




MAINSTREAM



Mainstream #7 is the latest issue we've ever done of an irregular journal of fandom, fans, and their multiplex interests, i.e., a fanzine. Jerry Kaufman and Suzle (Suzanne Tompkins) edit it from 4326 Winslow Place North, Seattle, Washington 98103. You can get it for \$1 an issue, or the usual (including Editorial Whim). This is the May 1982 issue, and was run off on Bob Doyle's Gestetner, the Webster House Press. If there is an "x" in the little box, you must do something to get the next issue:



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Collators last issue: Steve Bieler, Dave Bratman, Karrie Dunning, Denys Howard, Don Keller, Tatiana Keller, Vonda McIntyre, Paul Novitski, Anna Vargo, Tami Vining
 Mailing Canadian Copies: William Gibson
 Extensive Printing Help: Bob Doyle, Patrick Nielsen Hayden
 Crucial Slipsheeting: Bertie MacAvoy

Late WAHF: Bob Smith, Andrew Brown, Irwin Hirsh

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SUZLECOL

This is the latest I've ever turned in an editorial--all the other stencils are typed and being run off. This is champion-procrastinator-type-stuff, even for me, a major contender since 1968. It's just that, starting about a year ago, my whole life fell apart, after long drawn-out emotional upheaval, and I really haven't felt much like writing about it or anything else.

The past few years have been, er, interesting, as we say (apparently as in the phrase "May you live in interesting times..."). For me, 1980 saw the death of two friends and the birth of serious emotional/inter-relationship problems throughout our network of interconnected friendships here. In 1981, Jerry's brother was senselessly murdered, the

above-mentioned problems blossomed and wreaked havoc with all of our lives in varying degrees, and I had two lovers, one living close by, the other far away, both of whom I love very much, give me leave to go away. Not good things to write about or dwell on.

I'm still here, relatively sane, because of a combination of Jerry's kindness and patience, the fact that I haven't had a "real" job that would require strict responsibility, and a number of wonderful distractions....

Last summer, Bob (Doyle, our housemate) and Clifford Wind (were-Australian) came to Jerry and me and asked, "Jerry, Suzle, may we have our annual Holiday Dinner next December at Winslow Place (our house)?" Now, did they say, "Jerry, Suzle, may we have a nine-course dinner for 55 people, with seven visitors from out of town (including Minneapolis and Boulder), for which we will have to cook for weeks, rent bowls and wine glasses, decorate three weeks early, turn the house upside down, find ourselves buying large quantities of unusual things ("I'd like to order some fresh pasta, please." "How much?" "Eight pounds..."), acquire several wines for each course, produce a printed, two-page menu (which Jerry will have to type on the day of the party, running up and down stairs to check the wine bottles for proper spellings), borrow all kinds of things from everyone we know, have all five of us (Bob, Cliff, Dave Bray (the wine expert/supplier), Jerry, and me) working our tails off for days, and, at the end, finally discover exactly how long it takes 55 people to go through a large roasting pan filled with canelloni???"* Did they ask us any of this? Nooo-ooooo.....

As I write this (April) I'm sitting at the typer in the kitchen noticing the broiler oven we borrowed for the occasion from Marilyn Holt, still unreturned. (Of course, she still has the turkey we "boarded out" at the time to make room in the freezer, so I suppose that's, uh, fair...)

It was a lot of work but, for me, a great deal of fun! It was especially worth it for a few wonderful moments I can recall, such as, Jon Singer's volunteering to take a turn at carving the marinated (pomegranate) butterflyed leg of lamb for Cliff, who was showing signs

*About half an hour. It was the one item, among three main courses, that I was sure would produce leftovers. Ha! In fact, we and our houseguests arose the next day to find almost nothing edible left, after hundreds of \$'s of food and beverage had been lovingly dragged into the house over a period of weeks.

SUZANNE TOMPHINS

of exhaustion. "Oh," asked Cliff, "do you know how then?" "No," Jon replied, with an expression of sort of quizzical lust crossing his face, "but I can learn!"

The Party (as we've come to call it; no one has to ask which party around here) was a great experience for me because I was able to do what I enjoy doing the most, working with a group of people toward a common goal. Although unrehearsed (how in the world could we have rehearsed such an event?), Bob and Cliff and I worked just like clockwork in the kitchen, with Dave Bray handling beverages from just outside the door--we had to rope off the entrance to the kitchen; it would've been impossible otherwise. Little did I realize that the only time I'd make it out of the kitchen would be to run over to the Jumping Jesus to claim the canelloni which was baking there.

Everyone had a marvelous time, we've been told, and, I think, so did we. (Why, just this afternoon Bob mumbled something about December 18th to me...) My enjoyment of having something coming into being through the effort of many working together may have led to my involvement in The Play (or then again, maybe not...).

Yes, The Play: our adaptation of The Enchanted Duplicator, performed at Norwescon in mid-March. As some of you may recall, six years ago, after the second production of The Mimeo Man in which Jerry and I were involved, I vowed to never again become involved in an amateur production of anything. That is, all the players in both casts were fine and good people, but alas, many had the theatrical professionalism of a mung bean ((note to typist: betcha thot I was gonna say "snowpea," eh?)) and I didn't want to face it all again.

Well, time did not fade my memory, but several good friends' involvement eroded my resolve rather quickly and in no time at all I found myself making many pots of coffee (four per rehearsal) and planning to wear a giant gold Christmas ornament on my head--in public--all in the name of major fanac.

Every Sunday, right in our living room (and dining room...and kitchen...), we attempted to rehearse, rewrite, stage, and in general put together a coherent play version of the fan-nish classic. It was WORK; it was boring as hell; it was frustrating; it was, at times, all-encompassing; and it was an awful lot of fun. (None of the cast realized this last bit at the time, but when the second Sunday after Norwescon rolled around, several mentioned missing our Sunday get-togethers, which were, of course, as much of a party as anything else.)

How did it go? A description of Dress Rehearsal should give you some idea. This was our only chance to rehearse on the stage on which we would be performing. When we met at the exciting VIP's across the street from the hotel, Shelley Dutton, our director, walked in with this "look" on her face. She calmly explained that she wanted Jerry to play Jophan since Gary (Farber) was ill enough to have been taken to hospital that morning. Then she asked other cast members to take Jerry's parts. (Of course, they all had to work from hand-held scripts.) We were nervous; a few tempers flared. At the hotel, we discovered that in a masterpiece of hotel communications, the wrong room had been set up for us with, ta-da! the wrong layout! I gather it took about an hour to straighten this out (I was in the Ladies Room putting on my costume/makeup for most of it and thus missed out on the fun parts). Norwescon's ConComm had been invited for the dress rehearsal, but we ended up with an audience of about fifteen, most of whom spent the entire production doing remarkable imitations of stone statues. Funny lines went by unnoticed and we were rather

((Continued on Page 40))

On 6th October 1980 the well-known London-based Grancino String Quartet performed the First String Quartet by contemporary English composer Martin Leadbetter, and I was particularly thrilled to attend the world premiere because the composer had dedicated the composition to me. We are fellow fingerprint experts employed by the Hertfordshire Constabulary, and for several years I have assisted Martin to organize concerts in Hertfordshire with one primary selfish aim...to ensure that all Leadbetter's orchestral works are performed. He has reached opus 38...all have been performed, taped and subsequently recorded...I have four of his lps. Grancino were superb, as befitting four leading string players of London symphony orchestras. The leader briefly discussed the work prior to performance, stressing that the work was entirely melodic (contrary to the current syndrome) and very "English" in character. The audience were extremely responsive, and the following morning's critiques in the newspapers were worthy of inclusion in Leadbetter's press-cutting file.

But it wasn't always like this...

CHORAL INTERLUDE JOHN BERRY

In 1976 Martin was commissioned by a London Choral Society to write a work for their November 1976 concert...for some months we worked on a choral composition to commemorate the bi-centennial of the United States of America. The first part of my libretto was about the Pilgrim Fathers..."The Mayflower sailed in sixteen twenty from Plymouth in the West; With dissenters seeking worship at their own behest...etc." and Martin set this to music and presented it to the conductor as a preview of the contemplated work. The conductor, a certain Mr. Swartz, whilst appreciating the theme of our work, stated that he now considered that too many works would be written for the bi-centennial. He suggested belatedly that as the concert would be dedicated to English composers, an English work would be more acceptable. We had worked so hard on the Pilgrim Fathers and Martin did not wish to lose it, so gradually opus 11 spawned in our minds, a cantata (using the Pilgrim Fathers) entitled From England's Shores.

To complete my libretto as quickly as possible, I researched in libraries in Hatfield and Welwyn Garden City and finished sections on Sir Francis Drake and Captain Scott. Martin completed the score in three weeks, and presented the work to the conductor. Mr. Swartz was delighted with the score, but insisted on making one or two alterations to my libretto. I wasn't too happy at this, but in order to obtain Mr. Swartz's enthusiasm for the work, I accepted. Martin was also a tenor at this time, and I attended rehearsals throughout the summer of '76...it sounded excellent, although of course the melodies were performed by a pianist who gave her services free on a battered instrument. Martin introduced a new musical innovation: a narrator would speak a chilling verse about the death of Captain Scott at the South Pole, accompanied only by the hushed voices of the chorus giving a wordless chant.

The performance was in London at 7:30 pm on 13th November, 1976. A sixteen piece orchestra, leader Hubert Bleek, was in attendance with a thirty-strong choir under the baton of Mr. Swartz. Previous concerts I had attended under Mr. Swartz displayed a creditable expertise amongst the choir members, but in 1976 I had witnessed several setbacks in morale. Some members, during rehearsal, took exception to Mr. Swartz's verbal lashings in German at members of the chorus whom he opined were tone deaf. I had heard Mr. Swartz in full flow, and it was not for sensitive ears, or for persons overly concerned with their parentage. My feeling, confirmed by Martin, was that Mr. Swartz was attempting to keep the choir on their toes, and not become too complacent about their previous successes. Martin said that Mr. Swartz could trace his ancestry back to Schubert, and that his thought-processes were in German, which explained the sudden outbursts in that language, although frankly, I had lived in Germany for some time when I was in the army, and I had heard many swear-words in German, but never "gefukten dumbkopf." Unfortunately, several choir members

had taken this blatant criticism to heart, and did not return.

Martin had included a horn solo in his score, and as the orchestra did not possess a horn player, he and I agreed to pay the pounds for the services of a student, she being the only non-professional musician. This young girl of large proportions had turned up for rehearsals the previous night...I consider the horn is a damn difficult instrument to play, but I could see the girl certainly had the lungs for it. One other nagging fear concerned the appearance of Hubert Bleek, the leader. During rehearsals, the orchestra had played the Elgar "Serenade for Strings," and although I do not have a knowledgeable ear insofar as tone perfection is concerned, I reckon he had been playing his violin off-key. I heard one player observe that "Hubert must have a bottle in his violin case" and it seemed to be accepted that he was a semi-alcoholic.

So the world premiere of From England's Shores was presented....

The girl horn-player had underestimated the few bars she had to play in the score to stress the storm scene, but then, she was young, and one mustn't comment adversely on a girl with incipient arthritis. The choir sung valiantly, but I've got to confess that I wrote the libretto, and the only clear words I could comprehend were "Rich he is returned." Those four words were also the only ones decipherable to the majority of the audience, which is a pity because the English phraseology of the expression was not, I'm certain, grammatically correct, it being a contemporary report from archaic documents of the time.

Martin was tremendously thrilled about the few bars he'd accorded for solo violin, and had actually dedicated the work to Hubert Bleek...a short phrase to accentuate a hornpipe dance in the Drake section. Mr. Bleek was definitely laboring under stress, and did not appear to me to maintain his key; indeed, he appeared to be stunned that the audience actually applauded at the end of the work, and his raised eyebrows suggested that he thought he'd just about managed it, without anyone noticing.

To have a choral work performed in London is the ambition of every librettist; consequently I was bitterly disappointed at my debut. Frankly, from the vocal aspect, I believe it was a catastrophe, unless the acoustics were particularly bad just around where I was seated. Orchestrally, I found the work to be originally scored and musically stimulating, with an ethereal conclusion to the Antarctic section, spoiled only by a muted narrator, concealed behind a couple of large choristers, obviously not happy with his work or my words.

After the sporadic applause had almost died a death, some fool shouted out for the composer and librettist to take a bow. Martin stood up and acknowledged the acclamation, but I was concealed behind a couple of large ladies...I didn't like the way they were gripping their umbrellas so aggressively.

=====

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN ARTIST DEPARTMENT:

"Friends circled through friends, happy parties, and new meetings with those of like interests offered a stream of joyous events which then drifted to pleasing strains of intimate feelings. The dynamic nature of Patti's thirst for new experiences and her quest for artistic development could not, however, tolerate squeemish and precriptive morals. A combination of inquiry, taste and courage are often indispensable to artistic development. In the Fall of 1966 Patti became pregnant."

Patti Smith, Rock & Roll Madonna, Dusty Roach, 1979

TECHNOCRAT

of the

BREAKFAST TABLE

JON SINGER

BLUE FOOD, I SAW YOU STANDING ALONE

On one of his albums, George Carlin has a routine about blue food. It seems that there are, as far as he is aware, no naturally occurring blue foods. (Cake icing don't count. It's a fake.) Those of you who wish to argue the case of the blueberry are advised to rub one, and then to cut one open. Blueberries are actually poiple...ahh, purple.* If you think about it for a while, you will find it extremely difficult to come up with any REALLY blue foods. In fact, Carlin is not far from correct. Now, however, it is time to burst that fragile bubble. I hereby present..... BLUE FOOD.

Specimen "A" is questionable: Lepista (Tricholoma) nuda is a blue or lavender mushroom which grows here in Colorado, and is quite edible. To quote Wells and Mitchel, "Mush-

rooms of Colorado and Adjacent Areas": "The flesh is bluish violet when the mushroom is young and fresh..." I personally regard this as equivalent to the blueberry, but it's a good red herring to start off with.

I seem to recall at least one other blue mushroom, but I don't have a reference handy, and I don't know whether it is edible. Please hold one moment while I attempt a resource...

Ahh, yes. Howard Daugherty (teaches Russian at the University of Colorado in Boulder, which is always referred to as "CU"**) has a lovely mushroom book. In it we find the rare Lactarius indigo, about which the book saith, "Blue to deep indigo blue; cap blue, sometimes with zones of blue...stalk blue." People's exhibit "B".

...Next! Ahh, ahem! There grows, in the woods of New England, a blue (BLUE) berry which I recall as a Clintonia species. Unfortunately, I cannot recall whether the blasted thing is edible. I know I saw it in a berry book once, but some of the descriptions of some of the berries in that tome...faauugghh!! I think we shall label that one "tentative people's exhibit 'C'."

But the piece de resistance...the capper, the final outrage: a few weeks ago I was in Massachusetts, and was taken to a very nice Japanese restaurant in a town called Berlin, not to be confused with the New Hampshire town of the same name. At this restaurant, I ordered sashimi, as I frequently do if given the opportunity. (For any of you who are unacquainted with Japanese food, sashimi consists of raw seafood, with the minor exceptions of octopus (lightly parboiled every time I've come across it) and shrimp (ditto except the once); sushi, on the other hand, is not invariably raw, and is not invariably seafood, either.) The variety of stuff I received was larger, as one might expect, than the variety one gets in Boulder, which is about a thousand miles from the nearest ocean, and included salmon roe, mackerel, yellowfin, and a number of other delights, not excepting raw shrimp, which I had never previously encountered. It also included several pieces of raw squid. (Suspicious music swells in background.) As I munched my happy way through the assembled multi-

*Take heart. Lanthanum hexaboride is also poiple...ahh, purple.

