



MAINSTREAM • 14





# MAINSTREAM 14/15

is a special double-sized issue of a fanzine of the Old School from Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, of 8618 Linden Avenue North, Seattle, WA 98103, USA. If you call us at 206/526-5932, wait for the beep. Available for \$2, letter of comment on prior issues, contributions of written or drawn material (remember the limitations of mimeo), or at our whim. Pacific Fantod Press Publication #18. This page typed on November 30, 1992, so we're a '92 zine, okay?

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# JERRY & SUZLE: TOGETHER AGAIN — FOR THE FIRST TIME...

JERRY KAUFMAN & SUZANNE TOMPKINS

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Suzle here:

Because of the unique nature of our 1991 fannish year, we thought we'd intertwine our editorials this time rather than appear at each end of the 'zine (er, at both ends...at either end...whatever). I didn't appear at any end of *Mainstream* last time, so I haven't written anything in a zine in about four years. Hope I haven't gotten rusty. We had one hell of a year to report on.

During 1990, we were asked to be Fan Guests of Honor at two 1991 conventions, much to our surprise. Jerry and I (together and separately) have had the good fortune (or so it seemed at the time in some cases) to be asked to be Goh's several times in the past. In 1976, we were guests at Balticon and, to help assuage my fear of public speaking without a firmly grasped script, developed the idea of doing a live issue of our then current fanzine, *The Spanish Inquisition*. *It was a lot of work and we vowed that we would never do it again*. The Live Spaning lasted about three hours (having gotten bogged down and running too long); and involved quite a number of fans, who read articles, or juggled, or drew on overhead projectors, etc., etc. Using the printable material, we turned out *Spaning 7/8*, a double issue, which was nominated for the Best Fanzine Hugo and tied for the now-defunct Faan Award for 1976. This made the work seem worthwhile, of course, but we still never wanted to do it again.

Then, a mere 14 years later, the kind folks at Minicon called, followed not too long after by a friend on the 1991 Vancouver Westcon committee, both asking us to be their Fan Goh's. We were delighted. We were thrilled. We were honored (and honoured). We got cocky and wondered when someone from the East Coast would call us and make it a clean coast-to-coast sweep. Then we actually thought about it. And wondered, what, exactly, could we do?

We were unsure, and it turned out, with good reason, about the programming folks at both cons. What would they do with us? Jerry is very good on panels, but I had never actually been on one, except from the audience, ~~heckling~~ commenting to friends on the panel. Nowadays at cons, many attendees haven't the vaguest idea who the Pro Goh is, let alone the Fan. We cast about, wanting to do something that would be accessible to everyone at the Cons and also give the Cons their moneys' worth, as it were, in asking us in the first place.

One Sunday, we were casting about quite a bit when Bob Doyle (yes, the very same former-housemate Bob Doyle, who is the major cause of our getting married [when we did] by getting up at an ungodly hour on a Sunday morning and putting on a laundry; yes, that Bob Doyle), stopped by, and casually suggested our doing a Live Mainstream at the Cons. I'm not sure who came up with the idea of doing it as a two-parter -- one half at each convention, one hour long; nor am I sure of who thought of using Jon Singer, who was in our first live 'zine and at the time was going to be attending both cons, as the hook between the two, but we were off and running in no time. By doing two one-hour presentations, almost three months apart, we thought we could handle it without the exhausting work of the past.

Jerry here:

So the planning began. Starting with a cover by Taral (used at both performances), we assembled material from Jeanne Gomoll, A.P. (Andy) Hooper, Terry Garey and David Emerson for our Minicon show, with



illustrations by Craig Smith, Stu Shiffman, and Jeanne herself. Jon Singer, as ever, surprised us with unpreviewed material at the con. (He was no longer our bridge between the two performances, since he couldn't be at the latter.) For Westercon we got commitments from Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Stu Shiffman, Kate Schaefer, and William Gibson for written material, with art by Stu, Craig Smith, and Eileen Gunn. (Patrick and Teresa were the ones to surprise us with material at Westercon, and since they were never able to provide us with copy, they unfortunately do not appear here in print.) More details on the performances will be scattered throughout this issue, wherever space permits.

It wasn't always easy explaining what we wanted to do: Eric Heidemann, Minicon Program Director, seemed to have trouble with the concept of the overhead projector; Westercon switched programming heads several times, requiring us to reexplain everything, but in the end both cons got us the equipment we needed, good timeslots, and good-sized rooms. (At Westercon it was a college auditorium with theater seats and a real stage.) We'd like to thank both cons for having us, and hope that our theatrical efforts showed our appreciation.

