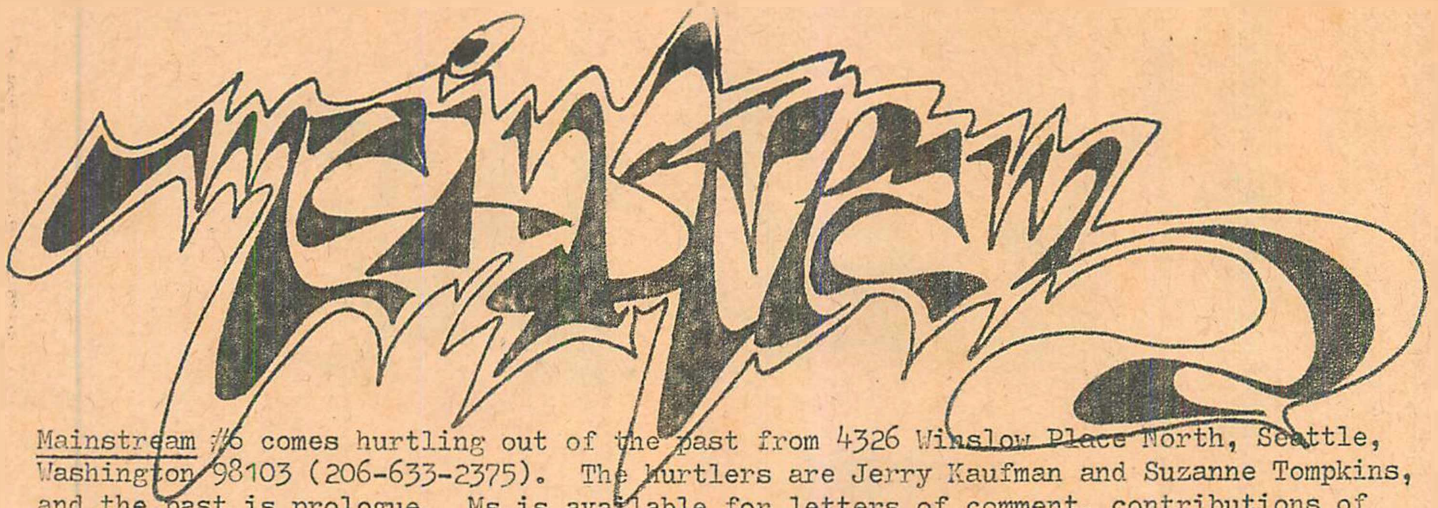


WANS STREAM



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STU
SHIFFMAN



Mainstream #6 comes hurtling out of the past from 4326 Winslow Place North, Seattle, Washington 98103 (206-633-2375). The hurtlers are Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, and the past is prologue. Ms is available for letters of comment, contributions of art or writing, trades with other fanzines, or 75¢ (three issues for \$2). We also send copies for whims of our own. This ought to be the October, 1980, issue. Instead, it's the May, 1981, issue, and is © by Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins. All rights are returned to the contributors. This is a Specific Northwest Press publication. Give a Hugo to Bergeron.

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Collators and other strangers: Collating on #5: Alan Bostick, Bob Doyle, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Marilyn Holt, Kathryn Howes, Ole Kvern, Vonda McIntyre, Chuck Spear, Rick Stoker, Cliff Wind.

Hep Help: The Northwest Science Fiction Society for mailing privileges; Cliff Wind for mailing assistance; Rebecca Lesses for printing the covers; Jon Singer for electrostencils; Teresa Nielsen Hayden for electrostencils, and for the tone of this issue; Patrick Nielsen Hayden and Ole Kvern for technical mimeo help; Alan Bostick for something (I think for running errands); and Rebecca Lesses and Constance Haytum (our housemates) for support both moral and immoral.

LSTE FLASH: R.A. MacAvoy asks that we warn people that her article was written over a year ago, when she thought she knew all about harps. Her more recent learning has taught her how little she knows, she says, and she wishes to apologize for her over-emphatic remarks about certain writers.

Suzlecol

Through the auspices of procrastination I'm beginning this editorial on a flight from New York to Seattle. This issue is three (or four or five) months late, but I'm not going to do a "why this issue is late" schtick. That's such a cliché. In fact, I think saying it's a cliché is a cliché. (In fact, maybe saying that it's a cliché of a cliché is a, uhm, ah...) Nevermind.

Due to circumstances, etc., my long awaited trip "back East" (a quaint expression I'm trying not to pick up) caught up with me before Jerry and I could finish this issue of Mainstream. My two-and-a-half week trip turned into a four-and-a-half week trip and when I return there's going to be this convention called Norwescon a few weeks away and the Art Show scattered all over my house. So, if you've been wondering if we'd dropped you from the mailing list, now you know.

* * * * *

It's the "about this issue" section, but I'm not sure how to approach it. One of our readers complained about the whole concept in general, whereas Jerry and I both think it's a reasonably indispensable feature of a genzine, especially one that has as many diverse contributors/contributions as does ours. Perhaps we are the only ones who notice such things, but I think elements such as "thank you's" for helpers and bits about where articles/people came from are important enough to take up a bit of space.

Sooooo---about this issue---

Four Years in the Making! A Cast of Dozens! More Information About Glue Than You Could Possibly Need!

Ginjer Buchanan has two contributions--the long-awaited (well, Jerry and I waited for it for a long time and Ginjer has been likewise waiting for us to print it) article, "The Seventeen Danger Signs of Fandom", and a wonderful interview with Terry Carr, done at Suncon, concerning his discovery of fandom and early years as a fan and writer. Berta MacAvoy tells us about a strong interest of hers, the Irish Harp, an until-recently obscure instrument which she is learning to play. Jon Singer's subjects this time are tempeh (Try it, you'll like it!), glue and milk. An interesting blend.

* * * * *

That's as far as I got on the plane from New York. I was sick and my back had gone out and I quite literally staggered off the plane and back into the exciting whirl of Seattle fandom. Since my last editorial, which was about two years ago, considering that my past two Mainstream installments consisted of my Seacon trip, quite a bit has happened. Last February (1980) I quit the job which had become a traumatic experience on a day-to-day basis, intending to work temp for a short period of time and then look for a real job, preferably something in the conference coordinating line. However, two long-term jobs, one sort of in graphics (where I learned that I can, indeed, draw a

straight line with a ruler) and the other learning CRT data entry/editing and to run various related machines, lasted for almost a year. They left me broke, but with a lot of valuable, useful training/experience, so I am rather pleased with the net result.

(also, all that free time came in handy when dealing with the 5,397 crises we've had in the past year or so.)

Now all I have to do is get my hair cut and spend some more mythical money on decent clothes and perhaps even I can land a job that doesn't require typing in any form whatsoever.....

* * * * *

My Trip East was mentioned back there aways. It was really a Good Trip (she said skipping lightly over the five days spent with her parents in Johnstown where only nightly calls for moral support to Seattle got her through it). Seeing New York after three years was fun and scary all at the same time. The first time I ventured out alone I found myself standing at a crosswalk patiently waiting for the light to change and the sign to say, "WALK," whilst the other pedestrians were passing me right and left, crossing the street in careless abandon. Well, of course they were! I was standing there with "Tourista" stamped on my forehead, having become used to waiting in Seattle (whether there's anything coming or not, it's weird) since apparently they ticket for "jaywalking" (?) if you cross against the light. It took about three days to get my "New York" legs back.

Seeing lots of old friends, especially a few of my very oldest, was wonderful. Tramping about all over the city going to my favorite places made me feel great and sad and a little wistful all at the same time. Some sights I enjoyed just as usual, strolling along by myself, savoring the way things look. But visiting places where Jerry and I used to spend time made me sad that he couldn't come along. And being reminded of all the varied elements that come together to make New York City made me wish that certain people in Seattle, who've never been there, could be so that I could show them each certain things I know they'd love (the Chrysler Building for Clifford Wind, the Cloisters for Teresa Nielsen Hayden, the Met and all the marvelous old buildings for Ole Kvern...). It was a rather bittersweet sensation.

Working in New York City, on the other hand, reminded me of at least ten reasons I had to leave (all on the same day, too...). Genie DiModica arranged for me to work in her office for two weeks (which eventually turned into three-and-a-half--mostly because Genie's boss begged and pleaded and cried and, when that failed, gave me more \$), so I worked and visited and then happily returned to sunny Seattle.

* * * * *

My space for this issue is clearly defined and, thus, this is being officially wrapped up. Besides, I traveled for approximately 6,000 miles and don't even have a single good "Trip Story." Harumph.*

Suzanne V. Tompkins

*Of course, there was accidentally going to Brooklyn one morning on the subway, but that's more a New York story. Sort of.

The Technocrat of the Breakfast Table

1. Divine Rot: Part I (Revisited)

Last time I described the manufacture of sourdough rye bread in the home. Since I wrote that column, I have discovered an added facet of the process: it is a very good idea to saute the onions before you put them into the songe. Not critical, mind you, but it does bring the flavor of the resultant loaf closer to what I remember from my childhood.

2. Divine Rot: Part II----- Bongkrek Madness

/The contents of this section derive almost entirely from information I have received at the capable hands of Akiko Aoyagi Shurtleff and Bill Shurtleff, the authors of The Book of Miso, The Book of Tempeh, etc. Most is from the books, but a small amount is from them directly. (During their current lecture tour they did a lecture and a Tempeh workshop here in Boulder.) If these people give a lecture near you, attend it./

I would hazard a guess that all of you know what soybeans are, that many of you are aware that the United States is the largest grower of soybeans in the world, and also the largest exporter, and that most of the beans we don't export are used to feed livestock.

This happens to be a dreadful waste of energy and food: livestock aren't all that good at converting soybeans into meat, and the beans are perfectly good peoplefood to begin with. Perhaps I will devote a future column to a discussion of this, but for the moment let me merely mention that if we weren't so preoccupied with eating tons of meat, we could put a rather prompt stop to the world hunger problem.

You all, at any rate, know what soybeans are. Some of you are doubtless familiar with Tofu (beancurd), which can be found in most Chinese restaurants which are worthy of the name. Some of you, also, know about Miso. In fact, I am going to assume that

enough of you know about these things that I don't have to go into any detail about them here. (If this is not the case, I must depend upon you to write nasty letters to the editors of this fanzine, complaining that you bloody well DON'T know what Miso is, and that you would like an explanation.)

Tempeh, on the other hand, is a much more arcane subject. Most of you have never heard of Tempeh, in all likelihood, and I think it is about time we put a stop to that.

In Indonesia, a number of soyfoods are popular, including Tofu and a relative of Miso called Tauco (it rhymes with "Gaucho"--Indonesian is not written quite the way one might expect), but the most popular of all is Tempeh, which is made by inoculating cooked, dehulled soybeans with a fungus and a bacterium, and letting them sit and ferment for a day or two. It is possible, by the way, to make Tempeh on substrates other than soybeans, about which more later. First I want to talk about the fermentation involved.

The main function of the bacteria (*Klebsiella pneumoniae*) is to produce vitamin B-12. Those of you who are vegetarians should sit up and take notice: the only real danger of a totally vegetarian diet is the risk of permanent central nervous system damage from vitamin B-12 deficiency, as almost no vegetable-type foods contain enough to think about. Here, however, is a notable exception. You can, in fact, totally satisfy your requirement for B-12 by eating moderate quantities of Tempeh. (Those of you who are partial veggies, and who eat dairy products, don't have to worry about this, but it's nice to know.)

The fungus (*Rhizopus oligosporus*) performs the majority of the ferment, and in fact is the most evident thing about Tempeh: as the fungus grows, using the beans for food, it produces a thick, silky mat of mycelium, which



by
Jon
Ginger

holds the beans together, and gives the Tempeh its characteristic structure and texture. Those of you who are dreadfully squeamish don't have to think about this, and will not be much the worse, but I want all you squeamish types to meditate upon the fact that mushrooms are also molds, that cheeses are made by molds and bacteria, that yogurt is the result of a bacterial ferment, and that if you can't stand the heat, you should stop eating. So there! Anyway, when it is mature, the stuff has a nice, firm, almost meaty texture, and can easily be sliced for cooking.

During the ferment, the beans must be kept somewhat warm (31-32 degrees Celcius is about the best for reasonable speed and good flavor---that's about 86 to 88 Fahrenheit, for you fossils), and shielded from either excessive or insufficient moisture. In Indonesia, of course, the climate is perfect, and there are many banana trees about, so they just wrap the beans in a banana leaf and forget about them for a while. In the U.S. we must resort to slightly more involved methods, but nothing terribly difficult. In Boulder one walks to the nearest natural food store and reaches carefully into the freezer. In fact, even the ordinary supermarket near my house is now carrying Tempeh. This does restrict one to soy or soy-and-brown-rice Tempeh, but it is quicker to buy than to make. There are a number of places around the country now which make and sell Tempeh, but if there isn't one near you, or, if, like me, you want much more bizarre things than soybeans in there, you'll just have to make it yourself. Fortunately this is ridiculously easy, and incredibly cheap.

For all the details and minutiae of the process, acquire a copy of The Book of Tempeh and read it carefully; there is much material in it that I haven't even mentioned, and their description of the Tempeh-making process comes with nice diagrams of what good and bad Tempeh looks like. Moreover, they give 135 recipes which are apparently all good...

Finally, just so you should know, Bongkrek is Tempeh made from the cake that is left over after copra is made from coconut. If you make your own coconut milk, the stuff you have left is very similar, and you can make Tempeh out of it, but BE CAREFUL!! Some very nasty bacteria can grow on the coconut stuff, and a few people die every year in Indonesia from it. If you are certain to keep very clean, to add 1.5% to salt to the coconut stuff, and never to leave it sitting out for a long time, you can make safe Tempeh Bongkrek consistently, and once you try it, you will know why the Indonesians are so crazy about it. You are, however, advised strongly to buy and read the professional edition of The Book of Tempeh, most especially pages 159-161, before you try any fool moves. I must confess that I did just that, and that my first Tempeh was a coconut and bulghur wheat job, and that I am well aware of the marvel that results. That stuff is truly extreme.

Coconut milk is also trivial to make, and you will find a method in the book. I must note here that the liquid inside the coconut is coconut water, and not coconut milk at all.

3. Tamari, and Tamari, and...

I want to clear up a misconception. Many manufacturers of soy sauce are labelling their product "Tamari." This is largely bullshit; Tamari is a term which in fact refers to something very much like natural shoyu, but containing no wheat. (For those of you who are allergic to wheat products, this could be important.) Natural shoyu, on the other hand, does contain wheat, and is a fermented product which takes about nine to eighteen months to make. (The Kikkoman people have a faster process which produces good quality shoyu in a shorter time, but they put preservatives in it, which I would rather avoid. It is otherwise quite good.) Anyway, do watch out for the ingredients list on the bottle if you need real Tamari, because there is damn little of it around. DO NOT, under any circumstances, buy things like La Choy, which aren't even soy sauce. The technical term for these substances (according to Bill

Shurtleff) is "chemical soy sauce." Always check the ingredients before you buy.

4. Stuck on You

I don't know how many fans are into building models, but somehow the news just hasn't gotten around: modelers are now using cyanoacrylate adhesives almost to the exclusion of everything else (possibly excepting epoxies).

Cyanoacrylates are available in a wide variety of brand names and setting characteristics, as for example Eastman 910, Krazy Glue, Duro Superglue, Elmer's Wonderbond, etc. Until the other day, the best I had seen was the Loctite Glueomatic Pen: it has a dispensing tip which actually works. When you press it against a surface, it releases a drop of glue. The longer you hold it down, the bigger the drop.

So much for the ordinary stuff. What the modelers use is called Hot Stuff. It is made by Satellite City, in Simi Valley, California, and comes in three varieties:

Standard: thin, sets in three to seven seconds.

BlueLine: same, but colored, so you can see it.

Super-T : thick, void-filling, sets in ten to twenty-five seconds.

Hot Stuff comes in a 14.2 gram bottle, for about four dollars. This just beats the hell out of ordinary prices for cyanoacrylates (about a dollar a gram). Moreover, Hot Stuff comes in a good dispenser: a little plastic bottle, with a small teflon tube. You pry the plug out of the top of the bottle, and widen the hole (usually with a paperclip or some such) until the little tube can go in. After that, you can use it any time you want. If the tip of the teflon tube clogs, you can usually just flick the clog off with your fingernail, or, in the worst case, just cut the end off the tube. They give you enough teflon that you can cut the end off about thirty times: clearly more than sufficient.

Storage advice: I have, in the past, kept my cyanoacrylates in the refrigerator or freezer. The Hot Stuff people say that this is okay until you open the bottle, but after that you should not put the stuff in the fridge. Just keep it cool and dry. (Water accelerates the cure...)

Usage advice: cyanoacrylates are relatively dangerous, on two counts. First, the vapor is irritating to the eyes and nose. Stay out of the fumes. If you have to, you can use it outside. Second, because these adhesives set so quickly, it is easy to glue your fingers together, to glue your finger to your eyelid, etc. Extreme care is advised. Nonetheless, if you are capable of following simple safety precautions, you will find cyanoacrylates extremely handy.