**Rather than "U of C". Thus, CU Boulder and CU Denver, etc.

tude (raw fish is at least five times as good as all but the very best cooked fish*) I noticed (crescendo) that one of the pieces of squid looked rather...blue. (Cymbal crash.) Inasmuch as the restaurant was lit in dim orange incandescent light, this seemed highly unlikely. I promptly dismissed the possibility of fluorescence (from what ultraviolet source?) and came to the obvious conclusion: now, the test: I put the piece of squid into a black lacquer soupbowl, and shielded it from the light. Staring deep into the bowl (enter tympani) I discovered (cannon shot: needle leaps from groove...silence) yes, it was...glowing. Blue. Bright blue. Lovely bioluminescent blue. I passed it around the table: I have eleven witnesses, not counting the restaurant staff (much Japanese back-and-forth in kitchen, followed by the revelation that, yeah, it happens occasionally). The defense rests.

GOURMET TIPS #1



THE PROPER WAY TO
EAT A HARD-BOILED
EGG...

HELLO, OPERATOR, GIVE ME MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE
A Guest Appearance by M. Beth Komor

I was on the phone the other day to a friend in Minneapolis specifically to talk about long distance phone bills, and how my roommate and I had miraculously reduced ours from \$248.73 to \$23.80 in one month by signing up with SPCcommunications for their Sprint V service (the Sprint bill for that month turned out to be all of \$18 and something).

For the record, I know of four such reduced long distance rate services: Sprint V, provided by Southern-Pacific Railroad's SPCcommunications (call Southern-Pacific if SPC isn't listed in your phone book); ITT City-Call, offered by ITT United States Transmission Systems, sales offices in toll-free New York; MCI Execunet, from Microwave Communications Inc. Telecommunications Corporation, whose ads you've no doubt seen on the tube; and Western Union's Metro I, offering services apparently confined to the Dallas-Houston area (but who have also, it seems, published a tariff for Seattle).

It's quite simple to use these services. You just pick up the phone, dial a local access number, wait for the computer to give you a "ready" signal (usually a steady tone), enter your access code (each is individual; it is this number which determines who is billed for your call), enter the area code--no "1"--and the number you want to reach, and wait for your party to answer.

Sprint sales offices are located on their network, so if you wanted to call SPC's office in San Francisco from Boulder, for instance, you'd dial 623-3671, wait for the tone, then dial the "in-Sprint" number 111222, and shortly thereafter you'd find yourself talking to a salesperson in sunny San Francisco. See? Simple. (Actually, when I say "enter" or "dial" I mean "punch." You have to have a touch-tone phone, or the computer can't "hear" your numbers.)

In general, these services offer approximately 40% off Ma Bell's daytime station-to-station

*It has to be, as it would otherwise be inedible.

rates during the day, and a 60-80% discount in the evening and on weekends. Evening is defined by Sprint as 5pm to 8am local time, by MCI as 7pm to 7am, and by ITT as 5pm to 11pm. ITT's night rates are in effect from 11pm to 8am during the week and follow essentially the same pattern as Ma Bell's on the weekends. For the bargain-conscious, that 80% discount is available only under ITT's Night Rate.

In addition, each of these firms has a monthly "Service Charge" (as with your residence phone) in the amount of \$10. And each of these firms also charge a per-call "Connect" fee (ITT and MCI build theirs into their regular rate); with Sprint it's 15¢ per completed call. I'm told this charge is paid directly to Ma Bell and is Bell's "Line Rental" fee. ITT also charges a one-time "Programming Set-UP" fee of \$30.

Both SPC and MCI bill calls by the half-minute, while ITT bills by the second.

At this point I should touch on SPC's other offering, "Sprint Limited." This service allows you access to their network only during off-peak (5pm to 8am) and weekend hours, and doesn't require the guaranteed monthly minimum billing of \$25 which Sprint V demands. This is the one my roommate and I currently use. MCI also has a similar offering, which they call the "Super Saver."

On the whole, ITT seems to offer the lowest rates and most widespread coverage, but that initial \$30 hook-up fee is a real kicker. There is also a rumor to the effect that perhaps ITT's security isn't as good as it could be (it should be noted, however, that all of these services allow you to deduct charges billed in error) and that maybe its smaller customers don't receive the kind of service the larger ones do--but, if they decide to go world-wide, as they're threatening to do sometime early this decade, I think I can overlook a few things, or perhaps learn to gripe like a big customer.

MCI seems to be the least desirable of the services I've been able to investigate (I won't even consider what Western Union is offering as a service until they start covering something besides Texas!); their rates are the highest (possibly due to television advertising expenses?), you have to pay an additional \$10 a month if you want to be able to use their network from anywhere other than your own home town (a very real concern for con-goers and other people who travel frequently) and they cover the least number of cities.

Sprint V and Sprint Limited, as well as ITT City-Call, offer "any city" access (any city that's on their network, that is) at no extra charge, clean lines, and reliable service (word has it that Bell knocked out MCI's lines over the holidays in 1980: the price of fame...), plus some of the nicest rumor-mongers I've ever run across. And SPC has made a point of saying they're going to open up the Northwest in the second quarter of 1981 /Ed. note: they did and put a couple of communications satellites into orbit early in the decade--who knows? Maybe they'll go world-wide ahead of ITT.

Well, I think that about covers it. If you're interested in what these services have to offer I'd suggest you give SPC (soon to be the railroad of the skies), ITT, or MCI a call. All you need is a touch-tone phone.

--M. Beth Komar

/Ed. note: Jon has developed a little box that beeps convincingly enough to fool a dial phone into thinking it's a touch-tone.

LATE BREAKING BLUE FOOD NEWS FLASH:

1. Janet Kramer reports that borage blossoms are a) edible and b) blue. References bear her out. (Yahoo! She gave me two packets of seeds.)
2. "Blue potatoes" are bust: I bought some and they ain't. What they are is deep purple all the way through!!

But You Can Win One Yet !!!

-- GARY FARBER

Tommy: Gee, Constable Rotary, wait 'til you hear about the award we're gonna win!

Rex: Award? I know about fan awards. Which one do ya mean?

Tommy: The Hugo!

Neos: The Hugo!

Pex: Hell, I can tell you all about that.

---The Mimeo Man

Me too. I'm as bored with talk about the Fanzine Hugo as you are. Probably more. Furthermore, I think very little of awards in general. So why this piece?

It's all because of a motion I'm finally introducing at Chicon IV after talking about it and letting it slide for years. Ya gotta get support to pass a motion, so here I am. I'll try to keep it short and sweet, if not bland.

Why should you care about the Fanzine Hugo at all? I'll make just one argument here, and leave the other good ones for others to make.

Sentiment.

Rex: When you publish a zine for the very first time, it's usually quite cruddy.
When you publish a zine your second time out, your repro may be muddy.
But when you publish a zine for the third time around,
It can draw stares, it can astound.
Of that zine you can be proud,
You'll want the Hugo.
The Hugo, the Hugo, the Hugo.

Sentiment is my argument.

I would hate to admit that the Worldcon has gotten so large and far away from fandom that it still can't give a cruddy phallic symbol named after one of the world's most snooze-producing writers and speakers to a bloody honest fanzine.

It's true that Hugo-fever has often inspired ridiculous and mildly offensive pleas for votes like that in the recent Niekas #29, and has even twisted fans into publishing with winning a Hugo as their major goal. We've suffered through crusades for Erb-dom and been blighted by the fungus of Jacqueline Lichtenberg's name crawling across the page of Best Fanwriter nominations. Poor Phil Foglio had his reputation in some quarters of fandom MIRVed into radioactive dust thanks to the existence of the Fan-Artist Hugo, a fate he really doesn't deserve (and if Ted White were dead, he's have spun in his urn thinking that the Pongs had led to this).

But we've also seen awards go to Cry, Xero, Warhoon, and Energumen.

Listing the "good" and the "bad" Fan Hugos and discussing the flaws and merits of the system isn't my point here.

(By the way, if someone here has wandered into the room, and wishes to dispute that the Fanzine Hugo has most often in recent years gone to non-fanzines, kindly wander out again.

Fanac 101 is down the hall and to the left. Professor Brown is teaching today.)

The Hugo can still serve to inspire neos and sophisticates to do good general distribution zines. For those for whom broader and vaguer reasons for publishing, such as egoboo from letters, desire to improve writing, desire to create, etc., will not serve, the Hugo focuses the attention down to a simple desire for a statue. This definitely has its bad points, but as an impetus for neos to start zines, and a continuing reason for old fans not to disappear into the private apas or the tiny circulation zines, it has its uses. It also serves to recognize that fanzines are still important to fandom, and that there is continuity from the first worldcon in 1939 and that fandom, to 1953 and the first Hugos, to 1955 and the first Fanzine Hugo, to 1967 and the first Fanzine Achievement Awards, to now and our fandom. I think that's as important as such a silly thing can be. Lastly, in a curious way, I think that that continuity also serves to legitimize the worldcon--a turn-around for most of you, I'll admit, but a connection I feel is there.

Rex: Write a few locs, just to raise the curtain.
Pub a one-shot and make for certain.
Sell your zine, you've gotta spread it.
They can't vote if they haven't read it.

It is my contention that the Problem of the Fanzine Hugo stems from a lot of people who don't really know what a fanzine is voting for a Best Semi-Prozine, thinking it's a fanzine.

Maybe, just maybe, if we give them their category, they'll go away and stop bothering us.

So, despite loathing the proliferation of categories (and awards), I'm submitting a motion for Best Semi-Prozine. This is basically the same proposal Moshe Feder, Craig Miller, and a variety of others of us agreed upon in 1979-80 for submission at Noreascon, and didn't get around to. I've kicked it around for years, of course, at one time considering it as "Best Non-Fiction Publication."

I propose that a fanzine be a publication under 1,000 circulation, a semi-prozine 1,000 to 10,000, and a professional magazine over 10,000 (placing its editor into the Best Professional Editor category).

Why define by circulation? Because that's the crux of the problem. 2,000-copy zines (of a certain minimum quality) don't compete fairly with 200-copy zines. Fanzines, practically by definition, cease to be fanzines beyond 1,000--if one-half of your 2,000-person mailing list wrote locs, you couldn't print them. I'm not sure you could read them. Obviously, there aren't that many active, knowledgable fanzine fans. (No, let's not argue definitions here, thank you. It's my article.)

Why not define by other proposed factors, like taking advertisements, or paying contributors? (I was on the Suncon committee when Don Lundry lost his nerve trying to enforce just those criteria. Committee enforcement is always a problem.) My main reason is that these are basically side-issues. Acceptance of advertising doesn't really impinge on whether or not your mag is a fanzine. Quandry took ads. Such definitions are reminiscent of the blind men describing the elephant by touch. In this case, it misses the point that the elephant (not you, Bruce) is fuckin' big and can stomp the competing mouse (or wombat, or koala, or snake, or cat...).

Rex: Young Jophan was a neo, his name was seldom-seen.
Now Jophan is a BNF with a prop up on his bean.
Just like him you can win that rocket.
Keep a notepad in your pocket.
Make friends with a secret master.
Try to get your zine out faster.

Furthermore, defining by advertising or paid contributors has degenerated in the past into idiotic stylus-splitting about whether or not the advertising was solicited, or whether buying artwork at an artshow "counts" as paying, etc. (and, with my Broad Mental Horizons, I see no difference when I Peer Into The Future).

There are those who object to defining by circulation for the same reason I object to the other definitions---vagueness and difficulty for the con-committee to determine. Well, I think this is poorly thought-out. Naturally, no system is perfect. This isn't, and if we look for a perfect one, we won't find it. We also won't do any good in the meantime. This system is merely better, I humbly submit. In practice, I know of no zines hovering so close to the 1,000 limit as to make a decision impossible. Nor would such a decision generally require taking affidavits, trusting lying fan-editors, or conducting mass surveys. It's fairly obvious to most people active in fanzines and with a lot of fan contacts what's going to a few hundred readers and what's going to a couple of thousand. I challenge skeptics to name a contending zine and stump me on this.

However, to show what a big-hearted guy I am, I'll say that if the Public Wills It, I'd accept these proposals being tied together if necessary. Considering the ignorance of some Con-Comm members, I'd even listen to proposals for Special Fanzine Committees to be appointed each year to make rulings.

In any case, I am hopeful that creating a Semi-Prozine category (I do not propose additional Semi-Pro Writer and Artist categories) for Locus, Starship, SFR, Thrust, and whoever else might give us back a Best Fanzine Hugo. And if it doesn't (and I'm not confident, I just think it deserves a shot)...screw it. Abolish the fuckers.

Male neos:	That rocket's hard to get.
Rex:	The Hugo, the Hugo, the Hugo.
Female Neos:	But you can win one yet.
All:	You-can-win-one-yet! The Hugo!

((All quotes from The Mimeo Man, by Eli Cohen, Moshe Feder, and Debbie Notkin.

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We live near the ocean. There is considerable open space nearby and in the winter months migrating hawks visit. This year, an immature pair has adopted our area, and they hover above our back yard, prowling the slope that leads down to the highway for gophers and road kills, and are watched in turn by one of our cats, Pentax. She sits in the picture window and lusts after the beautiful creatures, larger than she, with every inch of her body and mind: eyes wide with longing and desire, her jaws chattering with excitement, tail twitching, claws working in and out. Thus far we have been unable to identify the correct name because of the immature plumage, and we don't know if they are Red Tailed hawks, Sharpshinned, or Swainson's, so I have given up and named them Kitty hawks, in Penny's honor, for the hawk and the flight I hope she will never have.

TRICKLE

TERRY GAREY

Uffish Thots by Ted White

PREFATORY NOTE: Almost two years ago Alan Bostick put out a short, snappy little fmz called Fast & Loose. After he'd done several issues the fact registered with me and I had a Thot: if I were to write a short column for F&L, it would get published quickly. Quick publication implied quick response. Most fanzines were coming out less frequently than once a year and there is at least one piece which I had written a few months before Alan began F&L which has yet to see the light of day even as I write these words more than two years later. Thus it was that I revived my "Uffish Thots" column for Fast & Loose.

By no real coincidence at all, I started writing those columns for F&L while I was editing Heavy Metal and living (weekdays) in New York City. I had lived for eleven years in New York City, then spent the following nine in Virginia. Walking oddly familiar streets again kept reminding me of things which had occurred in the 1960's and earlier. The fact that I was once more freshly arrived in the Big Apple reminded of the first time, twenty years earlier.

The period of 1961-62 when Terry Carr came to New York City and I ran Towner Hall has been fairly exhaustively written up, but the period just before that, the late fifties, had not been. I proposed to rectify that error with my columns. In each one I'd treat one short topic of that history, most of them revolving around a loft at 14 Cooper Square lived in by various fans, the best-known being "Big Bill" Donaho. The loft, on the top floor of its building, had first been occupied by several women, from which fact had come its name, The Nunnery. The name stuck long after the original occupants had departed and the place was home to exclusively male fans. I visited the place a number of times before I moved to New York City from Baltimore, and my first wife, Sylvia, and I stayed there while we hunted for an apartment of our own in the summer of 1959.

Alan printed several of the columns, and one day in late June, 1980, I sat down to write the next. I had the time and the inclination, so after I'd finished that one (which was comprised of two sections, "Column Titles" and "Back to The Nunnery"), I wrote the next ("Tales from The Nunnery, pt. 4"), and, by now rolling on a full head of steam (or something), a third (pt. 5) as well. The whole thing came to around nine pages of single-spaced elite typing.

The next week was the Westercon in Los Angeles, so I stuffed the three columns into an envelope and took them with me in hopes I'd run into Alan. I looked forward to his expression when I gave them to him.

