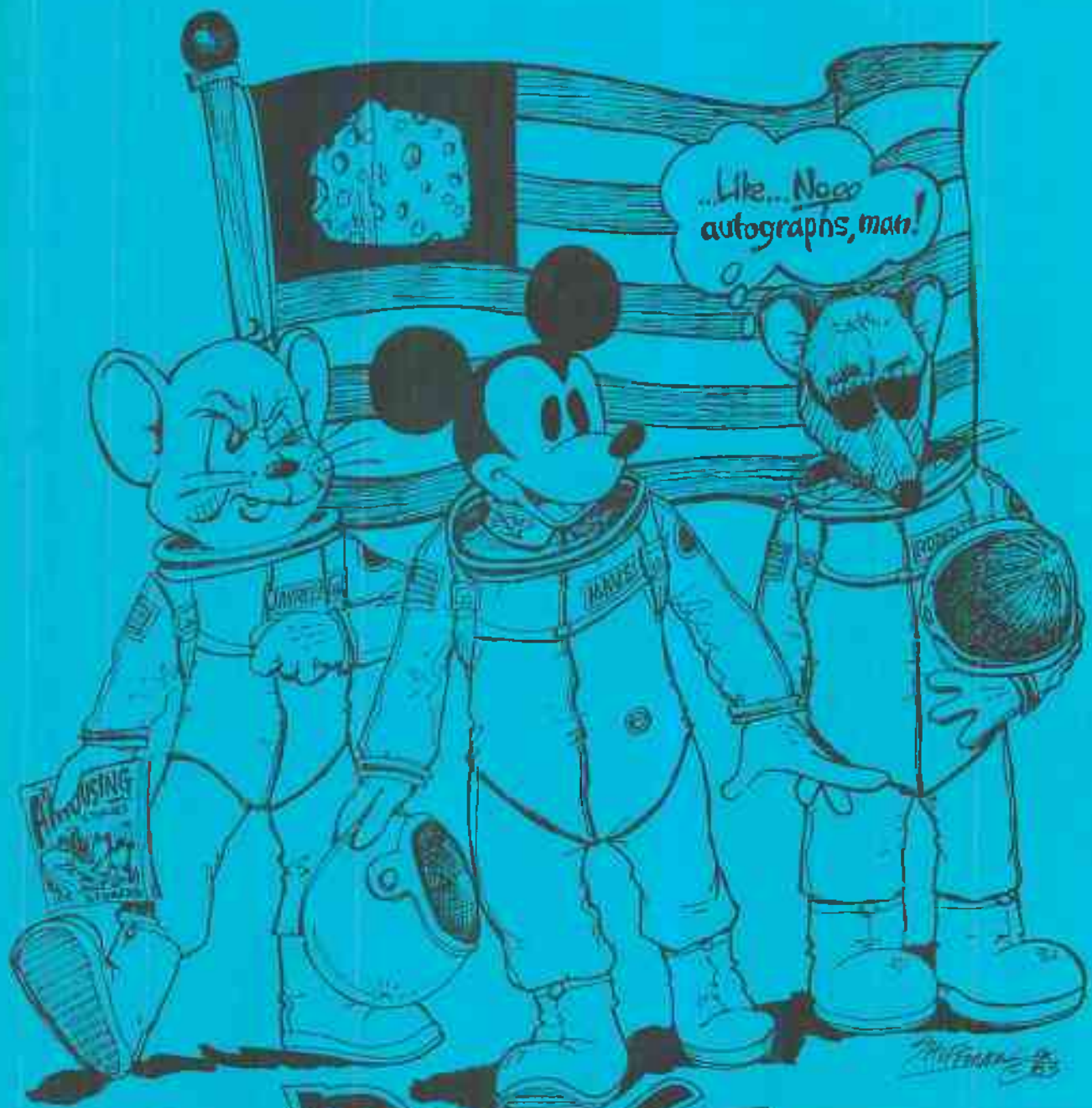
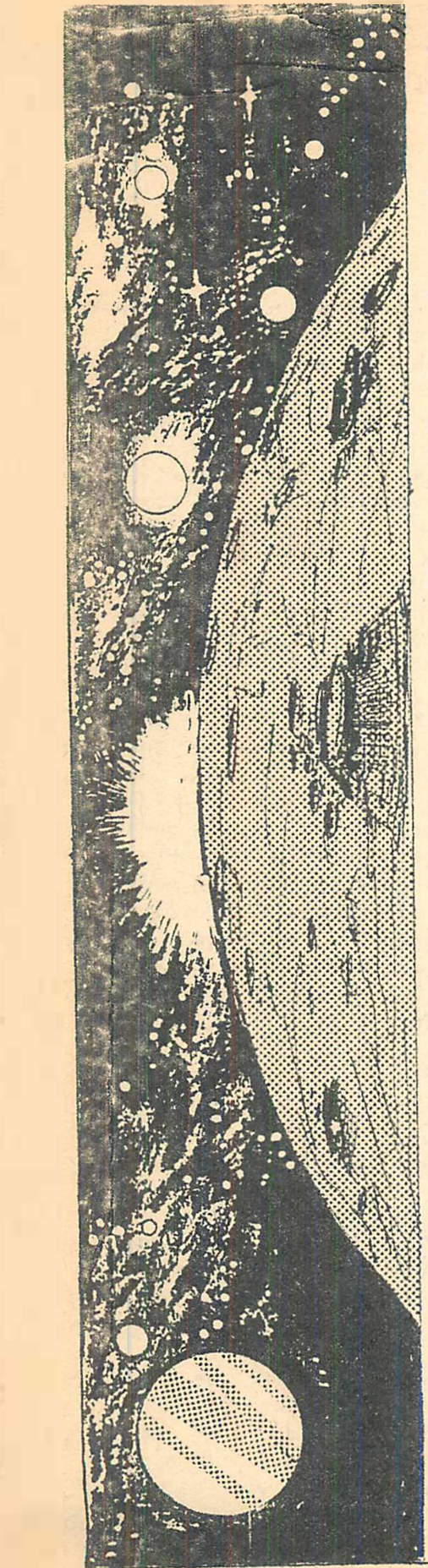


MAINSTREAM



The **RAT★STUFF**



Mainstream #11 is the latest issue (ever) of an extremely irregular fanzine published by Suzanne (Suzle) Tompkins and Jerry Kaufman, 4326 Winslow Place N., Seattle, WA 98103 (206-633-2375). It is available for trades, letters of comment, contributions, or \$1. We also supply copies at whim. January, 1986. members:fwa, pnw branch.

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Thanks to John D. Berry for the loan of the mimeo.

Collators last issue: Steve Bieler, Judy Blinder,
Mike Gilbert, Jane Hawkins, Don
Keller, Tatiana Keller, Kate
Schaefer, Tom Weber. Ta!

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Ben Yalow, Secret Deadhead

SUZLECOL

SUZANNE TOMPKINS

This column is dedicated to Terry Carr. He knows why.

In my editorial last issue, I had intended to mention that I had the honor of being asked to be the next "toaster" at Corflu, the fanzine fan's con, which was held in Napa, California, in February, 1985. The duties of this position were to introduce the Guest of Honor at the banquet (and picking the name of the honored one from a hat) and anything else the committee could think of. I was, of course, overwhelmed at the prospect of turning into a small household appliance, so I immediately accepted. Later I had to call the Corflu committee back to say that I did have some qualms about being "right" for the job as I need a smoke-free environment and am potentially lousy in front of an audience, but if they still wanted me, I was theirs, all theirs.

This exciting upcoming event was duly written about for my column in #10, but in the confusion of re-writing the mess, it was inadvertantly left out. "Didn't I write about Corflu in Mainstream?" I asked Jerry. "I know I wrote about it and asked everyone who knows us to be there if they possibly could for moral support!" (Mine, not theirs.)

Corflu was an excellent con, of course. The committee worked hard and I want to thank them for asking me in the first place and being helpful and supportive and especially for making me feel like part of the "group" working on the con.

Knowing that I'm a wreck on stage without a script, Jerry helped out by turning out a "generic fill-in-the-blanks GOH intro" which I then used to introduce the "GOH-Out-of-the-Hat-ee," Allen Baum. The whole audience got into the game, of course, shouting verbs, nouns, and adjectives so fast that I had trouble hearing them all (I was absolutely delighted that so many fanzine fans actually know the parts of speech). Should any of you need to introduce someone on the spur of the moment, we are reproducing below Jerry's "Instant Intro," first showing what we asked the audience for, then with their responses. (The audience didn't know what we wanted the verbs and nouns for; I didn't read them any of the speech until all the blanks were filled.)

Our Guest of Honor was born in . year in a tiny log type of building.

His parents worked as occupation in the town of name of town.

His first contact with science fiction was the novel name of novel, which he discovered in a/the place in a town. His first contact with fandom was when he hitchhiked to a worldcon. At that con he met famous fan and together they founded an organization. They also pioneered the technique of operating a mimeo with the part of the body.

Our Guest of Honor holds an interesting place in fan history. He published number issues of adjective noun, a fanzine notable for its emphasis on a vice or bad habit. He once lived with famous male fan and famous female fan at the same time. He led a mock battle to ban drawings of adjective part of body from fanzines and was horrified when he nearly succeeded.

You'll find that our GoH has a wide range of interests: color strange animal, adjective old machine, sound musical idiom, and food physical activity.

So you should find plenty to say to him. If not, I hope I've given you a few things to say about him.

Our Guest of Honor was born in 1963 in a tiny log barn.

His first contact with science fiction was the novel Dhalgren, which he discovered at the City Hall. His first contact with fandom was when he hitchhiked to Iguanacon. At that con he met Ted White and together they founded fwa. They also pioneered the technique of operating a mimeo with the esophagus.

Our Guest of Honor holds an interesting place in fan history. He published 42 issues of Unwanted Boa Constrictor, a fanzine notable for its emphasis on Donya. He lived with Greg Pickersgill and Patia Von Sternberg at the same time. He led a mock battle to ban drawings of squeamish pancreases from fanzines and was horrified when he nearly succeeded.

You'll find that our GoH has a wide range of interests: purple aardvarks, green hectographs, quack ska, and scope-a-la-mode schlepping.

Etc.

As for the rest of my "Toasting," I really feel that my biggest mistake was in not writing things down. I had a great new WPSFA Curse story [if this is not a familiar term, see back issues of Mainstream and SpanInq, or just pull Eli Cohen aside], but my brain became partially disengaged and the story didn't come out as I wanted--certainly not like it did the 15 times I'd rehearsed it in the bathroom before the con. I suppose that's because plumbing fixtures don't have eyes.

The following is the gist of my little talk, for those of you who didn't make it to Corflu and especially for those of you who did:

The reemergence of the WPSFA Curse is, of course, probably the biggest problem fandom as we know it faces today. Certainly, it was the most feared and talked about issue in fandom during 1985! (Wasn't it?) Consider its new, international repercussions. In its most recent outbreak, on a Saturday in January of 1985, Jerry and I found ourselves, along with Tilda Palmer, of the Bellingham Palmers, and James Maxwell Young, of the Minneapolis Youngs, stranded in record-breaking cold weather on Interstate 5 just past any sign of civilization in a rented car with a flat tire. (Jim, Jerry, and I were on a drive to show Jim the beauty of the Specific Northwest during his visit before leaving for Africa, ending up in Bellingham, about 90 miles north of Seattle. As there was a Vanguard meeting that evening, we took Tilda back with us to the party.) The fun! The merriment! Imagine Jim's excitement and joy at having, as one of his last experiences in the US before leaving on a State Department assignment in Botswana, to freeze his, uhm, hands off trying to change the tire with inadequate equipment!

I learned so much during this adventure. I learned that new cars "nowadays" don't come with real jacks and spare tires. They come with "mini-jacks" with which to attach the "mini-wheel" on which you cannot drive for any distance at all on a high speed highway. I learned that, although I have travelled over most of the US, some of Canada and in Europe,

and used telephones in all those places, I could not figure out how to use a pay phone in Skagit County, Washington. After four attempts and two working phones, I managed to reach the operator whom I threatened with death (ours, actually) if she didn't connect me to the Budget Rent-A-Car office in Seattle so that I could get permission to purchase a new tire and we could return to Seattle somehow that weekend. And I learned, as we all did, that the mental capacity of the average service station attendant in and around Mt. Vernon, Washington, is roughly that of a glass brick.

The whole incident from start (7:30 pm, tire blows out) to finish (at midnight, we arrive back in Seattle and at the party, most of whose attendees have left) had that certain aura about it that I had begun to recognize even before Jim turned ~~on~~ to me and allowed that there was something hauntingly familiar about the whole thing. Something WPSFAish in its timing and execution.

I admit that, as we were standing around in various waiting areas, freezing to death, waiting to find out if anyone in a 20-mile radius had a tire to fit the car in this quickly-closing-down-for-the-night town, two thoughts crossed my mind. The first was that Tilda's parents, Jack and Pauline, would never let Tilda go anywhere with fans ever again after they heard about our little adventure. The second was, "Gee! Just think of the great article I can get out of this!"

*

* '

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Just a short time later Jim Young had survived the rigors of the Pacific Northwest and was safely on his way to calm, peaceful Southern Africa. Jerry and I (and our luggage--which for the previous year's Corflu, in Oakland, had gone to Phoenix--but that's another story) made it to the Napa Valley and the 1985 Corflu. We really enjoyed the con and touring the wineries in Napa on the Monday after. My only really bad moment (aside from the aforementioned brain disengagement) was just after my little "WPSFA Curse" talk. That's when I realized I was about to ask the audience if anyone could give me a ride to San Francisco International Airport.

[Thank you, Bryan. And thank you, Loren.]

§§§

Jerry here, with a few notes on the above: For "vice or bad habit" the audience supplied "Donya." That's Donya White, Allen's wife. "Scope-a-la-mode" was the name Tom Whitmore gave to the dessert at the banquet of the first Corflu. It was a dessert to be remembered, to be named...but not to be eaten.

I'd also like to mention that it is dangerous to announce things: later in this issue you will find me announcing that we have a flyer from Neil Kvern advertising his music. Not so. Instead, if possible, we have the new TAFF ballot. Much as I like the three candidates I've been told about, I lean towards Judith Hanna. (The others are Simon Ounsley and Greg Pickersgill, also people I'd very much like to meet. Too bad I can't wait until after our trip to decide.)

Speaking of trips reminds me of trip reports. If you've seen the new Sticky Quarters, you know that I've finally gotten some of my DUFF report into print. My optimistic expectations of progress on that report are reported elsewhere in that issue. January of 86? I must have been mad. Let me make no more predictions on that score. Just accept my word for it: I am still working on it.

Harry Warner, Jr. Need Never Die!

GARY FARBER

John Carl, Carl Juarez and I were sitting about the office of RocketType, the typesetting shop of the fabulous not-so-world-famous Seattle Rocket, said shop being under the charge of Neil Kvern and John Carl. It was approaching 4:00 am and we had all been working on being as sercon as possible for some hours. Being Fans Of The Eighties, our conversation had been touching on the subjects of biotechnology, politics, computers, typesetters, word-processors, and so forth when The Insight suddenly struck me. The Spirit of Fandom had come flitting past me on her nightly world-wide rounds, and given me, again, the briefest touch of her Wand of Fanac.

I jerked myself upright from my reclined position in the chair, and said, "Harry Warner, Jr., need never die!" Carl and John looked at me oddly, which is what people usually do when I say things like that. "No, really," I went on. "You know how Harry has been announcing his probable imminent departure from this vale of reality since about 1936. And we all love Harry, but it has been a running joke for years about how as soon as anyone announces that they've just contracted Tanganyikan Flowering Rat Disease, Harry will respond by saying he thinks he might have that too. This is the man who avoids taking half an aspirin so he won't get high."

"Have you heard this tape, Carl?" said John, putting another one into the player.

"Well, despite all this, we all--we all--yes, even Harry Warner, Jr. (now, don't cry here, Teresa)--are indeed mortal and will sooner or later be taking the Great Gafiation. This is a very sad thought indeed. It's sad for all of us, but the idea of a fandom without Harry Warner, Jr., is just mind-boggling. Sort of like science fiction without Isaac Asimov (but that's another story)."

"I really like the rhythms there, John," said Carl.

"At work I use a fairly powerful word processing program on a fairly powerful DEC machine. We have hundreds of accounts on it, ninety-nine user-defined keys for each account, hundreds of paste buffers, room for thousands and tens of thousands of library phrases, etc."

"Thinking of going to the REM concert?" said John Carl. "Yeah, maybe," replied Carl Juarez.

"We were just talking about Turing programs, and, of course, everybody knows what they're doing with 'expert systems' now--programs to mimic by axiom the decision splits of an expert, and do what they would have done under those defined circumstances." I waved my arms.

"Pass that over here, will you?" asked John.

"Oh, right, sorry. But anyway, if (cough, cough) you take into account what we know about these things right now, let alone what we're obviously going to be able to do in a few years, the answer is simple insofar as fandom is concerned! He can live, he can write, he can last a thousand years!" "Your eyes are glowing funny, Gary." "Now, don't get too excited, Gary--remember your old war wound."

"Sure, sure. But all we've got to do is start typing in some of the tens of thousands of letters Harry has written over the years, code paragraphs by subject, adapt a few of Harry's patented transition phrases ('that reminds me of the time I went to Fenway Park, and...'), write a program to package it, and that' about it. The Harry Warner Software Package® will live as long as there are computers and fans. Harry's voiced an opinion on almost every subject. At a later point, we can reword a few of his early statements to handle any possible new subjects that will come up ('your editorial about the New Wave in sf/music/Britain/surfing/sf/feminism/computers/conventions/sf/fanzines/newspapers/sf...reminds me of...'). We can even put in a variable random crankiness factor so we can be as realistic as possible.

John looked interested, for the first time. "We could start inputting right now," he suggested. "I'm kind of sorry this won't do much good from Harry's point of view," I said. John moved over to the typesetter. "Shall we begin?" asked John. I looked at Carl. Carl passed me something. I passed it to John. We all looked at each other and breathed deeply.

"Naaaaahhh," we all said.

Gary Farber - July, 1984

&&&

SEATTLE IN 88?

YES! FOR CORFLU!

Seattle fandom is one of the most active fanzine publishing communities in the United States. Corflu is the convention for fanzine fans. It seems like a natural idea to combine the two. Seattle fandom includes not only fanzine writers, artists, and publishers, but also experienced convention organizers and workers. This would be a perfect chance to meet them all, and to see the beauties of Seattle and the Pacific Northwest.

Let us know what you think at this year's Corflu, or care of this fanzine.

Co-chairs

Gary Farber Tom Weber, Jr.

