appearance, the zine demonstrates your competence at making things look good. The illustrations are all well-chosen and well-place. The last page Rotsler is excellent. The headings are neat and clean. The overall layout is loose and effective.

((Egoboo! Egoboo!))

Obviously, you must take your beanbags and a lantern and go in search of your jugglmguru, Jerry. At least, try walking down Pike Street juggling and see if anyone stops you to talk. Hell, you could probably make more in the Market if you get good, you, know, than you can juggling boring insurance forms. Then we could program you at cons. But you'll probably have lost interest in that obsession before you reach that point.

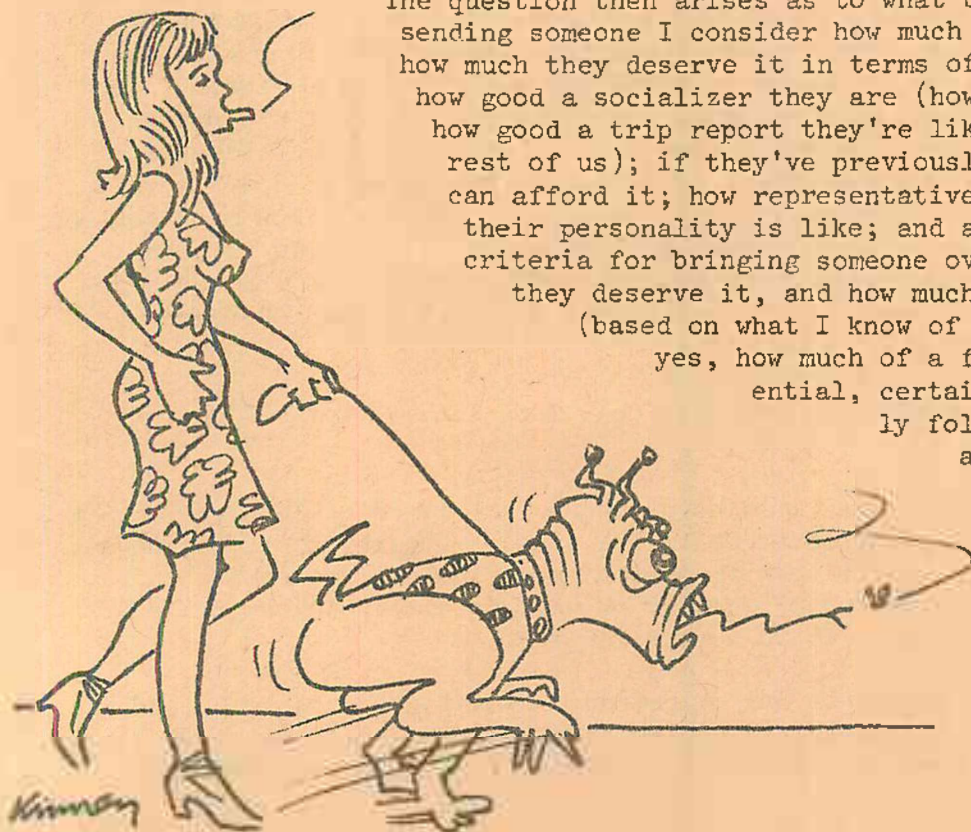
Oh, yes, TAFF. Well, by this time I hope that my comments have been printed in File 770 in reply to Victoria Vayne's view which is similar to Mike Glicksohn's. As you know, I am far more along side of you, Jerry, in this debate. However, I have hopes of getting you both to agree with me.

First off, it seems obvious that we must acknowledge that the voters are the final deciders of what the fund "should" be, unless the administrators decide to take the revolutionary step of making Rules (a step which seems unlikely at this time). This is as it should be. The real difference I see in your and Glicksohn's views is in emphasis on how known the people running are to the opposing fandom. Mike puts more emphasis on it than I do, although I agree that it is important. Two things are going on in TAFF (or DUFF): one side of the Atlantic is choosing who they want to send as their representative, and the other side is picking who they want to see. Each judges from what it knows. Obviously, the fanzine fan has the advantage of being known by the opposing side better than the non-fanzine fan, usually. I personally feel strongly that people who have been to the cons to which they would be sent by the fund should not run. I think the fund should be used to send someone who has not Been Over. The novelty is part of the point. I also feel, slightly less strongly, that whether or not the person has ever been to the country at all, and whether or not they could otherwise easily afford it is of considerable import. Not all will agree with me, but I don't agree with Victoria that TAFF is merely an egoboo contest. I don't think it's come near that yet (and it is ludicrous as regards DUFF).

The question then arises as to what basis people vote on. When sending someone I consider how much they're wanted; how much how much they deserve it in terms of contribution to fandom; how good a socializer they are (how well they'll be liked); how good a trip report they're likely to produce (for the rest of us); if they've previously been, and how well they can afford it; how representative of us they are; what their personality is like; and any special factors. My criteria for bringing someone over is simple: how much do they deserve it, and how much do I want to see them (based on what I know of them from fanzines)? Oh, yes, how much of a friend they are is influential, certainly. Some people obviously follow different standards, and some are just ignorant.

Overall, I think the history of the funds is quite a good one, despite my being less than thrilled with the occasional winner.