Special note: if you have only the quick-set Hot Stuff, and you need to fill a void, try filling the void with dry baking soda, and then dripping the Hot Stuff onto the soda. You may need to do several layers, if the crack is particularly deep. The quick-set version will wick into narrow cracks, while the void-filling, slow-set version should be applied to the work before joining it. Again, the thin stuff will wick into baking soda, but because the soda accelerates the cure, it won't wick in very far. Don't try the baking soda trick with the thicker version, unless you are prepared to find out that it doesn't work...it may not.

Cyanoacrylates set by polymerizing into a fairly hard, reasonably strong plastic. I believe that they were invented as a substitute for surgical sutures, the object being to glue the edges of wounds shut with an instant glue, thus dramatically reducing the incidence of scarring. If I am not mistaken, it was then discovered that the compounds are irritants, and by the time I first ran into the stuff, back in 1970, it was just glue. More recently, I have heard of people being glued together with

some version, so I guess that progress must have been made.

You will find Hot Stuff at hobby shops and some hardware stores. Do be careful using it...if you do get it on your fingers, and you feel them begin to stick to each other, or to something else, separate them quickly if you can. If not, don't panic. (Thank you, Douglas Adams.) Satellite City seems to make a solvent, which should be available where the adhesives are; otherwise you may be able to separate yourself with a dull razorblade or a dull X-acto knife, and in any event a doctor can do so quickly (and painlessly, unless the doctor is very bad at these things).

LATE ADDENDUM: Howard Davidson recently introduced me to an interesting new glue from the Loctite people. They call it "Depend." This is a two-component adhesive with an interesting property: it sets right through grease and oil. Howard used it to put a broken handle back together on his metalturning lathe...it did the trick, no trouble. I used it to put a greasy broken lever back on my IBM Selectric. Again, no trouble. The stuff is fairly easy to work with: you squeeze the stuff on one piece, brush the activator on the other piece, jam them together, and hold for 60 seconds. It takes 24 hours to reach full strength, but the initial set is quite good. I know: I started using the knob on my Selectric within minutes. I am very impressed with this adhesive, as is Howard. Depend seems to be generally available these days, even in supermarkets here in Boulder.

5. Speed of Thought (Techno Funny #4294967295)

Cray Laboratories of Boulder is designing the CRAY 2, which will be the fastest commercial computer in the world when it comes out, replacing the CRAY 1S, which is the fastest commercial computer in the world now. (Don't let those Control Data adverts confuse you: they say that they get 800 million floating point operations per second, and that the 1S gets only 240, but they are running a special 32-bit instruction on their machines, an instruction which they designed for benchmarking purposes only, and the Cray machine runs 64-bit instructions. At 64 bits, by their own admission, they only get 200 million flops per second. Moreover, they have only built two of the machines they got that figure on, and neither one is reported to be working well enough to be used. Cray has, at last count, nineteen machines out in the field running.) Anyway, my people at Cray tell me that their design goal for the CRAY 2 is that it will perform an infinite loop in two minutes.

6. Another Reason Why You Shouldn't Drink Whole Milk

Gordon Garb happens to be the offspring of a doctor. This bears little upon life, except that Gordon told me something interesting a little while ago, something I believe he learned from his doctor-type parent, and which I would like to share with you.

As you know, mammals produce various fat-soluble hormones. However, the hormones are not always the same from species to species. In any given comparison between species there may be a few differences here and there, even if most of the hormones are identical. Whole milk is full of milkfat, and therefore has an uncertain and variable amount of bovine steroid hormones in it. You have no way of knowing how much of which hormones are in there, and it will vary from batch to batch. It is remotely possible that the presence of these hormones could annoy your own balance. I am not suggesting that you will get all screwed up from whole milk, but that if you are close to a hormone imbalance, you don't know which way the stuff will push you, and if you are not close to an imbalance, you should at least be aware that milk contains these things.

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We are all gestures that the world makes.---William Stafford

Fandom

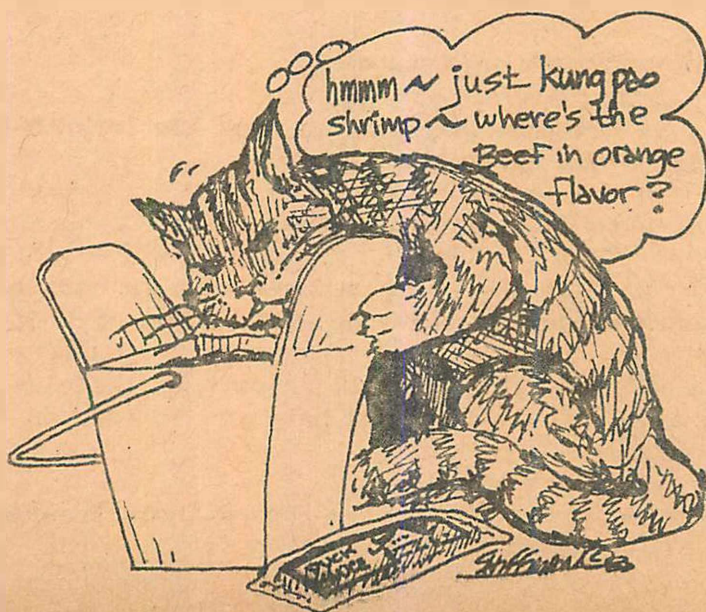
by
Ginier
Buchanan

THE SEVENTEEN DANGER SIGNS OF FANDOM

Beware, Gentle Reader. If you have this column in hand it means that you are either personally known to the editors (notorious fans, both) and they have sent you Mainstream or, even worse, you have actually given them money for it! In either case, you may already be suffering from the Heartbreak of Fandom. To help you identify further symptoms before it is Too Late, I would like to list here the Twelve Danger Signs of Fandom. Unfortunately, I can't because the list was originally compiled at four o'clock in the morning in the lobby of the Hotel Muhlebach during Mid-American and was, of course, pretty well forgotten in the sober light of day. However, I can present instead a partial reconstruction arrived at through subsequent consultation with some of the finest minds of the science fiction world (Gardner Dozois being a prime example), which is why the list has swollen to seventeen. Take heed.

1. Do you prefer cats over dogs as pets, and furthermore, do you prefer six or seven cats over one cat?
2. Is your drink of choice in restaurants and bars a spicy Bloody Mary?
3. Do you crave Szechuan food and immediately visit every newly-opened restaurant in search of the perfect beef-in-orange sauce?

(The above three are specifically danger signs of New York City Fandom. If you do not live in New York and responded positively to two out of three,





it is either not significant or it means you should move to New York at once because you are terribly out of place where you live now.)

4. Do you refer to Samuel R. Delany as "Chip"?
5. When you are going out to dinner at a convention, do you call ahead, make a reservation for six people, and then show up with a party of thirteen and Isaac Asimov?
6. Do you know exactly where you will be over Labor Day weekend for approximately the next five years?
7. If you are a woman and over 25, do you choose to wear at conventions clothes you hesitate to put on in your bedroom at home alone?
8. Do you and most of your friends wear glasses with frames that went out of style four years ago?
9. If you are a man and over 25, are you a virgin?
10. Do you give or attend large parties where the majority of the guests spend the evening reading Telos, Isaac Asimov's S.F. Magazine and The White Dragon of Pern?
11. If you are a man and under 25, are you short, slight, hyperactive, fast-talking, and definitely not a virgin?
12. Do you routinely drive thousands of miles to stay up all night in hotel rooms with people who live upstairs of you?
13. If you are a woman and under 25, do you prefer for convention wear non-designer jeans and E.R.A. t-shirts?
14. Are you generally known by a completely fabricated, usually monosyllabic, name? (I.E.: "Call me Thwack.")
15. Does your apartment have a name?
16. Have you, in the past year, moved from New York to Minneapolis to Phoenix to Seattle to San Francisco to...?
17. Do you refer to John Varley as "Herb"?

If you can answer "yes" to 50% of these questions (a neat trick when there are seventeen of them), it is either Too Late or Just In The Nick Of Time.

Consider first if it's Too Late. Well, welcome to the club! You're a fan already. Let me offer you my commiserations and help you to look on the bright side. (There's always a bright side.)

For one thing, fandom is rarely fatal. Even without treatment, fans have been known to continue as such for twenty, thirty, even forty years! There is an organization

of these senior sufferers called First Fandom; the members seem, except for a tendency to wear brightly colored blazers with funny crests, and to give each other awards yearly at the Worldcon banquet, to be in possession of their physical and mental capabilities (indeed, they are in better shape than many newly infected, or "neo-," fans).

Secondly, you could go into spontaneous remission, otherwise known as gafiation. The duration of gafiation varies widely from a few days to years. If this happens to you, remember to take advantage of the time to attend to those boring mundane tasks which you have undoubtedly neglected in favor of fanac. Little chores like graduating and getting a job. One long-suffering Midwest fan has been trying to get his degree in physics for ten years. Every time he makes headway, he relapses into fandom!

Incidentally, there have been reported cases of complete, permanent gafiation, which some have called cures. While these are interesting for research purposes, my personal opinion is that either the individual involved suffered from only a mild case of fannishness, or is really still a fan, having, in actuality, not returned to the mundane world but merely substituted for science fiction something equally bizarre like professional wrestling, model railroading, barbershop quartetting, or Middle-European folk dancing.

In the eventuality that you never do gafiate, and become a chronic fan, there are still some positives worth mentioning.

Chip and Herb may come to know you well enough to call you Thwack.

You'll see parts of the country you would not otherwise have visited on a bet. (Like Kansas City and Miami Beach.)

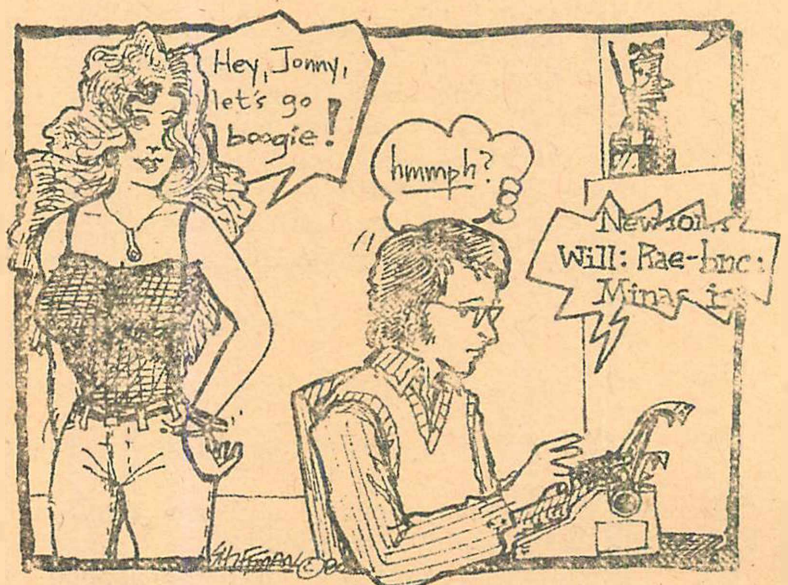
You might get the opportunity to buy Harlan Ellison for \$35 and loose change as I once did.

You stand a fairly good chance of eventually no longer being a virgin.

If you really get behind it, and become involved in editing, writing, or doing artwork for a fanzine, you will be able to join the merry chase for aluminum rockets and randybathhurst bheercans.

Now let us consider instead that it is Just In The Nick Of Time. What can be done? Well, you could send me \$5 in check or money-order, plus a stamped self-addressed envelope in which I would promise to rush you the secret antidote to creeping fannishness. But then they would take me away for mail fraud and I would no longer be able to go to conventions and wear those clothes I talked about before. Rather, I will admit it plainly: there is no known sure cure. However, various therapeutic nostrums may be applied.

Become romantically involved with a member of the opposite



sex (or the same sex, if you prefer) who is in no way interested in science fiction, and who is, moreover, jealous. You will soon find your convention attendance and other fanac declining sharply, at the very least.

During a period of gaffiation, attempt to secure a Good Job--one which you find demanding, satisfying, and lucrative. Your involvement in this might help prevent a serious relapse.

Get Religion.

Tell your parents what you really do at a convention. (This is risky and should only be done in desperation. Be warned that some years ago an Ohio couple had their fourteen-year-old son put in the Bin in order to remove him from Fandom, or Fandom from him, if you will.)

For six months solid read every sf book, periodical and fanzine printed, and attend every convention possible. You will either develop a natural immunity or become a professional sf editor.

Try small doses of reality. Buy the new Judith Krantz. Find out the truth about Loni Anderson in the National Enquirer. Watch Love Boat. In time you may come to prefer these to Ursula LeGuin, Locus, and Star Trek, in which case you will be on the way to being cured.

On the other hand, you may come to the opposite conclusion which was beautifully expressed by a tote bag I met in a rest stop on the way back from SunCon. To quote, "I've given up on reality--what I'm looking for now is a really good fantasy!"

As fantasies go, fandom is one of the best. Beats Middle European folk dancing any day. So welcome to the club, take two Pocketbooks, and call me in the morning.

This column, in a slightly different version (there were only fifteen danger signs, f'rinstance) appeared originally in Contact:S.F., edited by Steve Davidson and Joseph Zitt. Copyright 1978 by Contact Publications.

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Considering how much we are all given to discuss the characters of others, and discuss them often not in the strictest sense of charity, it is singular how little we are inclined to think that others can speak ill-naturedly of us, and how angry and hurt we are when proof reaches us that they have done so. It is hardly too much to say that we all of us occasionally speak of our dearest friends in a manner in which those dearest friends would very little like to hear themselves mentioned; and that we nevertheless expect that our dearest friends shall invariably speak of us as though they were blind to all our faults, but keenly alive to every shade of our virtues.

---Anthony Trollope, Barchester Towers

+++++
WISDOM OF THE AGES (Conversation while driving to laundromat):

Jerry: Women have secret knowledge they've handed down through the centuries.

Rebecca: Oh, yeah? Like what?

Suzle (reading a passing sign): "Thousands of gift ideas under ten dollars."

trickle — by terry garey

While traveling through an Ontario lake resort area this fall, we saw hand-lettered signs at little grocery store/gas stations advertising "ice minnows." I wondered for well over a hundred miles what ice minnows could be, finally deciding that they had to be a kind of bait, chill, stiff and grey, appealing to the exotic game fish of the region. We kept meaning to stop and find out, but never did, and then passed another, more elaborate sign which read: "groceries beer pop ice minnows." At that point suspicion dawned and should have settled the question in my mind; but we passed yet another crude sign which said, again, "ice minnows," and I never did find out if this meant separate popular commodities or cold fish.

Ah yes, the Good Old Days. Yore and all that. Do you remember? Those old and full of wonder stories in which the protagonist--oops, sorry, "hero"--having snuck about and perhaps performed some deeds of derring-do in order to gather some supplies of the now almost unknown "gaz," gets in his "otto" in the dead of (or is it "the heat of the") night and takes it out beneath the eerily glowing moon to perform arcane acts of witchcraft and majestic speed, hurtling his "otto" ("why's it called an 'otto' dad, huh, whyzzat?" "Well, in those days, son, people used to give personal names to everything" (or: "In those days, son, people gave names to all the powers")) down the "turnpikes," building up tremendous velocities like unto thirty (yep!) kph. And, always, there's the danger--not simply of being caught, no, but: these long, and long abandoned, strips of concrete are dangerous: ripped and torn in places, they're often called "otto roots"; and with good reason as the roots of trees and bushes have broken through to catch and tumble an unwary "otto" and damage or kill its occupant. Sometimes even, there are huge holes which suddenly and with no warning loom in the darkness, and which, if you aren't able to swerve and evade them in time will utterly destroy your "otto's" undercarriage, and maybe you as well.

Ah yes, the scene is clear--the ghostly machines roar up onto the cracked pavement in the slowly descending darkness; they begin to move...and the time, yes the time, somewhere in the far future, would be 1980 perhaps. And those roads, so grippingly described in all their horror of decay and destruction, those roads I am convinced as I pedal and drive around town, are the streets of Edmonton, Alberta. This place is dangerous, and the future, as we have so often been told, is now.

how it all once was. by doug barbour

harps and



By

It is always the harp. He slings it over his back, leaps upon his horse and rides into the pseudo-medieval sunset. Never the viola da gamba, the psaltery nor yet the shawm: it is always the harp.

Writers of fantasy seem to be possessed by this instrument. Its chords ring through the halls of Pern, echo across the plain of Ymris and punctuate most of the bawdy songs sung in Myers' Commonwealth. If I paged further through my library of pre-Raphaelite style fantasy I know I would find more harps, but my dedication only goes so--wait... Here at hand is The Demon of Scattery, by Anderson and Broxon. I see a harp, by the Dagda, in a drawing by one Alicia Austin. And it is quadrangular. Good research, Austin.

I just spent a few minutes fumbling through Tolkien, to no avail. (Can't find concordance when I need it.) In LotR he has no harps, only one mention of "horns and trumpets" and a vague reference to "elvish minstrels and their instruments." (Readers desiring chapter and verse for these quotes please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.) I do not think the Professor had much interest in the mechanics of music, though I imagine he knew that the early Britons possessed some sort of frame string instrument, called by the Roman chroniclers, the "cithara."