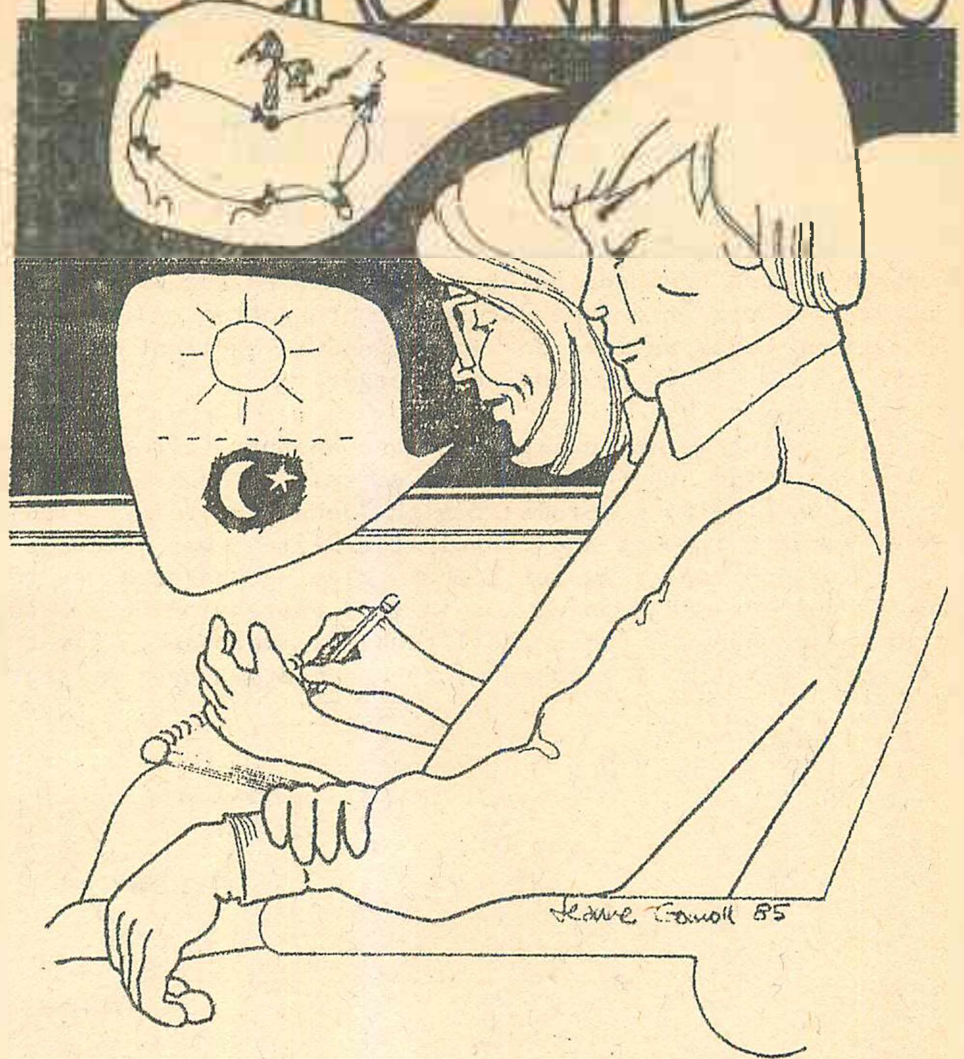
Seattle Fandom and Friends

Chris Bates	Karrie Dunning	Paul Lemman	Kate Schaefer
John D. Berry	Victor Gonzalez	Marci Malinowycz	Stacey Scott
Steve Bieler	Jane Hawkins	Janice Murray	Stu Shiffman
Randy Byers	Denys Howard	Patrick Nielsen Hayden	Anna Vargo
John Carl	Katherine Howes	Teresa Nielsen Hayden	Thom Walls
Rich Coad	Donald Keller	Paul Novitski	Cliff Wind
Mathew B. Davison	Tatiana Keller	Gene Perkins	Suzle
Frank Denton	Ole Kvern	Karen Savage	Jerry Kaufman
Judy Blinder	Bill Gibson	Chuck Spear	Pascal Thomas
			Amy Thomson.....

Picture Windows

JEANNE
GOMOLL

My first view of John was of his feet. Well, to be more precise, it was of his shoes. He clip-clopped aboard the bus with thong-like sound effects, but his shoes did not match their sound track. It was like a foreign film when the character spits out vile syllables for a good minute or so and the subtitles say, simply, "Darn it!" Disconcerting. Because when I looked carefully, the guy seemed to be wearing ordinary tennis shoes. But he was definitely clip-clopping. Loudly. I stared.



And when he paused beside my seat on the Greyhound bus, I was still staring. At this proximity, I could see that he'd mashed the back of his shoes down to sole-level, freeing the backs of the shoes to flop up and down, letting them slap against the floor as he walked. He continued to stand beside me, and in another second I realized that I still hadn't completed my understanding of these shoes. I leaned a little further over to the right from my window seat and saw that he wasn't a sloppy dresser at all, but that the shoes were made that way. White canvas with red stripes and an inset star ...and constructed like a clog shoe: clog tennies.

That cleared up, I leaned back, my eyes still squinted up in amazement. For the first time I looked up into the face of this clip-clopping bus-rider. A young, oriental man, dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, he was patiently waiting to take the seat next to me and looked more than a little confused about my fascination with his feet.

"Oh!" I said, hoping to smooth over the awkward moment with a brilliant flash of wit. "I was just looking at your shoes!"

"Boing-boing-tin-se," he said and smiled, looking worried.

I smiled back. He didn't speak English. I'd never be able to explain what I'd been doing

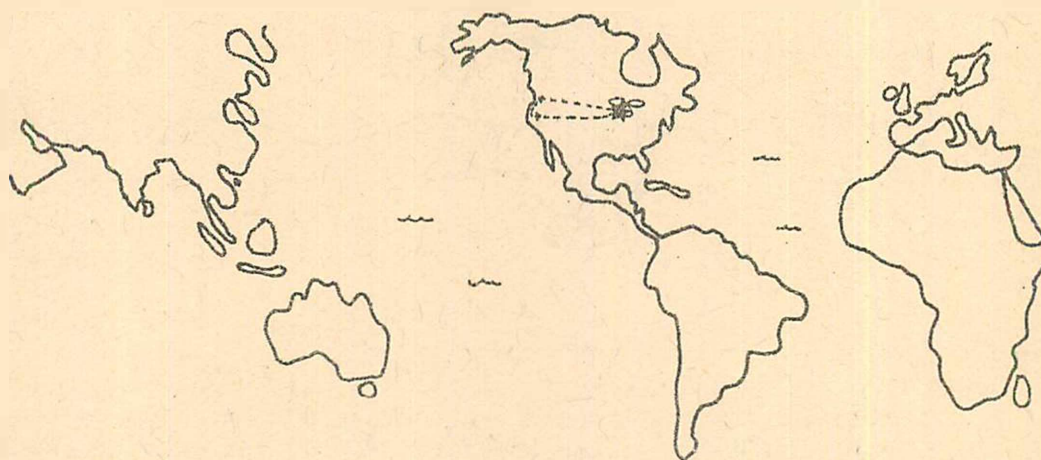
looking at his feet. But I tried. My face, after all, was still very red and the guy was crushing himself up against the armrest creating as much space between us as was possible. This had been the only seat left on the bus. I wanted to reassure him that he was in no danger from a psycho.

I rested my own foot and shoe on my knee and pointed to its heel and then at his, shaking my head and distorting my face into a confused expression.

To my relief, he suddenly smiled and laughed and laughed, spilled out a paragraph or so of foreign movie monologue minus the subtitles and laughed some more when he saw my blank look. We both laughed then and relaxed. He removed the armrest from his rib cage and settled in for the long ride ahead of us: we'd both gotten on the bus in San Francisco. I planned to transfer in Cedar Rapids, and go on home to Madison, Wisconsin. As I would find out later, John's trip would be considerably longer.

The first thing we communicated to one another (after I'd made him more comfortable about my state of mind, that is) was our names. After a few failures pronouncing each other's names correctly, we compromised with "John" and "Jin." The next part, exchanging information about our homes and travel itineraries, was somewhat more difficult than pointing at our chests and repeating our names. Playing Charades was not much good: pointing at the back of the bus and donning a quizzical expression only resulted in John politely standing up to let me use the bus's facilities. I motioned to him to sit down and then thought for a moment. Finally, I grabbed my backpack from under my seat and pulled my sketch book out.

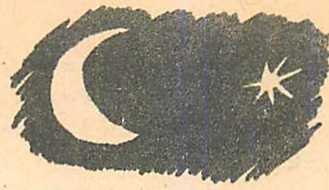
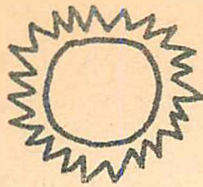
I drew a map:



John's face lit up, he bubbled with a lot of no doubt meaningful sounds and took the pen I offered and drew several islands east of my rough sketch of Asia, colored in a star and pointed to his chest. John was from Japan. Then he added a dotted line describing his journey that started in Japan and followed a course to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Washington D.C., Miami, New Orleans, Back to Los Angeles and Japan again. I was amazed that he seemed to be doing this enormous trip by bus and forgot our language barrier. "How much time...?"

Blank.

So I took the pen back and sketched a sun and a moon.



I pointed again to the dotted line that described my trip from Madison to Seattle and to San Francisco and back again, and then covered up and revealed the sun fourteen times. Expecting John to make use of the short-cut--month-indicator--the moon, I was again surprised when he gestured at the sun, covering it up sixteen times. He must have been taking advantage of the deal that Greyhound used to offer--unlimited travel for a flat amount within a certain length of time.

I wondered, though, whether he was doing any sight-seeing or visiting, so I drew a picture of the bus and John Aboard it, pointing at the cartoon character and John, to emphasize the identification. Then I sketched another picture of John getting off the bus with several arrows pointing to a house with smiling people waiting at the door ("Are you visiting someone?"), big official-looking buildings (and one that I hoped resembled the White House) ("Will you see the White House?"), and one scene with mountains and trees and water with John hiking ("Is this a camping trip?").

It was a complex "question" and John's face was a study in puzzlement as he either tried to figure out what I meant or how he was going to explain. Suddenly inspiration hit him and he nodded vigorously, smiling at me (always smiling) and indicated a point on his dotted line itinerary, Miami, I think, and covered the sun up one time. Explaining more, he pointed at the house with the smiling hosts and crossed out the woman, leaving only the man smiling at the door. John pointed at the survivor and at himself and made a sound. Then he tapped the pen against the sketch book as he considered how he could translate his explanation into pictures. He drew a pregnant woman--a stick figure with a very large stomach. Then he added two arrows, one pointing to the survivor in the door and one to his own representation, my drawing of him emerging from the bus. "You're visiting your brother in Miami!" I exclaimed. Yes, I'm sure he said, my brother! Of course, it didn't sound that way.

I'm sure we could have taught each other some of each other's languages, but after a few exchanges we got in the habit of talking strictly with pictures and stopped "explaining" our drawings with sounds. I found out that John worked somehow with lights in a large auditorium or theater, and depicted myself working on a typewriter one "moon" and working at a drafting table, drawing, the next. (In those days I worked as a temporary typist and did free lance graphics on the side.) Neither of us was quite clear on what the other did, but that didn't discourage us. We "told" each other about our families and interests--John came from a large family and played a violin and was either a baseball fan or a player himself.

In response, my caricature read a book with a rocket ship on its cover and, with an arrow connecting it to Seattle, was joined by many other people reading sf, and by people writing on pieces of paper that were gathered together and made into more spaceship-emblazoned books. I decided against introducing him to the other layers of the sf con that I'd attended in the Northwest: he was perplexed enough by the simpler representation without being confused further with movie-watching costumed Spock clones. As John puzzled over the picture I'd drawn--smiling uncertainly--I wished I could have read his mind.

In all, it was a very amusing and mind-stretching way to get to know another person. We used up my whole supply of sketch paper with a preponderance of my drawings--mainly because John seemed delighted with my sketches and would always jump in with another ques-

tioning expression before I could query him in a way that would elicit a complicated sketched response from him. For every sketch John drew, I must have drawn four or five. Later, John flipped back to one of the first pages of our conversation and added a detail to the drawing of himself exiting the bus: a sketch book under his arm. Then he drew an arrow pointing to the map and his home in Japan. I nodded: of course he could have the drawings. John smiled and looked pleased.

Our conversation wasn't a continuous one lasting every waking moment of the trip, however. John took lots of photographs through the window while I read. Early on, I offered to switch seats with him so that he could use the window more easily for his photographic records. He accepted happily and "clicked" his way through at least a dozen rolls of film before I got off in Cedar Rapids. At first there was nothing unusual about his choice of scenery for photographing. He took about one picture per daylight hour as we rolled through the gorgeous mountainous country of California and Nevada. It wasn't until later in the trip that he went crazy. As the mountains flattened out and the horizon expanded and we passed the picturesque foothills, John continued to take pictures. The more boring the landscape became, the faster John took pictures. The scenery outside became utterly flat. Not a hill, not a bump, not a tree, not even a barn or a person in sight. Flat. Brown. One picture would do fine to convey the boredom of the scene, I would have thought. But no, John thought it was all wonderful.

I drew a person looking out the window at the flat landscape and then closed the character's eyes, showing him falling asleep, he was so bored. But John shook his head, grabbed for the pen and then dropped it again, finding the concept too large to explain with ink. He opened his arms as if he were describing the biggest fish that had even gotten away and shook his head, letting his eyes roll and emitting little cries of awe or ecstasy, sighs of wonder. I think he was saying things like "big," "empty." I nodded said "exactly," shrugged my shoulders and pretended to fall asleep. John laughed and punched my shoulder and I laughed too.

Obviously, this landscape was such a contrast to that of his homeland's that it stunned him by its alienness and immensity, but I still think that he must have been a little disappointed when he got home and had the film processed.

Once, the bus stopped briefly in a tiny, almost deserted town. Actually it was just a crossroads and a group of ramshackle houses ready to blow clean away with the next storm. I went into the terminal and bought a Coke and when I emerged from the building, I noticed a knot of Japanese tourists--John among them--at the end of the street. It was a small town and getting smaller daily; the place was plainly not going to remain on the map much longer. No building had received a coat of paint in years, and the streets were more dust and tumbleweeds than roadways. A real ghost town. And yet, John and his fellow-travelers were quite enthusiastic about the place, clicking those cameras right and left, pointing at the scenery to one another and, in general, acting like tourists. I stopped there outside the Greyhound terminal drinking my Coke and trying to figure out what they found interesting on the street.

They were all looking down a street that ran into the one on which the station stood, standing right in the middle of the crossroads, in no danger of getting run over by the non-existent traffic. They laughed, they pointed, they chattered, and they took pictures. Finally I couldn't restrain my curiosity any longer and sauntered down the street in their direction, looking down the other street for some clue to their interest. The other street was, if anything, more desolate than the "main drag." Wooden ramps, instead of sidewalks, lined the roadway, and a tumbleweed zig-zagged through the dust toward the Japanese. Just then, a town resident pushed through some squeaky swinging doors and walked out onto the street. The crowd went wild, and suddenly I knew--even before John said the first intelligible words he'd said on the whole trip--suddenly I knew why they were so enthralled with the view.

"Matt Dillon!" said John.

After I got off the transcontinental bus in Cedar Rapids, leaving John with my sketchbook, lots of smiles and probably a dozen images of myself in his camera, I boarded a regional Greyhound--the kind that stops in every little town--back to my home in Madison, Wisconsin. This time, my bus companion was a little old lady who stared at my backpack and bedraggled appearance as she rearranged her knitting bag to make room for me. I had nearly as much difficulty explaining the science fiction convention that had attracted me to Seattle to her as I had had in explaining the idea to John via sketchbook. To make the parallel complete, the woman and I finally really connected and established a rapport only when we showed one another photos of family and friends. Words weren't enough there either, even though we shared a language.



*It's hard to
explain why you
go to SF convention*

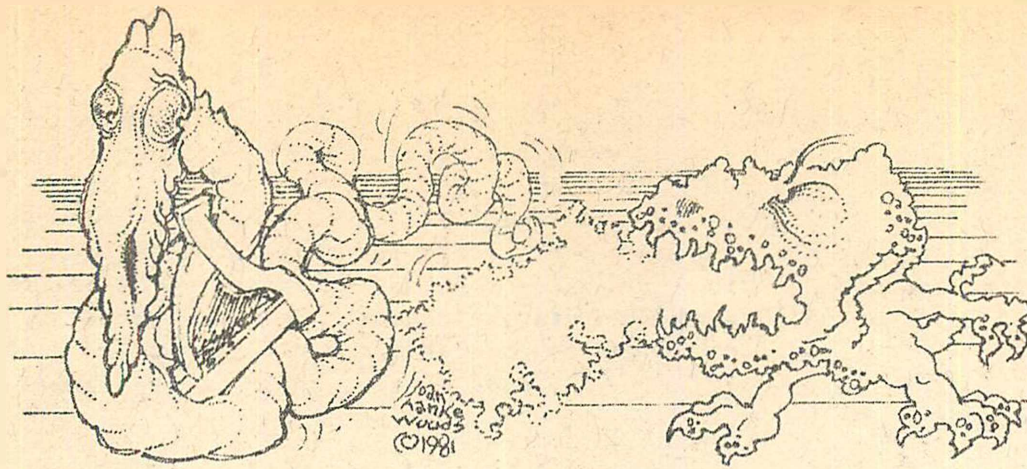
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Even the ears of corn are deaf to the torments of the damned.

The Devil's Cleavage, 1975, a film quoted in Ghastly
Beyond Belief by Neil Gaiman and Kim Newman.
Thanks to Dave Langford for our copy.

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Back when the world was young (or, at least younger than it is now), this fine magazine published an article by Bertie MacAvoy on the Irish harp. Well, funny she should have picked that subject.... Ms. MacAvoy mentioned that the Irish National Treasures made the rounds of the U.S. some years ago. My wife and I went up to San Francisco to see them. While there, we heard a replica of Brian Boru's harp being played (probably the Witcher harp mentioned in Bertie's article). Sarah immediately fell in love. The clear, bell-like tones of the metal strings were like nothing either of us had ever heard. So, what do you do? You listen, and move on.

Time passes.

Those who have the time and patience to look up my letter in Mainstream 6 will note my mention of the immense Renaissance Pleasure Faire. There are always about four or five itinerant harpers working the Faire. In 1980 we started inquiring into where all these people and harps came from. We learned that California is a hotbed of activity for the Irish harp. We enquired, got a lead or two, and for some reason (like expense), dropped the whole matter.

Came the Faire of 1982. My income had increased more than somewhat, and I was looking for a new hobby. I ran across several excellent harpers and started taking names again. When I went to my files, I found the 1980 stuff--from the same person I had just talked to at the Faire. This time I followed through, and found that the 1980 All-Ireland Champion Harper happened to be American, and lived in Glendale, about twenty miles from our house. The upshot of it was that we bought a harp, ordered another (so we wouldn't have to fight for the one), and started taking lessons.

We quickly learned that there are any number of folks here in California who are building and playing Irish harps like there was no tomorrow. Jay Witcher has moved to New England, but it seems like most of the rest of the builders are up in Marin County (where else?). The Folk Harp Journal is published in Long Beach, and they have enough harpers around to get together every few months and chew things over.

Then came time for a vacation, and Sarah, who's been very much involved in human rights campaigns, was headed for the London offices of Amnesty International and the Index on Censorship. So, we stopped off in Ireland (our first time there), and went to two harp festivals. It was certainly one of the strangest experiences of my life. (Not quite up there with the time the tiger jumped on me, but close.) The really, truly, Irish harp has been dead and abandoned for about two hundred years, despite the harp's continued use as the Irish national symbol. (Well, after all, look what we're doing to the bald eagle.) This being the case, harp festivals are something of a rarity. The first one we went to was in the booming metropolis of Keadue, pop. ca. 250. That's big enough, for Ireland, to put it on the national map. Keadue is also known as Keadew, when it's known at all. Orthography is

HARPING on the Subject

MIKE O'BRIEN

pretty much sixteenth century around those parts. Of course, there are no accommodations there... we had to stay in a bed and breakfast place in the much larger town of Drumshanbo.

[Why Keadue, of all places? Well, it turns out Turlough O'Carolan, the last of the great harper/composers, is buried right outside of town. His patrons, the MacDermot-Roes, used to own that stretch of territory. And when your town is as small as Keadue, coming up with this sort of idea is a stroke of genius.]

Sarah and I were completely lagged out after the trip over, and were a bit dubious of driving up there (on the left side of the road, yet) in time for the opening night concert. I threw a tantrum and we went. Boy, were we surprised. The concert was in a tacky little building, St. Somebody-r-other's Hall, and the stage was so small the curtain had to be drawn by two people pulling it open and shut. The degree of stage presence and organization was worthy of your average high school play. Sarah and I looked at each other. This was obviously local talent we were dealing with. Certainly the people on stage were not the sorts of personalities one generally meets with in nationally advertised spectacles with which we were familiar. This bunch of rurals then started doing some traditional music, and ballads, and songs, and dances, and...they were wonderful! It was some of the best dancing and music we'd ever seen or heard! The contrast between the talent we were seeing and the presentation and location was so extreme it was boggling. Wooden flutes, harmoniums, fiddles, the lot. We were entranced. But, strangely, no harps.