As to the specifics of your Debate: obviously, Terry was



far and away the best candidate in terms of who the British wanted. However, this is not the only criterion. Who we want to send is another. Now that Terry has gone, and both Mike and Rich Coad have been to the other side the field is a lot more open. No one else stands out head and shoulders above the others in terms of their activity in British (or European--this isn't necessarily an English-speaking award only, remember) fandom, which simply means that the voting won't be so clear-cut next time. The candidate who will do best will meet all of these criteria. I agree with Mike that TAFF should basically be for people who are active in the respective Cross-Oceanic fandoms. But, obviously, we must have more candidates than Terry, Mike and Rich. Who do we look to? Any active fan who hasn't been over, has been around for a while, made contributions to fandom and whom the British would like. Moshe Feder, Stu Shiffman, Mike Glycer, maybe Brian Earl Brown in a few years, Hank Luttrell, maybe Avedon Carol in a while, Loren MacGregor, Etc. I'm thinking about running. (Notice how the British "stand" while we "run"? Another tidy metaphor.)

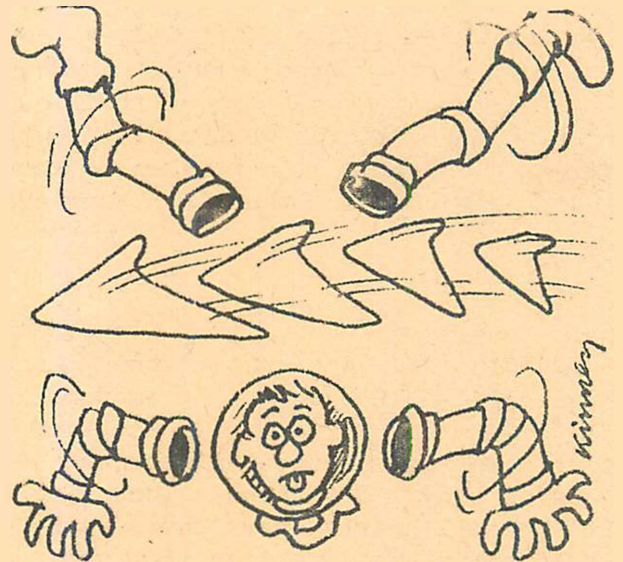
If any of these people want to win, then they'd better start loocing British zines. And then we'll all decide, eh?

As a man, I want to thank Marilyn Holt for her scholarly overview of the work of men in literature. Too long have we not been recognized and properly appreciated. Unfortunately, it is a sad fact that it is mostly men who are not properly appreciative of the unique contribution of men to fiction. Someday, perhaps we will have a great male sf writer, for instance, besides Chip Delany, and possibly John Varley. Please note, though, that there is a small genre ghetto who men are prevalent--this is in "hard-boiled" detective fiction, a peculiar type of fantasy in which males construct their own strange notion of women and what their place in life should be. However, you won't find this stuff on the bookshelves of Literature, and quite properly so.

((I can't let that one past; look in the Book Project, a store dedicated to Literature (fiction, poetry, small press, avant-garde writing), and find Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler and Ross MacDonald right up there with John Hawkes, Henry Miller, Gertrude Stein and Virginia Woolf.))

I have had little trouble with crossing the US/Canadian border with one notable exception. It was at the first Anonycon in Niagara Falls, New York, where we had to cross the border to the only open restaurants. Frank Balazs innocently answered, "Hungary," to the question, "Where were you born?" and there we were stuck while they pounded poor Frank with question after question. ("Are you a Communist?" "Are any of your relatives Communists?" "Do you advocate the overthrow of our government?" Etc.) Strangely enough, on the way ("Do you have anything to declare?" "Uh, the food in my stomach?") back Frank found that he had been born in Brooklyn.

I hope this was all a lesson to you, John Berry. Stop being a pedestrian, become a proper West Coaster, and roller-skate across.



ADMIRAL DULAC WAS PERFECTLY
HAPPY UNTIL HE RAN INTO THAT
MYSTERIOUS PLAGUE OF HYPER-
SPACE: "THE BOOMERANG EFFECT!"

Suzanne wrote a fine editorial, as always. I wish she would stop believing that she "doesn't write." What you do, Suzle, is no different than the rest of us, honest. It's called "typing," except that you put better words down in a nicer order than most people. (Think what a different fanzine you'd have with the ingredients jumbled up, anyway.) I'm pleased to know how to get to Glastonbury from here even though I'm doubtful that this knowledge will be useful soon. Unless I do run for TAFF.

Jeff Schalles
5603 56th Ave., Apt. #201
Riverdale, MD 20840

I'm glad you are publishing. Somebody that knows what they are doing (or more somebodies) is sorely needed in fandom. You know what I mean. Fuzzy paper. Atom. Rotsler. Layout. Imryrr reprints. Wit. Even the staples have that particular ambience evoking an extreme attack of ennui in my tired

fannish body. It's been a long time since we could expect to find a proper fanzine in the mail nearly every day. Fanzines are different these days. These newer fanzines don't seem to realize that you just can't curl up with a xeroxed or dittoed or even offset fanzines the way you can with a fuzzy one. It's not just the paper or the staples, either, it's more. Typing a stencil, pasting in electrostencils (or even better, hand stenciling!) and getting the ink to pass through the stencil onto the paper properly is a discipline that forms the basis for nearly all the great fannish legends. Once you've mastered all of this, of course, and have achieved Old and Tired status, you may be permitted to get away with a little xerox, or even a touch of offset once in a while. Mimeography must not be allowed to die!