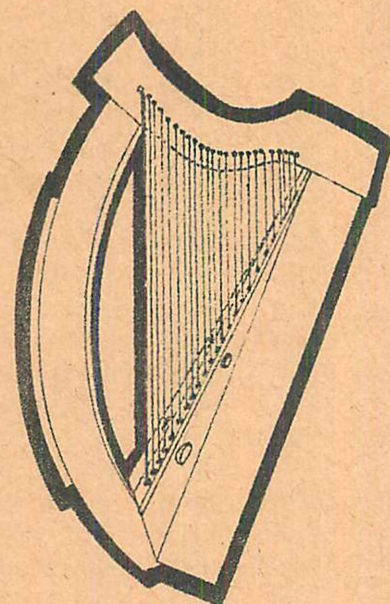
The previous, ponderous paragraphs I have writ in a desire (1) to propose that the harp has been given an important place in medievalist fantasy, and (2) to establish my credentials as a scholar of Some Weight. These two points are achieved as nearly as I will achieve them. More erudition and I shall confuse myself.

Allow me now to present the evolution, death and resurrection of the Irish Harp. That's what I really sat down to do.

The harp was originally a bow, that weapon which sings sweetly as the arrow flies. The ancient middle-eastern harp retained much of the appearance of a hunter's bow, being a curving branch with a number of parallel strings tied taut along it. Very early the soundchest was added: a box fixed to the bottom of the harp, improving volume and resonance. (Digression. The illustrators of fantasy seem to have forgotten the soundchest. The covers I have spread before my computer screen show extravagant harps out of flatland, triangular as three sticks. But the hero who tossed a Claer-seach (Irish Harp) over his back by a strap would lose a floating rib to the lower

harping

R.A. MacAVOY



corner of the box. End of digression.)

Open-sided bow harps, strung with gut or fiber, may still be seen in North Africa today, and only last week I saw an old Japanese print of a lady plucking an instrument which was in shape and size amazingly like. These harps were part of the gift that radiated out of the Desert a few millenia ago.

Once over the Alps, however, these harps mutated. The reason behind the change was simple. In most of Europe, the dampness of the climate plays havoc with wood. The middle-eastern harp, lacking the bow, or forepillar, would neither survive nor stay in tune. Adding a fourth side to the thing made it into the quadrangular instrument which I mentioned in regard to The Demon of Scattery. In the ninth century setting of the book, a harp would almost certainly have had four sides. Similar instruments are found illustrated on stone crosses throughout Ireland and Scotland.

But the triangle is stronger than the square and serves as well for stretching strings. On the continent the early harp grew into the Gothic harp, that slim and aetherial instrument that Durer's angels play. In Ireland, Scotland, Wales and parts of Brittany (indeed, wherever the Celts endured), it evolved into the Irish harp, which is built like a bull.

This harp was made of hardwood, reinforced by brass, and the soundchest was hollowed out of a single block of willow. It was strung with brass: nothing less solid would have endured the wet. If the little harps of fantasy have models anywhere in the historical world, these models were Irish harps.

The oldest surviving Irish harp is one which you may find on the label of a bottle of Guinness. It is called the Brian Boru harp, though that first High King of Ireland lived in the twelfth century and the harp dates only from the fourteenth. It is dark and glossy, thirty-eight inches from tip to tailblock, has been many times jewelled and many times ravished. During its reconstruction in 1961 it was played for the first time in hundreds of years, and I am told the tone of it was grand. I must here admit that little harp owns my heart and I now judge all harps pleasing in as much as they resemble this harp, which resides at Trinity College, in Dublin.

The sound of the Clarsach ("Klahr-shuck," literally "little flat thing") is much

like that of bells, and somewhat recalls a steel guitar, though when it plays it is unmistakably a harp that is playing. Giraldus de Barri, an educated Norman who toured Ireland in the twelfth century, wrote some very complimentary words regarding the Clarseach and its players (copies available on request, per above offer). He noted that they played very quickly, most always ended on the proper note, and seemed to enjoy their own music.

Indeed, the music of the Irish harp was widely respected by the southern Renaissance scholars. Even the elder Galilei left us notes concerning it. And it was no wonder that the musical reputation spread so far, for the wealth and the independence of Ireland had not at that time been destroyed. She was a land of forests, castles and great monasteries, which specialized in education for the sons of all Europe. The harp, it must be noted, was a music for the castles and the monasteries, and rarely sounded in the humble cot.

What was played on the harp in Ireland (as in most places else) was not folk music. The existence of "folk" music implies a culture that supports two musics--the aristocratic or educated kind of music and that for the common people. Wherever there has been enough division in the society for two musics to exist, I contend that the harp has been the tool of the high music. I will return to this point later.

The early Irish music is lost, utterly lost. The tunings, the theory, the forms are all gone. It is known, however, that the Irish defined three categories of music: that which makes one laugh, that which makes one weep, and that which puts one to sleep, and it is thought by some that there were three different scales, and therefore harp tunings, for the three kinds of expression.

The oldest harp pieces we do have are the accompaniments to Bardic song transcribed by Dolmetsch from sixteenth century Welsh manuscripts. These are only the bones of tune, but they are valuable. By these we know that at this time the Irish harp was being tuned diatonically (cdefgab), as were instruments throughout civilized Europe.

Who played the harp in Ireland? Professionals played it, men who, like the poets of the same country, enjoyed considerable status, being accustomed to eat at the same table as that lord who was their patron.

And since I have brought up the poets, let me mention a few things of interest concerning them.

The poets of Ireland before Cromwell were powerful men, often rich and more often feared, for they wrote cutting satires as well as lyrics (and this among a people who believed in the magic power of words). The poet, in a tradition spanning at least six centuries, composed his verse lying flat on his back in a darkened room. Naturally the resulting poetry was often sombre in tone. The Irish ecclesiastics, however, composed in the open air.

The calling of harper was not hereditary, since music does not run quite true in the blood (it took only three generations to exhaust the Bachs...). And the harper was no one till he had found his patron. But once established with a sympathetic lord or Abbe, he was well provided with clothes, horses, and even land. He was expected to play after dinner and on special occasions and to create suitable new pieces for the large events in his patron's life.

All in all the treatment was much better than that which befalls the serious musician today. Obviously it could not last.

The first invasions of the Norman-English did not badly hurt Ireland. The invaders dispossessed the old lords and settled into the land. The poets sang for the Norman as they had for the Gael, and the harpers played for both with beautiful impartiality. In a few generations these Norman lords called themselves Irish.

Even when Henry VIII conquered most of Eire, the damage to the Gaelic culture was not fatal. The poet and the harper no longer sat at the high table among these Protestant Anglo-Irish lords, and the harp lost its place as sole music in court circles, but it was not obliterated. Yet.

In the last years of Elizabeth I, the Queen decreed that harpers in Ireland were spreaders of sedition. They were to be hung when found and the harps themselves were to be burnt. I have read that in one year in Dublin 2,000 of the clarseach died in smoke. The harpers, I imagine, were more difficult to discover.

Here, I claim, is a history bowing to none for romance and tragedy: the destruction of an art and a culture, encapsulated in the hounding to death of a few men...

But it was Cromwell and his hate that sounded the bell for feudal Irish civilization. He pillaged the monasteries of a kind of treasure his men had learned to despise, burning manuscript and altarcloth, and dispersing the wealth of the church. He replaced the old Anglo-Irish lords with new Englishmen and worst of all he cut the forests, reducing Ireland, like India, to a land of cash crop, and paving the way for famine.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Ireland grew steadily poorer, and her harpers reflected the change. Most famous of them was Turlough O'Carolan, who was blind, and travelled from place to place on horseback with a man to lead him. Though he was not known as the most proficient harper of his day, he composed many fine pieces which have survived to us. These owe much to his Irish heritage, though they are at base Baroque music, written for the educated ear.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century the Irish harp, as well as the old music, was dead, victim not of England but of the chromatic scale.

For the simple harp cannot play accidentals. (You might say it has no black keys.) There is very little high music written since the Baroque period began that can be played on a diatonic instrument. We have, of course, the pedal harp for orchestral use, but that instrument is a monster, huge, cranky, fragile and costing so much that institutions can scarcely afford it (I admit I am biased). And the pedal harp is not very much like an Irish harp in its sound.

So the clarseach was buried in silence until 1961, when the Trinity College harp was restored and played. Then silence once more until the late 60's, when Mr. Jay Witcher, acoustics engineer of Santa Rosa, California, built a portable harp for the daughter of a friend. His interest grew, he began constructing copies of the famous harp relics in museums, and then he received a commission from the government of Ireland to reproduce the Trinity harp to accompany the Book of Kells and other salvaged manuscripts in their tour across the United States.

A decade later, with the help of computer modeling and a new generation of harpmakers the old harp is alive again, singing sweet as bells, sweet as a bow.

Martha Blackman, who has played the Irish harp for as long as it has existed (in this its second incarnation), has an Irish harp with four lion-claw feet. It is a Witcher harp. She sits cross-legged behind the harp and leans it over her shoulder. It is far too large to be slung by a strap. She plays Renaissance, Baroque, and folk music on it, since that is all the Celtic music we have remaining. I plan to own a Witcher harp one day. It will be copied from the Trinity.

But the harp will never be a widely played string instrument, I think. Not like the ukelele was fifty years ago, or the guitar is today. Because, although as Ms. Blackman says, "It's impossible to get a bad sound out of the harp," it is very difficult to produce quite the sound one intended. Other instruments will deliver music to the student sooner, and many of these can mimic certain effects of the harp. Of

course, they will not BE the harp...

For similar reasons, I cannot see the harp as the most common musical instrument of a feudal society, whether that is drawn from books of fantasy or history. It was Ireland's symbol, but even then was played only by certain professionals. The Irish or Scottish pipes would provide an easier fantasy music. (I can see the hero now, stalking over the hill with a far-off look in his grey eyes, his bagpipes thrown over his shoulder as he marches into the medieval sunset. Of course, the illustrator would turn them into a Gemeinhart flute...)

But in this, the second last paragraph of my essay, I must retract all I have said in this matter, when I admit that the literature I criticize enthralls me, especially McKillip's stories, where, even though the author refuses a hint as to the structure of the music her harper (harpist, sorry) plays, and refuses to describe the flawless perfection of his technique except to say that it IS flawless, I believe that she cares about music, even music without words. (Oh difficult feat for the word-smith.)

And if I had not the image of the minstrel with his little, chestless harp, music his only weapon in lands ruled by the sword... If I only knew the harp as the thing that angels play, and snobby ladies play, and Harpo Marx played--then how would I be caring now?

Books You Might Care To Read:

Fact:

The Irish Harp, Joan Rimmer,
Mercier Press, Cork, 1969.

The Harp, Roslyn Rensch, Praeger Press, New York, 1969.

A Short History of Irish Literature, Frank O'Connor,
Putnam, New York, 1967.

Fiction:

The Riddle Master of Hed, 1976.

Heir of Sea and Fire, 1977.

Harpist in the Wind, 1979.

All by Patricia A. McKillip,
Atheneum Press, New York.



Silverlock, John Myers Myers,
Ace Books, New York, 1949.

Any one of umpteen books by
McCaffrey which I do not
own so look them up in the
science fiction section of
your favorite bookstore.

+++++

For those of you eager for more
material by R.A. MacAvoy (AKA
"Berta" MacAvoy) and more arcane
information, please be advised
(we are advising you) that you
can read "Bowling and Bows" in
the newest issue of Telos,
edited (in alphabetical order (I
know you wondered how they man-
aged the trick)) by Gary Farber,
Fred Haskell, Patrick Nielsen
Hayden and Teresa Nielsen Hayden.
Beside material by all the above
worthies (Gary on the state of
fanzine fandom, Fred on becoming
an editor, Patrick on truth and
Washington/Idaho scenery, Teresa
on Mormonism and three hundred
years of work), there are columns,
articles and pages of art by

Jay Kinney, Terry Carr, Creath Thorne, Dick Bergeron, Reed Waller, John D. Berry,
and hordes of letterhacks. And there's art by Lee Hoffman, Ole Kvern and Teresa
herself. As you will want this immediately or sooner, send \$1 to 4712 Fremont Ave.
N., Seattle, WA 98103 (wherein the Nielsen Haydens live). Or try sending your own
fanzine, Wierd Postcards, Interesting Rocks, or Old Fanzines. (Ask for Telos #3.)

While we're at plugging things, write Dan Steffan and ask for Boonfark #3, which
maybe he'll have copies of. You will want to read "The Incomplete Towner Hall" by
Terry Carr as supplemental to the interview you are about to read on the following
page (notice how we subtly set the stage...), especially Pete Graham's piece re-
printed from Lighthouse #5, the very piece Terry will refer to in just a few pages.
(I've read this all already--that's how I know what's coming. I don't care: I've
read it ten times, and could read it, oh, two or three times more...like when I
stencil it, and proof it and collate it...) Send one buck, or old fanzines, or
potential contributions to Dan at 823 North Wakefield St., Arlington, VA 22203.

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Three pairs of eyes leaned back...and back, and back, until it seemed certain it
would be simpler to lie down and stare upward.

---Alan Dean Foster, The Tar-Aiym Krang

The interior of the building, at least, was hollow. That was the only way to
describe it.

---ibid.

It was an odd feeling to be constantly within the building.

---ibid.



Life Unplanned

[Editor's note: Ginger's questions will be enclosed in double parentheses.]

((What I would like you to start with is sort of a general personal background-- where you came from, where you were born, and all that kind of biographical stuff.))

Okay. I was born in Oregon in what was then a small town called Grant's Pass, which is currently a rather large town or a small city, one or the other, and it's quite appalling; it's full of Burger Kings. I spent my first five years living in the hills of Oregon, from which I got very bucolic and I've always identified a lot with Clifford Simak. After that, I moved to San Francisco. I grew up in San Francisco, went to City College of San Francisco, then to University of California, Berkeley, dropped out of that, got married, dropped out of that, went to New York, got married again, started writing... It's very strange. A.J. Budrys recently said that people don't go into writing because they plan it, it's something they vaguely think they might want to do and so they work their way generally in that direction, probably try to think of what they "really" want to do, and they end up being writers. That's what happened to me. When I decided to move to New York City I quit my job in the Bay Area and moved to New York City with no job whatsoever.

((What were you doing in the Bay Area?))

Nothing. I was doing nothing. I was working for the University of California Library in the Bindery Preparations Division in a job which I could describe to you in about five minutes, but never mind. Anyway, when I got to New York I had no idea what the hell to do but I'd always thought, Well, I really want to try being a writer, so I decided, Okay, I'm going to give it a whirl. And began to write. That was in late 1961, and instantly every word that came out of my typewriter sold. I had never sold a word before. This is one of the miracles of my life. My life is full of miracles. An unmiracle about it, unfortunately, is that I was not prolific and I wasn't making a living because I didn't write enough, at two cents a word.

((How old were you then? Were you one of the child prodigies?))

No, I'm a late bloomer: I was twenty-four. Silverberg and Ellison had been professionals for half a dozen years by then. Of course, they're older than I am, but not that much. It was just very strange to say I'm-going-to-become-a-writer-now and do it. I really didn't expect it to work that simply. But I couldn't make a living at

*Ginger Buchanan
Interviews Terry Carr*



at it, so eventually I got a job working for the Scott Meredith Literary Agency. I worked there for a year and a half, handling the works of Poul Anderson and Arthur C. Clarke and people like that, which sounds impressive. Frankly, it was just a lot of work. Mainly it was a big hassle because in order to sell the manuscripts I had to read them first. It's a good idea because you find out, for instance, whether they're Westerns or gothics. And this can't be done during so-called working hours because all of your time is taken up in the process of selling stuff and handling the routine day-to-day correspondence. So I had to do all the reading of manuscripts from...I forget how many, but I would guess sixty to eighty clients, at night at home. Homework. I had a lot of homework, and very little time to myself. Besides, I didn't get paid a whole lot. And one day Donald A. Wollheim, blessed be he, called me on the telephone and said, How would you like to edit for Ace Books, because we need an editor and we need one fast; and I said, Fantastic! I would absolutely love it. That's just great--oh, beautiful, oh yes!--I'll take the job. And then to show rather belatedly my acute business sense, I said, How much money will you pay me? It was too late--I went to work for Ace Books at five dollars more a week than I made with Scott Meredith.

((You were at the ripe old age of what, twenty-six or twenty-seven?))

Yeah, twenty-seven. I became a junior junior editor at Ace Books and did a lot of the junk work--copyediting and proofreading and writing blurbs and things like that. Actually, I worked up pretty quickly to a position of senior editor; I was there for a total of seven years, and during the last four years I was a senior editor there. I published the Ace Science Fiction Specials and a whole bunch of other things for which I was famous and a bunch of junk for which I wasn't famous, none of which I'm going to tell you about.

((After you quit you went back to California immediately?))

I returned to California in 1971 for a number of reasons, one of which was that I had become psychologically and physically allergic to New York City: I developed acute bronchitis to the extent that I just could not get through a day without continually coughing; it was so bad that it was hard to sleep at night. Aside from that, mainly I had just always wanted to go back to California. I spent ten years in New York City: I went there late in July of 1961; I left in August of 1971. And all the time I was there I considered myself a Californian in exile. It was always my plan

to go back. So Carol and I moved to California and I became a freelance editor and went back to writing somewhat more than I had before, and I've been doing that ever since.