In fact the only harpers who played were harpers who were there specifically for the competition. There just aren't very many of the Irish, despite the official encouragement of tradition, who have gone back to the harp.

After the O'Carolan Festival at Keadue, we proceeded to tour Ireland and do all the things most tourists do, as well as things that fantasy lovers do. Like, go miles into the country in the direction of nowhere in particular to see a field with over three hundred standing stones in it, or search out passage graves and chamber tombs on the side roads. This was something I'd looked forward to all my life. These old places play such a prominent role in fantasy and legend that it was like stepping into the dreamworld to stand and sit among them. The Irish are too poor, and too poorly organized, to have made tacky attractions out of them. You open cattle gates and walk among the stones and tombs, and no one else is there, and no one will bother you, and you close the gates behind you!

The next weekend was the Granard Harp Festival, and this was the big time. Granard had harp festivals two hundred years ago, and it's a big place. Must have about two hundred fifty houses in it. Maybe a thousand people. It wasn't until we got there that we found out that there had only been three harp festivals two hundred years ago, and that they'd stopped having them because they were such drunken bashes that the authorities had put a stop to them. That's what I'd heard about the main Irish festival, the **Fleadh**, which was held after

we returned to the States. "A three-day drunken brawl" was how our harp teacher described it. Well, we'd been to Worldcons before, so we figured we could skip that one. Maybe later. The Granard Harp Festival was quite enough. Why, they even had a parade! Of course, since Granard only has one main street, the parade marches up the street and then turns around and marches back down, so everyone gets to see it twice....

Granard actually held two separate harp competitions. One was for the "neo-Irish harp," which is strung with gut or nylon, not with metal as the old harps were. This in fact is by far the most common modern incarnation of the Irish harp. The reason: since nylon strings are under much lower tension than metal ones, you can get away with mounting pivoting frets or blades onto a nylon-strung harp, which when rotated against the string bring it up half a note to make a sharp. Not surprisingly these are called "sharping levers," and let you quickly retune the harp to any key, if the harp's built right. There are a lot of bad harps out there which just don't work quite right, and if you use the sharping levers on those things, you get instant sour notes, which many people will go right ahead and play.

The old, metal-strung harp, which really can't be retuned rapidly, and is purely diatonic (usually), has far fewer adherents. Since we're naturally perverse, this is the type Sarah and I play. It has one terrible advantage: the strings ring forever. Nylon strings don't. So, in addition to learning how and when to pluck the strings, and how to choose your music so it has no sharps or flats, you also have to learn how and when to **damp** the strings to the notes from a bar back don't clash with the current ones. In essence you have to do double duty.

After last year's turnout, Granard decided to have a second competition, just for the metal-strung harp. Techniques really are different here. Unfortunately, this year there weren't any entrants. They tried to fast-talk us into entering when they found out we played the metal-strung harp, but we pointed out that as we had only been playing for three months, any performance would be truly memorable. To the rescue came the winner from the year before, Ann Heyman, who is to my knowledge the greatest living player of the metal-strung harp. She entered unopposed to keep the division alive, and beat on Sarah and myself to come home and spread the gospel among California's wire-strung harpers to come and save it next year.

I was glad she was there, because her playing is not to be believed. She has had to figure out techniques that have been lost for two hundred years. There's a sad but funny story here. Since not much was written down (why inform the competition, she came over to Ireland for the first time several years ago, hoping to learn from the Irish masters themselves. When she arrived, she said, "I'm here to learn. This is what I've figured out so far," and played a couple of numbers. The masters all gathered around her and said, "That's **incredible!** How did you do that?"

She was very disappointed.

After Granard, of course, it was all downhill. Just more Neolithic chamber tombs, the Newgrange passage grave, rain, Blarney Castle, rain, the coast of Donegal, standing stones, rain, more standing stones, more rain, knits, sweaters, rain rain rain....

Our new Caswell harp should be completed any month now, with intricate Celtic knots carved all over it. If any of you have any suggestions on how to play it, there are any number of people who'd be interested in hearing about it...especially if you're two hundred years old.

[Postscript: Since the above was written, the Caswell has arrived, and is even more beautiful than we'd expected. In the interim, Caswell has figured out how to put sharping levers on a metal-strung harp, so we are no longer limited to tunes in the key of C. Of course, learning to play it is still the hard part.]

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The Word For World Is

You see before you Rip Van Widner, Time Traveller. It seems just the other day that I was reading Jack Williamson's Legion of Space and Legion of Time, amazing stories about faroff times like 1983, going "goshwowboyoboy"(1) and writing letters to Astounding because I didn't have anybody to talk to about this wonderful stuff.

So I started a club(2), a fanzine(3), a regional con(4), tooks polls, and came down with a terminal case of crifanac. While I was lying there blinking at the ceiling, something went click.

Snap.

Zzzzhtt, zzzzhtt.

I shook my head and the buzzing went away.

I got up and discovered that I had been thru a war, gone to college, raised a family, and had a teaching career of 26 years. It was 1983!--fer Chrissake, and I looked around in some bemildredment. (Actually, it wasn't all that abrupt. I surfaced briefly for a few cons in the late sixties and early seventies, but I wasn't really reborn as a fan until 1979, when I rejoined FAPA, the dinosuar's graveyard.)

Nevertheless, in the last three years I have been walking around rather slackjawed and marvelling, not only at the changes that have taken place, but at the changes that have NOT taken place.

In The Word for World is Forest, Ursula Le Guin writes about "world time" and "dream time." In a sense, Fandom exists in dream time and mundania in world time, but in another sense, it's just the other way around. For instance, I think that some of the language about Viet Nam, El Salvador, or the current arms race is more unreal, surreal, or fantastic than any sf story: "We had to destroy the village in order to save it." And so on.

So there are TWO sets of changes and non-changes I am experiencing in my Sleeper Awakes future shock. Forty years ago in FAPA and elsewhere in fandom (altho there wasn't much "elsewhere" at the time), the big topic of discussion was survivalism, but without the nasty overtones it has taken on today. We were seriously thinking of somehow acquiring a "Slan Island" or some other isolated spot where fans could somehow preserve civilization after the holocaust. I remember Jack Speer predicting that we had no later than 1953 to get ready. That seemed about right to me.

- (1) Another example of the depth of the change: in those days we didn't GO "goshwowetc," we SAID, (exclaimed, shouted or whatever) the line.
- (2) The Nameless Ones, later named the Stranger Club. Singular, if you please, after the Laurence Manning stories. It was "located" in Boston, altho not a single one of the early members lived there, nor did we ever meet there, that I remember.
- (3) Fanfare, clubzine->genzine, 10 issues, 1940-43, R.I.P.
- (4) Boskones I & II, altho NESFA has changed the numbering.

FANDOM

A COLLECTION OF FEN-KOANS

CHAS "DR ORBIT" BELOV

with apologies to Muman and other Chinese Zen Masters

Zen Ghuism grew out of Ghuism in the mid-1980s as a reaction to modern fan feuds. Fen flocked to the instruction of Zine Masters (not to be confused with Ditto Masters) in order to attain enlightenment, or fantori. In order to free these disciples of egoboost-erism, the Zine Masters set these fen certain problems, called koans. When the fan solves the koan, s/he is flooded with understanding, and fantori is achieved. Some of these koans follow, taken from the writings of Ghuman, a Zine Master of Tenth Fandom, called The Zineless Zine.

A neo asked Jophan, a Zine Master: "Has a mediafan Ghu-nature or not?"
Jophan answered, "Corflu."

Kaufman complained when he saw a zine with a letter column, "Why hasn't that zine a letter column?"

A neo told Jophan: "I have just started fanpubbing. Please teach me."
Jophan asked: "Have you mimeoed your fanzine?"
The neo replied, "I have mimeoed."
Jophan said, "Then you had better clean the drum."
At that moment the neo was enlightened.

Tompkins asked Wollheim: "What is Ghu?"
Wollheim said: "This zine is Ghu."

Hlavaty held out his short zine and said: "If you call this a short zine, you oppose its reality. If you do not call it a short zine, you ignore the fact. Now what do you wish to call this?"

Cantor asked: "How can you proceed on from the end of a hundred-page zine?"
Another Zine teacher said: "One who sits at the end of a hundred-page zine has attained a certain height, but is still not handling fen freely. He should proceed on from there and appear with his whole body at various Worldcons."

The New York U Science Fiction Society wished to send a fan to start a clubzine. Glas-ser told the members that whoever answered a question most ably would be appointed. Placing a mimeo machine on the table, he asked: "Who can say what this is without calling its name?"
Camp, the chief statistician, said, "No one can call it a propeller beanie."
Konkin collated a copy of APA-NYU.
Glasser smiled and said, "The chief statistician loses." And Konkin became the editor of the new clubzine.

Two neos were arguing about a fanzine. One said, "The articles are fannish."
The other said, "The mimeography is fannish."
A First Fan happened to be passing by. He told them, "Not the articles, not the mimeo; mind is fannish."

If you have solved any of the above problems, then you have achieved fantori. If not, keep trying. Enlightenment may be as close as the next letter column.

Art Widner

But 1953 came and went, and when They started selling atomic shelters on ten year installment contracts, I breathed a little easier. Of course, I was living in world time by then, which of course is dream time for me, and dream time--fandom time, is real. If you aren't thoroly confused by now, I will continue and make sure you are by the time I'm thru. It's the only way to fly.

So here I am, yawning and stretching, quite bemused and bemildred that everybody is still here, but happy to be spared the difficulties of finding my way to the Abbey of St. Leibowitz.

On the other hand, in both fan time and world time, I'm slitley warm and not a little astonished that we aren't yet out of the tulgey wood either. I keep getting glimpses of the Jabberwock flitting in and out amongst the trees in the near distance. Anyone for Slan Island--again...?

Then there's the matter of racism. We(5) used to give Speer a bad time about his southern prejudices. Now he has mellowed quite a bit, and nobody talks about it. Wonder of wonders, we have a couple of black writers and several fans, in what was a disturbingly lily-white culture when I went to sleep.

I used to dream of the day when everybody would be a sort of café au lait complexion and we would marvel over what the fuss was all about way back in the '50s and before. Well, 1983 isn't that time yet, but we seem to be getting there, altho very slowly.

Perhaps the most startling change to old Rip is what has happened to the sexes, especially in fandom. The really bad part of my time-travelling is that I didn't wake up the same age as I went to sleep. I slept 40 years and aged 40 years--rats! Back then, all my fellow fen looked like Bob Tucker. Now there's still a lot of Tuckers around, but gosh-wowboyoboy there are also all these new rounded type fen who look a whole lot better.

Then there was the fella who took a Giant Step for Mankind, which was only fittin&proper in my book. And then it was followed up by our friends the robots and their wonderful journeys to Jupiter, Saturn and beyond. What really croggled me was that we then took a giant step backward and cut NASA off at the pockets. So it goes.

Some people have made a big deal out of the fact that no sf writer predicted that we would see the moon expeditions live on tv. Well, old Rip can handle that easier than what has happened to the Frankenstein Monster in the media. He has gone from the tragic, unloved figure of Mary Shelley to a synonym for the Boogie Man, and, as if that weren't bad enough, the media has converted him into a real Bozo, just to sell stuff. First there was Herman Munster, and now the final indignity, crashing thru walls for dear old Ma Bell, still trying to reach out and touch someone--namely his creator. But Victor has also become a pitiful Bozo figure, replying "Frankie boy, it's you!" further reflecting our confusion between Jehovah-Adam (or is it Lucifer?), parent-child, human-machine, etc.

Then there are Frankenberry crispies, the eerie cereal, and the little build-your-own-
(5) People like Fred Pohl, Chan Davis, yhos, et al.

Fan Goh speech at Norwescon 6

monster kits, reminiscent of that horrid scene in Brave New World where John Savage is crying over his dying mother, ruining the conditioning of all the little identical Epsilons, so that the nanny has to give them all an extra pop in the mouth. I think Brian Aldiss was right when he said(6) that Frankie Boy still rides along with us into the 21st century, just below the Plimsoll line, and that we have to come to terms with him. I recommend that we invite him up into the boat, give him a new coat, a different stroke, a good meal and a toke.(7) Making him into Herman Munster just so we can laugh at him, won't do. Mel Brooks' Young Frankenstein has perhaps come the closest to resolving the matter, but trading our so-called brains for his schwannstucker is also not quite where it's at.

See what I mean about dream time and world time?

OK, let's look at Fandom thru the Time Traveller's eyes. In someways our dream time isn't much better off than world time; take cons for instance, especially worldcons.

Fandom started out as a combination of Quest and Fellowship(8) A Quest that went even beyond "The Enchanted Duplicator" and "The perfect Fanzine." It was never quite articulated, but one got the impression that good fanzines would somehow lead to better sf, and that somehow would spread back into Mundania and improve it. Fellowship, of course, was the antidote to "the proud and lonely thing," but would also further the Quest.

The Quest seems to have been forgotten in an orgy of Fellowship and a splintering as bad as hit the Protestant Church during the Reformation, except for some of the regional cons, especially this one, which is why it is #1 on my list of Must-goes, and why I am so delighted and honored to be up here.

I won't belabor the point that the little puddle has expanded into an ocean where it is difficult to find the other trufen you want to meet at a worldcon. First, it isn't entirely true, as I found out when I boycotted Chicon IV, expecting it to be a repeat of the madness of Noreascon. All the reports I've heard tell me it wasn't, and I've been kicking myself ever since. I'll kick myself all the way to ConStellation in Baltimore before I stop.(9)

Second, the splintering isn't all that bad. I rather like the choices available to me that I didn't have before. If a panel is boring, I can go find the filksingers, take in a film, dig on the costumes, play a game, visit the fanzine room, the hucksteroom, the art show, etc, etc. What is bad is the tendency for each of the various splinters to emulate the Protestant denominations, where the Pyssbyterians look down on the Urinarians, pro-worshippers got no use for the film freaks, and everybody spits on the Trekkies and weapon nuts.

Another benefit of all the expansion is that it has made certain things possible that I wouldn't have dreamed of in the Old Days. For example, last spring (1982) I got to go on a trip to the USSR with Joe Haldeman, Roger Zelazny, Octavia Butler, and assorted fen. While I was disappointed that there was no fandom there as we know it, and the language and political barriers got in the way of really talking to the writers we met, still I wouldn't have missed it as an educational experience.

(6) Billion Year Spree.

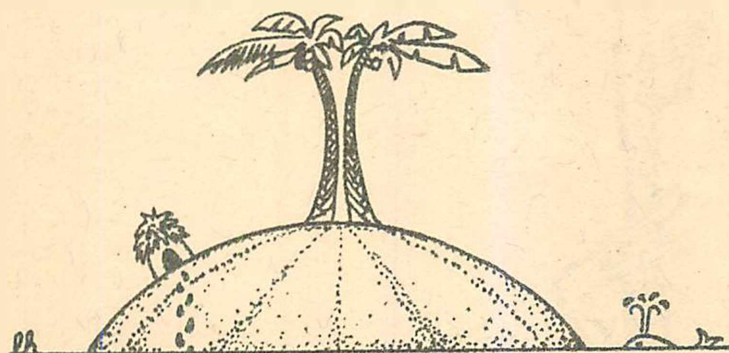
(7) As I write (12/16/83), I have just seen Prototype, one of the best tv films ever. It gets back to the Shelley story, and in translating it to the 20th Century, improves it slightly. Only West Side Story and Bradbury's Moby Dick have succeeded in doing this.

(8) See Hlavaty's discussion of Q&F in his Lines of Occurrence in FAPA.

(9) I did, spending most of my time in the fanzine room and enjoyed it more than any worldcon I've been to since I "awoke."

Finally, Ye Olde Tyme Traveller is impressed with the evolution of fanzines. While the Big Time stuff like Locus, SF Review and Starship eclipsed the traditional small circulation mimeod jobs for a while, there now seems to be full-blown fanaissance going on, a good part of it coming out of right here in Seattle, led by the indefagitable Nielsen Haydens (now in Toronto) [now in New York...ed.], Jerry Kaufman and Suzle, John D. Berry, Linda Blanchard [now in Dallas...ed.], Anna Vargo and several others I should have mentioned but didn't. Oh well--get acquainted with these people, get on their mailings lists, and find out what trufandom is all about.

Meanwhile, I'll climb back into my time machine, and I'll see you in 2003. We'll sit in the shade of a friddlebing tree and compare notes on our doobybobulators, pondering the readout: "fijagh is a way of lifel"



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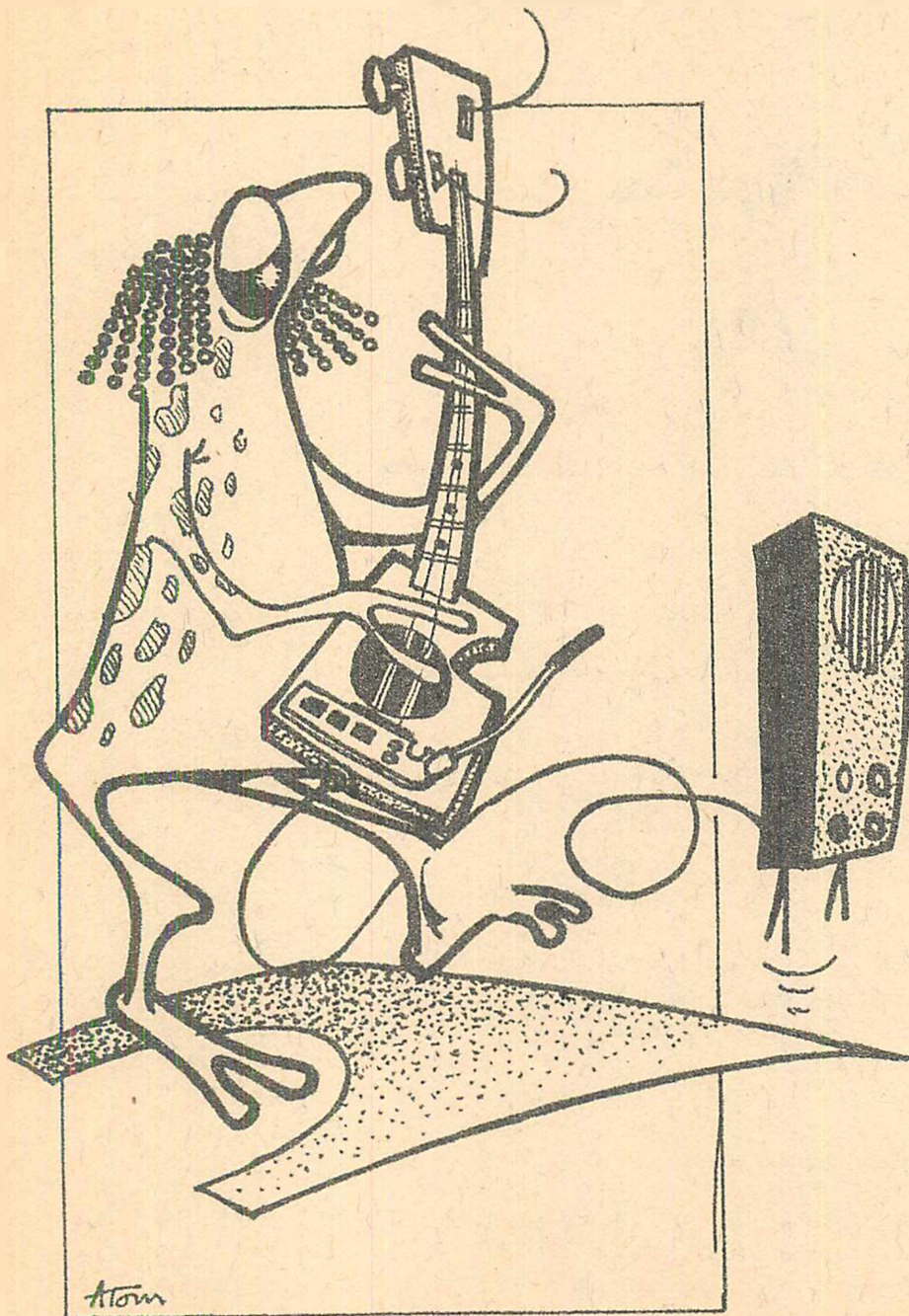
Enclosed with this issue are three flyers (in the North American envelopes; two in the rest). You all get something about our Serconia Press book, and if you read Jerry's editorial, you'll know all about it.