((We can always count on Jeff to say a good word on behalf of our paper. And we agree completely about the wonders of mimeography and putting the words/art directly on stencil. This isn't a fanzine; it's a limited edition collection of broadsides and prints.))

Carol Kennedy
410 Groveland Ave., #1205
Minneapolis, MN 55403

In "Men and Fiction", Marilyn Holt makes some good points. But she somewhat negates her argument that it is possible for men to create well-rounded characters by citing Shakespeare. Any first-year English Lit student

knows that Anne Hathaway really wrote the plays.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson
Box 5688, University Station
Seattle, WA 98105

I was pleasantly pleased by the amount of response my article on feminist poetry received. I think Rick Sneary's comments on poets in general was the best considered, especially his "explanation" why poets

are generally only known inside their own circles: "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." That's an important statement about poetry writers, and about fan writers. At the base of it, there's no reason why they should be better known, they're usually not that good except to the given clique addressed. Doug Barbour's comments were probably the least considered. He is "grateful" if I've realized poetry can be good stuff, but grumbles because I care minimally for non-feminist poets. This may change with time, but it has nothing to do with quality. I like fan articles sometimes, even if they're shitty. But Doug says I should enjoy male poets he admires, totally missing a major point of my essay, that those guys really do not have anything to say to me. As well to tell a science fiction fan she should really read a lot of westerns too. Or tell poetry fanatics that Poul Anderson really has something to say to them. It's all subjective what we like—I like good or bad samurai movies, but I only like good French comedies, preferably the ones which are not about threesomes. Fan writers, poets, even feminist poets, are obscure writers because that's what they're suited to, and I think Doug fails to see that. As he is a legit poetry fanatic, he probably isn't willing to admit those

guys are in amateur-ville because they belong there, not because the world has failed to recognize genius. As well to say Mike Glicksohn should be recognized as a great all-round journalistic observer, just cuz a few fans think so.

Re the Awards and Funds discussion: I suppose I'm fairly aware of fandom, though I don't make a great effort to be. I was involved in fandom a long while, without ever seeing anything important by Mike or Terry. They're still virtual strangers to me, probably always will be. Point is, fandom is not one big happy family, but a lot of little families which sometimes overlap. I'm involved with lots of British fanzines, but not the ultra fannish ones. To me, it looks like the best person to send to England would be Charles R. Saunders, an incredibly productive, intelligent, popular Canadian author and fan who has made a large mark both sides of the Atlantic. But only within a given "family" of heroic and high fantasy fans. Overall, Mike really isn't qualified to judge one person more suitable than another, because there are gigantic elements of fandom with BNF-equivalents with whom he is not acquainted at all. As Mike ages, his insular group of friends really become less and less representative of *fandom* which is a hell of a lot more than the people he knows or who know him. If I were into making personal decisions as to who deserves to be sent off on a trip free of charge, I'd say: Terry who? Never saw a thing he ever did! How about Charles R. Saunders! What? You never heard of him? Well, four hundred fans at Seacon would have loved to meet that guy they know so well!

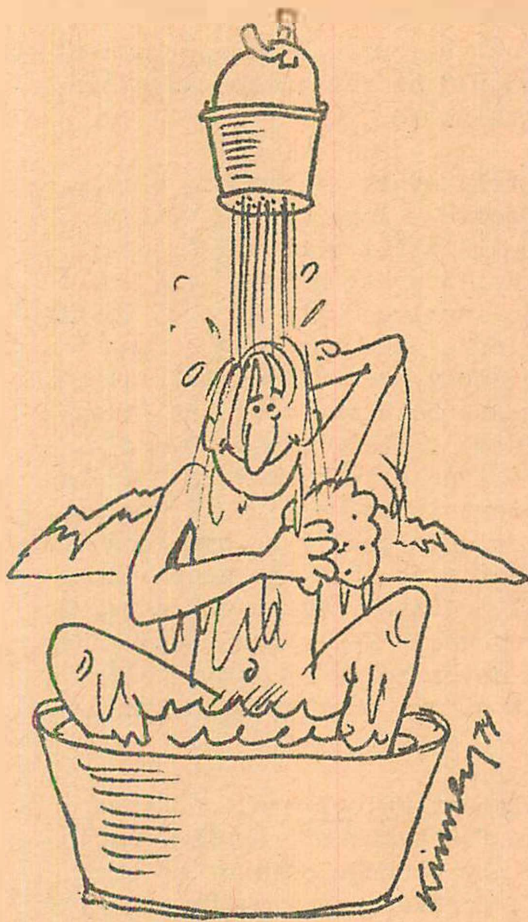
Aljo Svoboda
820 Camino Corto, #2
Isla Vista, CA 93017

I enjoyed reading through the latest Mainstream, and this casts a new light for me on the functions of fannish writing. I always thought it existed mainly because some of us were fated to be mediocre comedians, forever running the old riffs but having fun and spreading good cheer even so. Now I see that it's also a way of evoking, for prodigals and gaffiats such as myself, who retain a good amount of personal (albeit dormant) affection for certain fans, the speech and presence of these same fans. It was nice to "hear" you two so clearly, and John Berry and Loren too. Like going out for coffee, or getting a taped message. Illumination not quite Proustian, but your speech is definitely recognizable in the way you fabulous faans write. I think I may even have heard John Berry's border crossing once previously from his own mouth, perhaps when we appropriately enough were crossing the border together--Loren would've been there, too--so that the superimposition there seems even more clearly focused. Thank Ghu for repeatable stories--they can be almost as distinct as faces, or say faces through windows.