((Okay, that's the professional piece of it. Now, when did you start reading science fiction and when did you discover fandom, in what way, and all the rest of that? Was it in California? Did it wait--were you a belated starter in fandom too?))

No, no. I started at the same age as everybody else--about eleven or twelve.

((The Golden Age...))

Yeah, right. I discovered science fiction--people think this story is apocryphal but I assure you it's really true--I discovered science fiction in a garbage dump. I was wandering around the garbage dump with a friend of mine...

((Dare we ask why?))

There are interesting things in garbage dumps, and it was near my house--we lived in a classy neighborhood. I ran across two year-old copies of Amazing Stories in 1948, and they had garish covers of half-naked females being chased by slimy monsters across swamps and so forth, which I thought were really terrific art. So I immediately grabbed them out of the pile and took them home and read them and thought they were just wonderful. Very soon I was buying all the science fiction magazines off the newsstands, reading them all, reading the lettercolumns and writing to other people.

((What were all the science fiction magazines?))

There were twenty or thirty of them and I couldn't possibly remember all--this was at the start of a big sf boom. Primarily what I was reading was Startling Stories, Thrilling Wonder Stories, Planet Stories, Amazing Stories, Fantastic Adventures, Astounding Science Fiction, and Weird Tales when I got bored.

((So you started to write to magazines and to the other people....))

Yeah. Mainly I started corresponding with the other readers and through that I got in touch with a local fan club, the Golden Gate Futurian Society, and subscribed to some fanzines. Before I ever saw a fanzine, when I just heard of a fanzine, I thought, God, that's a fantastic idea--you don't have to be Isaac Asimov or Murray Leinster to get your stuff published; somebody will actually put it into print and it'll be preserved for centuries and people generations from now will read what you wrote. And being twelve, I didn't realize what a horrible idea that was.... I'd begun writing science fiction stories almost as soon as I started reading science fiction, and sending them off to professional magazines. They always came back, which was very kind of the editors, since I didn't know a damned thing--I was twelve and I didn't know enough to type the manuscripts, for one thing.

((You didn't send them out handwritten!))

No, I printed them very neatly...in pencil...and I illustrated them myself because I didn't know that other people were hired to do that. And I write my own blurbs... what did I know? I sent them off to various editors and they were nice enough to send them back, although I didn't know enough to enclose return postage. No one had ever told me. They usually sent them back with neat little rejection slips--you know, Thank you for your junky story but we can't possibly use this piece of garbage because it doesn't fit our present needs.... So I took a bunch of those stories and sent them to fanzine editors, and a lot of them got published. I will not tell you where. Someone would look them up.

((The early works of Terry Carr...))

One of the ideas I've had for an anthology--which I will not sell but which will make a lot of money for me--is terrible early science fiction by great science fiction writers: their first stories in fanzines. I'll make all my money off blackmail so that I don't publish the thing.

((The opposite of a vanity press: You pay me not to publish these stories.... So there you were at twelve sending stories to fanzine editors. To whom, for instance? Anybody who's still in existence today?))

Hardly anybody--most of them are dead, unfortunately. Paul Ganley and Dick Geis are the only exceptions I can think of. Anyway, I must have published about two dozen short stories before I was fifteen and gradually I started getting into more fannish activities: writing convention reports and I-went-to-this-club-meeting-and-did-such-and-such...like that. Before too long I simply got more interested in fandom than in science fiction, as most of us do at some point, because there's a lot more immediate reward in fandom. I stopped reading science fiction and devoted all my energy to fandom; I published a whole lot of fanzines. My first fanzines were quite dreadful; my later ones were pretty good.

((What's the definition of "a whole lot"? In The Light at the End of the Universe Harlan mentions one or two, and I know about the Hugo winner, of course, but were there really that many?))

Between three hundred and four hundred. That's a pretty rough figure, I know. Let's say that of all the people who have ever published fanzines, I may be among the top ten in numbers of pages produced.

((Did you save all of them?))

Yeah, of course I did. Anyway, later on, I got into writing things like convention reports, personal essays, personal experiences, things like that. A kind of fannish style that taught me a lot about narrative art: although I wasn't doing it to learn that, that's what it taught me, because essentially I was writing funny little stories, and in order to do that well you have to learn the basic things about narrative, such as condensation, planting the things that the reader has to know in order to understand the punchline...many of the things that go into successful short stories or novels.

((You won a Hugo when?))

I won one and a half Hugos, actually. In 1959, Fanac, which was a fan news-magazine that I published with Ron Ellick, won a Hugo for Best Fanzine of the Year. That's my half-Hugo. In 1973 I got a Hugo for Best Fan Writer of the Year. You'll notice that there are fourteen years between those. My theory is that my writing was so subtle that people only understood the jokes I was making many, many years later.

((Where were you in '59? You were still in California then?))

In '59 I was in San Francisco; in 1960 I moved to Berkeley, got involved in a very lively fan group and became extremely active in fandom. I think I spent two or three hours a day on fandom, writing like crazy. People always say that the way to learn to write is to write; usually that means to write stories, but you can write damn near anything and if it's akin to stories, you'll learn. What I was doing was, as I say, writing things that required some narrative art and learning how to use the language.

((The sort of thing that nowadays and perhaps even then was called personalzine-type stuff?))



No, fannish fanzines rather than personalzines. Personalzines usually mean oh-here's-a-heavy-thing-that-happened-to-me-last-week, but the kind of material I was writing was about funny things that had happened to me that I wanted to tell about. Or interesting things, or whatever. They were recreations of real events...frequently with embellishments, which was a style that was popular in fandom at the time. Meanwhile, periodically I wrote science fiction or other kinds of fiction and sent it off to magazines...

((Were you typing it by then?))

Yes, I was typing it by then; I certainly was. I had learned to use a typewriter because it's very hard to cut a stencil with a pencil. I was doing everything right, including return postage. But the stories still came back, still with rejection slips. In fact, as late as 1960 I wrote a fantasy story and submitted it to the two fantasy magazines that were around then; they both bounced it. Then I moved to New York and decided I'm-going-to-become-a-professional-writer. Retyped the story, re-wrote it a bit, submitted it to Fantasy & Science Fiction and sold it. And that's part of the miracle: that story had bounced from F&SF only a year before.

((Which one was it?))

Originally it was called "Some Words with the Devil." The editor was Avram Davidson by that time and he changed the title to "Who Sups with the Devil."

((So that is your first published story?))

Yeah. I was hanging around Ted White's mimeo shop, Towner Hall, where we were all publishing fanzines, of course...only I was also writing stories, a lot of the time I was there. Avram Davidson came in one day and said, Hey, gang, guess what?--I've just been appointed the new editor of Fantasy & Science Fiction. We all said, Oh wow, that's terrific, and we groveled and laughed at all his jokes and all those things. Then Avram noticed that I was typing something double spaced...and he knew people never did that for fan stuff. He said, Oh, you're writing fiction? I said, Yeah. You're writing science fiction? Yeah. Do you have anything to submit to me? I pulled out the manuscript of that story; he went into the other room and came back in five minutes and said, I like it; I'll buy it. This was approximately eleven minutes after he'd walked in the door, and I suddenly had sold my first story.

((All right, you have just sold your first story. You did a lot of things in fandom besides write.))

Well, I did a lot of publishing. I did everything in fandom. I even did a lot of drawing. I started that before I ever discovered science fiction--I wanted to be a cartoonist. I used to draw my own comic strips and entire comic books. I would spend a week drawing and coloring in a comic book, and then I would go around and sell it door to door for a nickel. I'd love to have back some of those things that I spent a week working on for a nickel when I was ten. So when I got into science fiction, I did have a very minimal artistic talent--but I had learned by that time that I was only good enough to be lousy, so I gave that up before too long.

I also served as Official Arbiter of a small apa called The Cult for two terms (the second masquerading as "Carl Brandon"), later as the "Goat," or official mailer, of Lilapa. I was Treasurer of the Golden Gate Futurian Society, and later served two terms as President. I was a letterhack to prozines in the early 1950s. I used to write a lot of poetry, almost all of it terrible. I've published fanzines by hektograph, ditto, mimeograph--including a postcard mimeo--photo-offset, printing press, and Xerography. I won TAFF in 1965 and was thus Fan Guest of Honor at the London

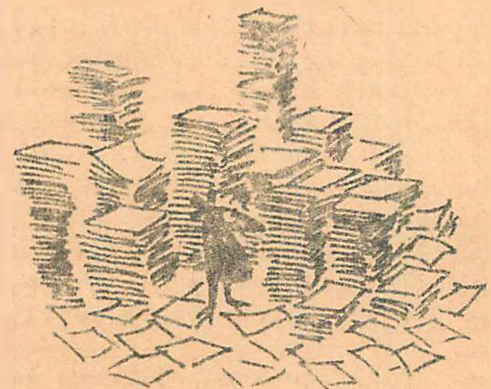
worldcon that year. I wrote book reviews. I perpetrated a number of fan-hoaxes, of which the "Brandon" one was the most famous. (I later used the "Brandon" byline on a story in F&SF when I already had a story under my own name in the same issue.)... I've attended dozens of conventions, from California to England, Germany, Canada and Australia, giving speeches and appearing on panels at most of them. I was even on a con committee once, the Westercon of 1961--I'll never do that again, because we arranged a very good program but I was too busy to attend most of it....Is that a long enough list of my activities? It was all I could do in thirty years.

((We've covered a lot of what I have in my notes. One thing I was going to ask you was--well, when you got to New York those were the good old days of New York fandom. The Notorious Fanoclasts, right? Would you talk about that a little?))

The Notorious Fanoclasts; oh boy. One of the main things about fandom is myth-making, as you know. By and large, it consists of writing about your local club meeting in such a fashion as to make it sound like it was high hilarity from beginning to end. In point of fact, the Fanoclasts were either falling asleep or kicking each other. Ted White and I and Pete Graham and everybody else who was working on fanzines around there at the time--Bhob Stewart, Steve Stiles, and so on--would write or draw material about the happenings in New York fandom, some apocryphal, some true, but always leaving out the dull parts, of course. We had a letter from Ethel Lindsay, who said, I love reading your fanzine because it gives me such a wonderful feeling of the happy, carefree fannish group that New York fandom is....When that letter from Ethel came in, we all just cracked up, it seemed so funny. Because we were gathering most evenings at Towner Hall even though some of us hated each other, or we were bored and we sat around for five hours and three things worth saying were said, all of which were written down. But if you sit around for five hours for seven days a week saying three things worthwhile, then at the end of the month you've got enough to write a column about. Pete Graham, however, wrote one of my favorite things that ever appeared in a fanzine. He began with the quotation from Ethel's letter about what a wonderful fannish group we had and then he described absolutely truthfully what really happened on a typical evening, and it was dull and everybody was an ass, including me, including him; he didn't spare himself. And that was Fabulous New York Fandom, in the early 1960s.

((At that time you were having co-existing careers as a science fiction editor at Ace and an active fan. How did the two mesh together? How did one influence the other?))

Professional and Fan? Well, first I should say a little more on that previous subject--Fabulous New York Fandom. We really did have some good parties and all of that; I don't mean to suggest we didn't. It's just that a typical day was pretty boring. As for how the professional and the fan stuff went together, it was really kind of schizy. The fan stuff led into professional writing because, since I'd been publishing so much stuff in fanzines for so long, some editors in New York who read fanzines knew my name, Don Wollheim among them. So when I decided to write a novel, I submitted it to Don....Actually, when I went to New York City I had already begun my First Novel...and you know what First Novels were like then. They were about serious young men, nineteen or twenty, discovering the joys of love (which meant sex), and usually they got their hearts broken and so on. So I was writing that book, and I had done two chapters which...weren't awful. I did an outline, because by that time I had been around writers enough to know that you could sell a novel by doing two chapters and an outline and submitting them, and I sent the material to Don Wollheim at Ace Books because I knew he knew



who I was. He sent it back with a note saying, Ace Books does not publish sex novels. That really tore me up, because this novel was a sensitive exploration of young love as far as I was concerned, not sex. However, he continued his letter, saying, I do like your writing and I think you would do well to write science fiction. Which I thought was a really far-out idea and I didn't know why it hadn't occurred to me before because that was the field I knew best, so I immediately began to concentrate on science fiction.

((And later you fell into editing and became one of the best-regarded editors in the field and wound up devoting a lot of your energy to that. Was it at the expense of the writing, or an actual choice?))

Well, notice that you said that I fell into editing and earlier I talked about selling my first story purely by accident. I fell into all this stuff; I didn't plan it. This is not a planned life; things just happen to me. Of course I'd always wanted to be an editor--as far as I'm concerned any fan who doesn't want to be an editor is a totally fake fan. Any fan who doesn't think he or she knows more than the editors of Analog or F&SF or Del Rey Books doesn't deserve the name of fan, because that seems to mean that the fan is reading everything that comes out and saying, Oh that's terrific; it couldn't be any better....Well, a fan is somebody who says, I could do it better. And if somebody comes along and says, How would you like to be an editor? immediately that translates to: Wow! Power! I can make sure people do things the way they're supposed to be done!...I shouldn't say power, because that connotes power-trip and it isn't a power trip. It's an idealistic trip; it really is. You just want things to be done in the best way possible. I didn't have much control over what was happening at Ace Books in the first few years I was there; I made a lot of suggestions for Don Wollheim and he rejected some and he accepted some. But it was really only after I started the Science Fiction Specials that I had any direct effect.

((Again, I return to a question that you didn't finish answering before: there you were, you had achieved what you've just articulated as the fannish dream, and you were still doing fan work too....))

During my early years at Ace Books, I was extremely productive as a fanzine publisher, mainly producing a fanzine called Lighthouse, which was mostly a serious fanzine; there was funny stuff in it, but it was mostly serious articles about science fiction and God knows what else--anything that interested me and the writers. If you go down the contents pages of the fifteen issues of the magazine, you'll notice that it's a Who's Who of science fiction in the 1960s, from Joanna Russ to Samuel R. Delany to Thomas M. Disch to Philip K. Dick to Etc. These were the people I was hanging out with at that time. The fact that I was an editor gave me entry to a lot of professional circles that I wouldn't have had as a fan and improved my fanzine a great deal because I had high-class contributors. I allowed them to write about whatever they wanted. For instance, if Chip Delany wanted to write ten thousand words about his trip to Greece, I would publish it because it was a beautiful article; or if Tom Disch wanted to write a silly little poem, I'd publish it, because it was a marvelous little poem. But at the same time, since as a fan I was on a friendship basis with a lot of up-and-coming writers, I was able to get a number of them to write for Ace Books who might not otherwise have considered it. Alexei Panshin, for one instance. And I published Lee Hoffman's first novel. The fan aspect and the professional aspect fed each other...it was sort of a ping-pong game. By the time of the last few issues of Lighthouse, I really considered it almost a professional thing, although God knows I wasn't making money from it--what I was doing was simply implementing my professional career by what I was doing in fandom; I was keeping in touch with a great number of people who were important to me as a professional. It helped a lot, it really did--particularly when I became the editor of the Ace Science Fiction Specials. I suspect if you look at the bylines in Lighthouse, you'll find a whole lot of people who later became novelists for the Ace Specials.

((Yes, I've seen some of those issues of Lighthouse, and you're right. You mentioned

Don Wollheim, who hired you at Ace. I'm sure you're aware that Don Wollheim was a fan before he became a professional. You were a fan before you became a professional. Etc., etc. What are your thoughts on that.))

It's kind of a two-edged sword. Having been a fan before I became a professional... I'm in favor of that approach because it worked well for me. However, there are people like Chip Delany and Tom Disch who didn't come into science fiction through fandom and have been awfully good. What happens when you come into science fiction through fandom is that you know the tradition of science fiction and you don't waste time rewriting "Nightfall" thinking that it's new. That probably had a lot to do with the fact that I was able to sit down one day to write professionally and not get stories bounced. I didn't get letters from editors saying, This story has been written too often--because I knew enough not to write them. Whereas I know that Tom Disch, very early in his career, did do that sort of thing because he hadn't read that much science fiction. When you come out of fandom, you come from a rather narrow field and a narrow viewpoint and maybe you do know the entire tradition of science fiction but you don't know the entire tradition of everything. You may have been so hung up on science fiction that you didn't read much else. And the people who come to science fiction from outside the field--people who come from poetry or anthropology or wherever--bring new ideas into science fiction, which God knows we need. New ideas rarely come out of fandom itself. There are exceptions....I had stopped reading science fiction for a number of years and read a lot of "mainstream" stuff instead. When I started writing sf in 1961, I thought, Christ, the people who are writing science fiction don't know about anything outside the genre--but I know what Norman Mailer has been doing, and Françoise Sagan and James Baldwin, so I can crib a little bit from contemporary fiction and bring new techniques into science fiction. But the next year, 1962, was the year when Ursula LeGuin began to write, and Samuel R. Delany and Thomas M. Disch and a lot of other people who had more skill at it than I had. So I didn't bring quite as much of a mind-explosion to science fiction as I'd hoped I might.