We'd particularly like to thank Victor Raymond and Elise Mattheson for being such sweet and helpful guest liaisons at Minicon, and J. Stewart Smythe for his assistance at Westercon. Dick Tatge at Minicon and Marci Malinowycz at Westercon were tremendous help: they each ran the overhead projector at one show.

I know that Suzle really appreciates the way Victor went an extra mile or more for her after Minicon ended. She's about to tell you all about it in a little tale we call, "The Madison Triangle Meets the WPSFA Curse; or, It's Nine PM, Do You Know Where Your Plane Ticket Is?"

#### SUZLE'S Story:

As we've said, Elise and Victor went out of their way to make us feel very honored. Little did we know just how much further they, especially Victor, would have to go before the convention was really over. Monday morning was spent saying goodbye's and thanking everyone. Jerry driving to Madison with a group of Turbo APAans in Nevenah Smith's car to spend a few days, and then return to MPLSTPL. As I was still job-hunting and beginning to get panicked about not being able to find any temporary let alone permanent work, I had opted to return to Seattle on Monday evening so as to not lose any job-hunting time. From morning 'til flight time, I was to be in the good hands of Victor and other concomm folks and was told that first, we would be going to "Fish." (This, I eventually found out, was the Minicon tradition of the concommittee and others going to a sushi restaurant in a downtown St. Paul mall-building for lunch on Minicon-Monday. First, though, I followed Jerry out to Nevenah's car to say goodbye. After being told that the strong gasoline smell was because of an earlier gas can leak, I didn't give it a second thought.

#### JERRY'S Story:

The car was full: Karen Babich, Velma Bowen, Nevenah Smith, a Martian Popping Thing, a large rubber frog, and me. We had lunch in Minneapolis with Jeanne Mealy, gossiping about friends, apamates, and someone called "Junebug." After lunch Karen and Velma crawled into the backseat, while Nevenah and I sat in front, talking about Nevenah's art and (hopeful) writing career. The scenery Nevenah drove through was just one highway interchange after another until, about an hour later, I noticed a large city with a domed building dominating its skyline. Could that be Milwaukee, I naively wondered. No, said Nevenah; it was too soon, this highway didn't go near it.

Then we saw the signs: St. Paul. We should have gone through it about five minutes after leaving Minneapolis. We woke Karen and Velma for moral support, squeezed the Martian Popping Thing, and got ourselves headed in the right direction.

SVT -- Jon Singer, who was also spending the day "Fishing" and hanging about in St. Paul, and I were bundled into Martin Shaffer's already overloaded car, and went speeding off to re-join our hosts and other con guests. There is another whole, entire story here, about going to a sushi restaurant with the inimitable Jon Singer (he'd never been there before but the restaurant staff knew him...)...uhm, some other time... Although I had initial misgivings about having lots of nummy raw fish after three days of heavy conventioning, it was great, and several tables of folks enjoyed some excellent, reasonably priced sushi and other Japanese foods.

After lunch, Elise led Jon and me to the Minnesota Museum of Science, where she used to work, and got us passes. We had a fine time experiencing everything from simulated earthquakes (Jon allowed as it wasn't as exciting as being thrown around the room during the October 17th quake, of course, and I took his word for this.), to Himong villages, to watching people putting dinosaur bones back together in a glassed in area (with very high ceilings) in the basement. Then Elise came back from work and Ruth Ladwig, Elise' mother-in-law to be and museum employee, drove us back to Elise's house. After talking and taking a walk over to Lake Como, we ordered a take-out dinner, after which Victor would take me to the airport.

While awaiting dinner, I decided to call the airport to check if the flight was on time. I pulled out my ticket envelope for the flight number and voila! No ticket! I just sort of froze. I was exhausted, having spent three days being "on" as a guest at a major convention; emotionally shaky, having seen a few folks it's for me better not to see; and at that moment, very, very embarrassed. I have never, ever lost a plane ticket. Quickly, I pieced together what must have happened.