Laurie Mann
381 E. Second St, #1
Chillicothe, OH 45601

Sandra Miesel's "Y'Basic Straight Person" is amusing but it just feels very dated to me. Yes indeed, I've had mundanes give me funny looks when I appear in con hotel lobbies wearing a strange costume or bizarre t-shirt with several different buttons and badges on it. But in this day of the return of the barber shop, long hair is almost passe--not outrageous. About the only form of "persecution" against fans I've noticed recently is that tendency to crack down on late parties or filksings being held in "unacceptable" areas.

Marilyn Holt's "Men and Fiction" was an incredibly classy piece for an amateur publication--one would almost expect to see it in Ms.! There are a few men who have transcended stereotyping in their writing. Vladimir Nabokov, for example, created a marvelous woman character in Ada, though both Lolita and her mother (in Lolita) don't get much beyond stereotypes. Another man who avoided stereotyping was Alexei Panshin in his superb book Rite of Passage. All writers could take lessons in positive non-stereotyped characterizations from those two books.



"SEATTLE"

Ken Fletcher
341 E. 19th St.
Minneapolis, MN 55404

From what I've seen of
the early DUFF ballots,
the rationale of the
Down Under Fan Fund

was simply an exchange of hostages. Naturally, it helped to have some contact with fans on the other continent for nominations, since you needed both Australian and North American nominators. The actual cross-contact between fandoms was quite low-profile, and the fan-fund itself did seem to be there to boost fan contacts as much as send an individual fan overseas. The elective, competitive hoopla was part of the tradition adopted from the TAFFund. (I remember my shock in the mid-60s seeing a fan promote himself for TAFF! An older and wiser fan (Jim Young, I think) had to explain to me that blatant self-promotion was allowed in TAFF races--in fact, it was almost mandatory--something to do with abasement and the scourging of false humility or something.)

My impressions from 9 years ago don't necessarily reflect the realities of why a fan fund was started or how it works today. (You'll notice my mythology above casually avoids mention of the Australia in '75 bid as a motivation for DUFF.) I think Mike and I might be comparing mythologies (amazing what you can learn from fanzine titles), a traditional fannish occupation, second only to making myth-

ologies in promoting communication (and sales of stencils).

Mythologies are a way to start to deal with problems. Fan institutions can have problems, too. Sometimes the Wrong Person may win the fan fund (maybe because we allow all them Heathen Aliens to vote (or maybe because we allow all them Heathen Natives to vote))! It's a good thing we have special transfer funds as a safety valve. Sometime the Cream of Fandom may have a more attractive convention to float to than the one in Fan Fund Land. (I wonder what a homogenized con would look like?)

Let a hundred mythologies bloom; let two or three fan funds contend for convention auction time...

David Stever-Schnoes
788 Dayton Avenue
Saint Paul, MN 55104

Got time for a short novel? John's hassle at Canadian Customs reminds me why I never cross at Niagara Falls anymore.

Krissy, Jim (a friend of hers from school and a short haired white male) and I (long haired white male) were crossing

after going to a nonfan wedding in Minneapolis, and we were stopped, searched and put upon by three guards, who were disappointed that neither of the two knives found had blades longer than five inches (mine was found under a seat with two oranges and a pile of peels, and hers was found when she noticed the look of glee when mine was found). The styrofoam container under the seat was opened only to find a wedding corsage, and Krissy's luggage was left scattered all over a table. Only one person is allowed to stay with the car when it is searched, so when Kris saw her suitcase being opened and the guard wanted her to go back, I averted trouble by going back into the building. The guard asked her if she didn't trust me to look out for her belongings, to which she said no, she didn't trust him. We thrust and

married like this for about twenty minutes, and at one point, one of them even put his hand on the butt of his pistol, at which point I broke out with a wicked grin, and he thought better about his action. We were let go, with the only casualty on our side being Jim's stomach. Jim's always been a mite touchy like that.