((Well, in truth not as a writer, but you certainly did as an editor.))

Well, yeah, because I was able to recognize it when other people did it.

((Do you think that that sort of phenomenon still exists now that fandom is getting much larger? It seems to me that in the last few years the fan-turned-pro syndrome isn't happening as often. Is this a basic change in fandom?))

I'm not sure. Fandom is more diverse than it used to be, so a lot of people whose connections with fandom are peripheral are beginning to write science fiction. And it's not true that there aren't people coming out of fandom. Jack Chalker and Tom Reamy became well-known writers, for instance. It seems like there are two or three more every year...I belong to an apa which is made up of people who were in fandom in the 1950s and 1960s--people who've been friends for a long time. And although it's a fan club, the fact is that three-quarters of the members are professional science fiction writers now. It's difficult to find a fan who's been around for ten years who hasn't turned to writing science fiction--because eventually anybody will realize that writing science fiction well enough to sell is not hard. And they will then begin to do it.

((So you're saying that you think the situation is still there; it's just that it isn't as obvious because the number of fans is bigger than when there were ten people in a fan club like the Futurians and they all became professional writers. It's not as obvious when you have two thousand people and maybe twenty-five of them do.))

That's part of it. Also, people usually don't become major names overnight; Bob Silverberg didn't and neither did Harlan Ellison. In fact, I remember we used to ask this question around 1960: Gee, you know ten years ago there were a lot of professional writers coming out of fandom--where are the fans-turned-pro of today?

((And they were you....))

Well, they weren't yet in 1960. But they were Bob Silverberg and Harlan Ellison and Marion Zimmer Bradley, whom we sort of ignored because they weren't doing much then that was wonderful. They were 't major names yet. I think the reason you have the impression that people aren't coming out of fandom into science fiction now is that you just haven't noticed the people who are doing it. Wait ten years and you'll find that some will become famous.

((You're still writing for fanzines?))

To an extent, I'm still actively involved in fandom. Certainly I go to conventions whenever I can. I publish a few fanzines every year, always with limited circulations, and occasionally I write an article for a fanzine, but that's awfully rare these days.

((But you see yourself as having ties with fandom?))

At this point I think I feel more empathy with fandom than actual involvement. When people begin to talk about who was the best fan writer last year, I really can't say much because I haven't read enough fanzines lately, so I go to the other corner of the room. But when I get to the other corner and hear the pros who've never been fans saying, What idiots they are to be arguing about that!--I change the subject. Because I know that's important to fans, and it would be to me if I'd been reading enough fanzines....I guess you could say I don't have the time to be a very active fan anymore because I've managed to achieve most of what I wanted when I entered fandom: I write the kind of science fiction I like, and as an editor I publish and promote my favorite science fiction. I haven't gotten rich doing it, but I make a living and that makes me happy...I'd be happier, though, if I were getting rich too.

+++++

((Editorial note: The preceding was taped at Suncon, the worldcon in 1977, and was intended for publication in Cosmos..))



THERE WERE TWELVE OF US. IT
ALL STARTED WHEN WE DECIDED
TO DO A ZINE ...

Did I meet either
of you at Seacon?
It's possible I did
but that period is
all a blur...it

"Freaks! There are a lot of very ugly people in the SF fraternity/sorority. This is a strange fact but true. As a genre SF caters to the deformed and deprived and its image of the future offers a home for homeless, homely people. In the Fan Rooms these longings spice the discussion like the taste of blood in a well-bred boxing commentary. They rear ape-high in the fancy-dress, where elderly Princess Leia's compete against snake-haired witch-queens and snouted storm-troopers."

I wonder whose conversations that writer was over-hearing in the Fan Room? Whose longing for the future was spicing their talk like the taste of blood in a well-bred boxing commentary (eh)? Was it you, Terry Hughes? Mike Glicksohn? And who was that elderly Princess Leia? Peter Roberts, 'fess up now...

I'm worrying about what the owner of this flat is going to say tomorrow when she gets back and discovers that not only is one of her beloved cats ill but that I've kicked a hole in the sitting room door. I've also kicked one of the sitting room radiators out of the wall...sigh. It's all because of the upstairs neighbor--he sort of gets under my skin at times and I start kicking things.

A decorative endpaper with a repeating pattern of the word "DOCUMENTS" in a stylized, overlapping font. The text is printed in a dark ink on a light-colored, textured paper. The pattern is dense and covers the entire surface of the endpaper.

I've tried to repair the damage. I filled the hole in the door with a substance called Polyfiller and repainted it. Originally it had a gleaming coat of smooth high gloss paint--now it looks like it's been attacked by a mentally-retarded finger painter. I think Jill may notice the difference. I tried using Polyfiller to get the radiator back into place but the damn thing weighs a ton and the Polyfiller didn't stand a chance. I've got it supported now with a pile of my remaindered books.

The cat is more of a problem. I've tried grabbing it by the lapels (you try finding a cat's lapels--it's not easy) and shaking some sense into it, yelling, "Pull yourself together, you stupid cat! You are not sick! It's all in your mind!" but no go. All this does it cause the cat to throw up on my shoes.

Perhaps I can rig some sort of wire frame for the cat to keep it upright...some drops in the eyes to make it look alert...it might work.

Denise Rehse
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Hamtramck, MI 48212

Ole Kvern is a delight! As soon as I had my giggling under control, I disassembled Mainstream and put both front and back covers on my wall--I stare and giggle as I write....I love to stare and giggle (to the point of abuse, just ask my friends!), so wish to thank you for printing Ole's "canine calligraphy" and giving me the opportunity to indulge in my favorite sport!

P.S. Tomorrow I'll read the inside...

Terry Carr
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Oakland, CA 94611

/On issue #4/Where are the headquarters of Dead Cat Fandom? My favorite cat of all time died recently, of leukemia, and if I'd known the proper address I'd have done the fannish thing and mailed his remains to be auctioned off or perhaps immolated at the next Dead Cat Con. If it would've helped the con's proceeds, I'd have autographed his forehead or something. ...Ah, Max was a delightful cat: he dealt as summarily with mice as Laney treated fuggheads; he opened locked doors using his claws like toothpicks; he purred with all the rich style of Zelazny and Willis combined. O, why couldn't it have been Philip Roth's mother who died instead?

/On issue #5/Actually, I don't have that much to say except that it's the finest fannish fanzine from Seattle I've read this month, and I really can't remember when I was last able to give anyone such egoboo. Stu Shiffman's article and artwork were of course the highlight of the issue. I'm glad to see someone else at last continuing the fanhistorical work I began in a Cultzine titled Aton back in June, 1956, in which I wrote:

To a discerning person, it becomes obvious that Ikhnaton had much in common with us today...he was, obviously, a fan. Why else should he be branded a heretic, a criminal? Is it not always so with fans? Aton was, perhaps, the first fannish god; the practice of branding all other gods false has seen many parallels in modern fantheology. And as for that "symbol of life," the ankh, that the sun is always pictured as offering to Ikhnaton...well my ghod, it's common knowledge that metal cans hadn't been invented yet, and the "symbol of life" does look an awful lot like a bottle opener....

Nike O'Brien
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/On issue #4/In re juggling: we have an institution here called the Renaissance Faire. Like everything else out here it is immense. It must cover at least forty acres, and all of the workers and many of the patrons dress in Renaissance or medieval costume. It's a strange experience. One of the folks working the Faire this year also does an act at the Comedy Store; he bills himself as the Obscene Juggler. His act is very, very gross indeed (also very funny) and he was about the most

authentic medieval character there. His act was very reminiscent of the way I understand things truly were. The Flying Karamazov Brothers are gonzo, and they do that very well, but the main form of humor right up through Elizabethan times was obscene. So, Jerry, practice your dirty jokes along with your cascade, and you'll be very much in keeping with the origins of the art. It would help if you were three feet tall and had bandy legs, but Suzle might object.

Richard Labonte is quite correct. Fans and cats make too much of each other. Dogs too. We're going to get a mastiff, but pay that no mind. No, the best animal for fen is without a doubt the otter. Fun-loving, highly intelligent, and destructive without peer. Nothing can be otterproofed without a large C-clamp and twenty-five pounds of concrete. Even then it probably won't work. Their motto is, "If it isn't fun, don't bother." They also have this thing about water, which is perhaps a little less fannish unless you just substitute "sf" for "water": "Everything is interesting. Things involving water are much more interesting than things without water. Water is much more interesting when it is moving than when it is not. If water is not moving it should be put in motion and kept there until it is gone." Otters get along just fine in bathrooms. They are prodigiously intelligent and will turn on the taps by themselves (they have fingers). Of course handedness is a little beyond them, and half the time they will turn the tap in the wrong direction, get nowhere, and chitter at it in frustration. Your toilet is of course a write-off. They are strong and have needle teeth. They are friendly and can be habituated to human company. This operation takes super-human patience, a virtue totally unknown to otterdom. Probably the best thing in The Book of the Dun Cow is the wholly realistic reference to the Mad House of Otter.

What? Me? Keep an otter? You must be out of your mind. I know better.

/On issue #5/ This is personal taste, you understand, but I think one of the best things in the issue is Ole's terrific alphabet, and your cleverness in using it throughout. This ranks right up with the best of Gorey's alphabets. I don't care what this man is reported to have said; he has talent and should be chained to a drawing table for longer periods.

I enjoy reading Singer's reports. I've slowed down (or maybe only specialized) since the days when he and I astounded an entire Fredcon, but not he. Same breakneck pace. It is truly unfortunate that the most relevant tale I could tell regarding his column probably can't be printed, even though the statute of limitations has run out and because the editor is a coward.

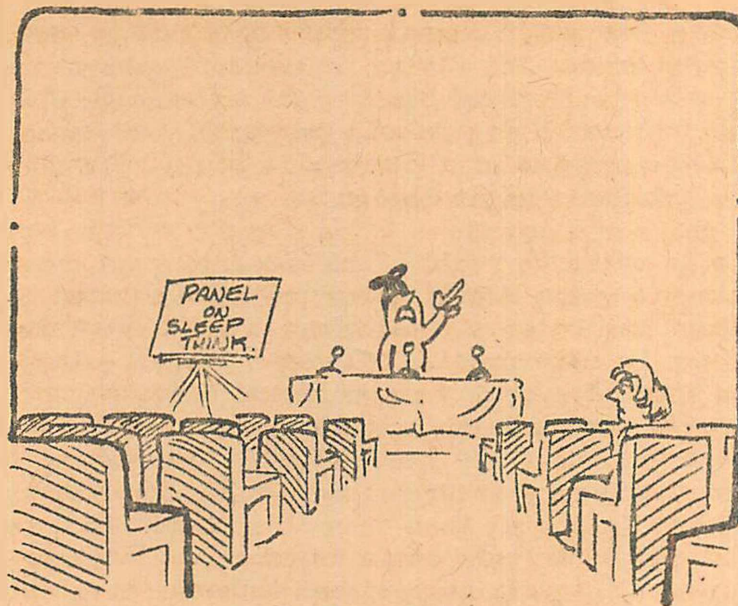
((Fredcon was a weekend party, essentially, held in upstate New York by Fred Lerner, in 19, umm, ah, early in 1970, where Mike and Jon Singer met for the first time and the rest of us tiptoed about waiting for the living room to explode, or something. Of course, eventually the oven did explode, sort of, but it had nothing to do with Mike and Jon. Really. SVT))

I have met Alan Bostick and he wasn't made up by anybody. His fanzine is fictitious, though, and hasn't ever been published.

At first I wasn't going to say anything about "Tales of the Roscoe Mythos," but I feel I have to comment, even if not wittily. Pseudo-scholarship for humor's sake is very difficult to do, and Stu Shiffman has done a sterling job. There is no doubt whatsoever that this article will not be at all funny, or comprehensible, to anyone who hasn't been in fandom for years, but I had a helluva good time reading it. If Singer hadn't mentioned the mysterious Zyx W. Vuts to me, I'd never have understood the reference to that most renowned German scholar, Johann Sixtus von Vutz und zu Singer. I amazed myself by untangling almost all of the references in the article. That thing isn't a humor piece, ya know--it's an admissions test for the College of Trufandom, Tucker W. Roscoe, Chancellor. If I ever want to convince someone I'm totally nuts I'll show 'em that article as an example of the sort of thing I like to read.

FANDOM

IS GETTING
LOTS OF
SLEEP SO
YOU CAN
ATTEND
ROOM PARTIES



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The first loc reminds me of the way I've almost lost fingers while playing with the guts of various hard-copy computer terminals. They're like Selectrics in that they have an incredibly broad surface area (almost as large as a wastebasket) on top, such that anything falling in that area goes right down into the guts and lays there like a time bomb. If the thing is malfunctioning or has broken off a daisywheel tooth it's up to you to get the thing out before the whole machine literally self-destructs. And you wondered why Underwriters' Laboratories are unknown in the computer biz. Somehow it seems that the motors in those things are a lot more powerful than those in Selectrics. Probably in order to drive them faster. I don't really want to know, in fact. CRTs and laser printers for me, please, and call Itty Bitty Machine if the printer quits. Let them clean the coffee off the selenium drum.

Regarding Hollyn's desire for a spectacle, I once watched Singer tackle, not refrigerators, but a PDP-11/34 at Colorado Video, where he works. Jon, master of the mimeo and tyrant of the typewriter, was using RLO1 disc drives, and losing. Losing big. Losing PACK AFTER PACK. Not even the great von Vutz und zu Singer could combat the power of DEC when DEC decided to build a really bad device. Moral: don't ever, ever, EVER buy an RLO1 because not even Singer can save your ass if you do.

Reading Suzle's con report made me think of a story I heard from Bob Silverberg at Heicon in 1970. There is one European continental country which has traffic on the left, like Britain, while all the rest are on the right. Bob was going to drive across the border, and was conjuring up all sorts of topological nightmares in his head, trying to figure out what the system of ramps would be that would get everyone on the correct side of the road. When he got to the border, the crossover system consisted of a signpost in the middle of the road that said, more or less, "CHANGE SIDES, EVERYBODY."

Joni Stopa
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I have twelve cats in the house right now, two of which are Debbie and move in with her come the weekend. Naturally I like cats well enough to read Cats, Cat Fancy, and All Cats. Cats is the magazine for serious breeders and cat lovers. The other two appeal strictly to people who love cats. All Cats is so amateur (meaning "to love") that it reminds me of a certain type of fanzine more than anything else.

The reason that Cats has all those little pictures is to give you some idea of what the best of their bloodline looks like. Basing a judgement on those pictures would be stupid, but they give you the idea; basing a judgement on facial types, I'd choose Hillsbury Silvers or Bo-D Cattery. The picture for the Arborhill Le Souricier Cat-

terys are soooo blurred that it was a waste of money to run them. That's the cattery's problem, though, not mine.

On the other hand, it's all an academic problem for me: I get more than enough all-American strays to need to seek a purebred. To tell the truth I'd kill for a Himalayan but I can't quite picture Jon Stopa going out and spending money on what he considers a free item (if you don't count vet bills for neutering, shots, etc.).

I do agree that Cats could do with a good deal of graphic work. It hasn't changed a thing since I first saw it twenty years ago. I think it was made to look like Dog World which, if anything, is even worse. You just wouldn't believe how many postage stamp pictures of dogs there can be. Dog owners and breeders don't seem to understand that pictures of purebred mutts aren't inherently interesting to look at, whereas cats are fascinating...

Barney Neufeld
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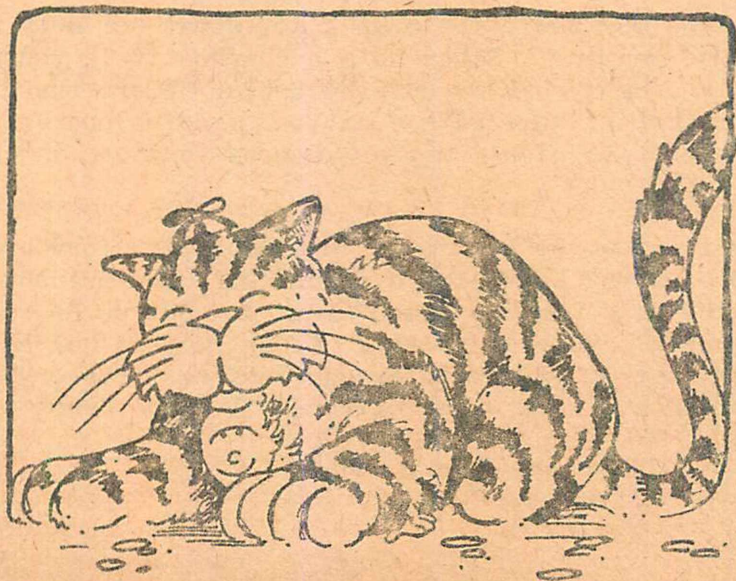
Terry Garey is extremely good in the sprints. I'd really like to see her go the distance one of these days. Too few writers understand, let alone attempt, such craftsmanship, and short as they are, trickles are a joy to read, and just one more reason (among several) to stay in the Mainstream as long as possible. (And please don't complain about my mixing metaphors. It's bargain day at the image-counter; three for the price of one.)