You North Americans are getting the DUFF ballot. (We're assuming, for economy's sake, that you Australians get your ballots at home, and you Europeans, etc., aren't vitally interested. If we're wrong, say so, and we'll send you a ballot.) DUFF is one of those fannish Worthy Causes: vote in it and you automatically help to bring some worthy Australian fan (or fans) to the 1986 Worldcon and help promote contact and understanding between the continents. We're neutral this go-round. All the candidates (there are so many of them) are worthy, and we will cheer and play host to whoever wins.

The last flyer advertises the music of a Seattle fan, musician, and composer, Neil Kvern. This is not filksinging! It's serious music that shows a sense of mystery, bizarre fun, and polyrhythm. Neil is helped by a number of his (and our) friends and relations, on a multitude of instruments both natural and synthesized, drawing on sources as varied as Varese, Eno, and Gamelon Pacifica. Give it a try, etc.

jak

Morning of the Living DEAD!



Steve Wozniak had always liked rock festivals. Now that he had founded Apple Computer and was worth hundreds of millions, he decided that he could put on one (called the US Festival). I went to high school with Steve, and worked with him on the Apple II, so I was considering going, but it was an eight hour drive, and I had stuff to do, and it seemed like a real hassle, and, and, and... I finally decided that if they didn't have the Grateful Dead, it just wasn't worth the hassle. (I am nothing if not a real DeadHead). Woz had told me that they wouldn't be at the concert because they didn't fit the theme or something. The list of acts was impressive, but it just didn't seem worth driving most of the way to LA for it.

Then a week before the festival my brother called and told me that the Grateful Dead had just been added to the list of groups.

"Oh, shit."

Now I had to decide whether to go or not. I finally decided that I had missed the Dead when they had played in San Bernardino before, so I could miss them again; besides, I was just too busy, and it was a real hassle, and, and, and...

A few days later (during one of the usual technical ~~stuff~~ discussions in my office) I answered a ringing telephone, and a voice said, "Hi, this is Woz."

ALLEN BAUM

"Oh, yeah, hi--how's it going?"

"I just called to find out if you were going to the US Festival?"

"Well, I wasn't going to, but then you added the Dead, so now I just don't know and..."

"Yeah, well, if you go, how many backstage passes would you like?"

"Uh, well [boggle], I guess that would change things a little--let's see, one for me, and Donya, and my brothers, and..."

"Oh, by the way, how would you like to introduce the Dead?"

clunk

Well, we went. We got the usual late start on Thursday night (surprise!) and arrived at the Festival site after some tribulation, some vapor lock, and no sleep, at about 7 am. After coming out of the Mohave desert, taking the freeway into a mountain range that was still very dry, and coming around a bend, there appeared an enormous (!) green (!) grassy bowl, with a ginat gleaming bubble, and several circus-type tents, and lots of other things. Very impressive.

Woz had sent us laminated gold-colored cards with our names and the legend "Special Guest," and another gold card which said "VIP Parking Area Pass." When we got there, the Festival staff was directing people hither and yon, telling them that they couldn't go this way, go that way--we showed the VIP pass and they said, "OK, right this way," and let us through. The VIP parking area wasn't as close as we liked, so we stumbled onto a little dirt maintenance road that went someplace we probably shouldn't go, and found ourselves at the entrance to the press/staff area. One flash of the gold card, and we found a fantastic spot right next to the festival headquarters, under some eucalyptus trees. We set up a twenty-foot canopy by suspending it from the trees for some shade. It was only 9:30 am by now, and it was already about 100 degrees, so shade was no joke.

At the headquarters building, all sorts of people were trying to see a man about this or that--and getting nowhere. We flashed the Gold Card--and they let us right in. We were starting to wonder what these cards were really all about. So we asked.

"Woz gave us these Gold Cards, but we don't know what they mean; where will these let us go?"

"Gold Card, eh? They'll let you go anywhere you want. Just don't stand in front of Fleetwood Mac when they're playing."

clunk

It seemed too good to be true. It was. It turns out that Bill Graham, not Woz, or the festival management, ran the backstage area, and he wasn't letting anyone in (not even Woz at one point).

Bill Graham has the reputation of being the best rock promoter in the business. He also has the reputation of being an egotistical SOB. Both statements appear to be accurate. Bill started his career by running the Trips Festivals in San Francisco in the early 60s, which is where the Grateful Dead got their start. He owned and ran the Fillmores East and West, which were the premier showcases of rock during the sixties and most of the seventies.

He did allow holders of Gold Cards into the bleacher section behind and to one side of the stage, and peer through the scaffolding and watch the groups, but we had to be escorted into the area, and had to wait for an escort to leave. The sound in the bleachers wasn't

great. In the bowl, if you could take the crowds and heat, it was better. Backstage-- well, it was uncrowded, and out of the sun. Would I get to introduce the Dead? Unlikely.

I tried to find out what the story was by asking Woz at the amazing house he was staying at --high up on top of a hill just a half mile from the stage area, it had views in almost every direction; it was the only house in the area. Naturally, he had a direct microwave video link to the projection screen in the basement, and the entire concert was being taped, so you could have seen the festival from that basement rather well. We climbed up to the bottom of the driveway (steep, needless to say), flashed our cards, and were let up (these cards were starting to give us a real feeling of power). We met someone up at the top who said that Woz wasn't there right now, and that Candi (his wife) and the baby were sleeping.

BABY?

"Oh, yeah, his wife just gave birth yesterday."

clunk Well, the festival was on Labor Day; she was just a little early.

I finally managed to get hold of Woz for about twenty seconds. He was rather busy, since anytime anyone from the press spotted him, he would be surrounded by video cameras and microphones. I asked him if I was going to introduce the Dead, and he said he was trying to arrange it with Graham, and that I should meet him in the bleacher section at 8 am on the morning they were going to play.

The festival that night (Friday) was amazing. It had cooled down enough to be quite comfortable, and there was a little magic (and a whole lot of dust) in the air. There were four light shows of sorts: at the bowl itself, there were the three video projectors. Just outside the bowl where the technology fair was going on, the hot air balloons were being inflated. Hot air balloons look pretty good during the day, but being inflated at night with those gas jets--well, think what Halloween in the Land of the Giants would be like, with enormous, glowing, floating, multi-colored Jack O'Lanterns. Yup, that's what it was like. Then there was the Goodyear Blimp with a huge, colored display showing geometrical designs and pseudo-fireworks on its side, just hanging there like the strange floating advertising in Bladerunner. Finally, there was an enormous, bright, full moon. Everybody was getting into the act.

The headliners that first night were the Police. My brother, who normally isn't excited by rock music, said that they were the group he had come to see. Someone else whose taste I trusted said they were fantastic. I hadn't heard them before, but I thought that I should probably make a point to. I was way, way in the back, as far back as you could get, when the Police came on. This was actually my first time listening from out in the crowd, and I wanted to hear what the sound was like there. Well, the sound system was stunning. The Police were absolutely stunning, even from that far back. The videos were stunning. It was altogether fantastic; simply the best sound system ever put together. Even at the very back, you could hear perfectly, and you could see perfectly! There were two sixty-foot by seventy-foot projection video screens on each side of the stage, and a DiamondVision color display sixty feet above the stage which was visible even during the day. The crowd really got its money's worth. Meanwhile, the Police were putting on one hell of a show--a real high energy performance. At one point Sting, the lead singer, said something to the effect of, "Look at that full moon up there. It's no fucking accident!" I knew Woz had pull, but I never dreamed....

We got to the backstage area at 8 am to meet Woz the morning of the Grateful Dead, but Bill Graham's security people weren't letting anyone in until 8:30. At 8:30 they let us through, but there weren't any escorts, and they didn't have any instructions to let anybody through...but they let us through anyway. No Woz. Needless to say, I was pretty resigned to the

fact that I wasn't going to introduce the Dead, or go backstage.

While we were waiting at the gate, someone came through with some horses, saying they were for the Dead. While we were sitting in the bleachers, the Dead arrived, and Micky Hart (one of the drummers) and Bill Graham started riding them around the backstage area. Micky was riding bareback, and looked like he'd been riding all his life. Bill Graham looked like more of a novice.

The Dead went up backstage, and after a while a limo drove up. Woz, Candi, and the baby came out and went up the stairs to the backstage area. The Dead saw them come up, and they came over, shook their hands, cooed at the baby, smiled a lot, clapped them on the back, and had a good ol' time.

I waved to Woz, and he noticed me on the bleachers. He waved me over.

"Right now (wave, wave)?"

"Yeah (nod, nod), now."

So without an escort even, I went downstairs, over to the stage, and up the steps. Candi was there to make sure no guards hassled me, and she made sure that the guard gave me the backstage pass sticker for the day so I would be allowed up there. I introduced myself to the Dead--they said they had no objections to me introducing them, but it wasn't their decision alone; I would have to talk to "Mr. Graham." So I introduced myself to "Mr. Graham," and he said (basically) No Way. Well, I did get to stay on stage right during the entire set, even while lots of other folk were getting kicked out.

The Dead went on at 9:30 am. That's pretty early--even worse when you consider that the music stopped at 1 am the previous night. By the time the Dead got on, there were at least 80,000 people in the bowl. By the time the Dead finished, at noon, after an encore, there were probably 125,000. The Dead were amazed. It was 100 degrees, they had been playing for two and a half hours, and the crowd was yelling, "Another set!" So they told the equipment crew to stop disassembling the equipment, put it back together, and they did another encore. Whew....

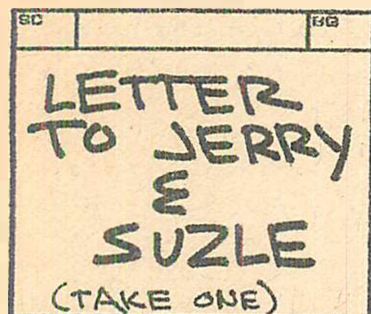
Afterwards, I thanked Woz for getting me up there. He was a bit distracted because his favorite act (Jerry Jeff Walker) was coming on, and Woz had always wanted to meet him--he was going to introduce Jerry, and Bill Graham wasn't going to stop him. Some guy was talking to Woz about computers, and asked some questions, and Woz told him that I was the person to ask. He introduced himself: "Hi, I'm Bear." I knew who he was--he used to be the Dead's sound man, the architect of their behemoth sound system (the largest one ever put together for a touring group; it filled three or four semis!). He even had an album named after him: Bear's Choice. Then he said, "My name is Owsley." The Owsley, of Electric Koolaid Acid Test fame. He started telling me about the coming weather disruption which will end civilization as we know it (maybe). He's not a complete crackpot--he's talked to scientists and meteorologists to try to confirm his theory. Just to be on the safe side, however, he has moved to Australia. He is an interesting, talented, and strange person. That story has just begun.

Remember those Gold Cards? Well, on the way back (uneventful, for a change), we were stopped at a red light very close to home. After a while we got tired of waiting, and we flashed a Gold Card.

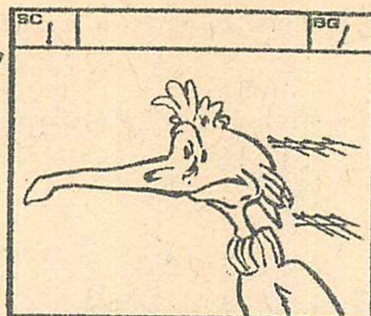
Damned if it didn't turn green instantly.

\$\$\$

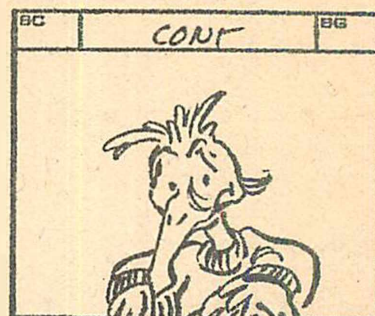
NOW, WE HAVE A



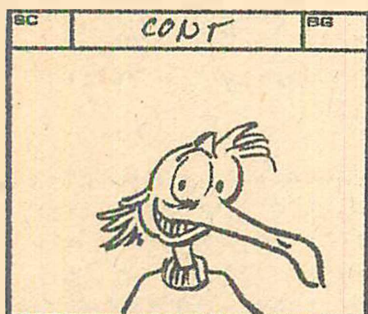
F.I.



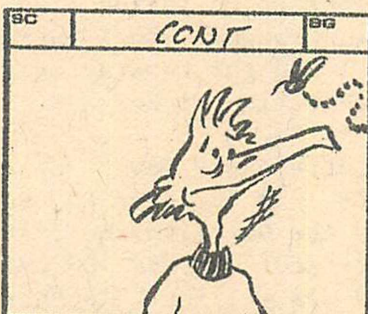
ENTER SC RT, STOP
HOLD BEAT



"GOT YOUR LETTER KIDS..."

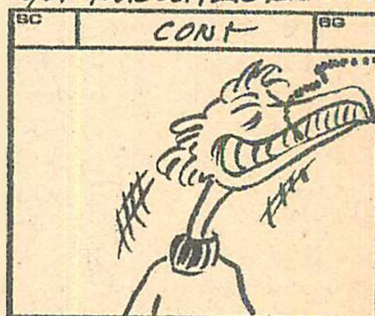


THANKS SO MUCH, PUBLISH
MY ADDRESS... FAME IS
GREAT...

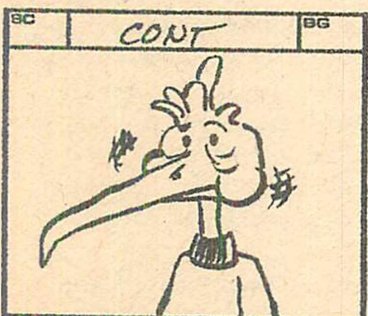


SFX: BUZZING SOUNDS

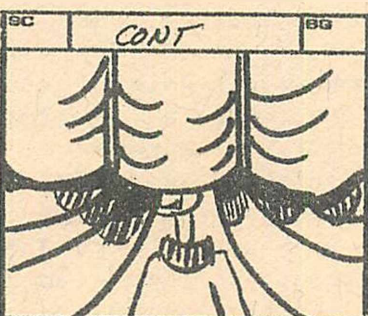
HOLD



SFX: SNAP!

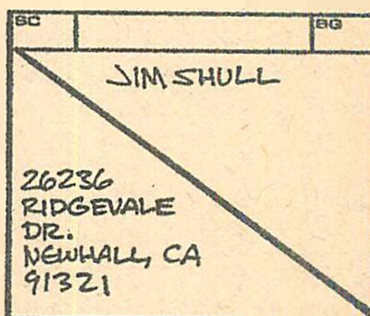


"BUT IT DOESN'T FOOD ON
THE TABLE!"
CHAWING SOUNDS



LOWER CURTAIN

F.O.



-CROSSCURRENTS

Terry Hughes
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Falls Church, VA 22044

In many ways Mainstream #10 was a time-binding issue for me. While I was reading it, I kept getting these mental pictures of avocados. Really, it's the damndest thing. You don't suppose it has anything to do with me reading a fanzine with material by Jerry Kaufman, David Emerson, and Eli Cohen all in the same issue, do you? It's certainly a cheap form of time travel but it left me with a strange urge that I could only satisfy by running my fingers through some guacamole dip.

((Add Suzle to your list of Avocado Pit residents who appeared last issue, and your supposition reaches near-certainty. If you find yourself sticking toothpicks in damp brown spheres, let us know. jak)))

David's piece was particularly time-binding since I haven't seen that amount of enthusiasm for J.R.R. Tolkien since the 60's when there were several fanzines dedicated to his work. Just reading his article brought back memories of Paul Novitsky (Alpajpuri) and Greg Shaw (pre-Bomp and pre-Metanoia). Surrounded by such charming memories I feel like a true curmudgeon when I have to admit that I've never been able to read one of Tolkien's books. Oh, I've tried but I've never made it further than a few score pages into any of the three Lord of the Rings books before I got a severe case of the yawns. The only saving grace associated with my inability to enjoy Tolkien is that I hold him personally responsible for unleashing the fantasy trilogy upon mankind--a disastrous epidemic second only in its ruinous consequences to the bubonic plague.

((I've never been able to read Tolkien either (in fact, I can't read any fantasy), but, oddly enough, I loved Bored of the Rings. svt)))

My biggest pleasure derived from this Mainstream came from reading Bob Shaw's "A Word in Your Beer." It is soooo good to read a Bob Shaw article in a fanzine again. Maybe I just haven't been getting the right fanzines, but it has been too long since I last saw something by Bob Shaw. The man is funny...and skilled. A large portion of the success of his humor is attributable to the skill with which he writes. He knows how to organize his facts, how to wrap separate factual fibers together to make a comedic cloth, and he knows how to present them in the proper order with the correct amount of exaggeration. When Bob Shaw recounts the events he fully utilizes his command of the written word so that phrases are deftly turned and choice words are used to greatest effect. He gives his pieces a piledriver to deliver his punchlines. However, in addition to his skill as a writer, his mental outlook is sufficiently askew so that he can see humor in situations where others might fail to. Then too we can't overlook the fact that Bob is a sort of human magnet who attracts Strange Things, which gives him yet another advantage over most other fan writers. Bob brings such professional skill to his fan writing that he even managed to work in a reference to The Lord of the Rings in his piece on the superiority of British beer just to tie his bit in with David Emerson's and thereby make your jobs as editors that much easier. Why, he's so good at this sort of thing, that after finishing the fanzine I went back to read his piece a second time, fully expecting to find an explanation therein for the WPSFA Curse (no doubt blaming it on the inferior American beer consumed by the WPSFAns). I was mildly surprised not to find such a reference. I hope you will be able to coax more material from him.

Suzle, I'm surprised that you fell for that old "drive shaft hitting the axle" ploy. Of course you were a younger fan then and maybe you had never heard the fannish graybeards talking about the times that they used that gag to get youngsters to hold spare tires and assorted luggage on their laps for extended periods of time. Still and all, you can possibly get away with pulling this stunt on some of the fresher fan faces in Seattle.

((Somehow I doubt we can pull this one on Victor Gonzalez or Tom Weber...they both read last issue. Too bad we lent Myrna Ougland that Mainstream; she's the freshest face we've got. jak)))

Stu Shiffman's article provided a perfect excuse for him to show off some of his lovely hand-stencilled artwork. I greatly enjoyed looking at the work of a skilled artist like Stu. Did he also cut the text part of the stencils (sending you fully completed stencils) or did he just send you blank stencils containing hand-etched artwork? I was particularly impressed by his offer to supply such hand-stencilled art to any faned who asks. That Stu is a generous fellow.

((Stu cut the art into empty stencils (of three different types), and we cut the text into other stencils. Besides not being Gestetner stencils, his were rather brittle. We didn't think of it as a problem, but a learning experience...that's irony, folks. jak)))

Stu was a bit off on his facts, however, when he referred to the Gestetner "Cyclostylus." The actual term is "Cyclostyle." In fact, this term became so popular that people used it to refer to the stencil duplicating process (flatbed and later rotary) and not just the wheel pen. The term fell into such common usage that in 1907 a successful suit was brought to remove the word Cyclostyle as a trademark for the pen for which the name was created. (Gestetner could still use the term for other Cyclostyle goods: stencils, correction fluid, etc.) By the way, in 1888 an improved version of the Cyclostyle pen was patented by David Gestetner and it was called the "Neo-Cyclostyle." I've looked and looked but I have yet to find a reference to the BNF-Cyclostyle.