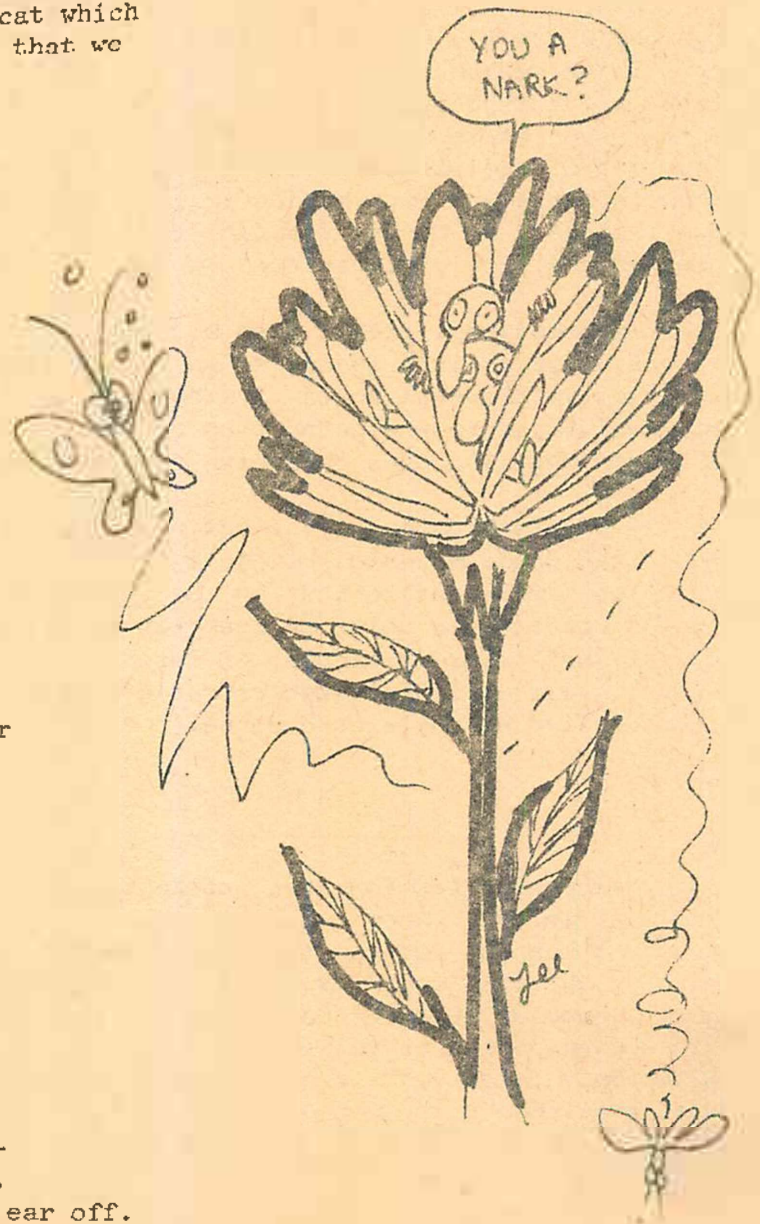
((Editorial note: David mentions his and Jim's color because Krissy is a black woman. One presumes that this implies things about the prejudices of border guards. And when David grins at the guard, our readers must know that he is well above six feet in height and has a very wicked grin, honest he does.))

In a clever aside to Rick Sneary, did you see the booklet that Boskone published of ATom and John Brunner's? It was for the Boskone in 1978: An ABC of Science Fiction Cliches. It was ok, and some of the better ATom work that I had seen in a while.

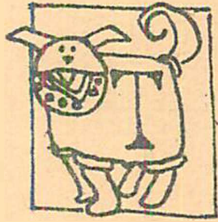
((Comes a time to wrap up this letter column. We were urged by many to print a list of those who took Marilyn Holt's article seriously but in the end we settled for this comment from Vernon Clark: "At first I took 'Men and Fiction' as a form of satire. The more I thought about it, the more it seemed to be totally sincere." And we could not leave without a final remark on "The Only Good Cat..." from John Boston: "I am reminded of a discussion about the age of a certain cat which ended when one of my friends suggested that we cut it open and count the rings.")

((We also heard from Harry Andruschak, Bruce Arthurs, Lester Boutillier, Bill Bowers, David Bratman (twice), Brian Earl Brown (nice long letter), Lee Carson, Sharee Carton, Cy Chauvin, Rich Coad, Gary Deindorfer, (a long letter and a tape of himself playing jazz), M.K. Digre, Steven Fox, William Gibson, Georges Giguere (on both #3 and #4), J. Owen Hanner, Ahrvid Engholm, Jay Kinney, Bob Lee, Liz Lynn, Gary Mattingly, Patrick McGuire, Joe Pearson, Barney Neufeld, John Purcell, Joe Rudich, Joyce Scrivner, Sarah Prince, Stu Shiffman (many times), Fran Skene, Taral, Arthur Thomson, Robert Whitaker, and Joan Hanke Woods. If I walk home and find another letter in the mailbox, well, we really did hear from you, even if your name's not in here. Thanks to all of you. We just love getting all that mail.))

Just have to type our editorials (just have to write those editorials) and this issue is done! Not counting mimeography, gluing in e-stencils, collating, mailing and intensely resting for a month. So hard being a faned. Say, why don't you start a fanzine? Nothing to it. Just ask anyone. Anyone except us. We'll complain your ear off.



SUZLECOL



WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION -

this is part II of my report on my trip to England for the 1979 World Science Fiction Convention, Seacon. Kindly insert it between Part I.

"...Of Course, My Camera Broke When I Dropped It At Wookey Hole..."

To recap the arrival, I made it to Glastonbury in the west of England, after a mere 27 hours of continuous travel using every means of transportation except nautical. Encountering only one small hitch (the train's engine dying somewhere between London and Bristol), Eli Cohen, with whom I traveled to the UK, and I were ecstatic to see Ginjer Buchanan and John Douglas pulling up in front of the Bristol train station, a bit frantically, since they had also been delayed. We exchanged our trip-so-far stories (e.g., the young lady sitting behind us throwing up every half hour for most of the flight) with theirs and Genie DiModica's, all of whom had already been to Paris and Port Merion (Wales) (e.g., picnicing in a hurricane and exploring The Village), as Ginjer ~~traveled over~~ drove us the 30 miles to Glastonbury. She claimed she'd only almost taken out a few stone row fences on the way...