The bostick information from Patrick is unappreciated. Fast & Loose is enough trouble to figure out without knowing what causes ~~the/whole/thing~~ it. (And before Alan takes ~~the/whole/thing/away~~ umbrage at what I've just said, let it be noted that the tongue is quite firmly in cheek (though I won't say whose at the moment).)

Harry Warner, Jr.
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I don't read rock fanzines so I shouldn't venture comment on this idea of turning rock fans into fans of fandom. But I do read most of the record reviews in the rock sections of High Fidelity and Stereo Review. These give me the impression that already the professional critics are well on the way to becoming faanish. They don't often say much about the music on the record or even about the way it's performed. Instead they chat on about the performers' influences in a way that reminds me of proud parents deciding that the new baby has Aunt Suzie's eyes and Martin Luther's nose, or about how many years the lead guitarist has been in the slammer during the past decade. One of those magazines also had a thoroughly faanish article a few years back. A writer asked

FANDOM
IS GETTING
A CAT....



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a dozen or so performers and writers in the rock field what "funk" meant and got that many entirely different definitions, most of them mutually exclusive.

Don Simpson's little piece brings to mind again something that constantly worries me. There's all this talk about the terrible amounts of radiation floating around in the nation from this and that cause. Every big fanzine I receive contains a long list of all the people who helped collate its previous issue, attesting to the size of the task of creating individual copies from the stacks of mimeographed paper. Suppose too many particles of radioactive matter happen to be floating around during a collating session. The act of turning the piles of individual pages into copies of a fanzine is quite similar to the final chore in detonating a nuclear explosive, when the inert separate sections are collated suddenly into one another. It would be the fannish thing to do if too rapid collation of radiation-sprinkled fanzine pages resulted in a mushroom cloud, but it might break up fandom in the city where it happened.

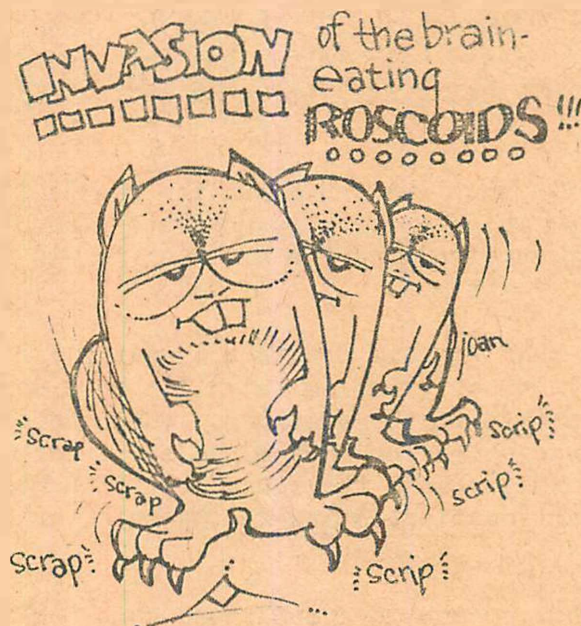
I acquired at a flea market the other day a copy of a United States Department of the Interior publication, "Mammals of Maryland," for a dime. One section of it seems to have a possible connection to fandom and my fanac and Roscoe. In its section of beavers, the book says: "According to Mansueti (1950, p. 33) no one knows when Maryland's native beavers were finally exterminated. He judges that on the basis of when they disappeared in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, they probably were gone from the Maryland lowlands about 150 years ago and that there were probably some native beavers left in western Maryland less than 100 years ago....Beaver have reappeared in Maryland in recent years either through deliberate introductions or as a result of their natural migrations....Bonwill and Owens (1939, pp. 36-37) mention three areas of Maryland where these animals were thriving in 1939." That last date may indicate the benevolence of Roscoe and the beaver-ghod's creation of fandom. There were no fans in Maryland to the best of my knowledge until a few years before the 1939 date which the mysterious Bonwill and Owens mention. If you allow a few years between the return of the beaver and the notice of them, the return of the beaver must have coincided with the entry into fandom of a few of us, like Willis Conover and me. This brings up an even more important matter. Was there a great amount of fanac in Maryland during the 18th and early 19th centuries, before the disappearance of the beaver made fandom in Maryland impossible?

This section of Suzle's conreport was a delight to read. It's particularly nice to find at least one congoer who described a lot of the distinctively British things, in contrast to those who seem to have paid attention only to the convention itself. I imagine that I also see things in England somewhat smaller than they are in the United States when I look at movies filmed over there. Maybe it comes partly from the fact that there are still lots of old buildings surviving. Old buildings tend to have rather small windows, lower doors than the modern variety, often a small stoop instead of a large porch, and so on.

Jeff Schalles obviously feels as I do, about how much more comfortable it is to hold a mimeographed fanzine. Since he's a comparatively young fan, that sensation can't derive solely from my having entered fandom before there were offset or xeroxed fanzines. But I also feel at home with a dittoed fanzine and Jeff apparently doesn't, although ditto reproduction didn't appear in many fanzines until I'd been a fan for a decade or more.

((You might say we're committed to mimeo, with four or five recently acquired A.B. Dic and Gestetners and Rex Rotarys around here (unfortunatelly, the Specific Northwest Pres is still the only working mimeo around). But we do recognize that other forms are good and useful and even pretty. (They're just not as Warm and Cuddly.) When the time comes that we simply telex our fanzines to everybody's home computer printers, will the printers work with Twiltone? I kinda doubt it, though it would be nice. jak)

Joan Hanke-Woods
1537 W. Fargo, #3D
Chicago, IL 60626



Arthur Hlavaty
250 Coligni Ave.
New Rochelle, NY 10801

I guess you realize you're in big trouble. Before the latest Mainstream reached many of us, there was Alan Bostick laying the awesome burden on a Great Potential on you by telling everyone how this zine singlehandedly restored his Fannish Sense of Wonder. And no doubt there were many who said, "Hoo boy! Alan Bostick says this is superspecial. If it isn't, I'm going to be Very Disappointed!" or "Alan Bostick says this is superspecial. But what does he know? I bet it stinks." Anyway, now Mainstream is here, and it occurs to me that I might get superenthusiastic about a zine which featured an article on me, and I am able to see it with some tranquillity as an enjoyable zine.

Bemildred? No, you be Mildred. I was Mildred last night.

Ted White
1014 N. Tuckahoe St.
Falls Church, VA 22046

I rather suspect that TAFF is nearly obsolete. With Laker flights and whatnot it's surprisingly easy for modern-day fans to cross the Atlantic. And Terry was only one of several hundred U.S. fans at Seacon, making his TAFF trip something of a drop in the bucket and not the novelty it would have been twenty years ago. (Twenty years ago Terry was a bit younger and had he won TAFF then it would indeed have been a novelty...but you know what I mean.)

DUFF, on the other hand, still makes sense. The physical trip between the U.S. and Down Under is still pretty daunting for the average fan. I wonder if the two funds shouldn't be merged.

I notice that the question of campaigning and whatnot has been raised. This has always bothered me. TAFF/DUFF are not like political elections--"send me because I deserve it --I'm the best!"--they're, as someone pointed out, an honor, and one does not, or should not, campaign for an honor. Yet, one can't just sit back passively.

Back in the mid-sixties I was asked to run for TAFF, and I assumed that those who suggested it to me would handle the nomination details. They blew it--they got their nomination in just after the deadline and whoever was administering the shebang that year was being hard-nosed about such things. So I didn't run. Several years later, when it was again time for someone from this country to run, I planned again to run, but then Terry Carr told me he intended to run against me. I could easily see another debacle like the one in 1959 (Bjo Trimble decided to run against Terry, and Don Ford

won), so I withdrew. I couldn't see competing with Terry, who was not only a close friend but a fellow "fannish fan." Obviously I did the right thing, since he won. (I was initially a bit pissed with Terry, but then recalled that after all he'd suffered the disappointment of losing earlier, when in fact I'd been his major nominator; so whathell....)

The real problem with both the Funds and the awards is that they introduce a conflict between the idealism which originally motivated fandom (and survives in those aspects of "trufandom" that survive) and the hustling to win which inevitably turns up when there's a "contest" to be won.

The worst example would be Phil Foglio's hustling for the Fan Artist Hugo, but there are numerous other, lesser examples which I'm sure we can all come up with. The thing is that we're vulnerable to the hustlers. Some asshole comes along with no real understanding of or appreciation for fandom and our traditions, and in the time-honored All-American way he/she mounts the equivalent of a Media Blitz. If we complain, we're told that we're reactionaries, stick-in-the-muds, or otherwise irrelevant in this day and age.

We're just lucky that no one more obnoxious than Foglio has tried it yet.

I'm opposed to fan awards on principle. I think they subvert what fandom is really about. The very apathy which has overwhelmed the FAAN Awards is, I suspect, a sign that many fans agree with me.

Allow me a moment of hubris: I think I'm one of the very best fanwriters around. I'm not the best--people like Bob Shaw and James White, to say nothing of Tucker, Bergeron, et al, are better--but I'm one of the best. I'm better than at least 90% of those who have been nominated for either the Fan Writer Hugo or the FAAN Awards. And at no time have I gaffiated from fan writing, although there have been years when my fanwriting wasn't hugely visible. But it's been twelve years since I was nominated for the Hugo (and then, having won the previous year, I withdrew) and I've never, to my knowledge, been nominated for the FAAN Award.

Similarly, some of the best fan artists and fanzines have either never been nominated or never won their respective awards. Under the circumstances, I consider such awards to be devalued--they've gone to lesser contenders. Why? For essentially political reasons. (I, for example, am regarded by many current-day fans as a "pro" and thus ineligible...I guess....) Cliques-popularity: people who vote for their friends...

But the very fact that on some level I am disappointed by my own standing (or lack thereof) in these awards is wrong--a sign of the extent to which I have been corrupted by such awards. We do not indulge in fanac to win awards--or so I hope--we do it because fanac is intrinsically rewarding, fun in its own right. The awards introduce something akin to the profit-motive--an "award-motive"--which is both subtly and overtly corrupting.

For that reason both John Berry and I argued with people like Moshe Feder when he first broached the idea of the FAAN Awards. "Awards aren't fannish," we said. "Trufans deserve the recognition," he said.

What is the recognition we seek as fans? The recognition of our peers, our fellow fans? Or recognition from a larger group? The Hugos cater to the latter notion. Theoretically the FAAN Awards are peer-awards. But are they? And if they are, should they be?

Isn't simple egoboo the best form of peer-recognition?

Recently I heard a suggestion that I like a lot: why not change the FAAN Awards to the FAAN Poll? No little statues, nothing in the way of a trophy for the mantelpiece (to be admired by family and non-fan friends)--just a fanzine with poll-standings published in

FANDOM

IS HAVING
YOUR PRIVACY
TO YOURSELF
WHenever
YOU WANT....

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its pages. No more winners and losers; standings in which many can place, like the old FAPA Egoboo Poll.

((I suspect that people do view you as a "pro," and this is enhanced by what I see as your very low fannish profile until this year (still 1980). Since Energumen (and your column in it) folded, I can only recall appearances in Scintillation (a fanzine attempting to be a semi-prozine) and Thrust (definitely a prozine on the order of Starship, judging from ads; unfortunately, no one in Massive Seattle Fandom gets it). With Pong (A biweekly fanzine Ted and Dan Steffan produce) and your column in Fast & Loose, I would suspect further that you are back in the "fannish" end of things in people's minds, and eligible again...:But what is "simple egoboo"? jak))

Avedon Carol
4409 Woodfield Road
Kensington, MD 20795

Y'know, the other day my father came in and gave me this tee-shirt with the Armenian alphabet on it, and I couldn't help thinking that your cover was much cuter.

I was really thrilled by Teresa's cactus trap, and I was all set to build one until it occurred to me that it really couldn't do me much good here in sunny South Kensington, where there really ain't much desert. However, if anyone should happen to catch a good cactus they don't need, I'll be happy to accept them here. On the other hand, I'll remember that about the chocolate. Griff knows (quick, how many people recognize the reference to Griff?) I have enough opportunities to wish I wasn't feeling the way I get to feeling when I'm feeling attracted to someone who, all in all, is just another pretty twerp. Sigh.

Now Jessica makes an excellent point. I have always felt (and this is only my opinion, but I've heard that we are each entitled to an opinion, so this is it) that poetry by its very nature must appeal only to certain people at certain times and in certain circumstances. Because it has to be very economical, you have to take for granted that whatever you write will appeal only to certain people because only those

People will recognize the particular sort of catchphrases you use, or codewords, or whatever. I know I'm not saying this very well but anyway, no matter how great a piece of art may be, it's still a matter of taste, and taste is something that you develop out of your own experience. You can make the world's most brilliant possible statement about something in your art, and there are going to be a lot of perfectly intelligent people who are not going to like it because it simply has nothing to do with their lives. There is a lot of art around that I can intellectually appreciate, if I step well outside of myself and admire the skill of it--but for a poem to really taste good to me, I have to be able to read it without pretending to be someone or something else, and without having to alertly be aware of the skill that went into it--I have to be able to get immediate contact with it, and friends, damn few poems have been written by men that speak that way to my life.

Seth Goldberg I was much amused by the independent invention of fanzines by
P.O. Box 7309 your friends. It would be nice if someone really did a "true"
Menlo Park, CA 94025 rock fanzine. However, Bob and Tami did seem to be celebrity
 conscious in the sense of who is seen where. That makes them
convention fans undoubtedly, but imitating fanzine fans (in the classic sense) may be
another thing as one must then promote the use of written communication. Still the
concept of individual egoboo would be an interesting addition to the rock scene.

((To be fair to Bob and Tami, both have written for Seattle magazines, as well as designing them, so both would promote written communication. And some of those publications were on the order of sercon fanzines. The important element they invented was faanishness. jak))

I must agree with Jon that some animals can be amazing. One of the most amazing to me is your everyday common variety ant. I came into my office at work late one night to discover that a herd of them were busy at work moving a much larger insect off my desk and off to their anthill or whatever. (I should point out that my office is in a trailer in SLAC which is located in an underdeveloped area, to put it politely.) Both strength and cooperation were amazing. I set the insect on the floor in the corner and left to work on the computer. When I came back an hour later, they were all gone.

Loren MacGregor One of the odd things Terry Garey will eventually discover
1614 Fell, #5 (well, actually, has discovered, but I had to start this some
San Francisco, CA 94117 where) is that The Way It Is Done at BoA (as opposed to BoT,
 which stands for the Bank of Tokyo, which is actually California First Bank) is the Way It Is Done everywhere down here. This is because everything may eventually wind up in court, and that phone message that said Joe Bliftspk called may be Important Evidence.

This can lead to ridiculous extremes. It is custom in law firms to copy both sides of any sheet of paper, on the offchance that you might need to identify a specific sheet; it's not uncommon for five banks, six attorneys, the defendant, the plaintiff, two dispassionate observers, and a covey of expert witnesses to produce intermittently legible copies of the same document, over and over, in an endlessly circling spiral. The chances are good that all of them will be useless, except for the one copy of a stock certificate which ended up on someone's desk, with the notation on the back, "Jenny--DON'T LOCK THE DOOR! I left my keys with Mom and am Locked Out. Love you," signed Stan. Whereupon Stan is summoned into court, and ask to explain why his handwriting was on the back of this document, and when he was locked out, on what day, and why.

"To the best of my knowledge and recollection," Stan will say, "I was locked out on January 14th." He will also never, ever write on the back of another crud sheet. Someone else in the firm undoubtedly will, however.

The only alternative to filing everything (are you sure you caught all the incriminating cross-references?) is to file absolutely nothing, and if you have more than two people working with you, this is no way to do business.

Fun, though.

At any rate, I really can't go along with her idea of filing chickens, as you must really consider the ramifications; do you count a chicken about to lay an egg in a different way than a chicken that has just laid an egg? If so, must you move the chicken to a new file pre- and post-, as it were? If not, what do you do with the egg, because the eggs must really be identified as well.

Moving right along to the next thing on the agenda, I come to the covers, which I thought were neat and marvy and all that, especially with the superdog (Krypto?) diving off the cover twice in the elegant yet action-filled pose; almost like an animated feature it was. Although trying desperately to follow the procession of dropped letters made my head hirl and wim, not to mention causing my eyes to cross and my tees to dot. I like the alphakvern as much as I did when I first saw it, and liked the cover use to which he put it muchly and even more so...though I kinda wish Mainstream had a "p" in it, because I have a perverse (which also begins with "p" now, doesn't it?) fondness for that particular (which begins with...oh, forget it) letter. Which is all another way of saying, well, gosh darn but Ole draws good, and I like his stuff (especially this, at the moment) a whole lot. He's both gentle and crazy, and comes in creamy smooth or naturally crunchy flavors, and never sticks to the rough of your mouth. Raspberry red, lemon yellow, and orange orange.

Thursday afternoon they found that the sourdough, tiring of waiting for someone to help it along, and completed the doubling process on its own, much like an amoeba; and also like an amoeba, the original, somewhere, was still alive. It is an old, old myth that the original, primordial amoeba may still exist, still patiently, periodically splitting, and watching--if an amoeba can watch--the process continue in its children.