My mistake. Oh, it all went perfectly well: I ran into Alan as I'd expected to, and I gave him the columns as I'd expected I would, and he acted properly gratified by my largesse as

I'd hoped he would. But Alan has not published a single page of any fanzine since that day. The momentum died. And my columns languished in Alan's ever-dustier files. I couldn't help the guilty feeling that the burden of my three columns had been too much for Alan's free and easy Fast & Loose. Still, I hoped he'd overcome whatever block had stopped him and pick up the pieces to continue, if not with F&L, at least with something for which he'd on hand some material.

Well, that didn't happen, and eventually the columns ended up here, at Mainstream. Mainstream is not a short, snappy little fmz, nor does it come out every week or two. It made sense to pull the columns together into one (rather lengthy) piece. The editors did some suggested cuts; I have done a few more and written a couple of bridges. The first half of the first column has been entirely excised, and I have deleted references to Alan as the current editor/publisher, while leaving in references to the earlier columns he published. That said, let's get on with it. (December, 1981.)

ANARCHY: I have never been all that political, having a general "A pox on both (all) your houses" attitude on the subject. I started out generally liberal in attitude (my knee jerked only when Joseph McCarthy was mentioned; then I fairly frothed at the mouth), usually voted Democrat (faced with less palatable alternatives--a situation still very much with us), listed myself as "Independent" in polls, and privately considered myself an anarchist.

Have you ever noticed how close "anarchist" is to "anti-Christ"? I wonder if that's entirely accidental. In my youth the word "anarchist" was usually closely linked with the words "bomb" and "throwing." Anarchists, I was allowed to hear, wanted to Destroy Civilization (As We Know It) (Or, Indeed, As Anyone Knows It). They were worse than Communists.

The first anarchist I ever met was Dick Ellington. To look at him, Dick was the very antithesis of all those bomb-throwing anarchists, although he did wear a beard (but then, so did I!), and he put out a fanzine titled Pijagh. But Dick was a nice guy. He was one of the most unfailingly friendly people I ever met in fifties NYC fandom--and, although transplanted 3,000 miles due west, he still is.

Dick was--and perhaps still is--a member of the Libertarian League, as well as an officer in the still-barely-extant IWW (the Wobblies). At some point around 1956 or so he started sending me a fanzine published by the Libertarian League, and since it was not very rabid it took me a while (a long while--I was very naive, in my teens) to realize that this group were Anarchists.

It seemed to fit in neatly with fandom. Fandom is, for all intents and purposes (Worldcon committees to the contrary notwithstanding, "cash flow" and all) the working embodiment of anarchy--and probably the best working example we're ever likely to see of it, as well. Consider: every attempt to "organize" fandom, from the early 1940s (N3F) to the present (N3F), has failed, completely and utterly. Fans enter and leave fandom at will (no passports required), behave as they chose (most of them catch on sooner or later), publish their fanzines when the urge (or a friend) hits them, and generally agree upon little more than the bare necessities required for coexistence. What's more, this is a mode of choice: fans prefer it this way. No one imposed this easy-going style on fandom.

But some fans seem to have a hard time understanding other fans whose ideas or attitudes vary from their own. And for every group of easy-going, live-and-let-live fans, you'll find the odd (some of them very odd) fan who has to run around scolding them for their easy ways, trying to Organize, Organize, Organize.

In the fifties this dichotomy was clearly found, in microcosm, in New York City fandom. Indeed, NYC fandom was famous for it.

On the one hand we had the bohemian fans. A generally hedonistic lot, they enjoyed fandom for its pleasures, its friendships, its conviviality.

On the other hand were the straights. They were serious and people who laughed a lot bothered them. They wanted fanclubs with rules (long constitutions made them happiest), officers, dues, minutes and business meetings. They looked askance at people who appeared to be having Too Much Fun.

The bohemian types inhabited the Riverside Dive (mentioned in my column in F&L #8) and later the Nunnery and its environs (Dick and Pat Ellington actually lived a few blocks away from the Nunnery in a building which still had only DC electricity--that's what Edison first wired NYC for, back when he was convinced that AC would never catch on because it could kill people--and required big black boxes called "converters" for each modern electrical appliance like a tv set). In the mid-fifties they organized themselves (to the extent that they were capable) as the Fanarchists, a very appropriate name. As the Fanarchists they held one memorable convention, the Fanarchon, at the end of 1958. Shortly thereafter the Fanarchist name was dropped, and by the time I had moved to NYC in the middle of 1959 they were calling themselves the Futurians. (Larry Shaw, an original Futurian, provided the continuity for the new Futurians.)

One of NYC fandom's "straights" was Calvin Thos. Beck's mother. Mrs. Beck had the nasty habit of calling up the FBI, the police, or whomever she could find, and siccing them on the Fanarchists. She used to tell the FBI that they were a Communist cell (a charge picked up and amplified by one of fandom's genuine nutcases, George Wetzel, who in addition to his extreme-right-wing politics was a racist and an anti-Semite who used to refer to "harlem" Ellison to demonstrate his cleverness), a group of homosexuals (but she encouraged her son to hang out at the YMCA and discouraged him from having girlfriends--figure that one out!), or anarchists planning a bombing. She came closest (in a distant way) with that last; the overlap between the Fanarchists and the Libertarian League was perhaps 25-50%. It's my impression that Mrs. Beck engineered at least one raid on a Fanarchist meeting by the police. (Later on she engineered the raid on Harlan Ellison that eventually resulted in his Memos From Purgatory but that's another, and much longer story.)

In 1957 I spent a week in NYC, staying with Larry Shaw and Lee Hoffman (who were then briefly married). One of the highlights of that stay was a Libertarian League dinner they took me to. I don't recall its location (a loft somewhere), but attendees included the Nunnery gang (Donaho, Curran, et al), the Ellingtons, Dave Van Ronk (then still a fan and not yet a Big Time Village Folksinger), Boyd Raeburn (in town, like myself, for a visit), the Shaws and myself--plus some grizzled Cubans and several grey-haired men whom I thought then as "old" but who were probably no older than I am now (and, as we all know, I am not "old" at all, but just entering the Prime Of My Life). It was low-key and pleasant, the dinner cooked communally and served family-style on a long table to which the dozen or more of us pulled up on benches. It was a commingling of fannish and non-fannish people, but there was a mutual warmth (the red wine didn't hurt there) and comradeship which I enjoyed.

Without it ever being verbalized in my mind, I realized that these people had the Right Idea. Instinctively, intuitively, they had eliminated the bullshit and preserved the essence.

It seems so obvious now: fandom is a working anarchy, so why populate it with politicized organizations and all their deadly fallout in the form of unnecessary work, bickering over pointless details, power-tripping, etc.? At the time I summed up what I liked least about fandom as "Potarian bullshit." Now I'd characterize it as "political bullshit," but that's the advantage age bestows upon us all....

In the years that followed, I put my ideals into practice. The Fanoclasts, Apa-X (Apex), NyCon3--from fanclubs to private apas (Apex was probably the first) to worldcons--the principle was the same: eliminate the bullshit that gets in the way of what is actually wanted.

No constitutions. No officers. The fewest and most common-sense rules possible and appropriate. No dues or treasury (unless, as with a convention, money is needed). Just people, interacting with each other in, one hopes, a positive and rewarding way.

Not such a bad legacy from the Nunnery, all things considered.

Next comes the drugs. It all ties together.

DRUGS: Come back with me--if you can--to the ancient days of the fifties, a period now remembered as one of childlike innocence, a time when America was Strong (but--how easily we forget--Korea had been at best a draw, not a win, and was every bit as unpopular as Vietnam) and Life was Easy (well, gasoline did cost around 20¢ a gallon where I lived then, but the average job paid \$1.00 an hour, too...).

Fandom in those days was also innocent. We had yet to experience 1964 (fandom's own "1984," in retrospect) and the latter-sixties proliferation of subfandoms. Worldcons which attracted as many as one thousand people were still a much-talked-about rarity (Chicago, 1952) and not often duplicated. Simpler times.

In those days "drugs" as a term meant something vastly different from what it means now. In 1958 tranquilizers were still brand new and making their first inroads on the American consciousness. Illegal drugs (like marijuana) were rarely heard of. The word "psychedelic" had not yet been coined. Most American fans subscribed to the stock American ideas about drugs--and regarded drug-users as dangerous criminal types (or jazz musicians, which was, in some quarters, even worse). The only commonly used drug (and no one considered it a drug then) was alcohol. In the fifties "beer" was given a fannish H and deified as "bbeer," while Bay-area fandom in Berkeley built a tower to the moon of old bbeer cans.

But in New York fandom, among the Nunnery crowd--lotus-eating bohemians all--drugs were not unknown. Marijuana was smoked by a few, with little fanfare (as it was by some Los Angeles fans in the forties), since New York City was then one of the few places inhabited by fans where the stuff was easily available, but it had yet to become a major aspect of the fan-nish culture in the way that it would be by the end of the sixties.

But--fans were slans, after all--much attention had been paid to Aldous Huxley's book, The Doors of Perception, in which he described the psychedelic experience as he'd found it among Indians of the American southwest and Mexico. (Even as far south as the Baltimore-DC axis of fandom we'd heard about and discussed Huxley's book. This was about the same time that Jack Kerouac's On the Road was also making its impact on us, for what was that book really but a lengthy trip report, minus the convention that usually formed a centerpiece for such reports in fanzines?)

Around the fall of 1958 someone in the Nunnery group--perhaps Danny Curran, who often instigated such things--decided to check Huxley out with some first-hand experience. After all, if this thing was anything like what he'd described, it was stfnal indeed. And didn't fans have Broad Mental Horizons? Weren't we all potential volunteers for the first manned rocket to the moon?

The connection was made through the Native American Church--an American Indian religion set up to legitimize the psychedelic experience as a religious ritual and exempt its users (Indians who had indeed been using peyote and mushrooms for centuries in their religious rituals) from modern-day white man's law. By the late 1950s a wide variety of southwestern, western, and north-western Indian tribes had loosely affiliated themselves as the Native American Church. (As nearly as I can tell it did them little good. As usual the white man took things over, corrupted them, exploited them, and then passed laws making it all illegal anyway.)

Through the Church it was discovered that legitimate cactus gardens in Texas and Arizona

would ship peyote cactus plants (sometimes only the top buttons; sometimes the whole plant, root and all) anywhere in the country (except California, which had a law against it even then) for a few dollars. What followed was a mass movement (on the part of the Nunnery group, a loosely-grouped dozen or so people) of fans into the peyote experience.

I didn't know what to make of it at first. All my WASP upbringing told me that drugs were sordid and worse. And my experience, very limited, told me that I did not care for the sedation of opiates (prescribed to me shortly before the advent of tranquilizers for a nervous condition I had). But in February of 1959 a fan named Bill Rickhardt with whom I'd been in several apas, and whose company I enjoyed at conventions, concluded a stay of several months at the Nunnery with a visit to Baltimore where I then lived with my first wife Sylvia. He told us stories about peyote and intrigued us sufficiently to induce us to try it ourselves. (Let's be brutally honest here. I wasn't all that intrigued--the conditioning ran too deep--but Sylvia was. And when she said, "Oh, Ted--let's try it!" what could I do but nod my head and hope for the best?) (Oddly enough, it was the urging of my second wife, ten years--or a little less--later, that led me to make a second attempt to try marijuana, forcing myself to learn to inhale in the process; the first attempt had been a failure, years earlier, precisely because I didn't/couldn't inhale. Women--or at least my wives--have led me by my nose more than once.)

Well, we sent away for some peyote, which arrived still covered with dirt in a cardboard box, and we spent a day processing it according to Bill's instructions, and finally we each took a dose. That was my first trip. But since this column is supposed to be about the Nunnery and not my many drug experiences, I won't bore you with a detailed account of My First Drug Trip. Suffice to say that I entered it feeling the pangs of societally-conditioned guilt and came out of it Somewhat Changed.



Bill Donaho told me, after he'd been tripping on peyote for several months, that it improved his vision so much he'd thrown his glasses away. That was the kind of thing that people were saying then--with an almost religious fervor or beatitude in their eyes. Later on, several years later, I noticed Bill had his glasses back. Well, the glow wears off anything eventually.

But for a while, and while the experience was new, it was a major aspect of every conversation and a central experience in one's life. Since the psychedelic experience is among the most profound one is likely to encounter, and at root a religious experience (in the original sense), that wasn't too surprising.

But if you remember that I earlier mentioned that NYC fandom was split between bohemian, anarchistic fans and "straights" of a sercon bent, you may well be able to surmise what happened next.

Peyote wasn't then illegal (that

occurred in the mid-sixties, thanks to Timothy Leary) (check out Art Kleps' Millbrook for the details), so the straights couldn't just tip off the authorities. But they nevertheless Viewed With Alarm.

At this point we must digress a bit to consider New York Fandom.

For most of the history of NYC fandom it has gotten bad press elsewhere--and for the most part deservedly so. One has only to read The Immortal Storm, The Futurians and The Way the Future Was to get a rough idea of why.

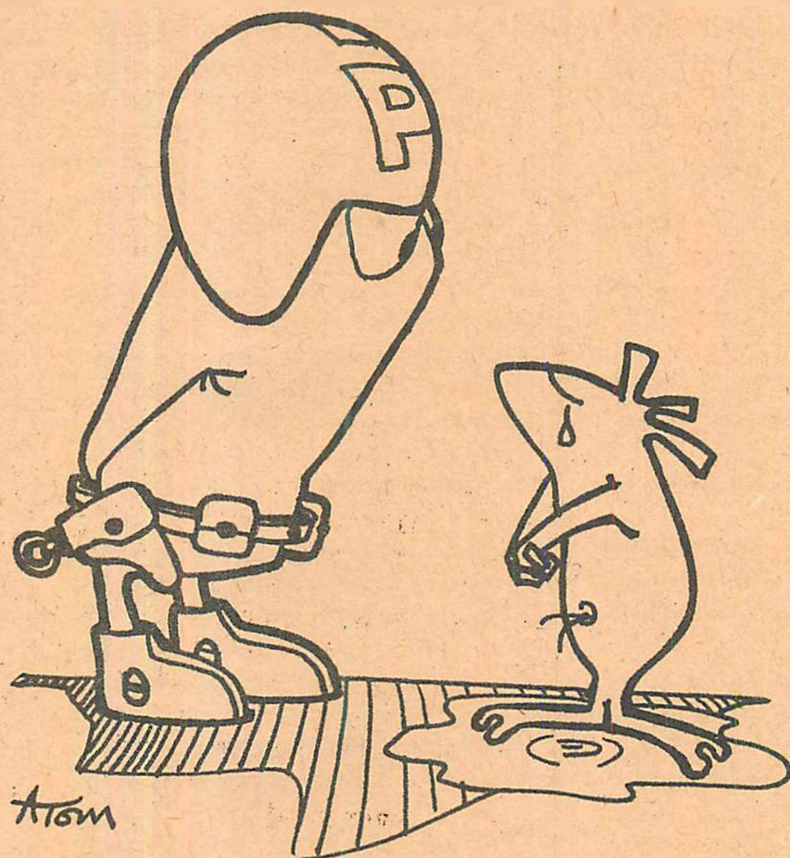
NYC fans were generally less talented than fans elsewhere (very little worth preserving came out of NYC fandom of the thirties, forties, or fifties, and if I can say this without appearing overwhelmingly egotistical, nothing of consequence came out of NYC fandom until I moved to New York, and, two years later, others from elsewhere like the Lupoffs, Berger-

on, and Terry Carr had joined me) although a number did much better as professionals. For the most part NYC fandom was known for its dirty politics and infighting, fandom's first and least praiseworthy feuds, and an insularity every bit as pernicious as that of Los Angeles fandom (where the quality of fanac was higher).