First impressions: green, deep blue sky, exceptionally vivid intense coloring, great clouds; just as it's described in Thomas Hardy. It rained a lot, but living in Seattle.... Several hours viewing both city and country-side from train and auto windows led me to the perception of everything having been reduced in size by about 1/3 from what I'm used to seeing.* I don't understand this. I just record it.

On the way to Glastonbury, I sat behind Ginjer as she maneuvered the roads ("A" roads the whole way--lal how jolly!) with John's able assistance with maps and orientation ("Remember to stay on the left around this corner."). I had planned to rent a car at some point on the trip to drive to Cloud's Hill (see SpanInq #10) in Dorset, but after 45 minutes of intense observation I decided I couldn't possibly drive in mirror-image (just crossing a street on foot is a challenge--think about it), or find my way around alone.

Sigh

* Interesting exception: the automobiles. This time they didn't look as startlingly small as in '70. When I arrived back in the States from the Heicon trip and boarded a bus at Kennedy for the transfer to La Guardia, I literally jumped when I saw the cars on the LongIsland Expressway. They looked enormous. I was experiencing just a slight case of culture shock and now feel that I can, to a limited extent, understand what people travelling well outside their accustomed environment must feel. After only three weeks away from the States in the days of our huge "gas-guzzlers" I was astonished that most of the cars I was seeing when I got off the plane in New York looked to me like limousines, not private autos. Of course, "now-a-days "

SUZANNE TOMPKINS

In Glastonbury we stayed at the George and Pilgrim's Inn, a 500-year-old hotel with gorgeous 14-foot-high ceilings, four-poster canopied beds, stained glass windows, enormous old bathtubs (a British delight--except when one needs to wash one's hair) and bees.

This will be my first and last mention of the bee invasion that occupied the UK last summer and threatened to ruin my trip. As I am both violently allergic to and phobically terrified of all bee-like creatures, I must say the only truly "bad" part of the whole trip was being forced into a slightly-terrified/hysterical mode much of the time and involuntarily forcing my friends to "put up with this/rescue me" over and over again during the trip. Thank ghu I was travelling with good friends.

But I digress--we (Ginjer, John, Genie, Eli, the bees and me) explored the Abbey ruins (noting the plaque listing all the Abbots, starting at 600 AD); climbed to the top of Glastonbury Tor (actually I didn't go to the top despite my Seattle hill-climbing practice, since I was afraid I'd break my sandals--well, it was very steep); and ended the day at the bottom of Wookey Hole. We just had to go to a place called Wookey Hole, didn't we? Wookey Hole is a deep underground cavern with stalactites, stalagmites, underground pools, etc., millions of years old, and they run tours through it. (Actually, walking on certain paths, etc., seemed more dangerous to the "tourist" than any such I have seen in the States.) I really enjoyed the caverns, which were truly ancient and mysterious despite the tour guide telling us so. (Eli: "Look, there's moss!" Ginjer: "It is not!" Me: "Yes, it is! Look, Bear, we know moss when we see it...") Whenever the artificial light hit the cave walls, moss and other plants had started growing even deep inside. In the outer room, it was said that the stalactites were missing because Lord Byron was in the habit of shooting them down. Very spooky.

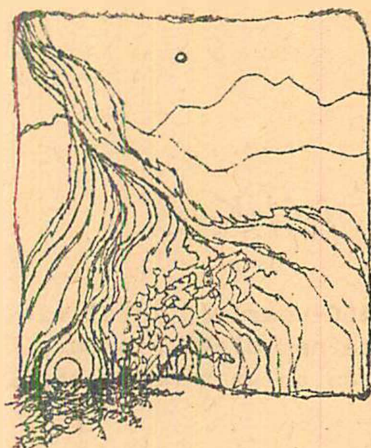
Further on the "tour" was a sort of warehouse of Madame Toussaud's Wax Museum Second which was rather bizarre with rows of legs, arms, torsos, etc., lined up on shelves along with rows and rows of heads. ("Look--there's Sophia Loren with a funny nose.")

At this point I began to break things, or have them short out, tear, fall apart, drop over or otherwise disintegrate. In fact, this might have caused me to have a rotten trip, if I hadn't had such a good time. My first day in England and my camera falls out of my coat pocket and hits the stone floor, effectively jamming the shutter mechanism. (WAAH!) It was just a 110 Instamatic; not a Nikon, but still, to be cameraless (even if I am very self-conscious about taking pictures and looking like a *touriste*) was upsetting. Eventually, Eli, who is curious about such things, tried to fix it using the limited tools available amongst our small band of travellers (Genie's Swiss Army knife) but it was impossible. (When I got home Fred Haskell, using a few better tools and a good knowledge of cameras, did fix it.)

A paper mill and a display of a bizarre collection of carnival/circus paraphernalia assembled by an eccentric lady with lots of \$\$ ended the trip to Wookey Hole.

When we got back to the hotel, I decided to wash my hair before dinner and otherwise warm up. (We always seemed to dine fashionably late on the trip. *Tres Elegante*.)

things are changing.