The kitchen, of course, was the first to be inundated by the spreading, doubling, ergo sterolian mass. The seeping, lazy heat of summer aided the process partially, but the sourdough itself, now possessed of excesses of energy and the boundless energy of myriad Maxwelllian bacteria at that, was of course the prime mover.

"My god," said Jon.

"The refrigerator," said Teresa. Quickly, without sparing a moment, they crammed the glutinous substance into the Hotpoint, dragging it away from the lukewarm burners of the Coldspot (not wasting any time musing about the vagaries of American merchandising and product labeling).

I'm pleased to note that Teresa knows the value of being kind to cacti; I've known more people who've lost their sanity, if not their lives, by mistreating what they mistakenly believed to be a helpless cactus. Those critters have got hidden resources--take it from one who knows! (Of course, once you've got the little fink caught in your trap you can do whatever you wish. Nyah-ha-ha.)

It's a terribly confusing thing, all this talk about who Alan Bostick truly is. I always thought he was ~~WILLIAM~~ Terry Carr. It's even worse not knowing who I am; after years of being told I look "just like" Richard ~~the~~ Dreyfuss, I had one of those delightful toddlers I love so well come up to me the other day, dragging his father and saying, "Daddy, daddy, there's George Lucas."

I do not look like George Lucas. Dammit.

Hold on to you hats, kids! It's time for the exciting part of the ride! "As you will recall from our last episode, Captain Comet was just explaining to Bunky, his young

friend and constant companion, not to mention foil and convenient dummy to whom the Good Captain could explain all sorts of pseudo-scientific nonsense, that he did not, indeed, look like George Lucas, but rather looked as though he was drawn by George Price: 'This is,' said the G.C., 'of course, a common mistake.' Now let us join our program in progress."

Returning to Patrick's article, in a manner of speaking, let me applaud the Atomillo, which, as usual, I liked; more, more. (This is not, by the way, an attempt to slight Teresa's illustrations ("Figs") within the corpus of Mr. Singer's article; why she should place figs in the midst of an article about cactusses...cactusi...khaki...well, you know. Nevertheless, they were quite neat and I liked them a lot; instructive, you know?

(Boy, you're going to have fun trying to edit this letter!)

((No, Loren, it was not fun. svt))

I have been trying and trying, but I can't seem to make "Roscoe Mythos" spell either Utopia or Erewhon; I'm having a bit more luck making it spell Thomas More or Thomas Aquinas, but it absolutely refuses to be dogmatic. ("...and I say potatoe....This song doesn't make any sense!")

As usual, I enjoyed the trip into Stu's manic world, was impressed by his attention to detail and by his simultaneous juggling of 4,000,000 alternate universes, all cheerfully dancing on the point of a rapidograph; but, also as usual, I can find nothing to add to it because it's so complete. To do it justice I'd have to write a scholarly rebuttal, and that would be a whole article in itself.

Of all the things in this issue, Suzle, I have to say I enjoyed your "editorial" most--unlike Jerry, you do not herein sound like an editor; you sound like a Suzle who writes exceptionally well of good and bad things happening. Your trip report gives me a very vivid picture of what England was like, unlike many such reports which give fine and funny reports of conversations and meetings but tell me very little of what happened. Most con reports are reports of conversations; yours is a report of a con atmosphere, and I liked it a lot.

Dave Locke
4215 Romaine Dr., #22
Cincinnati, OH 45209

Wanted to say something nice, and then grump at Jerry. The something nice is that reading Mainstream (can it be said that you have a mundane title?) was sort of like finding a bottle of straight malt Scotch whiskey in my Xmas stocking. It made me happy. Genzines, even good genzines, are coming back. Here's one.

Now to the grump. What the hell's wrong with you, Kaufman? No, put the list away. I'm talking about this mindset of yours regarding fan funds. You do not understand. You have this crazy idea that just any old fan can run, and that the voters who finance these things have a right to cull through the nominees and choose who they want. Don't you see how terrible it is that the voters, in their ignorance, are not protected from their own inclinations? These applicants for the fan funds must be pre-screened for trufannishness. How? Obviously, Jerry, by the perceptions of whoever does the pre-screening. It just would not do to have someone on the ballot who did not measure up. Christ, they might win. The great majority of fans who donate money and vote might somehow choose the wrong candidate. This would be terrible. What kind of trufan are you, anyway? Don't let this radical spirit of free choice take hold of you again. Be more careful in the future. Shape up, Kaufman.

((Right, Locke. I'll remember. Democracy is right out. I certainly wish I had something clever to say at this point, beside "I take your point," but I suppose I had better quietly pass on to the next letter, an extremely silly one from another Dave.jah

Dave Piper
7 Cranley Drive
Ruislip
Middlesex HA4 6BZ
U.K.

Look... 's' like this... I've been looking at the phone number for about ten minutes now, in between looking at me accounts book (oh yeah! I have one of those... only trouble is, if/when I kick the bucket Cath's never gonna understand it!) and trying to do mental arithmetic under the influence of three Hankey Bannister & Dry Ginger, two McEwan's Export Pale Ale, one letter to Coulson, and one letter to Denny Lien... and I just can't work out:

- a) What the bleedin' time is in Seattle
- or b) Whether I could afford a call (A Call) anyway.

I'm taking the easy way out. I just can't cope with it all. *Slurp.*

Thank you for Mainstream 5... I enjoyed it. Gee, Mr. Kaufman, I publish the greatest Trekzine in Ruislip... it was voted by the Ruislip & District Official Trek & Rubber Goods Association as the best (The Best) of the year in 1972 published in Ruislip.

And yet, and YET, you have the nerve to indicate that you won't necessarily trade AllForAll with Trekzines. Watch out, lad... for innocent-looking parcels in the post. Yes.

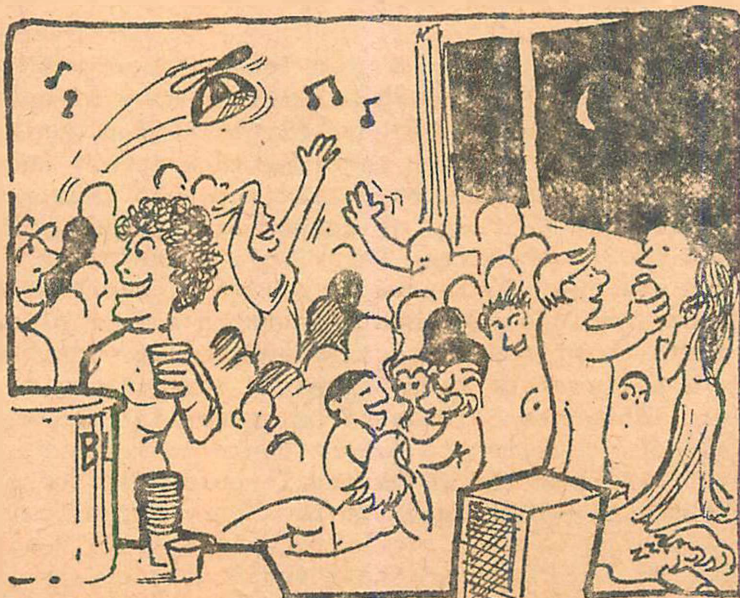
((Are you threatening to send your Trekzine to us? jak))

Er, like, it's up to four of them there Hankey things and the whole world seems to be taking of that sorta rosey-tinged hew (hu?) (hugh?) how the 'ell do you spell that fer crissakes?.....OK, I'm better now.

Oh, yeah, Mainstream. Entertaining. Sorta like a late sixties/early seventies genzine, really. and you, I, we, don't get many of them these days. The chat about TART and DUFF and SCRUFF tends to wash over me a little, I have to admit... my only contribution to it is that, I'd guess, the geezer who "wins" whatever's going is gonna be the bloke who the majority of the voters want to see. Which seems an ideal situation. (?) Everybody in the U.K. wanted to see Terry. As a (reasonably) disinterested and impartial observer, it seems to me that the whole idea is great. It's a bloody marvellous tradition and I'd be very sorry to see it bogged down in technicalities and all like that.

((How would you like to end your disinterested status? How would you like to see the really real Chicago? Eh? jak & svt))

FANDOM
IS HAVING
PROGRAMMING
JUST SO
YOU CAN
ATTEND ROOM
PARTIES....



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Hey, look. Don't worry about unimportant things like this...I've run out of Dry Ginger. That's important.

Who the bloody 'ell is Karl Umbreo?

My case rests, m'lud...

D. Potter This issue is definitely deserving of the Smothered Splutter
19 Broadway Terrace Award (presented when it dries), although, in reference to the
New York, NY 10040 ~~ditto~~ article on Alan Bostick, I had been under the impres-
 sion that in order to Speak With One's Mouth, one had to issue
only True Things with it. Oh, well, another myth bites twiltone. Trufandom, inciden-
tally, is reinvented every seven years or so. Ontology.

Up at Stu's Monday night, I went through two Focal Points, a Kratophany, and someone's FAPazine, as well as something called The Gafiate's Intelligencer, which purported to be under the aegis (paper aegis, not much protection) of "Amoeboic Scunge." Now, I have run across those two words together before, so I am not alarmed, but was "Amoeboic Scunge" that Protean (and if so, can I substitute it for tofu?), and if not, whatever (excuse me while I strike the Correct Pose) became of it? In any case, Eli is threatening to bring out another Krat, which may answer the question, "What is this 'Wendy and the Yellow King' business?"

((Amoeboic Scunge was a small frequent fanzine published by Seth McEvoy and (I think) Jay Cornell. It was meant to be snappy and fun, like Talking Stock, Hot Shit, Waste-paper, Fast & Loose and Pong. It's not been published for years, and both Jay and Seth left fandom for other fields. It can't be substituted for tofu, but might make a base for tempeh (see Jon Singer's column). But I fear you'll never find out what "Wendy and the Yellow King" is all about. After the last installment was published, the fifth or sixth, we were still in ignorance--the Yellow King hadn't even appeared. jak))

Steve Miller "Technocrat" was good reading, with a number of chuckles and
56 Lower Gate Ct. occasional zany laughter resulting therefrom. But I must have
Owings Mills, MD 21117 missed something somewhere--I'd say in the references to freeze-
 drying, which sounds as if some arcana must be consulted or
otherwise placated to accomplish properly, yet ninguna explanations anywhere. Does
freeze-drying occur magically by dropping desired drvee into a freezer without wrapping
it? Mysteries after mysteries. My Settle-ment cookbook doesn't have anything on
freeze-drying.

A bit of an advertisement here: Sharon Lee and I work together taking art around the country as Dreams Garth, and for the moment we have a quality fannish product to ~~sell~~ sell for a really good cause. We have about fifteen copies of the Pghlange Portfolio from Pghlange 10 left--we've been entering them in art auctions and in fan fund auction to help Barb Geraud (and Pghlange) out of the hole that a change in hotel management and a slightly attended Pghlange 11 helped put them in. The Portfolio is a limited edition set by Rick Sternbach and Phil Foglio, including a black and white reprint of the infamous and now lost-to-the-world original "Shootout at the Keebler Factory." While some of the fan fund auctions have taken a Portfolio as high as \$32, they are available by mail (or at cons directly from us) for \$14, which money gets sent on to Barb. Lacking a sell-out of these fine and rare items, there isn't much chance of a future Pghlange. Barb has relented from an earlier statement saying there would never be another Pghlange, changing to "might could be maybe." Pghlange has been one of my favorite conventions over the years and I would hate to have to explain to a neofan in a year or two that, "Pghlange used to be a convention...."

((Hope it's not too late to send Steve and Sharon orders. The above came in June. jak))

Bob Lee Liked the cover, especially the way you designed each letter of
1720 Burgundy Road your zine's name into a diagonal pattern (or did Ole Kvern do the
Leucadia, CA 92024 layout?). The pattern wasn't obvious to me until my roving eye
 followed the S-doggy diving left, down, and across the cover.

Great concept, and the doggies are well-drawn. But I think the boxes around them should be blacked in to bring out the shape of the doggies and letters even more (there must be greater interaction between positive and negative shapes--yes, even art is succumbing to technosis). Also that little black nose should be kept in consistently. Nitpick, nitpick. Grouch. ENVY.

((Ole did the design of his alphabet for our last covers. svt))

I have a word of warning for Jon Singer and anyone thinking of going sourdough. If using a container with a tight cover, like Tupperware, to store the culture, vent it once in a while, even if it's refrigerated. The fermentation process can produce enough gas pressure to explode otherwise. The cleanup is something else.

Also, an octopus is nothing to fool around with. Its beak is equipped with an anticoagulant, so you'll be bloody for quite a while if one decides to take a sample of you. While I'm on the subject of food and octopus, you should try Japanese-style octopus. There should be a sushi shop somewhere in your area, what with a large Japanese-American community present. The tentacles are boiled just enough to give some firmness to the meat, and then each arm is sliced perpendicularly to its axis. Eaten as a topping for nigiri sushi (balls of vinegared rice with some green horseradish under slices of various sorts of seafood) or simply with wasabi (the green horseradish--almost as good as Chinese mustard for cleaning the sinuses), soy sauce and vinegar, octopus can taste quite delicious, with a chewy texture somewhat similar to abalone. I'm probably grossing out the uninitiated, the prejudiced, and the unadventurous, but if they do some thinking, they'll realize most of the seafood they lust after are the aquatic equivalents of land creatures they'd shudder to look at, let alone eat. A lobster is an oversized cockroach, a shrimp a grub, and an abalone an overweight snail. I also agree with the notion that the best-tasting seafood is the least-cooked, or raw. I'd much rather eat mussels right on the rocks I pried them from, rather than have such morsels souped or stewed in leathery shrivels (gollum, gollum). This is all in the non-toxic season, of course.

((My mouth watered, says the typist. But, I add, what is wrong with snails? jak))

Dick Bergeron Kvern's cover is charming and I liked the use of the
Box 5989, Old San Juan initials inside the zine. You're quite correct that a
San Juan, Puerto Rico 00905 publisher should be found for them--they'd make wonderful
 note paper. He should make sure his copyright is solid
and then start sending them around. Without the initials the dog itself is just great and would make great aprons, napkins, etc., like those cats you see everywhere. That guy makes a fortune with his damn cats. I was taking this cover as evidence that Kvern exists but since you don't list his address (conspicuously)...

((Okay. You can reach Ole c/o Hawkins, 4121 Interlake N., Seattle, WA 98103. jak))

The best bit of writing is easily Patrick Nielsen Hayden's but I'm glad he already pulled its fangs in Fast & Loose #7. I thought him a trifle unfair to Alan (in the name of fun!). Alan is far more original than he's given credit for here and I'm sure Patrick realizes that he wouldn't be getting the response he has gotten from people like White and Hoffman if F&L were merely a rehash of old Burboeisms and Void lines.... Aside from that, this piece is a savage and brilliant take-off of the Void style--probably worthy of Laney himself.

I must confess though that large sections of the zine were lost on me. I recall skipping all of "A Primer for Heads" in Psychotic and these recipes for unconsciousness-

raising are a shot of novacaine in my pre-frontal lobes. And, regretfully, a little fannish religious mythology goes a long way around here. A paragraph or two, at the most, is all I can take at one time. The artwork was nice, though.

Susan Wood Border crossing stories? You want border crossing stories?

Well, there was the time that Mike and I had our tuna fish sandwiches searched, enroute to Clinton, New York, for Fredcon...

After several years of travelling with the Boy Wonder (and driving a car with Ontario plates on it, and young men in it, towards the border in the Bad Old Day of the late '60s) I am thoroughly paranoid about border crossings. I still don't believe I've entered a country unless I've been searched, grilled, cross-questioned, and glared at. Last summer, after I'd waited an hour and a half for Wardair to produce my luggage at Heathrow (or is it Gatwick? I can never remember), I staggered towards the Customs people. The official waved me by without even speaking. "But don't you want to talk to me?" I whimpered. He didn't even deign to reply.

When I travel to Seattle, I drive through the Douglas border crossing, the very same one John Berry tried to walk through. At the Douglas crossing, it generally takes thirty seconds to enter either the United States or Canada--unless you hit a holiday weekend, at which time it takes four hours, but only because the traffic is backed up to the Tsawwassen exit or to Custer, depending which way you're going.

When I drove down for the Seattle Science Fiction Fair, I did see a man running through the crossing. Turned out he was a U.S. Customs official who likes to jog through Peace Arch Park. Across the border. Every day.

A month ago, I hit the border at eight am, enroute to Seattle-Eugene-Berkeley. I was running away from school for a month, so I had my entire life in my car: teddy bear, IBM Selectric, swimsuit, extra air filters for the car (ash, remember?), my camera, carbon paper, the service contract on the typewriter, and all the normal things a fan travels with. Now, I was going on vacation, my only contractual obligations being to do 700 words on Terry Carr by mid-July, and a sixty-four-page monograph on D.G. Compton by December.

Most people do not go on vacation with an IBM Selectric.

Thus, I prepared my usual routine for the border guard, which normally goes: "Where are you from?" "Vancouver." "Citizenship?" "Canadian." "Where are you going?" "California, for a month." "Purpose of visit?" "I'm a university professor doing research on a book, in Berkeley." At this point I either get waved through or asked if the Canadian government is funding the research--I say yes and get waved through.