To continue along this educational path, the Neo-Cyclostyle pen was sold in the U.S. under the name "Neostyle." While Gestetner had the only dual rotary duplicator (the Gestetner Rotary Cyclostyle) another firm was marketing a single rotary duplicator under the name of Rotary Neostyle. Gestetner sued and the other company was forced to change its name, which it did by taking the "Ro" from Rotary and the "Neo" from Neostyle to come up with "Roneo." It would seem obvious that Roneos must therefore be for Neos while Gestetners are for the more experienced fans. And don't you go calling my Gestetner a mimeograph, boy, 'cause it's a Cyclostyle. Smile when you say it.

These odd bits of stencil duplicating lore come from The Origins of Stencil Duplicating by W.B. Proudfoot (Hutchison & Co Ltd, London, 1972). This is an interesting book for any fanzine fan but I don't know how easy it is to get a copy. That old gafiote Chris Couch got me my copy down in Mexico.

((We suggest you call your local Gestetner rep and ask...that's where we got ours. jak)))

In addition to praising Stu Shiffman's hand-stencilled artwork in this issue, I also want to say that Brad Foster's illustration (re Bobby Joe MacLange) was very well done. Obviously Mr. Foster is working with a full deck, including both jokers.

Brad Foster Yeah, I like doing art jams when I go to cons, at least those where I've
4109 Pleasant Run got the time. Usually I'm too busy running a huckster table to try and
Irving, TX 75038 pay for the con! But I was in San Diego about two years ago for the big
 comic con and met up with a dozen or so artists I'd only been able to
correspond with before; we sat around one night, all night in the hotel bar and came up with
pages of bizarre stuff, lots of fun with that big a group, had five or six sets going all at
once, passing all around the room. Never know what you can come up with. We even got the
waitresses in on it!

Jessica's letter almost gave me a heart attack! Covers torn off for letter-writing?!? The poor fan artist just don't get no respect!

And that last paragraph of Chris Estey's letter was hilarious. I mean, that is one hell of a strange image--a speedfreak and a fortune-teller attempting to figure out role-gamers at an sf con. We are definitely not talking about a Republican convention here.

Speaking of cons, Beth Finkbiner's letter brought up something that has confused me in the past. I've read in various fanzines letters or con reports where the writer was upset that they couldn't get anyone at the con interested in working on a zine at the con. But that seems to me to be sort of against the whole idea. I mean, fanzines are for communication over long distance. If you're in a place with all these people you've been writing to, why go write something to them when you can talk to 'em. The jamming, either of artists or writers, is different as it's something that is easier to do in person, but otherwise I'd rather talk to people than knock on a typewriter!

((A convention one-shot, at its best, is a jam between artists and writers and editors (usually there are people participating who are two or all three at once). And a fanzine is not only the equivalent of a letter, or a set of letters; it's a collection of crafted art and writing. We don't write to each other, but for. jak)))

And finally, in a blatant attempt to separate you from a large hunk of your cash, check out the enclosed two-sided xerox with the eight drawings. [Ed. note: not reproduced, but if you've seen Brad's work, you can imagine...] Those are copies of eight pages from a little book I put together called One Year's Worth. It measures 4.25" x 5.5", and is 375 pages thick (kind of like a Big-Little book in size). Wrap-around dustjacket cover with handcolor cover logo, a signed and numbered limited edition of only 112 copies, each copy with an original full-color sketch inside. Now, the bad news is I'm selling these at \$25.00 plus \$2.00 postage. (And at that price I'm telling everyone, as I figure it'll take 100 letters to get each order!) Once I've sold these (figure a couple years), I'll be sending out the illos separately a few at a time to different zines and things, so you can either order it now, or figure on getting the 300+ zines it'll take to get 'em all for free.

Laura Haney
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White Plains, NY 10601

Dunno why you continue to send Mainstream to us--don't get me wrong, I dote on the zine. Everything else goes out the window when it comes, and I settle down for a good read, the soul-satisfying kind where what you're reading wraps itself around you like a warm quilt and nothing else in the world matters--but we've been out of fandom so long.... You can't actually say we were ever IN. Once upon a time we were fringe-fen, but now we have passed into what I described to Linda Blanchard as dustfluffy fandom--people who enjoy reading about real life as viewed by sf fans.

The enthusiastic ravings of people who have reread the works of Tolkien always fascinate me. I was eight or nine when I first blundered onto Tolkien. Having thoroughly immersed myself in fairy tales by reading the entire rainbow of Lang fairy tale collections, I was understandably disappointed with Frodo, Bilbo Baggins, et al. I wanted a happy ending, and I wanted it NOW. Terrors, disaster, and misfortune are all right if there is a happy ending and you can see it coming..at least when you are nine. Now that I've got a background in ancient folklore, I might enjoy Tolkien's work more. But it's too much fun reading other people's opinions.

Similarly, I love reading other people's misfortunes. The WPSFA Curse makes me feel less at odds with the universe. You see, mechanical and electrical devices don't like me. Elevator doors programmed to retreat at the touch of a fingertip continue to close when the fingertip, nay, the whole damn body! is mine. Watches renowned for being impervious to everything die after 48 hours on my wrist. Garbage disposals suddenly spew their contents in my presence. Lamps with 3-way bulbs develop hiccups and go off-ON-off-ON, only to return to normal after I leave. The elevator in my apartment building takes me on mysterious trips. I press "3," it takes me to the top of the building and down to the lobby, all without opening its doors. I press "5" and it takes me up to the sixth floor. I will go so far as to say that only buildings with actual 13th floors labelled as such have elevators that are at all favorable to me.

Steve Klafka
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Madison, WI 53701

Bob Shaw made my mouth water with all his talk of "real ale." Certainly when he imbibed a bottle of Anchor Steam, though, it must have been clear that the British are not alone in their love of "good beer."

Just as Fritz Maytag was driven to produce Anchor, others with the same skill and determination have opened similar "microbreweries" for the sole purpose of brewing real beer. Russian Imperial Stout, Grant's Scottish Ale, New Amsterdam Amber, Albany Amber Ale, Matt's Premium Beer, Riley's Red Lion, Sierra Nevada Pale Ale, all these are real beers which won honors at the 1984 Great American Beer Festival in Denver. All these are made in the U.S. and might rival some of Bob's favorites back home.

The brewing of real beer in the U.S. is on the upswing. Though certainly not as strong as CAMRA, the quest for beer with flavor and character is growing. The number of new microbreweries is evidence of this fact. The growth of homebrewing (as shown by the foamy pint of homebrew before me) is introducing many to the taste of good, fresh beer. Here in Madison, stock is being sold for a new brewery to produce flavorful unpasteurized beer (albeit to Bob's dismay a continental-style lager).

Like "a line of cowpats stretching hundreds of miles to Land's End," the path to real beer in the U.S. will not be easy. The "Big Six" have the media on their side. They have taught Americans that beer is bland and tasteless, that beer is whatever keeps their coffers full. But ever so slowly, we grow. Real beer is coming to the U.S. In the meantime, I won't worry; I'll have another homebrew.



Walt Willis
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Donaghadree
N. Ireland BT21 OPD

jht was still alive so he could read it. Another was how vividly it evokes a sort of spectral image of what The Enchanted Duplicator might have been like if Bob Shaw and I had been influenced by Tolkien instead of Bunyan and McNeice.

The Emerson piece was impressive in several ways. One of them was in communicating more vividly than I've ever seen it done before the joy of reading Tolkien: it makes me wish

What do you think, Bob? What do you mean, GLUG GLUG? Oh well, but what am I going to do with this spectral image of what TED would have been like if Bob had been on the Real Ale kick?

((We're not sure who you mean by "jht." jak)))

Brian Earl Brown
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Detroit, MI 48228

The back cover [by Stu Shiffman] was a delight. It's kind of strange to see a drawing of Stu's that isn't the usual stiff, sharp angled drawing (like the self-portrait on page 24). It does seem like a lot of people are getting into Japanese cartoons for no better reason than that they're Japanese. Or maybe it's that the Japanese haven't forgotten what American studios have--that cartoons are works of art that should appeal to all people. Cartoons shouldn't be relegated to Saturday morning kidvid with cheap plots (full of violence and hurlyburly), poor craftsmanship, etc. After watching the Popeye cartoons of the 30s and 40s it's painful to see what was done in the 50s and 70s. *sigh* Ever

see Inspector Gadget? Japanese animation either from American stories or more likely just translated. Don Adams does the voice of I.G., a kind of Agent 86/Inspector Clouseau character with endless builtin gadgets and a niece named Penny, who always saves the day and his neck. The show is built around the lovable klutz Gadget, and I find it perfect because of that. I'd love to see the animated Lensman film but doubt that it will ever be exhibited here.

Eli Cohen
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New York, NY 10014

Excellent Mainstream. It seemed full of nostalgia for me--almost the whole Avocado Pit inside, all the WPSFA stories. There was an interesting juxtaposition between David's article and Bob Shaw's reference to ale in LoTR: I could almost see the hobbits with their tankards clustered around the pinball machines. Of course, these days, as David points out, it's all ale-ien invasions.

Stu's virtuosity with a stencil is dazzling. I fear, though, that mimeography will soon go the way of hecto, what with the ever-decreasing cost of small copiers and the ever-smaller supply of cheap mimeos. And then there are the new laser computer printers showing up, which are basically duplicators that can "copy" from computer instructions. The cost (and probably the speed) is prohibitive now for home use, but these machines offer the potential of merging original artwork (copied by traditional xerography) with text (sitting in a word processor). Electronic stencil cement, goshwow! Er, I mean "electronic stencil-cement," not "electronic-stencil cement," which we all know and love.

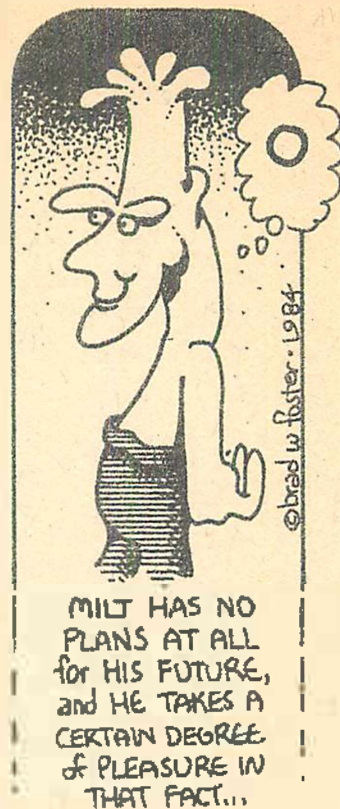
Diane Fox mentions the potential for a Watergate musical. The mind boggles ("I've Got a Little List" (Mikado), "They Call the Judge 'Sirica'" (from "They Call the Wind 'Wind'") [old WPSFA joke], "Just You Wait, Richard Nixon, Just You Wait" (My Fair Lady), "I've Never Been in Jail Before" (Guys and Dolls)...).

Suzle, "on line" is perfectly good English---everybody knows it means waiting for the computer to get back to you.

Bev Clark
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I'm glad I'm not the only linguistically parochial person in the world. Like Suzle, I didn't believe "on line" when I first heard it. I have several friends from New York, and I'm used to the phrase now, but it still jars against the ear and the semantic circuits. I think I have less trouble with the English of our Czech and Polish emigrés at work than with some variants of "native" English. Some of what you may hear in England barely sounds like the same language one hears in Seattle. Oddly enough, I had the most trouble with Welsh versions. Perhaps it was the intonation of the Welsh or the odd way they seemed to accent words, but about a third of the time I missed what they were saying. This surprised me because the Welsh accent seems fairly clear, and it's a lovely musical one. At least I discovered that in some respects blldod does not tell. My grandfather was Welsh, and that connection helped not a bit.

I think Chris Estey and Mike O'Brien are right, that the left/right brain dichotomy has been greatly overemphasized. It was obvious to anyone who saw the PET scans during the recent PBS series The Brain that even in activities that are supposed to be highly localized, like speech, that many areas on both sides of the brain were engaged. The same point was made in a book called The Mind (Anthony Smith), which discussed some recent research involving the



two hemispheres. It's also been discovered that women are less specialized than men, which oftens works to their benefit; a woman who suffers damage to the speech centers of the left hemisphere, for instance, is far more likely to regain the ability to speak, or to lose less of it, than is a man. The difference has been associated with age at puberty, as the hormones released at puberty apparently act to "set" the brain; hemispheric specialization increases with the age of the child, so the earlier puberty comes, the less specialized the brain is apt to be. And women, on the average, reach puberty two years earlier than men. (All this is not to deny that there is some difference in what the hemispheres do, and that confusion or faulty communication between hemispheres does have unfortunate side effects. Dyslexia is apparently one of these--Chris, ambidextrous as well as dyslexic, is not unusual --and stuttering is another.)

One of Chris's comments is amusing though: "I'm not deficient in any common rationalizing capacity." No, very few people are! But I take the point, of course. Perhaps Chris knows that the tendency to choose a word that sounds like and is almost the word you want is an effect of dyslexia. Dorothy Dunnnett has written a wonderful mystery in which the narrator is dyslexic; she uses this tendency to excellent effect in establishing the credibility of her narrator and conveying a subtle verbal humor. (The book is Dolly and the Bird of Paradise.)

Jeanne Bowman
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The one thing that really hooked into my attention was Wm. Gibson's crack about other people's dreams being totally uninteresting. Perhaps just a large rush of retroactive embarrassment knowing I have indeed spoken of my dreams in his presence. How hideous to thusly find I have bored someone. Which, surely, with deliberate intention is just not done (whatever did happen to Ms. Fanners?). Yes indeed, I can agree that the relating of dreams can be dull, indeed including those not associated with sleep, but nightmares, them's the stuff of art. And I do mean literary art. I wonder if writers write from their nightmares as often as I have nightmares from reading science fiction? Then I am suggestible as well as imaginative. And I've lately enjoyed talking with writers about writing--what they are writing and how it comes. It can be boring at worst; and it can be captivating, watching a regular average friend become obsessed and speak of a character as if it lives and breathes and to speculate about what it might do next, knowing the writer may have no choice but to be taken over by it at the typewriter (or on the bus, or during lunch or anytime during the midnight hour). Much in the same way that the half-forgotten imagery of a violent nightmare will leap out at me during the day and I will start and tremble an instant, and carry on with the dishes, or maybe mention it.

Jim Meadows
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Of course, old letterhack that I am, the first thing I did when the 10th issue of Mainstream arrived was to look for the lettercolumn to see if my letter was printed. It wasn't but Gail Gillispie's was, which turned my head. I went to high school with Gail, and knew she had found fandom through another Rich East High School graduate, Val Fisher, who moved west and met Patrick and Teresa (and you two, I believe). But knowing she had discovered fandom, and seeing her letter in print right there on the twiltone were two different things. It was a clash of universes, someone from the mundane suddenly showing up in the fannish, like someone from a novel you've read walking up to you on the street and asking you for the time.

That's led me to a bit of pondering about the barrier we (or at least I) tend to put between things fannish and things mundane. It may be less marked with folks whose fanac is not nearly entirely on paper as mine is. But still, folks talk about their "mundane friends" as if they were in some breed apart. Now that both Gail and Val, two fine folks I've known for over ten years, have slipped into fandom with ease and with no help from me at all, I have to wonder if there's a false mystique we place on this little hobby. I don't have any deep thought on the matter, not enough to turn into an essay. Just wondering what you thought.

((Val lives only a few blocks away, but we see her very infrequently; around here she answers only to "Valerie." She discovered fandom by meeting David Emerson on a train when he visited several years ago. Maybe the mystique isn't so false. Even though she and Gail have both been introduced to fandom, neither is interested (though they like the people they've met). They didn't so much slip into it as brush against it. jak)))

Diane Fox
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Australia

Bob Shaw's article about English beer was most entertaining and informative. English people and Australians seem to dislike each others' beers. This is because the perfect Australian beer is frothy and above all, cold. This is rather different from the perfect English beer as described in Bob's evocative words. The difference in likes and dislikes is not only cultural but due to climate--England is far cooler than Australia. A tepid drink that would be refreshing on a cold day would be highly unpleasant in the (much higher) room temperature of an Australian midsummer, when something icy cold straight from the fridge would be a pleasure and a relief.

There has been a new law brought in here, making random breath testing commonplace. "Booze buses" are parked at strategic spots on the roads, and the police stop passing cars at random and get the drivers to blow into testing bags. This makes people cautious, and nowadays when people go to a party, at least one of them per carload stays very sober to make sure that they can get home without legal hassles. There have been a lot of advertisements warning people not to drink if they intend to drive.

This has changed Australian drinking habits. We used to be a fairly boozy lot (in fact, in many places if you didn't drink you were looked on as a spoilsport) but now things like low-alcohol beer are becoming more and more popular.

Terry Garey's account of strange community radio was most fascinating. I've had a brush with community radio myself--John is quite interested in it--and at one stage John actually got to say a few words over the air. They played some records we brought along, too. If I remember rightly, these included a Blossom Dearie collection, Barron Knights, and Tom Lehrer. But the people we met were quite likeable and not particularly odd.

What sort of poetry would be popular or useful for people in jail? Just about anything, I'd expect, that entertained them. Jail would probably be an extremely boring place and anything would be welcome to provide a break in the monotony.

Incidentally, Waiting for Godot, which received mixed reactions when it was first performed, was apparently very much liked and appreciated by people in jail, who were easily able to see the point of it. I read an article about one man who was a prisoner when he saw this play the first time, and who was so overwhelmed by it that after he got out he spent the rest of his time organizing performances.

Jeanne Gomoll
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Suzle's "non-eventful" life sounds like one of Lake Wobegon's "quiet weeks" that apparently succeed in a series of perpetually "quiet weeks" --slow boring times, supposedly, but which, once Garrison Keillor gets through telling us about them, we find to be anything but quiet. Well, after that list of events that Suzle says doesn't prompt any fannish retellings and has stymied her writing attempts, it seems to me that she must not be in the mood to write, because they seem to be the material for several volumes of anecdotes on the face of it. Maybe it's like the WPSFA Curse stories: these events will take a while to age and only get funny when remembered with a little more intervening time.



Robert Lichtman
P.O. Box 30
Glen Ellen, CA 95442

David Emerson's article kind of
snuck up on me. I was middling
interested but kind of skimming
through the first part. I

thought to myself that with all this raw material lying
around out of which more tales of Middle-Earth could be
created, it's surprising that no one has picked up the
ball and run with it. You know, like an endless suc-
cession of authors did with the Oz books. And then I
came to the story part and just cracked up. David has
the Tolkien style and pacing down very well indeed and
this is masterful humor. The little poem at the end
was a nice closing fillip ("thy tables with the silver
balls," indeed!).

Bob Shaw would be interested to know that real English
style beer is being made here in Northern California
and that a pub exists where one may consume it. This
beer was born in Sonoma under the name "New Albion"

around 1979 and enjoyed very limited distribution at first until a plant expansion permitted
expanded sales. It was very popular, and because of its limited circulation had sort of a
cult appeal. In 1983, additional investors were taken on and a move from Sonoma to the
small town of (how appropriate!) Hopland, located on Highway 101 about fifteen miles south
of Ukiah in Mendocino County. How I know of all this in the first place is that one of
their two brewmasters is an old friend, Michael, who used to live on the Farm; he developed
his brewing skills by apprenticing himself, first at no pay, to the brewery when it was
still in Sonoma. Last summer, my friend Donna and I dropped in on the brewery, which is
located to the rear of the pub. Stepping inside, it reminded me of English pubs as seen on
movie screens or tv picture tubes. Michael was there, just starting up a batch, and showed
us what was going on as he worked and we visited. Finally he took us up to the bar and got
us each a tall one. True to form it was slightly warm and not as fizzy as "normal" beer;
on a hot day (it was 104) we would have preferred something colder, but it was very tasty
and set us up nicely for our trip back to Glen Ellen.