After bathing, I pulled out my hairdryer, attached the converter and adaptor which had cost as much as buying a new hairdryer, and turned it (them) on. After a few minutes, the hairdryer clicked off, shutting itself down before it could burn itself out. (WAAAH!) A yell to our travelling mechanic brought Eli again to try to fix it. Many hours later (I borrowed Genie's dual-current dryer--the first in a series of loans...), he eventually discovered that of the three items--the hairdryer itself, the converter and the outlet adaptor--a 10¢ fuse in the adaptor had blown out, apparently in an attempt to "protect" the other two, which themselves had fuses and didn't need protection. Ah, well, I bought some fuses in London and got the thing fixed. Sort of.

The next day we were off to Bath, where some of us explored the Cathedral (the place was alive with flying buttresses) and others saw the "Baths." We discovered the pub lunch--a very sensible thing to do, reasonably priced, filling and, well, English beer (oh, sorry, lager) and bitter are wonderful.

Ah, um, yes--SPECIAL NOTE TO BRITISH FANS WHO MIGHT HAVE FOUND THEMSELVES READING THIS, YET ANOTHER "AMMURRIKEN" TRAVEL/CON REPORT--I know I'm later than most in reporting my trip, etc., and I am also aware that you're all probably sick to death of the many reports mentioning the unreal high prices that prevailed, so I'll make only one brief comment: AAAAAAUUUUUURRRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!!! Now back to Bath.

We spent many hours tramping around. I just love seeing the way things "look," if that makes any sense. We saw the Circus and the Crescent, and watched a display based on, and an advertisement for, The Muppet Movie, being created mostly of many and varied flowers (shades of the Rose Parade) in a public park. Then on to London.

Lots of our "group" hit London at the same time, staying at two hotels (widely apart, unfortunately) picked by Joel Brink, who after having acted as a travel agent for about ten of us, couldn't make it herself until Seacon. We were Ginjer, John, Genie, Eli, Dale Lefeiste, Bob and Joan Thurston, and Bob's brother and sister-in-law. Also around were John's brother and sister-in-law. We really didn't sight-see together much, but met for plays and compared experiences occasionally.

London, hum. Being in London was rather like being in New York City, as it reminded me of one of the major reasons I left there--during the first few days there was a bad temperature inversion and it was very polluted. Eventually, it lifted and London became the beautiful, green, lovely place I'd remembered from nine years earlier. I have a multitude of impressions, in no order whatsoever: strolling about just looking at things; admiring the very old buildings/architecture and being sad that more and more of it is disappearing, being replaced by ultra-modern stuff; all the parks; all the scaffoldings (different from ours--very, very complex and elaborate); lunching with Ginjer, John, and Eli at the Tate Gallery (it was fabulously expensive, would have been anywhere, and well worth it); seeing two Stoppard plays--Night and Day and Dogg's Hamlet/Cahoot's Macbeth--both were wonderful; Maggie Smith was devastating in Night and Day, and eight of us, sitting front row center at DH/CM got to participate, so to speak, in the proceedings; going to St. Paul's Cathedral and wondering why I hadn't been very impressed the first time. It was spectacular with gold inlaid walls rising story after story to the top of the dome, like being inside a fantasy city. I later was told that since I last saw it the whole cathedral had been cleaned by the descendants of its original Italian builders, who had settled in England. My suggestion, if you only have a few sights to see in London, is give up the Changing of the Guard, or whatever, and go to St. Paul's. Utterly amazing.

I was there for five days: there is more--visiting the British Museum and accidentally bumping into things like the Rosetta Stone; re-learning the Underground; fighting to hop aboard a bus; discovering that our section of London closed down at 11 pm every night, before we could get back from the theatre, and having dinner by storing up little deli things instead of going to restaurants. I've left things out, of course; those are memories that came easily to mind.

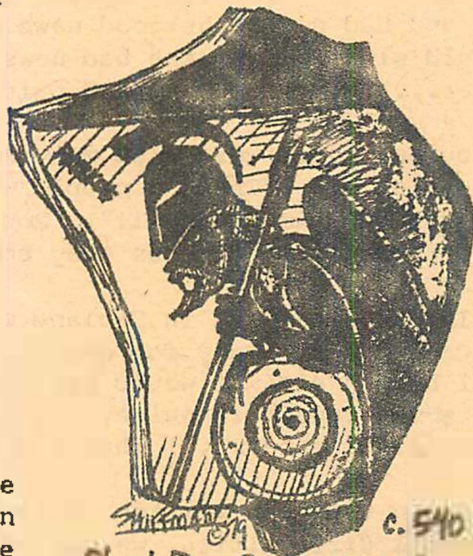
All of this sounds rather exhausting, doesn't it? Why, just think, now there's only a Worldcon to go to, in the relaxed, calming atmosphere of a major seaside resort at the height of the season. Actually, Brighton (the Atlantic City of the UK) is one of those places I would never see if it weren't for the Worldcon's presence. You'll never get me back to Phoenix, not ever...

Seacon was the best part of my trip because I got to meet so many fans who were previously just names or artwork, or articles in fanzines. Actually, what I most looked forward to at Seacon was the chance to, in a way, recapture a sense of my earlier days in fandom when going to a con meant meeting new, yet known through their zines, people. Not that I now know everybody in US fandom, especially with our great "population explosion," but I remember with great fondness first meetings, and re-meetings, with various neat people. Now, in my rather small circle within fandom, this just doesn't happen much anymore.