NYC having so many fans within its five boroughs, there were usually at least two and maybe as many as five fanclubs. Many of these had overlapping memberships, and the history of NYC fanclubs is rife with schisms and the worst sorts of petty-politicking. When I moved to NYC the major fanclub was the Lunarians, presided over by Belle Dietz, who was Frank Dietz's first wife. Frank was an easy-going fan who had been active since the forties and was best known as the man who recorded all the worldcon programs for posterity. Belle was a pushy, overweight woman with a strong Bronx accent who loved the power-tripping that she saw easily accessible to her in fandom. It was she who initiated the legal squabbles that destroyed the original World Science Fiction Society Inc. I always found her an unpleasant, insincere woman. (When I encountered Frank for the first time after the news had been published of their divorce, I offered him, 'Condolences or congratulations, whichever is appropriate.' 'The latter,' he said.)

Belle had among her close friends Christine Moskowitz, who was a medical doctor, and Belle had also forged improbable ties with Inchmerry Fandom, then one of the loudest voices in British fandom. (Inchmerry was the home of Sandy Sanderson, who had perpetrated the Joan Carr hoax a few years earlier, and was by the late fifties putting out Ape, a very lively "focal point" fanzine that was widely circulated on both sides of the Atlantic. The other inhabitants of Inchmerry were Joy and Vinø Clarke. Vinø had been a major BNF of fifties British fandom and a close friend of Walt Willis.)

In short order a carefully orchestrated campaign began. In the pages of Ape, in Belle's NAPA zine, and in whatever other publications she could influence, pieces started appearing denouncing the Munnery crowd as a licentious lot of do-nothing bohemians, and peyote as an evil, very dangerous drug.



This campaign was climaxed with a series of articles by Christine Moskowitz in which she misidentified the mescaline in peyote as the cause of "mescalism," with all the authority and weight of her title as a Doctor of Medicine. (In fact "mescalism" is caused by the use of the mescal bean, a very different plant and drug; the confusion arose from the nearly generic use of the word "mescal" in Mexico and by Spanish researchers.) (When, two years later, I remarked in passing in FAPA on Christine's "inaccurate medical articles," I was slapped with a lawsuit for libel, to the tune of \$75,000. Apparently she wrote real medical articles for the medical press as well; those, I assume, were much more accurate.)

The whole thing blew over, eventually. It was obvious that Belle's campaign was motivated far more by personal dislike for the Nunnery crowd than by their use for a time of peyote. By the time I'd moved to NYC the Nunnery was within a few months of dissolution. Danny Curran moved to the Bay area, and was soon sending back messages to join him there. First the Ellingtons moved west. Then Donaho, who had moved to the upper west side again, moved out in the fall of 1959. All too soon there was neither a Nunnery left nor most of the people who had been associated with it, to irritate Belle's sensibilities.

I continued, from time to time, to order peyote from Texas, but I rarely used the stuff myself more than two or three times a year. It had side effects which I found unpleasant (principally an initial nausea which would persist until I induced myself to vomit; not a lot of fun), and the last time I tried peyote--after years of experimenting to find the most palatable form in which to consume it--was 1965. (Once I tried LSD I never bothered with peyote again...but that's a separate story....) Donaho once told me, "The more you take peyote, the less you ever want to take it again. I can't see anybody getting habituated to it." I had to agree.

After I wrote the foregoing, I showed it to Dan Steffan, who had providentially wandered into my office at just the right moment, taking a break from his duties in Heavy Metal's art department.

"I dunno, Ted," he said, after he'd read all I'd written. "You didn't really say much about drugs at the Nunnery, did you?"

I resisted the urge to scream at him, "I'm just an ordinary guy working in an ordinary office!" and explained to him in careful tones that I had never actually done any peyote at the Nunnery, nor had I actually seen anyone else doing it there. It was true that on one occasion, while Sylvia cooked up dinner for three or four of us, Bill Donaho was laboriously scraping a thin brown film off the bottom of a pyrex baking dish, and that thin brown film was dried essence of peyote which he would subsequently put in "horse" capsules (size 000--very large and hard to swallow) and sooner or later consume, but the consumption did not occur in my presence.

What I did witness with my own eyes and ears was a lot of conversation about peyote and the experience. Big Bill beaming and smiling and nodding his head vigorously, stuff like that. But the Big Moments occurred offstage as far as I was concerned--and I never had the slightest urge to trip in the Nunnery myself.

MUSIC: As I've mentioned, Donaho had a hifi system. This was around the time commercial stereo records were just starting to appear. (There had been a few stereo albums released earlier in the fifties, on the Cook label, but these actually had separate bands for each channel, and a double tone arm with two cartridges and needles in it was required to play them.) If I recall correctly, the first stereo albums using the present (Westrex 45/45) system came out in late 1958. At first they occupied little bins of their own, the way quad records would ten years later, and now direct-disc or digital do, tucked away in some far corner of the record shops.

As it happened, those people who owned the best monophonic systems were the least willing

to convert to stereo. This isn't surprising when you consider what was required. If you had a really good mono system that meant you had a speaker which probably took up as much space as a small refrigerator and cost about the same amount, an expensive tubed preamp and amp and a quality turntable (Rek-O-Kut was the best, a professional table)--nearly all of which was made obsolete by stereo. The only thing that you could keep was that huge speaker--but now you needed another one. If you had a separate power amplifier you could get a second one of those, too. Now you had duplicated the two most expensive parts of your system, but you still needed: a new preamp designed for stereo (some people actually got a second mono preamp, but that was ridiculous); a stereo cartridge and needle (no way around that) and very likely a new turntable (and arm) because the mono turntables had too much vertical rumble (which wasn't audible with a mono system but was glaringly so in stereo). Audiophile friends of mine resisted stereo for years (I got mine in 1962, as soon as I could afford it, and made the mistake of trusting an acquaintance who acted like he knew what he was up to, to recommend the actual components to me--which turned out to be an expensive mistake); Bob Silverberg lasted through most of the sixties before converting.

There was no stereo at the Nunnery.

I was at that time a modern-jazz fan. Donaho was more into classical music and Broadway shows. Others at the Nunnery were into folk, blues, and traditional jazz.

Nobody liked a then very popular group called the Dukes of Dixieland. But somebody somehow turned up one of their records.

"Hey, Ted," Donaho said to me one day. "I've got a record for you."

"Yeah?" I riposted.

Bill beamed and nodded and handed me a copy of a Dukes of Dixieland record. "Here," he said. "I knew you'd be pleased." He knew very well that I considered the Dukes of Dixieland to be an ofay ripoff, a commercial popularization of New Orleans jazz. He knew that I hated the Dukes of Dixieland.

"I hate the Dukes of Dixieland," I told him. "What do I want with this record?"

But with the record in my hands thoughts began coming to me.

The Dukes of Dixieland did not record for just any old record company. No, they recorded for the Audio-Fidelity label. The Audi-Fidelity label was one of the hifi labels of the fifties. They put out records of locomotives thundering through your livingroom. (Later their locomotives would cross your livingroom from right to left!) They put out records of sports car races so vivid that you would gag on the exhaust. They put out records of exotic south seas island music played exclusively on percussion instruments which taxed to the maximum your woofers and your tweeters. They put out records pressed on the finest virgin vinyl, carefully quality-inspected, for the discriminating connoisseur of the highest in high fidelity. Are you beginning to perceive what I was holding in my hands?

Yes, I was holding a record which represented the then-current state of the art in record-making.

Carefully, as befit such a peerless product, I slid the record in its inner paper sleeve out of the jacket. Then I took the actual disc from the paper sleeve. I had a gold label. I held it reverently, by the label area and the outer rim, as all record-lovers do.

Then, holding the record with my left hand, I gently curved the fingers of my right hand and brought my fingertips down to the grooved surface of the record.

"Look at this," I said. Then I dug my nails into the record surface and dragged them from

the center out toward the rim, laying down four deep parallel scratches.

For a moment it felt like a blackboard under my nails--a horrifying sensation--but then sheer exhilaration took over. I was profaning the sacred! I was going against every ingrained habit I'd picked up in nearly ten years of record-handling! And it felt wonderful! What a release!

"What are you doing, Ted?" Sylvia asked, coming into the room.

"I'm having fun," I said. "Would you like to have fun?"

"Sure," she said, comprehending immediately. I tossed the record to her casually.

I could see that as she reached to catch the record she had to fight her own instincts. But she won: she caught it as you'd catch a frisbee, not a high-quality record. She caught it firmly, her fingertips claspng the grooves.

After we'd each scratched and smudged the record with increasing enthusiasm it occurred to us (I don't remember now whether it was Sylvia or me or Donaho or someone else who was there) to drop the record on the floor. The floor was dirty (I doubt it was swept more than once or twice a year), covered with NYC grit. I lept upon the record with both feet, and, using one foot to anchor it, I wiped my other foot on it, grinding down with my shoe. Soon we were all doing an improptu dance upon the helpless record, laughing crazily.

When we were finished, the record was dull and lustreless in appearance, its grooves all but obliterated with scratches.



There was nothing left to do then but to take the hapless record out to the front hall, where we nailed it down as a doormat before the Nunnery's door. People took an obscene pleasure in wiping their feet on the new doormat for weeks thereafter.

---TW

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You know what inertia's like. When you don't go someplace, you tend to stay there.

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Oliver St John Gogarty, literary rodent, says

KEV SMITH
FOR
T.A.F.F.

Not to mention Derrick Ashby for DUFF. (Well, I nominated 'im, din I? Got to put in a word for 'im, 'aven I?---drollerie from the typist, who reminds Terry Carr that if he wants more impeccable typing, he can always find it here...that Telos mob is always complain- that they have too much in their files as it is...oops, gotta run.)

CROSS CURRENTS

Mog Decarnin
512-B Cole St.
San Francisco, CA 94117

As you know, last time I
located Mainstream I did
so as a subloc within my
loc to Telos. I was only
allowed to get away with this on condition that
my next loc to Telos be inserted in a loc to
Mainstream.

Well, Telos came. It was fun. I waited for Mainstream to arrive so I could loc Telos. I waited for quite a while. Finally something arrived from Seattle--another issue of Telos! Imagine my mortification! Forced to let two issues of Telos passed unlocated. No wonder, when Mainstream finally arrived this summer of '81, it took me so long to rise up from my condition of shame and degradation and loc it.

No, I didn't really expect you'd buy that. Still, we would all like to see more of Mainstream, you know. And I am, forthwith, encysting a little loc, long-writ, to Telos, to wit:

Dear Telos:

Odd as it may sound (though not so odd if you consider my non-penchant for articles on (a) fannish history and (b) theories of fannish history) I find John D. Berry's account of the dictionaries he has known one of the high charms of Telos 3. This may be because I too collect foreign-language dictionaries and my heart burns with jealousy over the old trunk of 25¢ reference works. I also enjoyed his irritable remarks on commas. At my job one of my bosses insists on such constructions as "six, five-year options" (meaning "six five-year options"). Poor but pretentious English in the pristine state, I contend, is most profitably to be studied in its natural environment: the inter-office memo. Only in the delicately balanced ecology of a corporate White Jungle do grammatic ephemeron and tyrannosaur so sport, so jig, so unite in mutual felicity; only here might the shy misalliance "enhance the carrying-out of the function" find a niche and flourish; only beneath its impenetrable canopy might shelter such rare blooms as unfold their fragile petals of "in the most pecuniary and expeditious manner" on the stiff branches of the internal report. Speak not of wried grammars till you have worked six months as a typist.

On the matter of "Carter Scores USSR on Afgan Invasion," my assumption would be that "score," here, does not branch off from ideas of "making points" or "getting one-up," but rather from "to score" in the sense of "to rake with one's talons." In fact, I daresay this is the root meaning of the more sporty definition, working its way through "to tally by means of a notched stick" and so forth.

And now, dear Mainstream, having enclosed the whole of this loc within a letter to Jerry, and stunningly illustrated it all with actual color photos of the authors/editors, I cannot

"Portrait of the Artist as a Young Beaver"



post-Impressionist Roscoe by the
Dutch painter Vincent Van Gogh

Previously published in GEDENSGEEN (Ed. Eric Lindsey)

but feel things have gotten complicated enough. I will never, never embed one loc within another again. I promise. I can't think what possessed me.

((When contacted at their stately pink mansion, the editors of Telos commented, "Thanks, but what did your reference to "articles on (a) fannish history and (b) theories of fannish history" refer to? We feel that two pieces (Gary Farber's editorial and Creath Thorne's essay) totaling nine pages out of 70-odd don't cause fannish material to predominate, and we wish you didn't think so." The editors of Mainstream point out another six pages of Dick Bergeron, but also point out R.A. MacAvoy on bowing, Terry Carr on movies and Teresa Nielsen Hayden on exiting from the Mormon Church. But enough about Telos. jak))

Terry Carr My compliments to the typist on "An Unplanned Life": you seem to
11037 Broadway Terrace have gotten all the way through it without a single uncorrected
Oakland, CA 94611 typo. Hell, you even got the punctuation right. There are a lot
 of pro writers, grouchy about the typesetting of their books,
who'd be startled at this.

((The typist was, and is, Jerry. svt))

Good issue in general. I especially liked Ginjer's "17 Danger Signs of Fandom," though I'm disturbed by the note saying this was published in Contact:S.F. with two of the danger signs missing. How many trusting neofans were lulled into a false sense of security, thinking they knew all of the dangers, only to be caught up in the hurly burly and hubbub of fandom because they didn't know naming their apartments was a step on the path to degradation? Or being a man over 25 who was a virgin? Though come to think of it, the latter must not have been one of the missing signs, considering what I've seen at conventions lately: fringefans sparing no effort, taste least of all among them, to escape the clutches of true fanac.

((It isn't so much that there were missing signs, as undiscovered ones. I believe there are more danger signs to be discovered, but somehow I don't find myself eager to hear about them. (It's still early in the lettercol, and I find myself wanting to answer, or at least wise-off to, every letter.) jak))

I scored pretty low on Ginjer's test--we have only two cats, plus a dog, and I've never gone by the name of "Thwack," for instance. Must admit that at the last party we had here (for Bill Rotsler, Ted White and the Steffans, who were visiting) most everybody was paging through fanzines during much of the evening--even Lizzy Lynn, who read through the last Telos with delight, occasionally muttering such things as "I'll read anything Teresa Nielsen Hayden writes!" and "Goshwowshitoboy" and "Fanzines will see you through times of no dope better than dope will see you through times of no fanzines."

But I think I'm still safe from the ravages of the fandom life. I sold a flock of old fanzines to Dan Steffan (never mind that they were duplicates) and we talked about Medflies more than about Martin Morse Wooster.

((Are you sure you weren't talking about Telos? jak))

George Flynn I observe a flaw in Ginjer's Danger Signs: if these criteria are cor-
27 Sowamsett Ave. rect, a male fan who passes the age of 25 without gafiating should
Warren, RI 02885 thereupon regain his virginity, which is a pretty good trick. (I avoid-
 ed this dilemma by not becoming a fan till I was 32.) Any fans who
"know exactly where /they/ will be over Labor Day weekend for approxiamtely the next five
years" should tell the bidding committees, who could thereby save a lot of money and ef-
fort. My apartment neither has a name nor deserves one.

It's frustrating for me to read the fannish reminiscences of somebody like Terry Carr: I'm

almost exactly Terry's age, but I wasted all those years as a mundane. *Sigh* It's an interesting point that around 1960 people like Silverberg, Ellison and Bradley were "sort of ignored /as pros coming out of fandom/ because they weren't doing much then that was wonderful." But you know, just yesterday I was looking at some 1961 Amazings and found a list of major writers from fandom that included these very people; of course, the fact that Amazing was printing their work may have had something to do with this.... I also found a lovely loc after they published Ben Bova's first story, asking whether the name was a pseudonym, since "'Ben Bova' just can't be a real name."