While I was an accomplished hand-stenciller--everything in Frap was handstencilled except
for the covers--I have to say that if I had to mimeo Trap Door it probably wouldn't be hap-
pening at all unless I was paying someone to deal with it. Fan activity is something I have
to shoehorn in between the rest of my life and I do not have the time these days that I had
20-25 years ago. I'm heartened to hear that one can still get real mimeo supplies in Stu's
neck of the continent. One would hope that Stu would be receptive to any aspiring hand-
stenciller who couldn't find mimeo supplies in his area and would make an occasional run
to Mister Mimeo to fill a faned's order for a clutch of styli and shading plates.

((In case no one has mentioned it to you, readers, Robert has assembled a Best of Frap:
\$8.50 postpaid for 72 pages plus covers, featuring Stiles, Benford, Demmon, Clarke, Nelson,
Perdue, and even Madelaine Willis. Frap originally appeared in 1963 and 1964. "There
ain't much meat on it, but what there is, is cherce." jak)))

Robert Bloch
2111 Sunset Crest Dr.
Los Angeles, CA 90016

Many thanks for #10--and for encouraging neofannish writers like
this Bob Shaw. I assume he must be English: American fanzines
usually get material that's been rejected over there.

But he's so right about beer and ale! I used to live in Milwaukee, once the home of the
worst beers in the world, along with a few Southern brands like Dixie and Jax. Now other
cities have taken over the lead, but the stuff is just as bad or worse. I wish someone
would build a beer pipe-line from Canada!

Norman Hollyn
93 Mercer St, #5E
New York, NY 10012

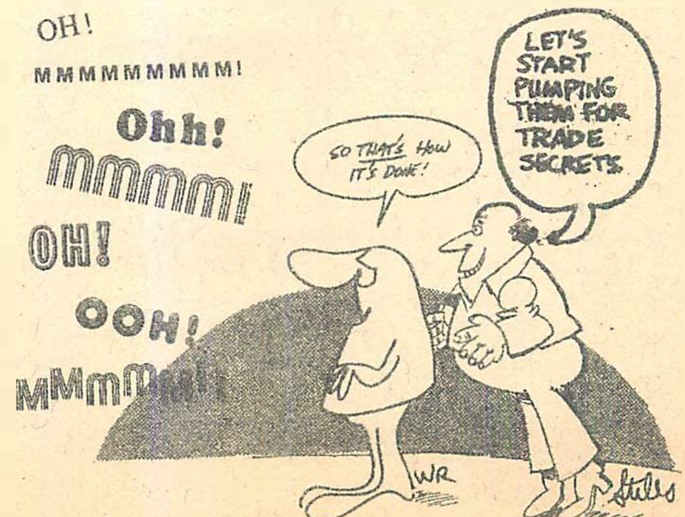
Your Australian Convention story was totally entertaining and totally captures the spirit of the fandom that I loved when I was more active. Somehow, the last year (with its feuds) and the increasing (though, I suppose, necessary) professionalization of cons, has felt like a foreign sort of fandom to me. I remember throwing SUNYCon in 1973 or 1974 (I forget). Not a very well run con, but an enjoyable one. It seemed an explosion of good feelings as well as a celebration of the fun of being a fan. Oh sure, there were always the types (NESFA or Lunarians, I think) who always ran things professionally and, perhaps, with a little less abandon than the rest of us felt comfortable with. But the overall feeling was one of a young life out of control. Perhaps it was the preponderance of teenagers and untied-down twenty-year-olds that gave it that feeling. Or, perhaps, it was that I was a teenager and, later, a twenty-year-old. But I don't think so. The size of fandom has bred the sort of inner politics that I always shyed away from. Despite what we all thought back then, fans probably aren't slans, they probably aren't even that different from normal, average silly people.

So when I read your description of NatCon events, I had to smile broadly. You haven't forgotten. And, if the half-a-gavel is any indication, neither have some of the Australians. Bravo!

((((Just to finish off the NatCon story, we were informed by Jeff Harris of Adelaide that we could hold the NatCon in Seattle. So we announced that Norwescon was also the Spawncon, and at Norwescon's opening ceremony introduced our Guest of Honor: Gordon Lingard of New South Wales. We passed the half-a-gavel on to him at the close of the convention, and he has, presumably, returned it to Australian convention fandom. jak)))

I appreciated David's article on Tolkien as I can remember wrestling with the very same problem of just why some mythic fantasies are more mythic than others (aside from the obvious deficiencies of writing on the part of some authors) when working on a film script a few years ago. There are some pieces which go straight to the heart and soul of the reader, touching on some of the same things that Carl Jung did in his research. As someone once wrote in a book called Him (I forget the author but it was a marvelous discussion of the Holy Grail legend as told through psychology), there are some myths which directly reflect the inner workings of a human being in his or her movement from childhood into adulthood. The Holy Grail myth was seen as a parable for a man's maturation (leaving his mother and setting out, sometimes in the wrong direction, for himself). Those fantasy tales, myths, or fables which go deep inside me and conjure up those feelings of abject fear, risk, and excitement involved in growing up are probably those which affect me the most. The rest of it appeals all too much to my head. Hell, I can read sf for that.

Eli's piece is quite wonderful--funny and memory-producing. I seem to remember being in one of the cursed WPSFamobiles. In fact, when I bought my first car when I was nineteen, I had to buy one that would fit in with the mythos--a 1963 Chevy II. I bought it for \$75 and had no trouble with it for hours and hours. Once it decided to leap into hyperdrive without telling me (or any of the traffic signals on the road). Luckily I didn't kill anybody but since the only way I could find to stop the car was to smash my foot as far down on the brake as it would go while simultaneously



throwing the car into park, I did some rather severe damage to the transmission. The car never forgave me.

Skel's letter is a delight to read though difficult to comment on save for one striking point. Skel seems to have the same habit that I do--which is that of putting breakable objects down where they are sure to come into contact with another object which likes to break things. I've put coffee cups down on the floor in the path of soon-to-be-opening doors, computer floppy disks on table tops where pens, pencils, or large knives are about to be placed, and any number of silly accidents. I also have a habit of putting things down where they will immediately have to be moved away. I'm up on a ladder hammering in some silly thing. When I finish with the hammer for a minute I set it down on the floor, right where I'm going to have to move the ladder to get to the next silly thing to hammer in.

Eric Mayer brings up an interesting point re: the close relationship between writing and business today. A few weeks ago Janet and I were in Los Angeles trying to sell a television movie project that we've developed. It's got a great story, is based on a fascinating true story, and was (we were told) quite well put together. In we go to CBS and "pitch" it (that cliché is almost as good as the one describing how you tell someone about a project--you "expose the idea"). When we've finished with the talk about the project the CBS person turns to us and says that she likes it but there is one problem. Our film is set in Washington, D.C. and her boss "doesn't like stories set in Washington because we once had a tv movie called Washington Mistress and it didn't do very well in the ratings."

Janet and I looked at each other in amazement. You figure it out. Cubbyholes are cubbyholes but there are degrees of insanity (both marketing and artistic), aren't there?

Arthur Thomson I don't know about great minds thinking alike, but whilst you were typing
17 Brockham Drive your editorial about Chuck Harris telling Walt Willis not to worry it
London SW2 3RU was a "false salaam," I, thinking it was safe after thirty years, was
UK using the same shtick in a letter to Patrick and Teresa. I'd laid the
 groundwork earlier by mentioning to the Kentrufandom gang that my brother had married the daughter of the son of an Earl, who was related to the Ogilvies who were related by marriage to the Royal Family...I said that if five million people snuffed it I could become King of England. I then pointed out that they needn't bow or curtsy every time I came into the club room at Vince Clarke's, but that when they did I wanted it to be a genu-in-flexion and not a false salaam. So then I made sure Patrick and Teresa and Avedon got to hear of it through Chucky Harris and when they wrote to me calling me "Sire" and all that jazz, I wrote right back with my "salaam" punchline only to have Mainstream come in and realize that Patrick would have already read it in it. Ah me.

BoSh's beer saga went down well, a nice body with a good head of froth and interesting and enjoyable to the last drop. You can't beat a real (t)ale.

Here in Britain I think that there's only a couple of fanartists left who have all the gear and still do handcut stencil illos. Jim Cawthorn and m'self. Though I have seen other illos about at times. I've just finished handcutting some illos for Eric the Bent's zine Waldo...Eric is a traditionalist, and says it's cheaper! Most of my stencil cutting gear dates back to Hyphen days and I still use the half of the Hyphen plastic backing plate. Bob Shaw has the other half. I made quite a number of my stylii and burnishing tools, also some wheel pen stylii out of watch parts, small gear and cog wheels...these you roll onto the stencil and they cut a pattern through the stencil. Harry Turner, a British fanartist par excellence of the fifties was a master at using wheel pen shading...see his fmz Now & Then if you ever get a chance, for some really excellent work in this medium.

Who came first, Bill Rotsler or me? Why Rotsler, of course...he is incredibly ancient! All

of a year older than me. Bill was in fandom earlier. In the late forties, I think; I came along in the early fifties, being much younger than him. Why, Bill even knew the original watermelon in the Burbee watermelon joke...you don't know it? Ask Terry Carr. (Terry Carr is also incredibly ancient...though not as ancient as Bill and I...I'm sorry for mentioning Terry Carr, I know how it upsets you.) As to the similarity of illoing, well this is cos' Bill and I are the sort of artists who tend to go for conservency of line...it takes less effort and after all we are so incredibly ancient.

Ethel Lindsay 69 Barry Road Carnoustie Angus DD7 7QQ Scotland
When I first entered fanzine fandom there was a lot of mention of beer-drinking. One day I got exasperated and wrote that I thought all this talk of beer was just an assertion of masculinity. Bob Shaw wrote back reproachfully that this wasn't fair. I cannot recall his exact words but, as usual, they were very funny. Mind you I went looking through my files of Scottishe for Bob's letter and that wasted at least an hour and I still didn't find it. I am missing Nos. 6, 15, 40, 63, and 66 so the letter may be in one of them. I would gladly buy those issues but I expect the only person who owns them now is Bruce Pelz. I have never had the heart to tell Bob that the only way I can drink beer is by sloshing lemonade into it.

David Bratman P.O. Box 662 Los Altos, CA 94023
Excuse me for mentioning this, but the William Safire in me was pleasantly arrested by a sentence in Jerry's editorial, where he speaks of "One of the few items of programming I attended". This locution makes him (careful now, fingers) one of the few remaining English-speaking humans who do not use that horrible phrase, "one of the only," in all possible circumstances.

Daniel Farr #1404, 581 Kamoku St. Honolulu, HI 96826
The article by Stu Shiffman was a nice touch. So few fans have seen some of the masterpieces that fans devoted much time and attention to before the advent of e-stencils and offset. I have some CanFans from the early fifties that were produced with justified margins, illos, et al., using only a typewriter, stencils, and the editors' skill. Nothing really compares today with the amount of work doing the justified margins on a typer, on any zine that I've seen. Then again many faneds are too busy with the distractions of the late twentieth century, that ease and limited time frames have evolved fan editing into a number of pathways that cut the time needed to produce a zine. This doesn't however seem to have resulted in more zines or issues, just a condensation of production time.

Robert Coulson 2677W-500N Hartford City, IN 47348
Enjoyed Shiffman's article on hand-stencilling. There's another advantage to it. Years ago, Juanita decided that she needed a new writing plate, since her current one was filled with partial illos in red, green, and blue (we bought our stencils wherever they were cheap) and really wasn't worth a cleaning attempt. So she put it in the Fan Art Show and sold it. Modern art, man. (To be honest, the buyer knew what it was, but another bidder quite obviously didn't. This being lo, these many years ago, it didn't bring much. Today a stenciller might recoup all his expenses for stencilling equipment and a publication or two.)

Old fanzines. Well, if you admire feeling the paper, Jerry, next time you're here I'll let you fondle a copy of New Fandom #2, with its column on preparations for the first Worldcon. (Juanita just handed it to me this afternoon, saying she'd had it out for reference for an article. I'd even forgotten that we owned it.)

Bob Shaw has a stirring evocation of the British need for real ale, but it failed to move me. I'll drink what the concom has on hand (as long as it isn't Grain Belt---talk about the strange flavor of Minicons...) but reserve my money for cerveza, preferably Tecate brand. "Brewed and canned by Cerveceria Cuauhtemoc, S.A., Monterrey, N.L. Mexico." Gringo, go home.

[Re: Terry Garey's "Trickle"] While I'm all in favor of tougher sentences for criminals, I do draw the line at making them listen to people read poetry. Doesn't the Constitution prohibit cruel and unusual punishment? (Very good article, though.)

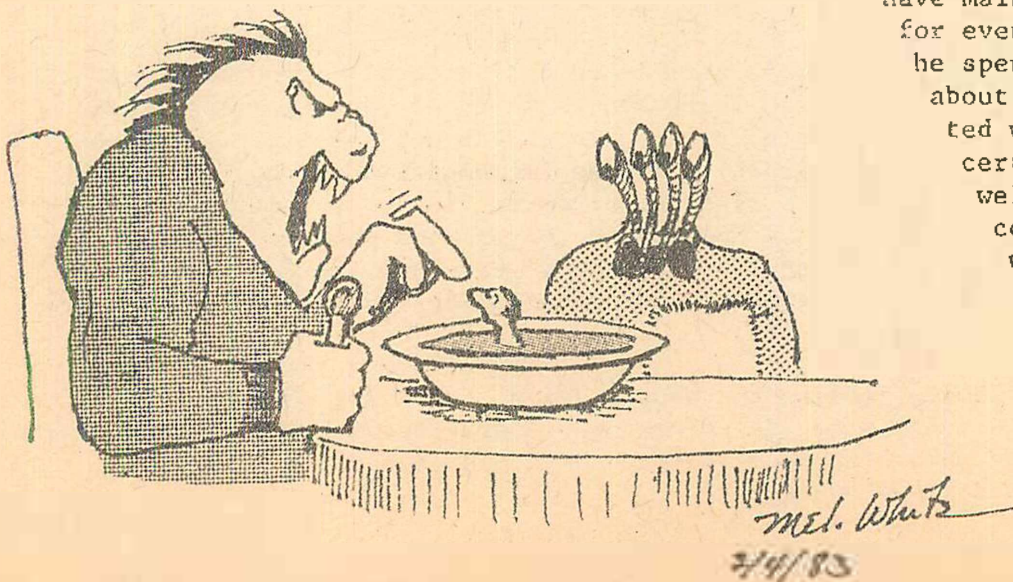
No, no, Gibson. It's just fans who don't want to listen to talk about writing. Juanita and I go out and give speeches about it...but not to fans, or at least not very often. Of course, our last effort was at a gaming convention where we were paid speakers--and paid more than they promised in advance--and then were never asked to speak. I'm not sure what that proves....

Actually, since everyone else wrote about MacAvoy's article, I might as well comment belatedly. And seriously, for a change. Turning people off by talking about writing might very well be a problem of time and place. The popular authors at conventions and fan parties (that I know) never talk seriously about writing unless they're up there on a panel and people have come in specifically to listen to them. Or unless someone else asks them about their next project, at which point they give a short and general answer. No details unless the audience is shown to be really interested. As far as I can see, midwestern fans are very interested in writing. The two Joe Karna books by Gene DeWeese and I were published in 1975 and 1977, and fans still come up to me and ask if there's going to be a third one. And those books had nowhere near the impact of Tea with the Black Dragon.

Suzle's reprinted comment on bottle sizes reminded me of a long-ago comment by Juanita when we were on a trip, to wit: "Which way is the horizon?" I've never let her forget it.

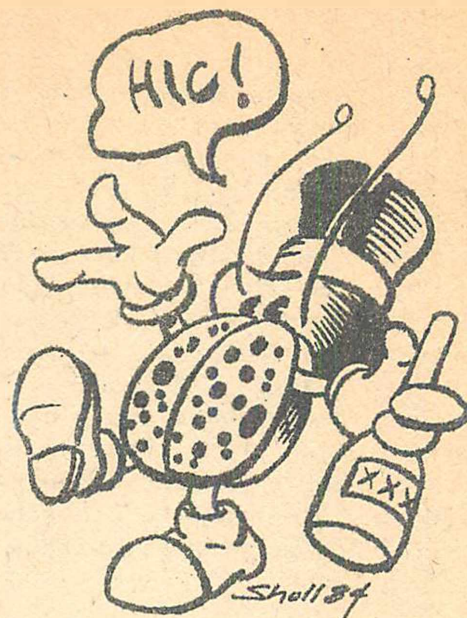
Eric Bentcliffe
17, Riverside Cres.
Holmes Chapel
Cheshire CW4 7NR
U.K.

David Emerson's piece read well and reminded me that it's a looong time since I read Tolkien myself and that I should consider doing so whilst our weather is so inclement. I'm not sure I entirely agree with him tho' about it being a sad thing that JRR died before writing another half-dozen or so books using the same scerario as LotR...I'd love to read such but I doubt that even a writer of his calibre could have maintained the power and imagery for even another trilogy; after all he spent many years just thinking about it all before he even started writing the saga...something certain other writers could well benefit from! And...incomplete as that which he did write may be, it does leave the reader the option in doing a little dreaming/ thinking himself and going off in all kinds of wondrous directions with Hobbits, Elves, and/or Orcs and Evil Wizards, whichever may be his/ her bag.



Mel. White
4/4/83

And BoSh was superb...I'm not really a Beer-Drinker (though I do quite occasionally drink beer) but then one doesn't have to be to appreciate Bob's wit and I look forward to further dissertations from him on the subject of food and drink...whoops, sorry, Bob, that should read Drink & Food, I think. One aspect of such he might care to touch upon are "Mushy Peas"...these are a particularly unnerving delicacy when first discovered, being of a similar texture to true Green Slime, and since they are often served to the unwary--in parts of Lancashire, for instance, if you go into a pub and order a pie and pint, that pie will come to you garnished with such (sometimes even immersed in such, which is even worse...and if it's a small pie to begin with...)--the effect can be similar to that of finding a roach in your burger...or half-a-roach in your burger, which is worse yet, I suspect, since you can't be too sure where the other half is. It's getting close to lunchtime and I'm rather sorry we got involved in this subject!



I also thoroughly enjoyed Stu's piece on hand-stencilled art...it does me old fannish tendencies good to see the tradition being carried on. And it is an artform unique to fandom; recall some eons ago showing some hand-stencilled artwork by Jim Cawthorn to a Gestetner branch-manager and enquiring what he thought of it...and him being quite sure it couldn't be done like that and was probably contrary to company policy as well. Jim was (is) one of the great practitioners of the art and I still have a stencil here somewhere so finely cut (it depicted a LotR battle, coincidentally) that no one dared try to duplicate it! Eddie Jones was pretty good back when he was a faan, too. And another of the reasons I've time to write this loc is that I've just sent Waldo 8 replete with fine hand-cut ATom illos off to Skel for duping. I've been accused of being stuck in an era by certain of UK fandom's newer "reviwers" because I still prefer hand-stencilled art for faanish fanzines...they wouldn't look right in Crystal Ship, for instance, but for the sort of fnz I produce they help me achieve an ambience I want to achieve.

Linda Pickersgill
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U.K. W5 4XJ

Enjoyed the latest Mainstream. There seemed to be a running thread of nostalgia for faanish in-jokes or stories: why "Spawncon" was called Spawncon, the origins and legacy of the WPSFA curse, the root of that immortal phrase, "Even though these two are the same price, this one costs as much." I enjoyed them all, especially the latter,

which hit me when I read it like a Zen Koan and had me giggling all the way home from work on the bus. Trying to explain a faanish in-joke is difficult enough within fandom, so you can imagine the trouble we've had explaining "Mexicon" as the title of our "literary event" to hotel managers and assorted writers outside the sf circuit.