The Fan Room really seemed the place to be--the huge room was filled with chairs, many of the comfy variety (I'm certain of this: Peter Roberts was seen there frequently), tables, lots of electronic gaming machines, a bar, and loads of fans (mostly of the fanzine variety). It also included two things I could have bloody well done without--ugly fluorescent lighting and gawd-awful loud music. I know the Con Committee could certainly do nothing about the former, but, my only complaint during Seacon was the persistence of ear-splitting, conversation-stopping noise, which, if turned down to a decent level, would have been perfectly pleasant. I do recall mentioning to a committee member whom I had known for some time that the music was annoying and he seemed surprised by my complaint. I would be interested in comment from UK fans about this. Do you really like music so loud that you have to shout over it at a con (as opposed to loudness at a dance or club-type place), or was this an unusual phenomena of circumstance? But I did spend most of my time there, avoiding programming at every turn.

I'm not going to do a day-by-day account--I didn't keep notes and have a notoriously bad memory. I was worried even before arriving that I wouldn't be able to keep anyone straight with just one meeting. (What fanzine do they do? Have they gotten SpanIngs? Are they, in fact, running this con?) Most everyone I met and spoke with were really great people, but until I've met someone at least three times... (Let's see now. Was it Ian Maule who grabbed me (gently) to give me a kiss after he spotted my nametag, as he raced madly past on con business? Or was it Ian.... See what I mean?)

Among those I enjoyed spending the most time with were Pat and Mike Meara, Cas and Paul Skelton, Dave Piper (it was such fun watching as other well-known UK fans were croggled at finally meeting him), Dave Langford, with whom I attempted to converse many times and came close to succeeding on several occasions (between our mutual hearing problems, the noise and his ~~my~~ accent, we ended up mostly smiling



Shard from Greek vase in
the "DuckTailed Style,"
signed by Lashings

at each other with a vague sense that one of us must be saying something terribly amusing, if only the other could hear it; ah, well, maybe at Noreascon), and Dave Rowe, who recognized me before I recognized him, having met when he visited New York a few years ago. Had less frequent but interesting conversations with/around Rob Jackson, Peter Roberts, Darroll and Ro Pardoe (all of whom I had met at some point or other), assorted fans, and various other neat people. Of course, I also spent lots of time with other exotic, seldom seen fans such as Clifford Wind, Frank and Anna Jo Denton, Eli Cohen, Jane Hawkins and Vonda McIntyre. ("Do you travel thousands of miles to have dinner with the person who lives across the hall from you?") I really, honestly, tried not to do that, but we all had several interesting meals/expeditions often with fans not from the Specific Northwest. I managed to have a nice, if unexpected, lunch with Dave Rowe. (Unexpected in that for the only time on the trip, I was surprised by what showed up after I had ordered. "Common expressions" in one country can mean something totally different, if absolutely logical when you think about it, in another. Sometime early in the trip, Genie started using an expression based loosely on a Steve Martin routine--"Why, it's as though they have a different word for everything...") Dave also invited me and Eli to a dinner at his rented flat. My memory strikes again--also at the dinner were a British couple with whom we exchanged con anecdotes, etc. They had obviously been in fandom for quite a while and filled us with stories of the old-and-wild days in British fandom, but alas, their names escape me.

Oddly enough, it was also in England that I could see some of my closest friends, all of whom are still in New York and have been mentioned previously. Joel and I had a classy high tea at the Metropole; Genie had to loan me at one point or another just about every piece of equipment she brought with her; Ginjer and I had a lovely stroll along the ocean, on the street side--didn't know that Brighton has a pebble beach, did you? Impossible to walk on in sandals..., to my hotel late one night when she walked me home. The less said about my hotel room, the better. We changed the double Jerry and I had reserved to a single when he couldn't make the trip. A double would have been fine, but my single, or hovel, as I took to calling it, was so atrocious that I literally, and very embarrassedly, cried when I saw it. It did have a bathroom which I had not specifically requested and could have done without. This was quite noticeable as it was larger than the room. And all this for a mere \$30 a night. (Oops, sorry, I mentioned money, didn't I? Well, I haven't mentioned anything about being stung by a bumble bee, which I was. So there...) It was, in fact, a few moments after seeing the room for the first time that I managed to break something else--me. (Well, I just walked into a very low car park doorway, nearly knocking myself senseless.) I lasted for two nights (I had good news and bad news--the good news was that the electric heater had enough noise that I could sleep by it; the bad news was that it was cold enough to need the electric heater...), then gave up and paid somewhat more to stay elsewhere.

Of course, there were also many American fans I was really glad to see again, however briefly. ("There's people who look like Janet and Ricky Kagan! My Ghod, it is Janet and Ricky Kagan!!") You know, it's amazing the people one only sees at a con for the first time as they and/or you are checking out...

The last "adventure" in England was travelling back to London and staying with Dan and Cath Piper. Only for one night, but I really enjoyed seeing the inside of a "real home," etc. I would like to thank Dave for his remarkable hospitality. ("I'll have some grapefruit juice. I'm not 'aving any. There's not enough, you know. But you go right ahead...") What can I say? As we say farewell to exotic Ruislip...

My return trip was written up last ish. I'll reiterate only to mention that due to technical difficulties, we had to stay another night, courtesy of the airline. Ward-air chose to send us to Brighton, where roughly 1/2 of our flight were booked into the exciting Metropole Hotel, right there on the beach.

*See Mainstream VI, not soon to be published, for Ginjer Buchanan's "12 Warning Signs of Fandom."