The continental country where they drove on the left was Sweden, but I think they changed over since 1970.

Rich McAllister
2569 St. Francis Drive
Palo Alto, CA 94303

After Jerry characterized Palo Alto fandom as "a bunch of people who like to read fanzines but never do anything" at Denver, I decided that I should actually write a letter of comment on Mainstream since you were kind enough to send it to me.

One of Linda's college roommates made what I now (thanks to Mr. Singer) know to be tempeh -- at the time I thought of it as soybeans with bread mold on it, and treated it accordingly. Mr. Singer is certainly right about checking ingredients before buying--the other day while cooking chili I discovered that the fourth ingredient was "silicon dioxide," which is a fancy way of saying "sand."

Jerry asks, "When the time comes that we simply telex our fanzines to everybody's home computer printers, will the printers work with Twiltone?" If sufficient demand came about, I'm sure some enterprising paper manufacturer could put out continuous fan-folded Twiltone. The only problems I see are ensuring that the printer overinks, and rigging up an alarm system--since fanzines will no doubt be sent late at night when the phone rates are low, the computer will need a way to wake up someone to slipsheet.

Since Warhoon got no Hugo, I guess fandom is a jellyfish. Ask Bob Lee how to prepare it, OK?

((Palo Alto fandom waxes! . If the faneds in the audience will send Rich their zines, perhaps we'll see further signs of life. jak))

Ethel Lindsay
69 Barry Road
Carnoustie
Angus
Scotland DD7 7QQ

I enjoyed "The 17 Danger Signs of Fandom," though you must admit it really only applies to American fandom. Of course one could get up a comparable list for British fandom though I cannot think offhand of a suitable parallel to Szechuan food...but calling authors by their first name.... Lately I met with a small group of new fans and found myself feeling that if I were not very careful I would sound like a name-dropper!

Terry Carr's interview brought back memories of my own early days in fandom; Terry was very active at that time. Despite what he says I think that more fans went on to be professionals from that time than has been the case since. There really were a lot of good fan writers then and they were all very prolific, which, as he points out, also helps.

John Brosnan's letter where he was commenting on Nigel Kneale confirmed a suspicion I had about Kneale. Lately on tv here there has been a "science fiction" series by him. It really has been dreadful in that it pokes fun at people who are stupid. Stupidity is something that people cannot help; it is as great a handicap as any physical disability and I can never understand why it is ok to poke fun at the one and not the other.

((Perhaps the difference is that people do perceive stupidity differently: some people think it a flaw that could be overcome by will or exertion. Other people may find stupid people who think themselves smart to be pretentious. And when smart people are on occa-

sion stupid about something (as we all are at times), that momentary lapse is a flaw, and funny. In these cases it isn't really stupidity but other flaws (mendable ones, supposedly) that are being laughed at. jak))

Buck Coulson Around here, soy beans are something to sell to an elevator. No-
Route 3 body eats them; not even the pigs. Their only purpose is to be
Hartford City, IN 47348 exchanged for enough cash to pay for the seed, fertilizer, and
 tractor repairs required for next year's planting.

Since I'm regularly taking steroids for asthma/bronchitis/emphysema, I doubt that whole milk would hurt me. For that matter, I grew up taking my milk more or less straight from the cow. (I did worry a bit when a friend's cow was diagnosed as having Bang's Disease the day after I'd eaten there, but nothing happened.)

There are a lot of Irish harps in the folkmusic field. In fact, I'm dubious about saying 1961 is the year of revival, because I have a 1951 recording of Susan Reed with a cover picture of her playing the harp--she has one small enough to hold in her lap. Derek Bell of the Chieftans plays the harp among other things, though I note his instrument is called "the new Irish harp." This one sits on the floor. There are a couple of album photos of Mary O'Hara playing a harp, also, and the jacket notes of one say she did the recording just before entering a monastery in 1962. (Yes, it says "monastery.") Hers seems to be about the same size as Bell's. They all sound pretty much alike, though Bell is the best player of the lot.

James Shull It is a surprise to see another issue of The Spanish In...no, wait,
26236 Ridge Vale Drive that's not SpanInq! It's Mainstream, and there's a change of ad-
Newhall, CA 91321 dress on the envelope, which has been crossed out once before. The
 envelope is ratty and dirty; how long has this magazine (no, the
word is "fanzine") been following around after me? Well, it is mid-1981, and I have been
out of touch with "fanzines" for three years (that long!?) so it's understandable in that
light that just the day after I unpacked boxes of "fanzines" for the first time since I
started moving, that I received Mainstream.

What next, Outworlds?

...It's a fine and wonderful thing to write a loc once again.

Maybe I should return to drawing as well?

((You certainly should! jak & svt))

Avedon Carol "If you are a woman and over 25, do you choose to wear at conventions
4409 Woodfield Road clothes you hesitate to put on in your bedroom at home alone?"
Kensington, MD 20895

 That's good, I hadn't thought of that one. And it's true. I have a
couple of very, uh, sexy blouses and shirts that I almost never wear in "real life," but
wouldn't hesitate to wear at a convention. It's not so much that I feel a convention is
the place for such items (I'm not talking about anachronist-style clothes, I'm talking
about tank-tops and tie-shirts and things you can't hide a bra under), but rather that ex-
perience has taught me that conventions are one of the few places where I can wear some-
thing skimpy and people will not forget that I could just be wearing it because the air-
conditioners aren't working and I'm just trying to keep my temperature comfortable. In
real life, if I wear a tank-top in 90 degree weather, there will always be zillions of
creeps who think I'm wearing that skimpy shirt just for them so they can spend the day
hassling me.

I can sympathize with Ted White--I sometimes wonder why I care about the Hugos at all. And

I've always been so aware that there are several fine fanwriters around who are head-and-shoulders better than the rest that it never even occurred to me that maybe I should think about having a Hugo myself--until this year, when I looked at the ballot and saw a name which clearly didn't deserve to be there and caught myself fuming, "If he can be nominated, why the hell haven't I got a Hugo?"

But I'm not worried about being corrupted by the awards. I would be putting out fanzines whether the awards existed or not--I like making fanzines (I just hate mailing them), being able to write things, getting letters from people telling me what they thought of the zine, and all that. I like all the contact I get with people I would otherwise never have heard of, the opportunity to get extracultural views from those people in the UK or Seattle or wherever. But making fanzines is also work--and expensive work, at that--and I can't imagine that anyone could sustain the amount of fanac necessary to gain recognition without having some greater devotion than mere awards. I mean, if you have no respect for fan-writing, what do you want an award for it for?

Well, we could always have a secret ballot (just between the six or eight of us who we consider to be "trufannish" enough), choose the most deserving fanzine or fanwriter, and then take up a collection so that our chosen candidate can afford to put out a run of about 2,000 copies and mail them out to the membership of the worldcon. That way Our Candidate will have a real chance to win. And it still won't really make any difference...after all, who will decide how to elect the Chosen Candidate in the first place? Sigh.

Steve Stiles As has been my past habit, I quickly thumbed through the issue looking for my name, and, sure enough, there it was in Ginger's interview with Baltimore, MD 21211 Terry Carr. Whether my name was mentioned elsewhere, I don't know--it is awfully difficult to thumb through a fanzine while in a bubble bath.

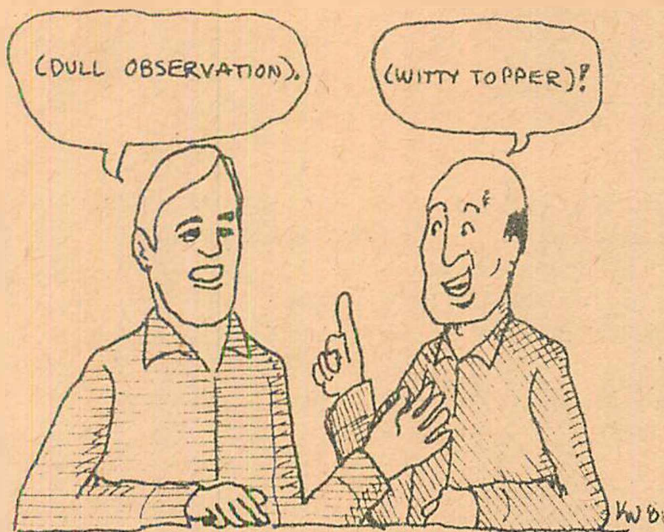
At any rate, I'd like to correct a misimpression Terry gives about the Notorious (huh?) Fanoclasts (or, as they were described far, far later in retrospect, "The Original Fanoclasts"); what Terry alludes to was, in fact, the Towner Hall group. At about that time the Fanoclasts were meeting at the Lupoffs' 72nd Street penthouse (and, as an aside, years later the building was reportedly taken over by high class call girls, much to the distress of the other residents), and were subsequently to meet at places rented by Lin Carter, Ted White, Dave Van Arnam, and yhos. In fact, as shaky as my memory is, I really don't remember Terry as being a regular Fanoclast, although he attended the parties from time to time. I do recall the first Fanoclast meeting he was invited to attend, held in the Bronx at Lin's digs. At the time the club was in one of its down cycles, gripped in ennui, and only enlivened when Carter would engage in baiting John Boardman about the Yellow Peril, or some such nonsense. Terry arrived midpoint at such a meeting, studied the yawning faces all around him, and eventually suggested we all engage in a rousing game of charades; this was met with such paled incredulity that he became discomfited (or disgusted with us stiff) and abruptly split.

A few minutes later we began to play charades.

And that, I think, was the end of Terry Carr as a regularly attending Fanoclast. It really is a shame because the club's Golden Age was to come later, and only began to decline in the early seventies through factionalism promoted largely by a single individual Who Shall Remain Nameless.

((When I arrived in New York in 1971, Fanoclast meetings averaged six people. By 1973, though, they were pretty lively again, and the meetings you hosted, and Barry Smotroff and Lou Stathis after you, were another high point. I hear the old club still meets. jak))

I have had difficulties in completing my TAFF report; they first began when the fanzine it was being serialized in folded and I was unable to find a suitable substitute, but what really slipped the gaff to the project was the loss of all my notes & the Buxton program book during one of my many moves from borough to borough and state to state. However, last



year I began to think of publishing a fanzine again (I've written three pages so far), and it was about that time that I met a bunch of British fans returning from the Worldcon. After some conversation I realized that none of them, actifans all, had anything more than the barest inkling of who the leading fen at Buxton were, which made it obvious that US fandom probably didn't know anything at all. What this means is that I'll be able to continue my TAFF report (whatever it was called) by resorting to the Notorious Fanoclast custom of making it all up! Hotcha! And since most of the older fans are buried in apathy (or Lilapa), nobody will call me down for it! Insomuch as my intended fanzine will be irregular I expect that further TAFF chapters will be brief and infrequent, but maybe this will quiet the yapping of mad dogs. Or maybe not.

Lee Hoffman
350 NW Harbor Blvd.
Port Charlotte, FL 33952

Mainstream #6 is Beautiful! Even if I had paid for it, I would consider the cover alone worth the price.

Suzle, your mention of "jaywalking" got me to wondering the derivation of this word. Anybody know? When I just now gave it a thought, the image came into my mind of a blue jay hop-hopping at an angle through traffic against the lights. Somehow I don't think this is a case of my Psychic Mind being tuned in to Ultimate Truths. And I can't quite see it as a descriptive phrase in the way of, for instance, a K turn.

I enjoy reading Jon Singer on Strange Food even if I am not ambitious enough to tackle any of his do-it-yourself projects. On glue, I would like to know what kind of model-makers he is referring to. Professionals? Hobbyists? All kinds? I dabble on and off with the making of Little Things and based on my slight experience with the cyans, I don't think they'd suit me for most of the work I do. When I heard about "Depend" I thought it would be very handy, so I bought some. By the time I got around to opening it (as I said, I do this stuff on and off) it seemed to have gone bad in the containers. I couldn't get the brush-on part to brush on. Any suggestions? (Don't suggest I keep it in a dry place. Down here, there is no such thing, especially in the summer.)

I checked through Ginier Buchanan's list and came out with an awful lot of "Well, I would if I lived where I could" or "I did when I lived where I could" answers. I guess I'm essentially a fan in exile. (Dammit, they're all against me. Even the local Chinese restaurant right around the corner which boasts Szechuan a specialty has been closed for weeks--nominally for remodelling. But I know. They're Out To Get Me.)

As one of those people who fritters away hours in front of the tv watching documentaries and in-home-college-for-credit-courses on public tv just for the fun of it, I am rapt by R.A. MacAvoy's stuff. (I read "Bows and Bowing," too.) I just wish there were illustrations of some of the technical points with them. Like comparative drawings of various kinds of harps (and bows). I mean seriously, I am very interested and hope she'll do a follow-up covering some of the stuff you suggest she's learned since she wrote this article. (What's new in ancient harps?)

Terry Carr is, of course, always entertaining, whether he is writing or being interviewed. But it was the artwork following the article that really broke me up. Lovely.

((Jeanne Gomoll, take a bow. You is been egoboosted by the best. jaks))

I can understand from what he writes why it was that John Brosnan didn't kick the cat. Obviously it was Too Soft to satisfy him. I would suggest filling it with plaster of paris which would serve both to keep it upright when the owner returns (if he gets the legs positioned properly; there is nothing more annoying than a stiff cat with one short leg that you have to keep a book under) and would also make it almost as satisfying to kick as a radiator.

Mike O'Brien's insights into the intellect of the otter are appreciated. It is my contention that human beings who claim humans are Ghod's Chosen Creatures are just flattering themselves. It is apparent to anyone who has ever observed otters that they are at the top of the Creator's preference list. (Followed by the Cetae and several other species. Homo Sap is well down toward the middle, or perhaps even the bottom.)

((Glad you liked the issue, Lee. I've always liked yours. Isn't Science Fiction Five Yearly supposed to be out? By the way, that other R.A. MacAvoy article you mention...wasn't that in Telos? Really, I'm getting tired of hearing about it. (Actually, Patrick & Teresa claim that another issue is almost ready. I suggested we collate them together, in one massive combozine. Patrick brightly responded that we could alternate pages.) iak))

Freff
8702 23rd Ave., #4
Brooklyn, NY 11214
Gods, Ted White and Dan Steffan and others have it in for Phil Foglio. Amazing how one's youthful indiscretions (or those of one's friends) pursue you down the years like the furies. Simply amazing. Phil moved in locally about a year ago, now, and I've gotten to know him fairly well and really respect his sense of humor, his rapidly improving artwork, and his reliability in a pinch. Chalk me up as a current supporter who is probably glad I didn't know him Then. (Of course I also feel sorry for everybody who knew me Then, too...) By the way, Phil and I have started to spread some collaborations around, both fiction and artwork, and initial response is both favorable and profitable. We manage to cover a multitude of each other's creative weaknesses. And he's only a few blocks away! Terribly convenient, that.

And Jerry, on renaming myself...I didn't. Really I didn't. Someone else invented the name and slapped it on me. And from there it just grew. And even I didn't make the decision to legally change it--the state of Alabama (in the form of one squint-eyed redneck highway patrol officer) forced the issue. I think, when you get behind the motives of myself, Ctein, Taral, and others (it isn't nearly so restricted to fandom as you think...talk to a lawyer sometime, or better yet to a county registrar, about name changes people file for) the only thing you'll find that we have in common is that we don't have anything in common.