I was most impressed with the short article by Terry Garey and thought it was the best bit of the issue. She has a good turn of phrase and a well-paced sense of humor that made what could have been a routine anecdote into a snappy, entertaining slice-of-life tale. I also enjoyed Bob's article. For as long as I've lived here (since Seacon '79) I've never been able to fully comprehend the full meaning that "Real Ale" has for some people. I'm sure that Bob would say that it was because of my taste buds being assassinated after years of American fizz (my brew back home was Dixie Beer) and there may be some truth in that, though now that I'm used to a good pint of Guinness, Bud will never be the same.

Finally, I enjoyed Randy Byers' letter about role-playing media fans at conventions. As yet, I don't think the equivalent type of fan shows up too often at British cons, that is at British sf cons although the Eastercon does tend to draw them out a bit more. Perhaps this is because there are several specialty cons that attract the types: Trek cons for

costume fans, Dr. Who cons, Hitchhiker cons, Gerry Anderson cons. Then there's something called Cymrucon which fosters something known as the 42nd Squadron which is better left unknown. However, it's at the Eastercon that you're likely to see the pseudo-military get-ups. I think the thing that gets to me about the more loud aggressive role-playing type of costume fan is that it's so intrusive on what I like to do at cons. Basically what I like to do is talk, drink, go to parties, attend program items, the usual. I'm not imposing myself on anybody else while carrying out these activities. When a woman in a gold lamé bikini runs past me with a can of silly string in her hand followed by a caped barbarian with a six foot long sword (even if it is made out of wood) and they spend five minutes chasing each other around the area I'm trying to sit/talk/drink etc. in then that's intrusive. It's also rude and selfish. Costumes, I don't mind. I know several women who are into both historic and fantasy costumes and I can appreciate the talent and effort that goes into their form of convention activity. But as far as my discomfort around the role-playing fan, I think it goes further than Randy's suggestion of questioning their ability to think well into the fact that I'm from the old school of "do your own thing as long as you don't push it on others" and getting hit with a misaimed water pistol is pushing it a bit.

Chas. Belov
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San Francisco, CA 94119

I was struck by Skel's impression of the big U.S. three fanzines as being Telos (or Izzard), Boonfark, and Mainstream. This adds fuel to my conception of there being various circles of fanzinedom. I'm not talking about fanzines being divvied up

into Sixth Fandom vs. Tenth Fandom vs. whatever, but that group A of fanzine fans tends to read one set of fanzines and group B tends to read another. The feel of Holier Than Thou, which I would consider one of the U.S.'s major fanzines, and Arthur Hlavaty's stuff are compatible, but perhaps unattractive to the fan who goes for the feel of the three zines mentioned by Skel. I lean toward the former; it is something of an aberration that I enjoy Mainstream. Albeit an enjoyable aberration, I have little desire to chase after other fanzines cast in similar molds. (I haven't seen Izzard, but Raffles holds similar spicing, and I lost interest in that one rather quickly; Boonfark left me cold.) Does this suggest a theory of fanzine readership?

((Yes, but we're far too polite to explain it. Instead, let me tell you that among other things, Telos/Izzard carried two of the finest pieces of fan writing of the last five years: Teresa Nielsen Hayden's on Mormonism and her excommunication therefrom, and R.A. MacAvoy's report on her travels in Ireland. jak)))

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

Well doesn't it just make you proud to be a fan? Here I am (or rather, there I was), going on about feeling like a klutz in your wonderful fanzine, and Jerry goes out of his way to make the dumbest of interruptions in my LoC, just to make me feel at home. It certainly is a wonderful thing. No, I know he did it deliberately, because to have meant it seriously it would have to have been written

without him reading the paragraph immediately preceding it. You know, the one that starts with me going on about me not being familiar with the sf field these days, and hence not being familiar with whether an author who is new to me has written one book or 100? You know, the one where I conclude by saying that it is what I expect that governs my reactions, not her own intentions? Of course, I could have been wrong in assuming that others shared my motivations, but your statement that I "and many others" gave "an answer" seems to indicate that I wasn't. So, I appreciate the kindness, and the motives behind it, but the execution was so transparent that I saw through it right away. I still love you for it though, even if it did take you so long to get around to sending me my copy.

The thing is, I knew it was coming. No, nothing psychic, no hidden esper talents here--shit, I have enough trouble combing my hair as it is! Who knows how tough it'd be with

green tendrils in it? No, what happened it I received two letters--letters which were written to me in response to my LoC in Mainstream 10. First of all Arthur D. Hlavaty wrote to ask me if, bearing in mind Harry Warner's "recent" demise, wasn't I ashamed of my remarks? Fortunately this didn't even lead to an instant's belief. Obviously, as Harry and Fandom are inextricably linked, and as Fandom will never die, thus it follows that neither can Harry Warner. Then someone else wrote, asking that, as I was talking about pubbing my ish, could they be kept on my mailing list. Little did they know that my LoC was so old that the ish in question was one that they had already LoCed. Fortunately, it being that time of the year, I had another issue ready, so none of us were embarrassed by this misunderstanding. However, bearing in mind your publishing schedule these days, and to prevent any further confusions of this nature, I think you should at least state the century in which you received each LoC. This would of course solve all such problems which might arise in the future.

Actually, my main responses to Mainstream 10 are graphically inspired. I loved the cover, even if it was somewhat illogical--or was it? There we have all the ingredients of a typical (?) romantic evening, including a certain element of reality not normally included in representations like this--one that is normally even more "behind the scenes" than it is here. My first reaction was that the delightful creature sampling the wine was the object of the exercise, symbolically dwarfed by the trappings of the "hunt." But, perhaps not. After all, this is not your typical Kjola (not with a tail like that). No, there is something vaguely "cat-like" about this creature. Perhaps it is the pet of a Kjola, one that is sampling the goodies whilst its master or mistress is otherwise engaged. Aha, but engaged doing what? Well, the clues are all there, or are they? After all, if they were doing that, how come the contraceptive is still sealed up? Then other elements of the scene become clear. The bottle is full, and still unopened, and yet there is a full glass of wine poured. Obviously one or more bottles have already been consumed. Probably more than one bottle, as the only time that one pours out a glass of wine, and then leaves it, is when one passes out, nissed as a pewt. The wine though is still effervescing, so it couldn't have happened too long ago. Another clue is of course the chocolate. The bar at the back, which has been opened, is still untouched, and yet a square of chocolate is to be seen in the foreground. Obviously the evening has been underway for quite some time.

And yet, if the participants are both passed out, why is the figure behaving so furtively, and where is the other glass? Thus we see that we were right in the first place. They are doing that. Only one bottle of wine has been consumed--just enough to go to their heads without any adverse effect, except to make them forget to take precautions (well, maybe two bottle then). Yes, I think I have it now.

And do you know, there are some fanartists who claim that fans just do not think about the artwork in fanzines???

((The above letter, just the cheery sort of thing to finish off a lettercol, is dated January 26th, 1985.:::I still say your comments about yourself are interesting but off the point. I think Bertie was talking about people who know her, know (or knew at the time) just what state her publishing history was in, and who changed toward her after her first sale. I am willing to concede that this might have been clearer to me than to you because I'd spoken to her about the situation:::I thought I inserted my remarks at a proper place, after you'd completed your thought on that subject, and before you turned to your next topic. If you were still talking about the same thing, I apologize.:::We mailed your copy the same way we mailed all the overseas copies. Once or twice a week I'd grab ten copies and take them to the post office, sending them seaimail. It's the only way we can manage the expense.:::Nice job of deconstructing Taral's cover. Been reading much Roland Barthes lately? :::Ever notice how my comments usually diminish as I penetrate further into the lettercolumn, and Suzle's virtually disappear? We just want to get it over. Then we get to the We Also Heard Froms, which start on the next page. jak)))

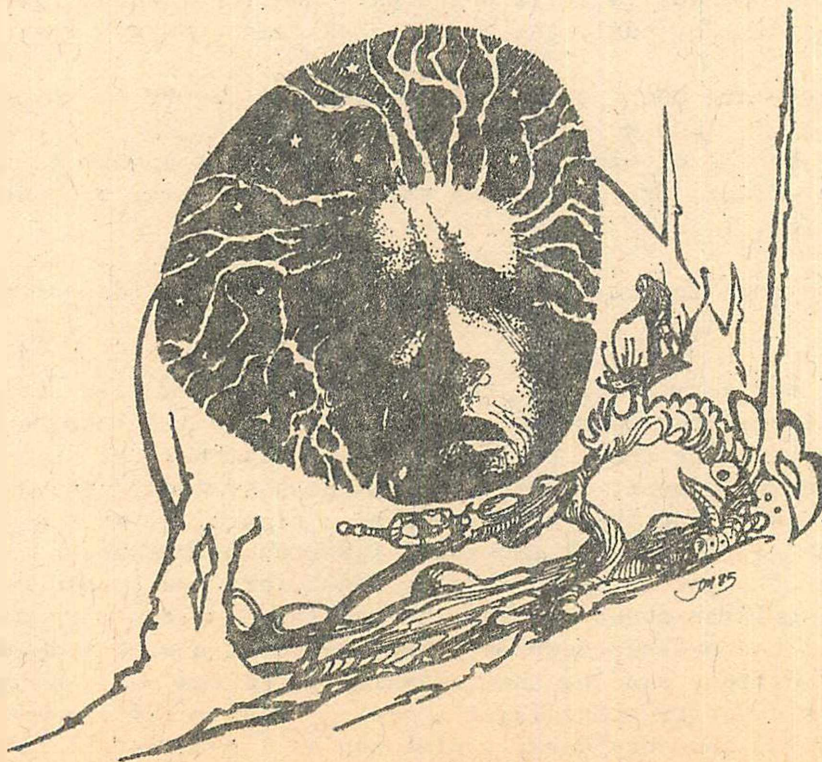
So who did we hear from? Tony Alsobrook-Renner (with a form letter), Harry Andruschak, John Berry, Ned Brooks, Linda Bushyager (with news old and new about WPSFA members of long ago), Allyn Cadogan, Jeff Dean, Gary Deindorfer ("Words are so arbitrary. More specifically, writing locs is so arbitrary."), M.K. Digre, Dennis Fischer, Arthur Hlavaty (where do you find those old, mint stamps?), Terry Hughes, Terry Jeeves, Bruce Kalnins (a rilly wierd letter which i could show you if you'll send an SASE...but I refuse to quote from...because I couldn't give you the full flavor...and we'd get sued...and we'd be offended...never mind you lot...the ellipses are from Bruce).

Then there was E.B. Klassen, Marty Klug ("Why is Stu praising mimeos? They're dinosaurs."), Craig Ledbetter, Eric Lindsay, Jeanne Mealy, Ray Nelson (he sends photocopies of his cartoons from gaming and comedy magazines), Marc Ortlieb, John D. Owen, David Palter, Ron Salomon, Robert Whitaker Sirignano, Rick Sneary, David Stever, Steve Stiles, Mae Strelkov, Pascal Thomas, Bruce Townley, Gene Van Troyer, Jean Weber, Mel. White, Art Widner, and Walter Willis of Stanford, California.

All of the above wrote charming, interesting, alarming and meaty letters, and we regret not being able to use them all. We'd also like to express our joy at receiving art from Jim Shull and Jim McLeod, who have been, to our knowledge, long inactive. (We're also pleased to get art from everyone else who sent it; I'm just pointing out prodigals here.)

Our next issue will appear sometime next year, after our trip to Britain; possibly we'll be able to do an all-British issue. Whatever we do, we'll be surprised, but not as surprised as you will be. jak

\$\$\$



BEWITCHED,

&

BOTHERED,

BEMILDRED

JERRY
KAUFMAN

William Wordsworth once defined poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquillity." I'm going to borrow from him and define fanwriting as chaos recollected in a fanzine. I'm not sure if I'm in a state of tranquillity yet. After all, I'm still a partner in Serconia Press.

Have you heard about Serconia Press yet? I thought that, between Donald Keller and myself, we'd told all fandom about it. We started serious talks about the possibility of starting our own small press last summer, when we decided that there wasn't enough good criticism of sf in book form. Some of the best of it, we thought, had only appeared as fanzine articles or promag reviews. We were convinced that there was a lot of good miscellanea out there by our favorite writers, and we began to toss names around, and to get advice from such small press mavens as Dave Hartwell and Jessica Amanda Salmonson. (It was Jessica who suggested that we name ourselves Serconia Press, from SERious and CONstructive.)

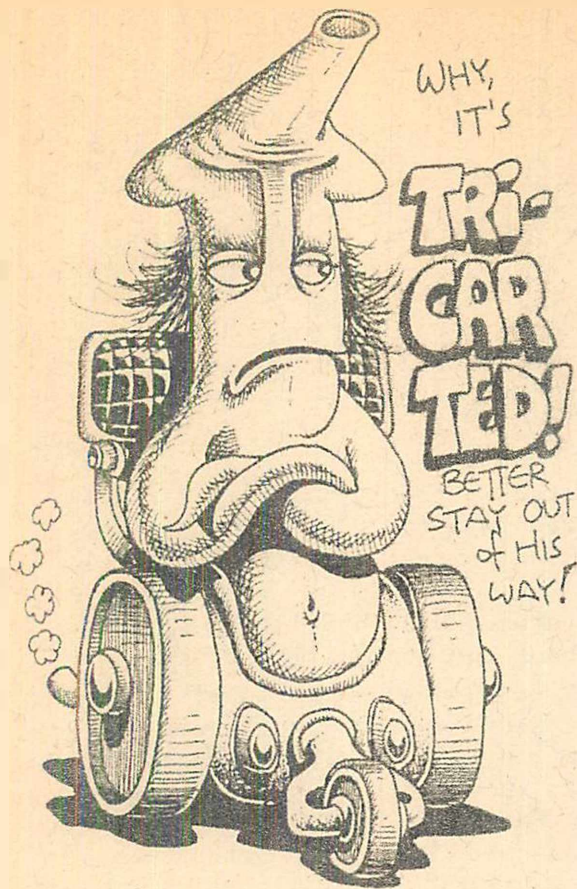
Around the end of August, we realized that Brian Aldiss, the Guest of Honor at the then-upcoming Norwescon in March, would make a great first object of our desires. He is a fine writer, and we'd seen a number of pieces by him in such fanzines as Science Fiction Commentary. Surely he would have enough material on hand to make a book. Besides, we could probably persuade Norwescon to give us some support: free advertising, dealer space, maybe even some money towards expenses.

We were right on all counts. Aldiss responded to our letter with enthusiasm. Norwescon agreed to give us what we needed in support, and to lend us half the cost of printing. (My sister lent us the other half.) John Berry designed the book jacket and the interior layout. Donald did the typesetting and pasteup. Various other people did various other jobs, while I began to learn how to be a businessman. The chaos started small and nameless, but we soon learned to call it "deadline."

We wrote the first letter to Brian at the beginning of September. We received his answer about the beginning of October. We wrote back almost immediately, and his response was a manuscript, in our hands about the beginning of November. The convention was mid-March, and the printer told us that the absolute minimum time they needed to print the book was six weeks. The camera-ready copy would have to be in their hands by the beginning of February. This allowed three months for the typesetting, proofreading, pasteup, and shipments of page proofs to Brian for his approval. We hoped to have all this done in two months, not three; but it was not possible, for reasons I've mercifully forgotten.

Donald put in late hours typesetting, and several all-night sessions pasting up. Brian proofread his copy and returned his corrections in what I'm sure was record time. The finished pasteups left Seattle on February first and arrived in Ann Arbor, Michigan, at the offices of Braun-Brumfield on February fourth.

Let's fast-forward to the week of Norwescon. Both Donald and I have spoken to Norma Kelly and her associates at Braun-Brumfield at least five times, trying to determine if we're



going to have copies of the book. We do have some copies of the jacket, startlingly red-orange with white letters a mile high that say "The Pale Shadow of Science: Recent Essays by Brian W. Aldiss"; we also have two sets of unbound signatures. I've wrapped covers around them to use as samples in case...just in case. We've given Braun-Brumfield the hotel address and Marilyn Holt /Cliff Wind as the consignees, since they'll be staying in the hotel from Thursday night.

So it's Friday, and I'm setting up our half-table in the huckster room. The extra book jackets make an eye-catching, even eye-straining, table display and as I liberally cover the bare wood with them, I note our surroundings. The other half of our table is occupied by a woman who makes jewelry and little dragons. Next to us on our other side is Phil Yeh of Fragments West, selling the new Gregg Rickman book of Phil Dick interviews, and Yeh's own books, the graphic adventures of a hip unicorn (that is, they're comics; I don't mean to imply anything else). On the far side of Phil is the Postcard Palace table, run by good friends the Palmers and Golden Brainerd. Wendy Wees is across the aisle somewhere, with her women warriors, Japanese-influenced still lifes, and whimsical cards. Good friends and interesting strangers: a comfortable backdrop for a nervous breakdown.

Now the friendly inquiries begin: where is the book? I give the same story to each, show the samples, and make several trips to the front desk. Has a package come? Each time they look around, say no, and direct me to the office, where more people say no. Brian himself comes by, tall, graying, friendly, and immoderately cheerful. I close our table at six by throwing the tablecloth over it (the traditional sign of a closed dealer...Roland Barthes even wrote about it in one of his books) and recede to dinner and parties, and finally to a restless bed.

The next morning I ask again at the desk. They bring out a box! It was delivered yesterday. I do a slow burn, but I haven't got time to let my fuse burn all the way to the quick. Instead I race back to the huckster room and begin to distribute the books—all six of them. Fortunately Chris Bates reminds me to have the presence of mind to hold one for Brain. When he has it, I'm told, he exclaims, "It's a real book!"

At some point Suzle watches the table for me, as do Donald, Tatiana Keller, Shelley Dutton, and probably others. I manage to visit the fan room, art show, and other functions, briefly. When I return from one of these expeditions, Suzle has some news.

"You know that Joan Baker was going to pick up our mail for us, right?" she says. "Well, when she got to our house, she found a delivery attempt notice from the Post Office, and it was for a package from Michigan!"

Suzle goes on to tell me that Joan is trying to track down the delivery truck, and will bring the package to the convention if she can find it. I ask the ceiling and the rest of the room why, oh, why did the printer send books to our house? Hadn't I made it perfectly clear, etc.? I am full of lamentations and probably agony to be near.

I leave the room for a moment (another trip to the front desk); when I return Joan Baker thrusts a small package of books into my hands. I count them several times, but there are never more than two. Joan details her adventures, which have taken her from the local truck to the local post office to the main annex south of the Kingdome. She has spent three hours on the quest, and successfully terrorized over ten postal employees. I thank her repeatedly and promise her a dinner and a copy of the book. (Eventually, she gets both.) I decide that the books represent a courtesy that the printer extends to every customer, and would have been shipped to our business address no matter what our instructions were regarding the main shipment. This means that books may yet arrive at the hotel. I sell the two copies and tell the new story twenty seven times.