This time I got The Glare.

"You're what? Let's see some real I.D."

I tucked my birth certificate away, and produced driver's license, UBC Faculty I.D., and for good measure my Faculty Club card.

"You're doing research? On a book?" The tone held disgust.

"Yes," I said, calmly, thinking "Helllppp..."

"What sort of book?"

"Uh, a book on a man named D.G. Compton. He's a British writer."

"What does he write?"

Tell the truth, Susan, nothing but the truth. The man's supervisor must've chewed him out, they didn't give me this much hassle when they found Rosemary's travel iron in my purse, keep calm... "Science fiction."

Long pause. Glare. Glare.

"Science fiction? Do you mean to tell me that the taxpayers of Canada are being conned into supporting you to write a book on science fiction? NOW I know why there's gonna be a revolution in your country! Gwan, get the hell outa here!"

"Thank you," I said, smiling sweetly. "And by the way, your signal light doesn't work properly." I tossed the I.D. onto the passenger seat, gunned the car, and fled...at a legal fifty-five m.p.h., of course.

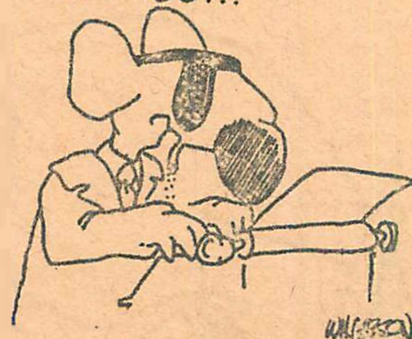
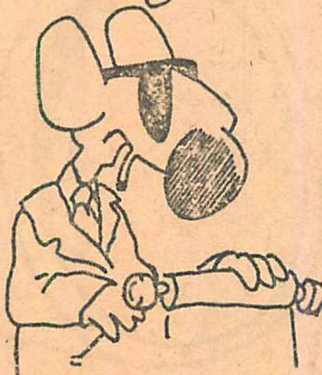
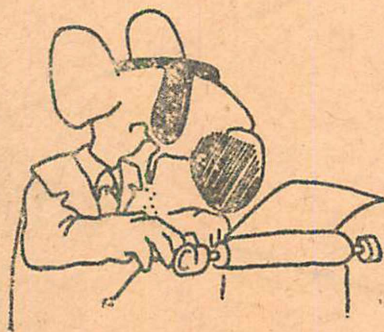
((When Susan handed us the above last July, she seemed so pleased to have written us a JOG that we felt we really should print it. svt))

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Harry Andruschak, Bruce Arthurs, Doug Barbour, Janet Bellwether (twice), John Berry (of England), Steve Bieler, Lester Boutillier, Brian Earl Brown, Jan Brown, Garth Danielson, Gary Deindorfer, M.K. Digre, Keith Fenske, Irwin Hirsh, Mike Horvat (twice), Nan Lambert ("I'm afraid the government has already invented Terry's chicken shit file. Only they call it 'congress'."), Elizabeth Lynn, Gary Mattingly, Luke McGuff (many times), Patrick McGuire, Jim Meadows, Linda Moss ("Minneapolis is kind of like a black hole."), Marc Ortlieb, Tilda Palmer, Sarah Prince, Spencer Pinney, Dave Rowe (who informs us that the people who ate with Suzle at his flat were Keith, Jilli, Mitto and Wanda Armstrong-Bridges), David Singer, Chuck Speare, Aljo Svoboda (who has joined the Peace Corps: write him c/o Peace Corps, P.O. Box 3062, Mbabane, Swaziland, Southern Africa), Amy Thomson, Creath Thorne and Dave Wixon (whose letter would have made him famous, I'm sure).

THE COVER BLURB ON
THIS CRUDELY WRITTEN
SPACE OPERA BOASTS
THAT THE PUNK WHO
WROTE IT IS A PIMP.

HMMM MAYBE
THAT'S A BIT
STRONG

THE PLOTTING OF THIS
FIRST NOVEL LEAVES
SOMETHING TO BE
DESIRED. FEMINISTS
MAY BE OFFENDED
BY THE FORTHRIGHT-
NESS OF THE YOUNG
AUTHOR'S SEXUAL
POLITICS...



WILSON

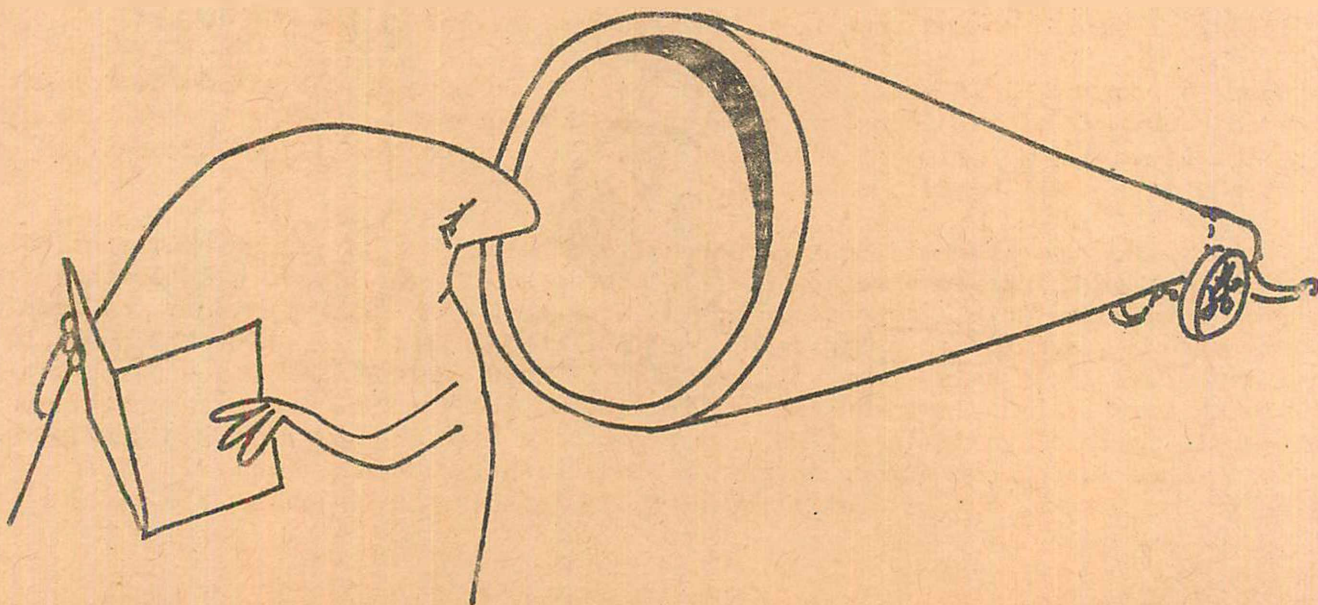
Switched Bothered & Scolded

Sometime early last year, I decided to be a Publishing Giant. I would publish a series of collections by some of the best fanwriters of my generation. The grand capstone of the series would be a decade-by-decade, fan era-by-fan era collection of the best and most representative fan writers of all fan history. I wanted to call it "Tandom Harvest" or something similar (I think that title was used by Terry Carr at some point).

Of course, the scheme was too grand. I'll never do anything so extensive as that. But I have made one step toward the series, and plan to make one more, before leaving anthologizing and collecting to other, less winded fan publishers.

That first step is Sweetmeats, a collection of Sandra Miesel's fan writing. Most of you will know Sandra's critical, exegetical work, analyzing Delany, Zelazny, Dickson, Anderson, Niven, Norton and Saberhagen. Fewer of you will remember "Sensies," which are sensual images of people's personalities and physiques. Or "The Platypus Mythos," which are the true and fabulous histories of that strange Australian species. Or her parody of Nova, "Prince Valyunt Goes Nova." Or her stories of odd doings in Indiana and Canada. That's the sort of stuff in Sweetmeats.

I've included an introduction by Buck Coulson and art by Stu Shiffman, Alexis Gilliland and Jackie Causgrove, and covers by Jim Odbert and Frank Kelly Freas. I've also included a note that all profits will go to TAFF, which is so. And if you'll send me \$1.25, I'll send you a copy.



Many people commented in their letters on my alias, Karl Umbreo. (I believe it was at least four of you. And Dave Langford addressed Twll Ddu to "Suzle Tompkins and Karl Umbreo." The letter carrier delivered it, of course; she's used to delivering mail addressed to Suzanne Tompkins, Jerry Kaufman, Rebecca Lesses, Constance Maytum (all of whom live here), Mainstream, Bob Doyle (who used to live here), Alan Bostick, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Teresa Nielsen Hayden (none of whom ever lived here, though Alan slept here for a few weeks), Telos, Fast & Loose, Carl Murphy (the deadbeat who lived here before we did), the Jacobsens (who live at 4226 Winslow Place North) and a half dozen families who live in an apartment at 4326 Whitman Place North, so she's not about to draw the line at Karl Umbreo.) Most of these questions were of a questioning nature, such as "Wha?"

I don't recall ever writing anything in fandom that I signed a pen name to, though I might have done so in 1968 when I wrote several installments of a humorous series for Cosign. "Karl Umbreo" is the name I've held in reserve for such an eventuality (an eventuality which is plainly never to event). I heard it in college when I still lived in a Dorm. Max, the 16th floor's dealer in speed and other drugs, used it as a sort of joke name, using it in anecdotes, signing it to strange messages, and so forth. It was a joke much in the way the fanish "hoaxes" of the seventies were jokes: everyone knows that Flushing in '80 was a joke, so everyone was free to pretend it was real. So everyone that wanted could add bits to the "legend" of the Flushing worldcon or Karl.

I have once only put a pseudonym to a piece of my writing. This was many years ago in New York, when I nearly broke into show business, of a sort. An acquaintance of mine, Mal, was a rabid film fan, working for a developing lab and showing his collection of vintage silent movies and bad Japanese tv shows at home. Mal yearned to be a filmmaker himself, so he struck out into the only cheap filmmaking that stands to pay for itself: porn.

The first film was pretty amusing, by porn standards of the time (I believe this was before Deep Throat). What made it amusing was the script, written by a fan. (Since she signed herself Mary Seaman, I won't reveal her name.) Of course, some of her best lines were cut from the script or ruined by the actors and actresses, who couldn't act. But Mal paid her several hundred dollars (the exact figure escapes me), and I thought I could do as well.

But I didn't feel I had the sophistication or the depth and breadth of experience or imagination to write a porn script by myself. So I approached the one person in New York fandom who could supply these wants in myself, someone with whom I could work, research, imagine, and write.

"Ginjer," I said, "do you want to write a script for Mal with me?"

Ginjer, of course, said yes. We decided that, to conform to the standards (or at least the conventions) of the industry, we would need a pen-name. Taking "jeremy" as my portion (from a pretension of mine) and "Bear" as her portion (from a conceit of hers that she is a koala bear), we arrived at Jeremy Bare.

Our story-line was unusual for two reasons, one being that it was science fiction, and the other that there was a reason for all that sex. The scene was a laboratory for research into human sexual response, and the equipment consisted of a male and female android/robot, each wired up to record all sorts of information about the subjects they had sex with. Eventually they got to liking it, and feeling some consequent emotions. (I think they fell in love and ran off together.) We figured this arrangement would allow all sorts of variations. We were right. We also thought this would allow us to slip in some Outrageous Humor, as in the scene with the German shepherd. (He's on vacation in the States, but he's still wearing his leather shorts and little hat.)

Mal didn't accept our script; I seem to remember a muttered remark about castration complexes, but I don't if that really was the reason. Instead of shooting our masterpiece, Sexbot! or, Programmed to Love, he went on to make Rollerbabies, which as many as one person thought should have won a Hugo for best dramatic presentation. (Mal's professional name is Carter Stevens. I don't use his full right name because I'm not sure he'd want me to.)

As long as I'm explaining names, I suppose I should say a few words about Suzle and "Suzle." I'm not entirely sure how she started using it in fandom. It was a nickname her brother gave her when she was quite young. She didn't use it too much in fandom at first, except to name her editorial column in Granfalloon "Suzlecol." (By the way, this means that "Suzlecol" has been running for thirteen years now.) Of course, now everyone knows her as Suzle Tompkins.

But here we must stop a moment, and listen to Suzle: "But doesn't anyone realize that I don't want to be known as 'Suzle Tompkins'? I want to be 'Suzle.' Or 'Suzanne Tompkins.' But not a combination of the two. Why doesn't anybody know?"

Because, Suzle, you never told them. Writing just "Suzle" on your convention badges isn't enough. You've got to shout it from the bannisters, or wherever people hang from or over, and you've got to shout it frequently. You've wanted it this way for years, before Freff, Ctein, Taral, Rowan, Neeters or Neeners, but you never SAID so.

Speaking of Freff, Ctein, Taral, etc., I've noticed that this fashion of renaming oneself is largely confined to fandom and Andy Warhol's superstars (we were just reminiscing about Ultraviolet and Viva the other night). Why fandom, I ask. I know some of the background of the above choices, how the names were picked, formed or discovered, but not the underlying "why". I could speculate (something about fans being able to recreate themselves as they create worlds, and simply not tied to conventional name-forms) and discover the motive and milieu that drives and shapes them all. If I generalize enough, if I ignore small differences enough, if I fuzzy up the data enough, I should be able to come up with some explanation.

But that would leave the letter writers with nothing to do, their job all tidily done for them. So I leave it up to you.

*

*

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As I write this, we have been delayed in our schedule once again (and, as usual, by unforeseen circumstances). We hope to have this done by mid-March. That is too late to bend your minds to my purpose, but here it is anyway. Warhoon must get a Hugo. I am nominating it, and you should have, too. Warhoon is certainly the best fanzine of 1980. It is the premier accomplishment of the last ten years, in fact.

But, as I said, I'm too late to influence you to nominate. In that case, I must urge you to vote for it. Whether it appears as best fanzine or best non-fiction book (a new category into which it could fit), vote for it. If it doesn't appear on the ballot write it in. Write special notes requesting that it be given a special award, at least. If the Worldcon doesn't give Bergeron and Willis some recognition, it will be a shame, a crime, a scandal. (Getting pretty heated, aren't I?)

No, honestly. I'm pretty biased toward fanzine fandom. I just can't see ignoring the 600+ page collection of the finest work of the finest fan writer. I don't think the Worldcon exists solely to sponsor autograph sessions, art auctions, dealer rooms or parties (nor should any other convention). The Worldcon should serve as the meeting ground, the nerve center of fandom...and fanzine fandom is the backbone, the spark-point of fandom. To ignore Warhoon is to announce, "We have severed the backbone, we have cut it out. From now on fandom is a jellyfish." Let's not let that happen.

FRANZ BOZO - [1858-1942]

Major Figure in the History
of American Zoomorphology

on the Quackidutl Indians
of the Pacific Northwest

No. 1 AMERICAN ZOOMORPHOLOGIST
SURVEY SERIES

... according to tribal legend,
the Quackidutl were
named by a non-eponymous
ancestor who then moved
to California ...



Bei mir bist
du schön ~

Who said
that?



Many of the old tribal loys have been
recorded by visiting scientists ...

The tribal custom of "POTLATCH"
(named for a fonzine by Joyce Katz)
inspired a dependence on blankets
as a monetary standard

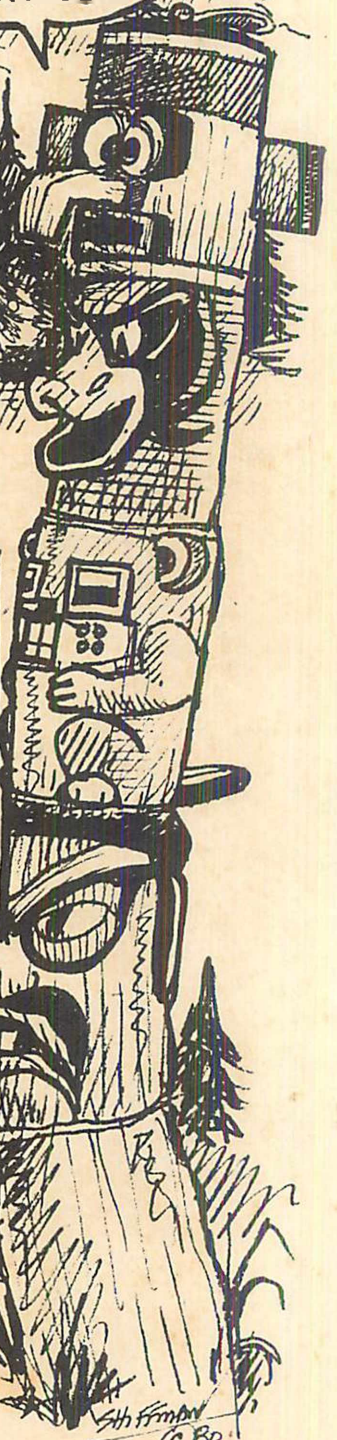
With poor
advice,
went broke
Blanket Standard was

Buy a penny
pencil, Mister?

Financial
they
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1¢



5th Frimby
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