Eric Mayer
1771 Pidge Road E.
Rochester, NY 14622

I liked the interview with Terry Carr. I do wish, just once, I would hear tell of some sf author who didn't publish his first story via an editor he knew. Perhaps the relative scarcity of sf fans turned pro these days has to do with the fact that in a larger fandom the editors are spread further apart and your aspiring author has less chance of meeting them. After all, more English fans turn pro and their



fandom is still more compact. However, it was amusing to hear about Terry selling comic books he made, since that's what I spent grade school doing. I suppose if I had paid attention when they were explaining division rather than sitting in the back of the room drawing comics to sell at recess I'd be better off. It really got out of hand. We had some competitors who figured they could turn an easy nickel, too. (I say "we" because, of course, I licensed my friends to use my characters.) We had to diversify, putting out color comics, which meant smuggling crayons in. We even hit on the ultimate money maker-- a rented comic, with a crossword puzzle which we erased after each lessee had finished. True, I haven't gone on to a writing career, but I'll bet Terry didn't get a quarter for any of his stuff.

Luke McGuff I'm starting to get *gasp* sercon about fandom...I mean fanzines...
1022 Essex St. SE so I was amused by Ginjer Buchanan's article, most of it was true
Minneapolis, MN 55414 (though I can't see how spicy food preference is strictly New York
 fandom, after living with someone from New Orleans). But it seemed
that most of the questions were asked in blissful ignorance of developing trends. I don't
mean fashion trends in music or fanzine style, but the trend of boring, vapid people
dressing up in extravagant costumes. You know, the people who watch too much Star Trek.

The worst trend is--get this--no neos. Sure, there seem to be more fanzines every month, but they are almost exclusively done by long-time fans, frequently returning to fanac. Dick Bergeron. Jay Kinney. Ted White. Many others now appearing more frequently lapsed during the mid-70s (or so). When was the last time you got a loc from a neo that made you kind of chuckle and say, "Gawrsh, I've written more than a few of those myself, I'm so embarrassed"? (Probably ten minutes ago, right?) Or how about a first ish fanzine done by somebody you'd never heard of? You know, the kind that makes you say, "Gawrsh, I've pubbed more than a few of those, etc."

The people who go to a couple locons a year to dress up in some costume based on broadcast media sf (rather than a book character) all weekend and consider that fanac, also walk into mimeo rooms, etc., contribute a sloppy, illconceived page to whatever one-shot is happening, and consider that fanac.

So what we have here is a case of no neos producing fanzines and everybody else being too busy putting out their own bimonthly ish. Ha ha, just cartooning.

((Minor quibbles first: I haven't heard that Jay Kinney is publishing a fanzine. Second, neither Suzle nor I ever say "gawrsh." Third, aside from Pong, I don't think there's a fanzine around coming out more than four times a year. (Better make an exception here for clubzines and newszine, too.) After that, I have to agree. The only person I could think to vote for as "Best New Fan" in the Pong Poll was Christine Atkinson, and she's just new to fanzines. (She's also a triffic writer.) I hear Mike Rogers did a reasonably good first issue last year, and I'd never heard of him before, but no second issue has followed. Oh, we are sad shape, we are. Fortunately, them old fans keep pubbing, and every once and awhile, somebody from apaland slips into genzining, like Anne Laurie Logan. jak))

But anyway...I really liked the story about ice minnows. As for the look of Mainstream, the knotwork on the harp story was excellent, the "Crosscurrents" theme was okey dokey, but I'm getting pretty tired of so much Stu Shiffman all over the place. Printing Joan Hanke-Woods' poc the way you did was real apt, and pretty funny.

((We had another one this issue, also quite nice, which we may use next time. Also lots more Stu Shiffman art next time. jak))

Steve Miller
P.O. Box 425
Owings Mills, MD 21117

I could read a weekly column by Jon Singer with no problem. I would like to suggest Gary Null's The New Vegetarian to people really interested in why they might consider eating more tofu or such. By the way, Singer might try a poll/study to see what so-

called "food" products have the most inventive ways of hiding sugars. For example, one toaster-pop I saw listed (as different substances) crystal sugar, brown sugar, corn syrup, dextrose...and so on. And no one explained why there's anti-freeze in the bulk of the ice cream. Oh, well. It still tastes good once in awhile.

Although I lived in Baltimore City as a young 'un, my parents moved to Baltimore County while I was still in elementary school. A stream runs through the property and feeds Liberty Lake--one of the two major water sources for the city, which is less than half a mile from my parents' property line. An old wooden bridge crosses that stream just before it gets to the lake. The bridge was a great spot for a quiet/stealthy person to sit and watch the otters at play. I had to cross the bridge several times a day when I was older --and the otters were still there. Lately, I've been told, they've moved because of shot-gunners and trappers (illegal in the county).

But the beavers! For years there were only a few signs of them in the area. But I saw forty or fifty felled trees recently near the lake, and they have apparently (the beavers, not the trees) moved into the area in numbers. Along with this is an increase in deer in the immediate area--maybe because the hunters are moving into less grown-up areas as the Baltimore sprawl reaches north and west. (My parents live about 45 miles from Hagerstown.)

Harry Warner, Jr. "The Seventeen Danger Signs of Fandom" provided more evidence that I
423 Summit Ave. blundered into the wrong hobby and am not really fitted to be a fan.
Hagerstown, MD 21740 However, some of Ginger's questions gave me more trouble than others.
How am I to determine if the frames of my glasses went out of style
four years ago? I can't see the frames while wearing the glasses and after I take off the
glasses I can't see anything as small as the frames. I might also point out that even
before reading this new version of her article, I was watching Love Boat as she advises.
I don't particularly care for it but it has one great advantage: no automobiles (except
maybe a taxi in the first or final minutes) I use television for escapism and the thing
I want to escape from more than anything else (other than the women on both sides of me at
the office who are compulsive talkers) is automobiles. Most television programs consist
of little more than shots of people going somewhere in autos, interrupted by commercials
showing people staring at new autos.

Somewhere I have a book about Irish harps but I can't find it at the moment so I can't be sure if it's the Joan Rimmer book which R.A. MacAvoy recommends. Neither that book nor this article solves for me the puzzle about harps which always worries me. All the musical historians and folklore experts agree that harmony in the modern sense is a comparatively recent European innovation. Before about the middle of the current millenium, when two or more different pitches were sounded together, it wasn't harmony in the modern sense but a steady drone effect or high and low voices singing the same melody at a distance of a specific interval, or some other simple and more-or-less accidental condition. I can understand that situation in the case of singing and musical instruments limited to one note at a time. But how did the pleasure of harmony remain uninvented during all the centuries that harps were in use, with their many strings, played by humans with so many fingers and thumbs? Wouldn't accidental sounding of two strings at a time produce such a pleasant consonance that a player would experiment to see what other lovely harmonies could be achieved by playing two, three, or more notes at a time with as many fingers on as many strings? It seems improbable that human hearing has evolved in just the past five centuries or so, permitting people to enjoy for the first time the effects of harmony. But I can't think of any other explanation. Maybe it's something like the inability of primitive societies' artists to put perspective into their drawings

((According to a book on modern music I've just read (Modern Music, revised in 1957), people found such chords dissonant, and had to get used to them. Debussy's music, which sounds gentle, light, and evocative to some of us, sounded harsh to some of his contemporaries because he used ninth chords, parallel fifths, and other devices that ran counter

to accepted practice. As for perspective, many sophisticated cultures never used it, either, like China. And many artists in the West gave it up early in this century. It's not an improvement but a device useful for some purposes, but not all. People can learn to use it or not, but suggesting that a society has to "evolve" to use it carries implications that I'm sure you didn't mean to imply. jak))

I can't agree with Ted White about the undesirability of fan awards. If they're wrong by nature, then it is also wrong to have guests of honor from the ranks of fandom at conventions, to select people for trips in TAFF, DUFF, and their brethren, and to choose specific items for a best-of-the-year fanzine anthology. Fan awards are needed more today than a few years back, because of the way fanzine fandom is being submerged by other forms of fanac. It's quite possible for a fan to be one of the best fanzine writers or artists in captivity, and at a large con maybe five per cent of those in attendance will know who he or she is. It's a depressing feeling, to know that writing or illustrating or publishing interests such a small percentage of total fandom. Rewards like the FAAN Awards, TAFF trips, and fan goh slots can compensate to some extent for this growing problem for at least a few of the best fans. And if there are to be awards for fanzine fandom accomplishments, there will be bloc voting and politics and other unpleasant things. They are inherent in any such awards in any field. Read the sports pages just before the baseball all-star game to see the recriminations and charges which result from the way the fans chose most of the players and the manager picked the pitchers and reserves. Watch the Academy Awards telecast to hear the innuendos and slurs and coy looks about the winners and losers of Oscars.

((One point here: it seems that most of the fan Guest of Honors mentioned in Locus or File 770 aren't fanzine fans at all, but local club and convention organizers. At least we've never heard of them, which is why I make this assumption...jak))

Seth Goldberg Hmm, it looks like I am a fake fan. Really, people, the Real Szechuan Dish is shrimp with chili sauce as served by Maple Garden P.O. Box 7309 located on a certain side street in Honolulu. (Location only revealed if I can come, too.) You take the leftover sauce from that, Menlo Park, CA 94025 eggplant with hot garlic sauce, and Szechuan pork, and put it on your leftover rice and ...I can't go on.

((I know what you mean. Eggplant with hot garlic sauce is just about my favorite Szechuan dish, but, alas, one can't find it in Seattle. *Sigh* svt))

Oh yes, one other note. I hope Mike O'Brien's story about Singer and RLO1 disk drives is not true. I mean one hates to hear this sort of thing about legends. You see, I am the person who calls in the repairman for the computers at work. Between the various systems I am responsible for, there are fifteen RLO1 drives. We have had a grand total of two go bad at any one time. Both were fixed by the DEC service person in about five minutes for one, thirty for the other. In fact, the drive was designed to be easy for a service person to work on. Actually most DEC disk drives are not made by them, but by some other company, and they just put their label on it and give their service personnel lots of training in fixing them. On the other hand, when some company makes imitation DEC drives (or rather an imitation of an imitation) you can get some real winners.

Bruce Townley Terry Garey's bit about the ice minnows cycled my mind back to my 2323 Sibley St. last period of unemployment. Not that it made me think of taking Alexandria, VA 22311 out the garbage for mom and pop, not hardly. It made me think of the fine David Letterman Show, NBC's gift to unappreciative housewives who never have to make any Bad Phone Calls. One time old Dave had a bit on about how he was gonna get an announcement like "We'll be right back after this message" notarized somewhere (a lot funnier than it sounds, which I suppose is the way the whole program was). Letterman took a filmcrew out with him as he wandered up and down the streets of NYC looking for Notary Sojac. In time he found one and got him to emboss a scrap of

paper that had scrawled on it, "We'll be right back after this message," after a humorous interlude where Letterman had to convince the notary that's really what he wanted.

So what happened was that on his way to the notary, Letterman and the filmcrew saw a sign for a fast food place that advertised PIZZA DOUGHNUTS. Letterman was really impressed with this economy--a kind of food that combined both the main part and dessert all in the same item! How could anybody not be?

Which also brings to mind (ahem) a sign painted in five-foot-high letters on the side of a local cheap eatery. It says: PIZZA SUBS. Since this place is right next to a branch of Holmes Run River (trickle, actually), what this sign appears to be advertising is a combination snack and underwater attack vehicle, hey, get it?

Enjoyed the hell out of Ginger Buchanan's peachy interview with Terry Carr. Found Terry's reactions to Ginger's ventilation of the big topics of Terry's fannish and thereby professional life extremely full of pith. Particularly enjoyed Terry's description of the kind of stuff he likes to like. Ginger was able to evoke a response that, to my eye, gets right to the heartmeat core of the best of fannish writing. That is: just telling stories that are funny or episodes that are interesting to you, the writer, and thereby getting something that really connects with you, the reader. Of course, who wouldn't like to read a story that was funny or interesting, but I sure wish that some guys who note down "Oh-here's-a-heavy-thing-that-happened-to-me-last-week" kept this in mind.

Richard Bergeron

Box 5989

Old San Juan, PR 00905

Got Mainstream today and spent the better part of the day at the beach with it. There's nothing like spending a quiet day at the beach with a good fanzine. I think this is one of the most important concepts I've discovered in my entire life.

Teresa Nielsen Hayden's calligraphy stole the show this time, for me. That logo comes out of the same bag as the Telos logo but it's just superb. God, I wish I could letter like that--it's actually a very highly ordered sense of design and in the heading for the Terry Carr interview she really cuts loose. Wow.

That little ATom illo on page 25 looks like me surrounded by the uncollated pages for the WASH--just before I had to go through all of them and separate the damaged art and replace it with the just-received second printing. I kid you not. A nice little drawing...did you get it from Patrick via me? I seem to recall sending him a batch of ATomic art (as well as Tom Perry). Ole's "Harp" drawing or, rather, design, is excellent.

((Patrick didn't mention receiving Tom Perry. He must have gotten lost in the mail, and will someday turn up, rubberstamped, "Found in a supposedly empty mailsack in New Brunswick, New Jersey." As for the ATomillo, it probably came from John Berry's files. ATom did send us a very nice batch of cartoons, but I think the "littles" came from John. jak))

I found the Carr interview the most interesting piece of material. What this interview did for me was to confirm my feeling for the necessity of full-length profiles of important fans like Terry Carr, Redd Boggs, Jack Speer, etc. This was the impulse that inspired my request that Warner do a biography of Walt Willis back in the early 60s, which led to the five chapters of "A Wealth of Fable"--the WAW biography which appeared in Warhoon (twice!). At the same time, I'd suggested that Harry see if his notes were complete enough for a biography of Redd Boggs and he promised to give me first refusal if he ever got around to that project...since then I've persuaded him to start his own autobiography and it will be beginning in Wrhn soon. The idea of fan biographies is an important one, and I would like to have seen a full survey of Terry's fan career in conjunction with this interview --with selections from the best fanwriting he's done (illuminating passages as well as a few full pieces) and profiles of Innuendo, Lighthouse, and Fanac. Terry was once one of our most important fan publishers (and I expect will be one day again) and a marvelous 25 page article could be done on him with not a great deal of trouble by someone with access

to the Carr archives or a good fanzine collection.

Moshe Feder

142-34 Booth Memorial Ave.
Flushing, NY 11355

Stu's frontcover is brilliant--I can't decide which more so, the concept or the execution--but in any case, this is one of the best things I've seen from him lately and makes me glad again that I placed him first in my Hugo voting.

Teresa's page 1 logo is striking and beautiful, but not very legible. The same applies to some later in the issue, where I found myself tempted to check back with the ToC on what a piece was called to I could decipher Teresa's bursts of inky energy. The logo for Ginjer's piece was particularly interesting in this way, since the first time I saw it (at the Krat collation, which is when I first got a brief look at this ish), I read it as "Fantocracy." When I mentioned this to the company collected, a couple of other people agreed that they had or could read it that way, too. This, of course, suggests the idea of titles deliberately styled to be read two or more ways, which has all sorts of possibilities, and the idea of titles designed to be read two ways in which one of the two is subliminal. The theory that this concept is already in use by certain publishers could explain why certain egregious books manage, all too often, to win the Hugo. One might also comment on the accidentally-raised topic of fantocracy, but one will save that for a more serious journal.