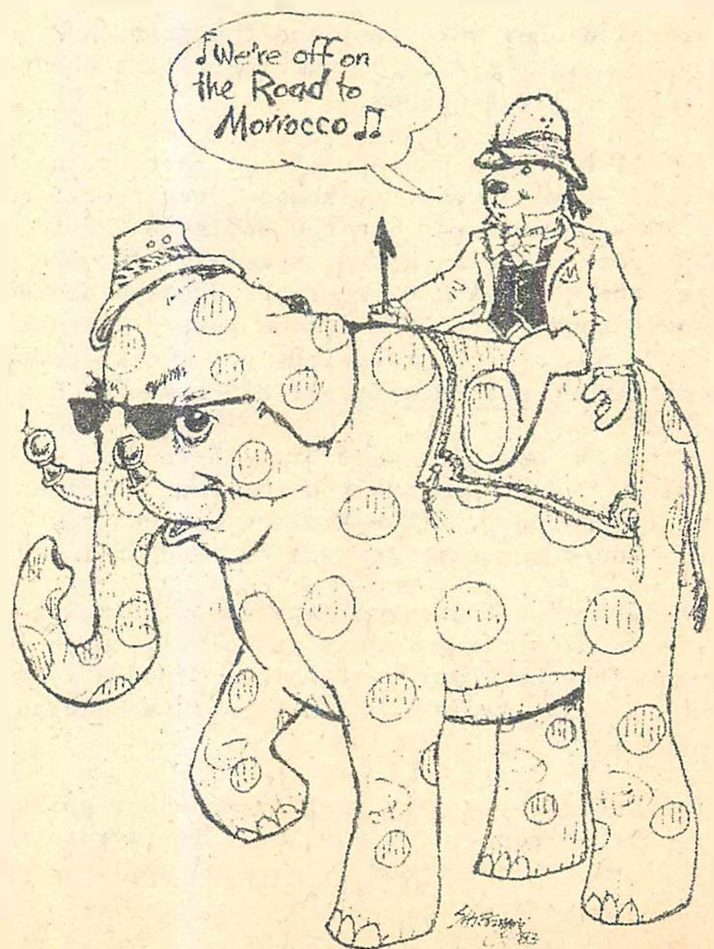
A crucial moment is approaching: the autograph party. Everyone who has bought a copy, or wants to, is set on having the new wonder handled and signed by its rarely-seen author. The party starts at six. Will we have something to distribute, or will we spend the rest of the weekend returning money to disgruntled buyers? We've sold thirty copies on the strength of charm and assurances. I hate the idea of returning all that money, or even some of it.

At four o'clock I dodge through the lobby yet again, approach the desk, and ask my usual question. This time I get a different answer, and the clerk hands me a large box: thirty-two copies of The Pale Shadow of Science!

Donald and I begin the pleasant work of finding all the buyers, and rewarding their credulity with a book. We continue to pass out copies (better than passing out ourselves) right into the autograph party itself. This proves to be a scene of chaos. In previous years, at the old hotel, the authors sat behind rectangular tables, placed around the perimeter of the room. The lines at each table thus extended into the center of the room. This year, however, the authors sit around circular tables, with all the tables massed in the center. The lines of autograph seekers thus cross one another as they attempt to extend to the sides. The worst line, of course, is for Aldiss. We canvass this line, looking for our last hold-outs; we even make announcements over the public address system, adding to the hubbub. In the end we find every buyer save one. He has to wait weeks for the post office to find him.

Sunday is something of an anticlimax, with only our unbound samples to show people. Even so several booksellers place orders, with Mark Ziesing of Connecticut the all-time champ (ten copies ordered at the con, twenty altogether to date.)

The rest of the order, four hundred



and seventy strong, arrives one week later. The trucker makes it as far as Renton, then hires a Cambodian with a Chevy to drive him, his wife, and all the books to our house.

We still have some copies (not many, so move fast), and are already planning our next books: ...And the Lurid Glow [or Glare] of the Comet, more essays and autobiography by Brian; and Letters from Yucatan and Other Points of the Soul, a collection by James Tiptree, Jr. I think we're going to sell them for \$13.50 each (the \$10.00 on our first book was a gesture of good will). If you're interested, say so...we'll reserve you a copy. After all, if you don't appreciate a little good sercon, who will?

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If I had you here with me, what else would I want to tell you? I'd mention our searches for another house, since this one is up for sale, or our new typewriter, which has a zillion features (real f sign, justification, the capacity to do microelite), or Gnosticism, Phil Dick, J.G. Ballard, local music, or even (just to see if you're listening) the fantastic Lord Monboddo.

But the main subject I'd strain your patience with is England: where they have the literate and fannish convention Mexican. Where the fanzines get funnier as the unemployment rate goes up. Where the trends are trendier and the riots are more riotous. Where the genteel writer of letters to the London Times and the football hooligan ride the tubes together, but only until midnight.

I'm in awe of the British ability to be intellectual and entertaining, to innovate in music and art and literature while preserving tradition. I'm delighted by the best in British humor. At the same time I'm a little appalled by the worst of British humor, reports of the typical dinner worry me, and the British economic and racial picture frighten me. If I don't go now, I'm afraid, nothing I like about Britain will be left...and possibly nothing I don't like, either.

This is all based on hearsay of one sort or another, of course, and I hope to find out at first hand what is true. I hope, furthermore, to walk in some of the places I've read of, or seen in movies, like the halls in Oxford where the beams are replaced from six-hundred -year-old oaks grown especially for the purpose; T.E. Lawrence's quiet Dorset cottage; the coffeehouses where Dr Johnson and Boswell once supped; the stones of Avebury; the Thames where Jerome K. Jerome punted with his friends; the Crawdaddy Club where the Rolling Stones and the Yardbirds got their start; Birmingham, which has the distinction of being mentioned not once in all of Frommer's England and Scotland on \$25 a Day.

Even more, I'm eager to meet British fandom. I can hear them calling. "Your turn to buy!" they call. Why? They publish the best fanzines in the world. I hope they talk as well as they write and draw. (The Nielsen Haydens say they do, that they are intelligent, good company, funny, hospitable, varied, and friendly.)

I'm eager to meet them, and hopeful of bringing away some exciting souvenirs: contributions for future Mainstreams. Next issue will, with luck and pluck, be an All-British issue, if you allow for the cover by Taral (a Canadian), and the projected revival of "The Technocrat of the Breakfast Table" by Jon Singer (a Coloradan: he promises to write on British science and technology).

What's the best, the very best thing about going to Britain? I am in no way committed to writing a trip report. I may let a few words trickle out here and there, I may work up an article or two...but I don't have to. Believe me, it's a blessing.

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1985-86 TAFF Ballot

What is TAFF? The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans familiar to those on both sides of the ocean across the Atlantic. Since that time, TAFF has regularly brought North American fans to European conventions and European fans to North American conventions. TAFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates are voted on by interested fans all over the world, and each vote is accompanied by a donation of not less than \$1 or £1. These votes, and the continued generosity of fandom, are what make TAFF possible.

Who may vote? Voting in the 1985-86 race is open to anyone who was active in fandom prior to September 1984, and who contributes at least \$1 or £1 to the Fund. Contributions in excess of the minimum will be gratefully accepted. Voting is by secret ballot: only one vote per person, and you must sign your ballot (legibly please, as ballots with illegible signatures may be disallowed). "Write-ins" are permitted. You may change your vote at any time prior to the deadline.

Deadline Votes in this race must reach the administrators by 15 May 1986.

Voting details (1) TAFF uses a preferential ballot system which guarantees automatic runoffs until a majority is obtained. You rank the candidates in the exact order of your preference for them. If the leading first-place candidate does not get a majority, the first-place votes for the lowest-ranking candidate are dropped, and the second-place votes on those ballots are counted as first-place votes. This process repeats itself until one candidate has a majority. It is therefore important to vote for second, third, and fourth place on your ballot. Also, it is a waste of time to vote for any candidate in more than one place. (2) One other requirement obtains. To win, a candidate must receive at least 20% of the first-ballot first-place votes cast on both sides of the Atlantic, separately. Any candidate failing to receive this minimum percentage on either side will be dropped, and the second-place votes on their ballots counted as first-place votes in the next ballot count. It is therefore important for candidates and their supporters to canvass fans on both sides of the Atlantic. It should be noted that, while you may send your ballot to either administrator, it will be tabulated with the other votes from the side of the Atlantic on which you reside. Finally, votes from fans not resident in either Europe or North America will not be counted towards either 20% minimum (but are almost certain to affect any given race anyway, so don't let this stop you from voting).

Hold Over Funds This choice, similar to "No Award" in Hugo balloting, gives voters the chance to vote for no TAFF trip this year, if the candidates don't appeal to them, or if they feel TAFF should slow down its trip frequency. Hold Over Funds may be voted for in any position, and is exempt from the 20% requirement; thus, should it ultimately receive a majority of the votes on the final ballot, no TAFF trip will be held this year regardless of how many votes Hold Over Funds received on the first ballot.

Donations TAFF gratefully accepts freely-given donations of money and of material for auction; such generosity has sustained the Fund for over thirty years. If you are ineligible to vote, or do not feel qualified to make a choice, why not donate anyway? TAFF is fandom's oldest travel fund, and one of its worthiest causes.

Candidates Each candidate has posted a bond, promising -- barring Acts of God -- to travel to the 1986 World Science Fiction Convention in Atlanta if elected, and has provided valid signed nominations and a platform, reproduced overleaf along with the ballot.

SEND BALLOTS AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO: in NORTH AMERICA, Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden,
75 Fairview #2D, New York NY 10040 USA, or
in EUROPE, Rob Hansen, 9A Greenleaf Road, East Ham,
London E6 1DX UNITED KINGDOM.

IMPORTANT: Make checks payable to one of the Nielsen Haydens or to Rob Hansen, please, not to "TAFF", and make them payable in that administrator's home currency. Reproductions of this form are encouraged provided that the text is reproduced verbatim (both sides). Persons reproducing it should substitute their own names below.

1985-86 TAFF Ballot

SIMON OUNSLEY I've wanted to go to America since I was five years old. Back then, I wanted to meet Donald Duck and drink ice cream soda. Now I want to meet SF fans and talk and party and stuff like that. There's maturity for you. Though best known for confusion and mononucleosis, I've also edited the fanzines STILL LIFE, STILL IT MOVES, and CRAB DROPPINGS, co-edited OCELOT, served on two Yorcon committees, and written regular columns for the BSFA. My latest plan is for a long weird article about a trip to America. This is where I can use your help....

Nominators: John D. Berry, Abi Frost, Joyce Scrivner, D. West, and Walt Willis.

JUDITH HANNA I am not a 100-word platform and refuse to be boiled down into one! See writings in NUTZ, PREVERT, WALLBANGER, BoSFA reviews, SHALLOW END (dec'd) etcetc for further details. Previously active in Australian fandom. Member INTERZONE editorial collective (you too Simon? What a coincidence!). Sercon tendencies balanced by deep underlying frivolity. Member "FUCK THE TORIES" Tricontinental Revolutionary Fanzine Commission, the politically correct fanzine with a bite like Norman Tebbit's that welcomes little fishes in with gently smiling jaws. Guaranteed ideologically and ecologically sound, nuclear-free and tobacco-free. This has been a paid political broadcast on behalf of (cont. p. 94)

Nominators: Terry Hughes, Roelof Goudriaan, Dave Langford, Lucy Huntzinger, and Bob Shaw.

GREG PICKERSGILL Sometimes I'm not Boring. Occasionally I'm Wonderful. Anyway, you either know who I am and what I've done, or you don't, and don't care. Whatever, since meeting fandom in 1967 I've done a bit of everything. I was even a fanwriter, but now I just, you know, perform. So what. I like Guinness, Dos Equis, Performance, Anne Warren, Pizza, and Neat Stuff, and I can't stand bullshit about pretension and fandom fans. I have met several Americans and become very attached to them. I will go looking for a good time and meaningful conversations. 1986, Big Fun and No Sellout.

Nominators: Mike Glicksohn, Arthur ("ATom") Thomson, Rich Coad, Avedon Carol, and Linda Pickersgill.

For a pamphlet detailing TAFF's rules, customs, and precedents, and the procedures for becoming a nominator or candidate, send a SASE to either administrator.

Before voting, please read both sides of this sheet

I VOTE FOR (rank 1-2-3-4)

- () Simon Ounsley
- () Judith Hanna
- () Greg Pickersgill
- () Hold Over Funds

Signature:

Name and address (legibly, please):

.....
.....
.....

Enclosed is _____ as a contribution to TAFF. Please make checks, etc., payable to Rob Hansen or to one of the Nielsen Haydens, please, not to "TAFF", and payable in the currency of that administrator's home country. If you think your name might not be known to the administrators, then in order to qualify to vote please give the name and address of an active fan who is known to them and to whom you are well known, in the space below:

Reference(s):

DUFF: The Down Under Fan Fund was created in 1972 to encourage closer ties between fans in Australasia and North America. With host countries alternating each year, there have been 13 exchanges of fan representatives since, supported entirely by voluntary contributions from fans all over the world. DUFF delegates visit a major SF Convention in the host country and visit with fans they might otherwise never meet in person. DUFFers are treated as special guests, and are always well looked after.

DONATIONS: DUFF exists solely on the donations and contributions of fans, and always welcomes material for auction, and donations of money. There will be auctions of DUFF material at future cons. Contributions can be brought to the con, or sent to the local administrator. Anyone may contribute, even if ineligible to vote, and donations in excess of the voting donation are gratefully accepted. Cheques should be made out to Robbie or Marty Cantor (in North America) and Jack R. Herman (in Australasia).

VOTING: Any fan active in fandom before January, 1985, may vote. Ballots must be signed and be accompanied by a donation of, at least, \$2. Each person is allowed only one vote. If you think your name may not be known by the administrator, please include the name of a fan or fan group who can vouch for you. We will not count unverifiable votes.

ALL VOTES MUST REACH AN ADMINISTRATOR BY NO LATER THAN FEBRUARY 28, 1986.

DUFF uses the "Australian" Preferential system of balloting to guarantee an automatic run-off and a majority win. You rank the candidates in order of preference (1, 2, 3...) If there is no absolute majority for one candidate after the first count of votes, first place votes for the lowest-ranking candidate are dropped and the second place votes on those ballots are assigned to the candidates named. This goes on until one candidate has a majority. It is therefore important to vote for second, third, etc places, especially if you choose to write-in a candidate. (You are not required to fill in more than your name, address and first choice.)

CANDIDATES: Each candidate has posted a \$10 bond, provided written nominations, and has promised (barring Acts of God) to travel to the 1986 World SF Convention, ConFederation, in Atlanta, Georgia, Labour Day Weekend 1986. In the cases of multiple candidacies, DUFF pays for ONE set of fares, accommodation and expenses. Platforms are reproduced on the reverse side and the ballot is below.

ADMINISTRATORS: R. & M. Cantor, 11565 Archwood, North Hollywood, CA 91606, USA
J.R. Herman, Box 272, Wentworth Bldg, U. of Sydney, Australia 2006.

I vote for (list 1, 2, 3, etc)

Sally Beasley _____

Terry Frost _____

Mark Loney/Michelle Muysert _____

Morley/Pride/Stathopoulos _____

(write-in) _____

Hold Over Funds _____

No Preference _____

Signature _____

Name & Address (Print) _____

If you think you may be unknown by the administrator, please give the name of a fan or fan group to whom you are known:

CANDIDATES' PLATFORMS

Sally Beasley: I had been involved in fandom since 1971, on the fringes of Britfandom, but only discovered F*A*N*D*O*M when I emigrated to Australia in 1977. Since then, I have been involved in the programming and running of several local conventions, and organised baby-sitting for Aussiecon II. I am in several apas - ANZAPA, A Woman's Apa, and CRAPA/PI. I have not published my own fanzine (despite good intentions for 6 years plus!) but promise to publish a trip report if elected and then, who knows? I support Worldcons ANYWHERE other than Perth.

Nominators: Alyson Abramowitz, Valma Brown, Eric Lindsay, Marc Ortlieb, Amy Thomson and others.

Terry Frost: Vote the Frost Team. Writing a DUFF platform while selling memberships to Capcon 87 (The Australian Natcon) ((free plug)) at Aussiecon II ain't easy. Don't let the list of nominators fool you - they were selected very carefully for their sterling qualities in order to give the Frost bid a touch of class it otherwise lacks. Wit, intelligence, cordiality, beard (one), housetraining, cartooning skill, funny accent, the ability to stay awake for long periods of time and silliness I already have. Also, Karen Vaughan, my fiancée, will, if I win, be accompanying me on a DUFF trip cum honeymoon.

Nominators: Mike Glyer, Leanne Frahm, Ken Ozanne, Paul Stevens, Art Widner.

Mark Loney/Michelle Muysert: (Michelle) I am a New Zealander and have been involved in fandom in Wellington, Auckland, Melbourne and Perth, where I live currently. I'm small, furry and very friendly, I love room parties, and I'd love to go to ConFederation.
(Mark) I am a large furry West Australian making up the second half of the Muysert/Loney trans-Australasian DUFF bid. My first con was Swancon II in 1976 and my first fanzine was THE SPACE WASTRAL (with Mr. Warner) in 1979. Michelle and I have been a joint fanact since 1983 and we'd really like to meet you all at ConFederation.

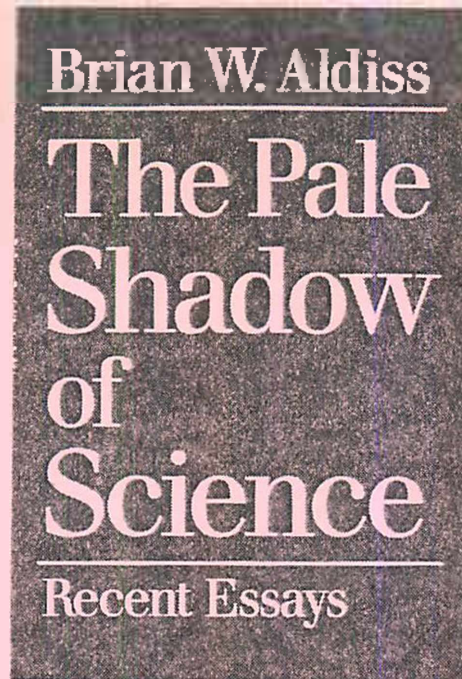
Nominators: Justin Ackroyd, Alexis Gilliland, Irwin Hirsch, Peter Toluzzi, Roger Weddall and others.

Lewis Morley, Marilyn Pride, Nick Stathopoulos: (Lewis speaks on Nick and Marilyn's behalf) Having been into rubber for some time, I was delighted to find that fandom held a niche in which I could flourish and foster. Together with Nick and Marilyn, I discovered a group of caring and interesting people who encouraged us to always push ourselves further. My personal interests have included regular entries in Masquerades which let me enjoy absurd behaviour in complete anonymity. Most importantly, I feel that Nick, Marilyn and I represent a VISUAL face to fandom: while our written contributions have been fairly sparse, in creating a tangible aroma (for want of a better word) in the field of fan Art, we feel "strong" enough to give fans overseas a good idea of what Australian fans are about. And being VISUAL we promise a trip report with SLIDES!!!

Nominators: Forrest J. Ackerman, Sally Beasley, Terry Dowling, Van Ikin, Joyce Scrivner and others.

Reproduction of this ballot is encouraged; please copy text verbatim (correcting typos).

Original ballot typed up by Jack R. Herman, August 29, 1985. This copy produced by Marty and Robbie Cantor, September 5, 1985. This copy reproduced by Jerry Kaufman, September 26, 1985.



“A warm, chatty, opinionated collection of essays...”
—Eileen Gunn (from her jacket notes)

The first book from Serconia Press of Seattle, these essays cover Aldiss's experiences as soldier, reader, and writer: from his days as a schoolboy to his years as the creator of Helliconia; from the bittersweet memories of "Bessie's Ghost" to the raucous humor of "A Transatlantic Harrison, Yip-pee!"; authors from Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley to Phil Dick.

The Pale Shadow of Science is a 128-page hardbound volume, sewn in signatures, wrapped in a bright red-orange dustjacket. The initial print run is small, so place your orders soon.

The retail cost is \$10. Please include 75¢ postage for the first copy and 25¢ for each additional copy. Washington residents please add 79¢ sales tax per copy. If you have further questions, please write Serconia Press at 4326 Winslow Place N., Seattle, WA 98103.

Order Blank

To: Serconia Press
4326 Winslow Place N.
Seattle, WA 98103

Please send me _____ copies of *The Pale Shadow of Science* at \$10.00 each _____
postage _____
Washington residents sales tax _____
Total _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FRANCINE WRIGLEY BARRETT MEETS THE RIGELIAN
AMBASSADOR "SHELDON MOROWITZ". [1903]