((You wanna write us a column called "Fantocracy," Moshe? We could get a heading from Teresa that looks like it says "Jam Today." jak))

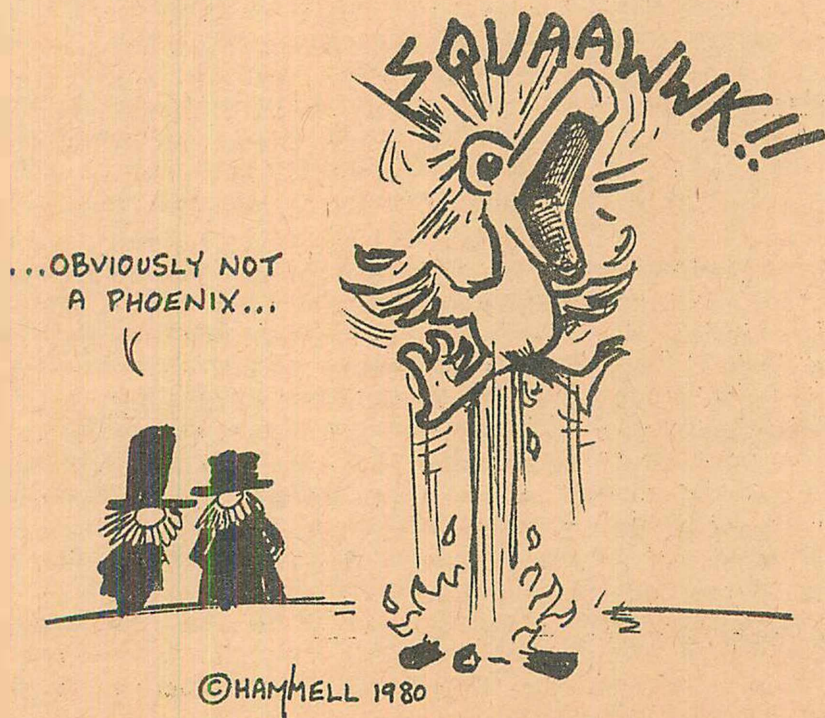
As usual, the only thing wrong with "Suzlecol" is that it is much too short. This judgement comes to you totally unbiased by the fact that I'd have loved to have seen myself, or my friends here in Gotham, mentioned in an account of Suzle's visit here. Seriously, though, her Seacon report in the prevish was just what I needed to give me a sense of what being there was like (making me wish again I could have gone), and I'd love to see more of the same caliber--even if it's not about New York. Do unchain her from the mimeo for longer stretches at the typewriter, won't you, Jeremy?

Liked Stu's portrait for Jon's col. It's only fair as a likeness, but the thoughts swirling over his head more than balance that. (It'd be even better if Jon's expression were more appropriate to that swirl of inspiration, but I suspect the thought and the fan were

drawn at two different times.) Tempeh sounds fascinating, but I'm curious, since Jon isn't absolutely clear on this point, about what sort of flavor it has. Is it just one of those things which can't be compared to anything familiar and has to be tasted itself, or is it more of a texture food, like tofu?

((I've tried it, and it reminded me of wild hickory nuts....jak))

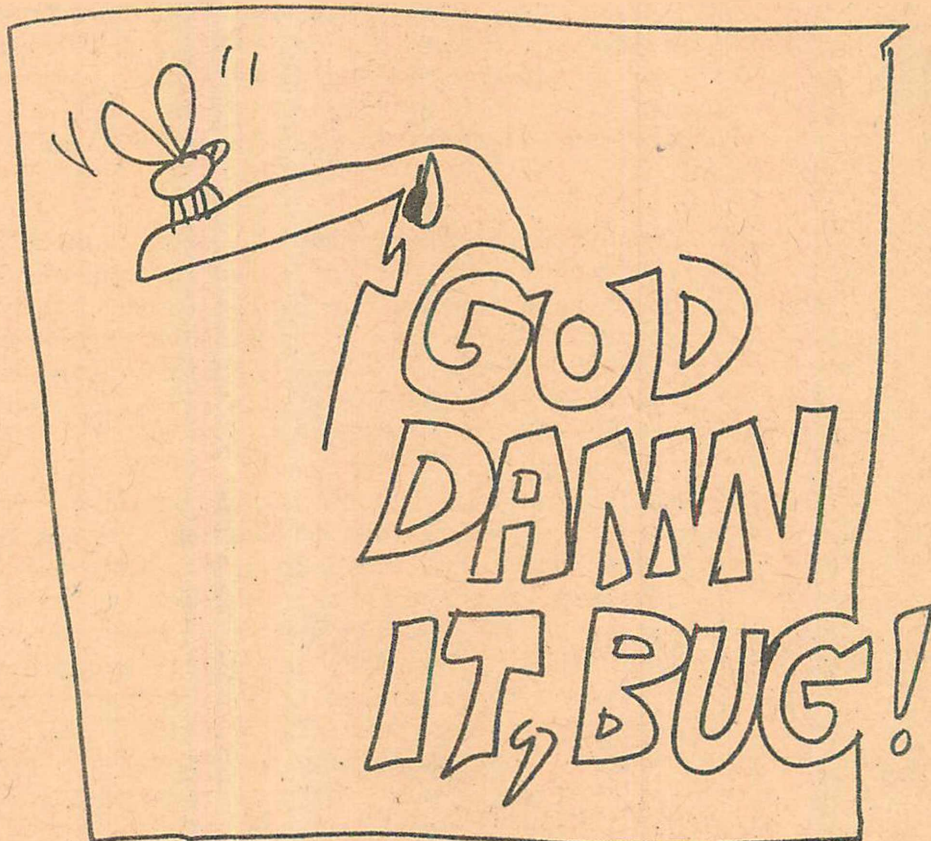
Naturally, being who and what I am, I was fascinated by Terry's comments about the Fanoclasts. I hope in the next year or two to elicit statements of the same genre from other old time members for the fancy one-shot I'll be putting out to honor the club's 25th anniversary (November 18th, 1985), and Terry's high on my list



for detailed questioning. Nothing that he says here is really a surprise, and I'm quite familiar with the myth-making process he talks about I've seen it operate even in the course of my fannish life-span, yet I couldn't help finding this faintly disappointing, as if some part of me secretly hoped to be told that the golden age F'clasts really were all they were cracked up to be as a group, as perhaps only the Wheels of IF were and are (as I know for a fact, having met and spent some significant span of time with James White this year). I do note that Terry goes on to admit that they did have some good parties. Perhaps his own standards are unrealistic. Obviously they didn't scintillate every moment, obviously typical days were boring, obviously the pieces they wrote tried to amplify the reality. Just as obvious, and undeniable, were all the creativity, talent, and energy that went into those

pieces and the fanzines in which they appeared. They are the tangible, important evidence we still have that those days were special, enviable, and worth striving to match. Fano-clasts hasn't been the same since--which is proof, too, of a negative sort, that Terry isn't giving himself and his pals enough credit--but it may yet be again.

I agree with a lot of what Ted White says about awards in fandom. I don't think, never have, that fans should act in the hope of winning something. I never have and I never will and I don't approve of those who do. I do think awards and polls are interesting, however, even fun. Unless they are grossly unjust or distorted, as the Hugos were when I started the FAAN Awards and as the Hugos still are to an even greater degree. The FAANs were frankly started in reaction to the Hugos. The other justifications we added were true and useful, but secondary. The Hugos, especially the fan Hugos (particularly and most aggravatingly this year's fiasco, where the obviously deserving party--Bergeron, of course--was moved from the obviously correct category, in which he had at least a ghost of a chance, to one in which he has none at all) remain among the best arguments for the maintenance and nurturing of the FAANs. It is for this reason that I find it doubly ironic to see criticism of the FAANs coming from a man who says, "I'm opposed to fan awards on principle," and who played the same key role in the creation of two of the three fan Hugo categories as I played in the creation of the FAANs. Well, principles can change, I guess, but it is ironic, isn't it? Meanwhile, I think I'll stand by what he quotes me as saying the first time we discussed this (in Linda Bushyager's room at the old Sheraton Park)--although I'm sure I said much more (I always do)--"Trufans deserve the recognition." Oh, before I forget, that suggestion Ted heard that he likes a lot, the one about making the FAANs a poll, is an idea worth trying. In fact, the FAAN Award Committee (the FAANAC) voted last year (after Eric Mayer suggested it) to try it out this year.



((We hope to see the 1980 results beat the 1981 Pong Poll into print. jak))

Patrick McGuire
5764 Stevens Forest Rd., #204
Columbia, MD 21045

Suzle has a point about "back East." I and many of my co-workers migrated to this area from points west, but we don't say "back West." Very curious. (I read somewhere that in Icelandic, "home" meant "to Scandinavia" for a century or so after colonization; only then did it change to mean Iceland.) I am mind-boggled to learn about Seattle and WALK lights, however. Never having been out west (you can say "out east," though it's less frequent; but not "out north" or "out south"), I've only previously experienced this phenomenon in Vienna, where I ascribed it to Teutonic discipline.

As always, hurrah for the Technocrat! I seem to recall that Dutch is not written as one might expect, and that this was reflected in some of the odd values in the system of transliteration for Chinese (worked out by the Dutch) superseded by Pinyin. It would be plausible that this would happen to Indonesian (a former colony) too. Anyway, pronouncing "tauco" as "tawcho" gives you only one funny letter, and c's are slippery little rascals; in normal usage they're redundant with s and k, so they get all sorts of values assigned them: ts, ch, whatever

As for the smaller scale of Europe that Harry Warner mentions, I think factors other than just oldness are at work. Things in Russia, even in the older sections such as Leningrad, are on an American scale. I would speculate that the critical factors may be population density, land values, average annual rainfall (if it's less, you need more farmland per capita, hence a more "open" landscape which may even reflect on the psychology of urban dwellers), and whatnot. Then too, in certain other areas, Europeans are just beginning to feel the fruits of technologies that have been around in North America for some time. I recall an English visitor to Chicago (in 1971) who was mind-boggled when he first saw a gallon milk carton. They still sell milk mostly in pints across the water, and that in turn is because the universality of home refrigeration and of auto transport is a new thing over there. (Being poor students, we had no car, so we paid ripoff prices to get those gallon milk cartons from the gas station across the street (cultural note to any overseas readers: yes, American petrol stations often also sell things like cigarettes and milk) rather than try to haul anything that heavy from the more distant supermarket.)

Bob Lee
1720 Burgundy Rd.
Leucadia, CA 92024

I'm happy to see "Technocrat" still running, and Jon Singer still exploring exotic foods. Wish he'd gone more into Indonesian cuisine, though. It uses herbs and spices most people have never heard of.

While I'm on the subject of food (again), I was outraged that people go to Szechuan restaurants in search of beef-in-orange sauce, even if they're fans. One goes to Szechuan restaurants for treacherously smooth hot stuff, so smooth the full effect of the famous peppers does not hit the tongue for several seconds after the food has been swallowed. Of course, during this interval one has blithely stuffed in several more mouthfuls with the thought, "They call this hot?" The effect of the peppers is cumulative. The Chinese are great practical jokers. Anyway, you judge a Szechuan restaurant by the smoothness of its fiery dishes. They should not sear the tongue at the instant of contact. Another point: they should not make you cry, but sweat like a horse. That's the function of such dishes in Szechuan, which is an incredibly humid province. You can't cool off there by sweating without them. However, if you are dumb enough to eat Szechuan peppers only, you will flambe your tongue, you will cry, and you will ~~try~~ attempt surgery on your mouth. But you do not judge a Szechuan restaurant by a dessert, any more than you do a Cantonese one by its sweet-and-sour pork (really, there are a lot of better dishes than this, and most Chinese don't take it as a serious course, which is why it always appears on the table at a wedding banquet, where frivolity reigns).

I like the graceful shapes of the individual letterforms of Teresa Nielsen Hayden's calligraphy, but I had some difficulty in reading the words they form, specifically in the heading "An Unplanned Life" and jam in "Jam Today." I had to refer to the table of contents to determine what these headings said. I guess I'm one of those who value function over form in written communication, and the function of hand lettering is to let whoever's

reading it know what it says. Grace should be present, but should defer to clarity. Ancient illuminated manuscripts are beautiful to look at, but have you ever tried to read entirely through one?

((I presume you mean "medieval," rather than "ancient." As they were written in Latin or Arabic, largely without punctuation, these manuscripts would indeed be difficult to read now. I have looked at a few reproductions, though, and it seems to me that only the initial letters of a page are very elaborate. The rest of the letters (in the Latin script) are easier to make out. jak))

I'm reminded of the San Franciscan posters from the late sixties announcing performances by rock groups. If I had one, I would hang it on my wall, but I pity anyone on the streets in those halcyon days trying to figure out who, when, and where from one. A dog might have taken him/her/it for a tall fire hydrant.

((I think the posters were designed to be read by the chemically-enhanced, who would also have been the chief audience for the groups so advertised. There were giant fire hydrants in them there days. jak))

We Also Heard From (your name in CAPS): HARRY ANDRUSCHAK (who suggests that we scrap all the fan Hugos), BRUCE ARTHURS (who notices the contradiction between several of the danger signs of fandom, and asks, "By the way, how old are you, Jerry?"), LESTER BOUTILLIER (he thinks Dr. Who should get a Hugo), GERALD BOYKO (assembling The 100 Truths of Fandom), RANDY BYERS (checking in with a Kandinsky "fish form" card inscribed "Christ the fish rots in my belly"), ALINA CHU (who finds the Fanoclasts "every bit as boring as Terry described them"), STEVE DAVIDSON (the editor of Contact:SF, wherein the danger signs once appeared), DIANE FOX (whose letter flew in from Australia just this week), JOAN HANKEWOODS (she sent another illustrated poc--maybe next issue?), MIKE HORVAT (congrats on the baby daughter), OLIVIA JASEN (with nice decorative fillers and borders for us to print), PAULA LIEBERMAN (who puts her home computer to good use, and wants to know who Judith Krantz is; check your local bookstore for the nine-pocket display of Princess Daisy), RICHARD LLEWELLYN (who enjoyed the Tim Hammell cartoons on fandom, and who finds breaking two eggs for breakfast as technical as he likes to get in making breakfast), ANNE LAURIE LOGAN (who wrote a belated loc on #4 and 5, and is the coeditor of Harlot, one of my favorite fanzines), JOANNE MCBRIDE (who is in town visiting this week), SETH MCEVOY (in response to D. Potter's remarks, he sends a short history of Amoeboid Scunge), JIM MEADOWS III (so stop signing yourself a neo, already; you've been around nine years!), BARNEY NEUFELD ("I'm glad you shared Susan Wood's loc with us."), TILDA PALMER (hi, there), ERICA PARKER (Teresa Nielsen Hayden's sister, and ripe for fandom), LEE PELTON (another letter that arrived this week, proving that some parts of Minneapolis are as far away as Australia), JOHN PURCELL (who says that the fannish fund he supports is the Point Beer Fan Fund, to bring Point Beer from Wisconsin to Mpls), MIKE ROGERS (where is that next issue of Harmonic Dissonance?), BILL ROTSLER (my god, is it true? Are you really older than Harry Warner? The mind ook-ooks), RON SALOMON (in a poc that reads like one of his one-sheet one-shots), JEFF SCHALLIES (your postcard of the Sidling Hill Service Plaza is a beaut), JOYCE SCRIVNER (who talks about TAFT and DUFF, and who talked me into nominating Derrick Ashby for DUFF), DAVID STEVER-SCHNOES ("Speaking of rock'n'roll fanzines, do you know any Dead Heads?" Sure, there's David Emerson; he could write an article about it...), JEAN WEBER (she says Mainstream took four months to get to her), ROBERT WHITAKER (who suggests that the Fan Hugos be voted on by fan editors only (like the FAANs) or selected by committee (like the Nova Award), and ELSIE WOOD (who is helping me find things for the Best of Susan Wood, a tentative title).

SPECIAL NOTE TO DAVE LANGFORD: There's a plug for Kevin Smith for TAFF back there somewhere, accompanied by a Stu Shiffman illo. It was just hanging around in our file, honest. Stu had no idea we were going to put it to such a use. Don't send him any more stiff reprimands, boss. He's as neutral as the day is long...or at least as neutral as you. (Say, I'd like to run for TAFF in 1987...wanna nominate me? (Smiling, always smiling))jak

BEWITCHED, BOTHERED AND

You can't make a silk purse out of a science fiction convention.

--Ginjer Buchanan, Granfalloon 3

I recently read a batch of British fanzines from the '70s: True Rat (Leroy Kettle), Ritblat/Grim News and Stop Breaking Down (Greg Pickersgill) and Seamonsters (Simone Walsh). They were all courtesy of Rich Coad, who for many years was one of the three North Americans to get zines from all factions of Britfandom. (Thanks to Malcolm Edwards for confirming the long-held suspicion that only Rich, Mike Glicksohn, and Terry Hughes got everything, including these elusive "Ratfan" zines.) So they were all new, all fresh and pungent and fun.

One thing that I noticed and enjoyed was that there were a number of convention reports, that they were in fact a sizable proportion of the writing, and that they were entertaining and enjoyable, even though I hadn't met more than a fraction of the writers or the people they wrote about. (Christine Atkinson did write a report on Iguanacon, in which I am mentioned, but it was the only one that touched on familiar territory.) Malcolm Edwards, D. West, Graham Charnock, Greg Pickersgill and others wrote about Silicons, Novacons and Eastercons and kept me reading, fascinated and sometimes in a state of near-hysterics.

I realized slowly why this seemed significant. I tried to remember some similar pieces from American fanzines, about American conventions. At first I couldn't think of any. Then little snippets bobbed to the surface: Rune would occasionally run a page or so about some midwestern convention, in which the writer would devote a paragraph to getting to the con, a paragraph to the con itself, and a paragraph to getting home. There also might be a line promising to return next year. Locus and File 770 might run con reports, but they would simply list the pros or fans in attendance, and include a few highlights (usually the masquerade and art show would be mentioned, and the guest of honor praised). These con reports all remind me of the book reports we'd do in grade school: some plot summary, the names of the characters, and a one-line moral.

I finally remembered a con report I could compare with the best of the British ones: Avedon Carol's "Life is Too Complex, Part 2" in Harlot 2. Just what made it so good? Just the things that made the British con reports good: it's well-written, and it has some point to make beyond a simple list of attendees. By well-written, I mean that, obviously, Avedon handles the language well and at the same time has her own slangy, informal style. Less obviously, Avedon observes and remembers well, and reproduces dialog believably. She can also organize her material and time her jokes. As for having a point, Avedon has set out to suggest the effect that European fans had on Houscon, and what she learned about them. This focus is suggested at the beginning, but is carried out, not spelt out.

Looking at those British conreports again, I see that each good one has its focus, too. Malcolm organizes his Mancon report around the disasters of planning and running a con in a university site, and the ways in which fans manage to enjoy themselves despite all; Graham Charnock sets out to show us the meaning of convention paranoia: he alternates paragraphs of depression-tinged event with paragraphs of suspicious questions from a hypothetical reader; Christine lists all the basic British prejudices against Yanks, and contra-

BEMILDRED

JERRY HAUFMAN

dicts each one with some experience at Iguacon. (And in Energumen 16, Dave Langford makes Yorcon sound charmingly bizarre by turning his article into a report by extra-terrestrial sociologists.)

But there are good American writers, aren't there? I think that Avedon, for instance, could give us more reports than just the one. Tom Perry a few years ago gave us a fine write-up of Suncon (focusing on the fannish-sercon split) and Denny Lien wrote on Aussiecon (focusing on...Australia). Others have tried (Rich Coad's recent Autoclave report, for instance, is terrific in spots, like the airport bar in which he waits, certain that he's been forgotten, or odd moments in which he confronts various cases of self-inflicted brain damage, but when he tries to be Gonzo to the Nth Degree, he loses it, like when he hallucinates Ted White turning into Heinlein). The list of those who have not tried, but could handle the job, is long.

So why do They do it, and We don't? I see two reasons. The first is my old hobby horse: too many North American conventions. (Don't worry, Robert Runte, you don't have to stop holding Non-con on my account.) If you were going to five or more conventions in a year, would you want to write con reports on any of them? It's not uncommon for fans to attend that many, or more, in North America (and despite the supposed distinction between fanzine fans and party/convention fans, the fanzine fans go to just as many cons as anyone else; they just don't hang around with the others as much). And the cons aren't all that different from each other; how could they be? There's only a limited number of changes you can ring on the basic format, and most con committees don't even stretch their imaginations to those limits.

The British, on the other hand, have three main conventions, one of them a very small affair called Silicon, aimed mainly at fanzine fans. Each convention therefore is more of an "event," more individual. Another factor is that fanzine fandom seems to be much larger in proportion to convention attendance. (In fact, British fanzine fandom gives the impression of being about as big as North American fanzine fandom. That can't be right, can it?) If you write up an American convention, three-quarters of the people you mention won't be known to your readers. If you write up a British, three-quarters will be known. Somehow this fact translates itself into very interesting writing about British fans 95% of whom I don't and won't ever know, and yet the writer's assumption that the fanzine's (British) readers allows that writer to transmit some subtle observations about the character of conventions and specific attending fans.

Before I drift irrevocably into the metaphysical, I'd better attempt to cover my second reason. There aren't enough North American fanzines with the space or the frequency to print the con reports I'm advocating. How many genzines are there, anyway? About a dozen capable of giving the needed space, I'd say, and most of them come out about once a year. (Dan Steffan claims that Boonfark will be frequent from now on, and it's a little too soon



to be sure of Mimosa. Mainstream and Telos would both be good homes for good con reports, and we both plan to come out more frequently, but why should you believe us?) At the moment, only Rune and Holier Than Thou come out frequently, but I don't know that the sort of articles I'm talking about would fit with the editorial tastes and personalities of their perpetrators.

There are too few con-report-shaped niches, then, and too many conventions. Yet we ought to see reports at least on the major conventions: worldcons, Westercons, Midwestcons, and so on. We need them. I can remember when I would read at least half-a-dozen worldcon reports by March of the following year. That was how I gained my fannish artificial memory of Baycon and Heicon, how I found out what I missed at Torcon while I was in the "All Our Yesterdays" room or the screening of And Now For Something Completely Different. Those con reports socialized me in a way, told me what to expect at cons I'd never attended, who I'd want to meet and who avoid (this changed from con report to con report, of course, depending on the writer), what was of interest in each city. The lack of con reports now helps to isolate me. To some degree, I don't meet new people because I don't know who to meet.

But such "mundane" considerations are minor. The major reason I want to read con reports is that I find them entertaining and even artistic (at their best, just like anything). If they have a focus, even if it is the viewpoint of the narrator, con reports can be art. After all, fiction is experience (event filtered through consciousness) shaped by imagination, and how else define a con report. If not art, then a con report can be a sort of journalism. A. Walter Breen con report was never given any particular shape except that lent by chronology, but in his piling up of detail about what went on around him, and through his enthusiasm, Walter put together convention reports that I found fascinating reading ten years later.

I had thought along these lines last summer, long before reading the British zines I mention at the beginning of this column. Since I was planning to go to Denver and see the worldcon, I thought I would try to keep extensive notes, and write a con report as I felt it should be written. I asked Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden if they would like to print such an article. They said yes, so, commission in hand and notebook in suitcase, I set off for Denver. I spent a pleasant week with my sister Debby and her husband Bob, and my brother Bruce. Then Bruce and I went into Denver to our hotel. Over the next five days I kept notes with varying faithfulness, not knowing what the focus of my article would be, but trusting to my intuition.

I found that focus, in hindsight, in the time I spent with Bruce. As many of you know, he died in October of last year, only a month after the convention. The convention was the last time I saw him alive. (I arrived in Cleveland several days before he died, but the Bruce I saw was only technically alive.) It was also, in many ways, the best time I spent with my brother. Bruce was nine years younger than I, and grew up while I was in college and living in New York. The gap was big, but we tried to bridge it. I am afraid that any failure was largely my fault. But we did seem to be overcoming the difference in our ages and experience, and finding things in common: music, science fiction. Denvention was the closest we got. So even though I'm not doing a full-scale con report for Telos, I do want to touch on a few highlights of that convention.

It was swell. I had a great time introducing Bruce to all sorts of people: Bill Gibson, Jeanne Gomoll, Gil Gaier, Marty Cantor, Joyce Scrivner, Stu Shiffman, Sharee Carton, Freff, and an enormous number of etceterae. (Bruce did seem a little dazed, but it was his first convention, after all.) I enjoyed seeing all these people on my own behalf, of course. They all had something new to show me. Jeanne showed me her new muscles. Freff played his new tape. Stu showed me and an appreciative lobby crowd photos from his TAFF trip, in which we could see that Britain consists of noseless fans and innumerable street signs.

I talked to Marty Cantor about the sad state of fanzine fandom and how we don't get no re-

spect from the conventions. Bruce talked to Karl Edward Wagner about Robert E. Howard. Moshe Feder talked to be about how he was going to revitalize Fanoclasts by publishing a personalzine about club history and affairs (he'd been talking about it for about a year; it finally appeared, once, about two months after the con). Various people talked to Bruce about how much he looked like me.

We chased parties and rumors of parties. I tried to find the Scottish party with the delightful Sandy and Joy Sanderson, but never reached it (Alan Bostick and Jim Young later reported it to be the best party of the con). Bruce found the Bruce party (Bruce Pelz and Bruce Miller, proprietors) and was given a label saying "Robert the..." to distinguish him from all the Bruces-for-a-night. (If you were not named Bruce, you got a stick-on label saying "Bruce," you see.) We both found the New York in '86 party, where I collected my pitcher of eggcreams, bought at the TAFF-DUFF auction for a dollar (Marc Schirmeister paid over \$10 for his, but we must have been the only people in the audience who knew what eggcreams were, aside from the bid committee members). Elyse Rosenstein, serving out the goodies, warned me that I had to have the pitcher back to her in fifteen minutes, and Bruce and I passed out eggcream in plastic cups to twenty or so formerly innocent passersby. (I think it was also at this party that Bruce and I spent an hour or two chatting up a sweet young Denver woman at her first convention, who, we soon found out, was Joyce Scrivner's sister. Hello, Jill!)

The auction was probably the best two hours of programming at the con. One can no longer buy books, manuscripts, old fanzines, or curiosa at the official auction, as one could in olden times. In them there days, the auction was another way for the con to make ends meet, and such things were donated by collectors and writers (and the art was donated by the promags. Today the cons seem to get by on their membership fees, and the official auctions are art auctions, run to make money for the artists. This is justice for the artist, but leaves the neo and the collector out. So now they must turn to auctions like the TAFF-DUFF auction at Denvention to find their treasures.

And there were treasures. To begin with, there was the auctioneering of Stu Shiffman and Gary Farber for TAFF (both funny), and Marc Ortlieb (even funnier). Then there were the fanzines: a run of Xero (Dick and Pat Lupoff's early 60s zine), and numerous copies of Forrie Ackerman's Voice of the Imagi-Nation. The neo bidding on them had lots of money, and he outbid Gary, Moshe, Anders Bellis and myself. (He was, of course, totally unfamiliar with fanzines: he'd suddenly taken a notion to collect them, and was simply going by what other people bid to set his own limits.) A great deal of remarkable humor flew as Quantas posters, tins of vegemite, laughing teeth, guidebooks, WSFA Journals (I'm still not sure why I bought it) and loads of more incomprehensible things were auctioned. The room broke up when I bid on a strange little postcard, and realized that the voice outbidding me was Bruce's.

Bruce's primary reason for coming to Worldcon was to buy art, and besides the little postcard, he found a number of things he liked. Bruce had what I considered good, if untrained, taste. This means that either I liked what he picked out, or I felt I would have, when I was his age. He was lucky enough to get them all at minimum bid, and when I was in Cleveland a month later, I found that he had framed several of them already. (When I consider the things I've had for years without framing them, I am impressed by Bruce's care. When I think of the small wages at his disposal, and the relative size of the investment that framing represented to him, I'm croggled.) Not quite knowing what to do with them, I took several to keep here, and gave the rest to his friends in Cleveland, some of whom read sf, but most of whom were baffled but tolerant of his interests.

I know I should remember more clearly our parting--artistry demands it--but I don't. I left for the airport a little later than Bruce caught a bus back to my sister's house, and I have a vague memory of Bruce packing all that art and some books into a suitcase. I don't remember what we said, probably goodbye, good to see you, maybe next year, maybe Chicago, did you enjoy yourself. I hope I said the right things.

I think you can see that I was not in the mood to write a long, highly organized convention report. Yet I'd still like to have read a few: a clutch of postcards in File 770, and a replay of the Hugo Ceremonies, followed by a list of all the places Jerry Jacks was stoned (both in Pong) are not enough. Please, somebody write something.

*

Turning now to projects we have done, and are about to do: I wish to remind you that I still have a small supply of Sweetmeats, a collection of Sandra Miesel's humor and fancy. I included such items as "Creme des Sensies," in which Sandra finds sensual metaphors for many of the fans and pros of the 70s, the "Canadian Trilogy," about many of our friends to the North, and other popular short pieces. It costs \$1.25, which goes to TAFF. (And remember, Sandra is about to join the exalted ranks of the pros: she has a novel coming out from Ace.)

Pleased by my success in completing Sweetmeats (I finished it! I broke even! I've donated money to TAFF!), I've begun my next collection, The Best of Susan Wood. I think this will be somewhat longer than the Miesel collection, and I will ask more money for it, \$2.00. (If the price has to go up later, early buyers won't be charged more.) This time the profits will go to the Susan Wood Scholarship Fund at Carleton University. I've been getting a lot of help from Elsie Wood, who has been sending me copies of harder-to-find items. I hope to have it out this summer, but you are familiar with fannish deadlines, I think.

Other interesting news: R.A. MacAvoy, a frequent contributor to the old Spanish Inquisition, and with articles in recent Mainstream and Telos issues, has sold a novel to Bantam. Patrick Nielsen Hayden has compiled a Fanthology 81, and typed all the stencils, while Telos 5, all typed, lies waiting for paper to be printed on. Alan Bostick has become a physics student, crediting Timescape for his rekindled interest. And several of us are forming a rock group, possibly called Pictures of Vegetables, to play songs from rockabilly to New Wave, with stops at the Grateful Dead and the Snap, Crackle and Pop commercial on the way. It's a'happening. As they say.

SUZLECOL ((Continued from Page 3))

unnerved. We did, however, uncover potential problems and get a feel for the room, which was a plus.

Due to circumstances beyond our control (Bob Shaw, Fan Guest of Honor, came to the Wednesday "final rehearsal," which just happened to also be St. Patrick's Day, and things degenerated with remarkable speed...or our Friday afternoon gathering at the hotel which turned into waiting for Godot when the cast person assigned to pick up Gary, Anna, Mat, and Misha, all major cast people, kind of forgot and had to go back for them (a 40 mile round trip), but Gary was too sick to rehearse then too, so nevermind...), we found ourselves much underrehearsed, but quite enthusiastic when we stepped on stage. Space limitations herein allow me only to say that whatever our own misgivings and lack of polish, the audience seemed to really enjoy it. Last minute disasters, both somewhat major, such as Gary's being ill and barely able to stand, let alone carry the lead (but he did, though, and very well, too), or just minor, but unnerving ones, such as the Spirit of Fandom's first supposedly splashy entrance being made late and haltingly when her high-heeled shoe went straight through the contact paper stretched across two boards which had been provided as steps to the stage (I know this because it was me), didn't harm us. Everyone "rose to the occasion" and it was funny.

I would like to write about our adventures in more detail, maybe even manage an article. Too much went on to leave unchronicled. It even helped to keep me sane. What more could one ask for?