Jerry, Jon and I had hosted a party in our suite Sunday night, and I ended up cleaning up and getting a few things ready afterward instead of waiting until morning when I'd be a zombie. I had, as usual, handled our plane tickets, and realized that I should separate the tickets and give Jerry his before he left for Madison and I flew home. Ha, ha, I thought at 4 a.m., I certainly wouldn't want to fly back to Seattle with Jerry's ticket. Ha, ha. I checked his ticket envelope, saw his ticket, and gave it to him in the morning. What I didn't see, I suppositioned here, was that the woman who checked us in in Seattle must have placed both my and Jerry's tickets back into his envelope. (Of course! Doesn't the man handle these important things like plane tickets? Of course!)

Elise, who had the receipts from the travel agency that did the ticketing, made several frantic phone calls and was told that as long as we had the receipts, we should go to the airport, and it would be taken care of, not to worry....Of course!

JAK - We settled down to a long ride. Nevenah and Karen demonstrated bondage techniques on the Martian Popping Thing and the rubber frog (both items Nevenah bought in Elise Krueger (now Mattheson's Eyes and Ears Auction). We stopped in some small town for pie that both Karen and Nevenah raved about, then called Andy Hooper to warn him we'd be late for dinner; he grumpily alluded to Nevenah's record with cars and long-distance driving.

For the next leg of the trip, I shared the backseat with Velma, drifting off to sleep on her shoulder. After what seemed to be a few moments, I started awake. We were pulling off the freeway, and I asked, sleepily, if we were being pulled over by the police.

Black smoke and the smell of burnt oil answered that question.

SVT - "Poor Victor!", I thought as we drove to the airport, "He must be exhausted. This is so embarrassing." (I also thought things like, I hope that Jerry really does have my ticket. What will happen if he



doesn't? How will I get home? When will I get home? It's certainly convenient that I don't have a JOB to get back to... The con has spent a lot of money on us already -- a oneway ticket with no lead time will be very expensive!) At the airport, we went to the travel agency desk where we were supposed to be helped. After Victor explained the situation, the young woman behind the counter replied with words that actually meant -- Thank you very much, but I'm only eighteen years old without a brain in my head and I haven't the vaguest idea how to help you. Please leave now. --

She said Northwest would have to handle it, so we trundled over and explained, in what would be a seemingly never-ending series of explanations, what had transpired. It was now about one hour before flight time. After explaining that the travel agency had told us that Northwest could take care of the problem, Victor and I heard those chilling words, "You were misinformed." She gave us the usual buy-a-new-ticket-and-be-reimbursed-when-you-find-the-old-one routine. Eventually, she did help by offering to waive the time limit on a three-day advance purchase, but it would still be expensive. Victor and I conferred; he made a series of phone calls to various con people to ascertain if the con could cover the new ticket. Then I came up with the idea that if we could reach Jerry and he could get the ticket to the Northwest desk in Madison, I might be able to get on the flight. (Jerry had left before noon, and should have gotten to Andy Hooper and Carrie Root's house by dinnertime, so this seemed plausible.) We suggested this to Northwest, who agreed.

Victor then made a new series of phone calls, getting Carrie and Andy's phone number, then calling them to explain and talk to Jerry. I heard Victor say several things that all boiled down to one sentence, "Oh, and where exactly was Nevenah's car when it broke down?" As the meaning of these words sunk fully in to my already exhausted being, I developed this little hysterical giggle before breaking into serious laughter. Andy said he didn't know where they were or when they'd get to Madison. Victor told him we'd get back to him. I developed a twitch.

Now, could Victor and I really go back to the Northwest desk and explain that the car in which Jerry was riding had BROKEN DOWN??? Yah, right. Sure it had. We told them that he couldn't get to the Madison airport before flight time that evening, but could the next day. Our oh-so-helpful Northwest rep. went to work things out with her supervisor and was gone for about what seemed like 5 hours. During this period of time, I should mention that behind us, waiting in line to check in, was what appeared to be becoming a unruly mob of people afraid they were going to miss their flights. One man tried to jump the line and was admonished by both the airline and others in line. Our rep. returned and told us that she had me on a flight that left at 9:30 am. In the morning?! We hadn't the foggiest idea of where Jerry and company were, or if he really did have my ticket, let alone whether he could get to the Madison Airport by 9 am! So, naturally we said, "Why, of course! Thanks!"

Victor made a few more phone calls, this time, arranging to me to stay in one of the unused rooms on the Con Suite floor. On the trip back to the hotel, Victor told me about the Madison Triangle. I told him about the WPSFA curse.

JAK - We were only two miles past an exit at Lake Delton, Wisconsin, about 50 miles from Madison, so Nevenah decided to walk back and find a tow truck that could take the car the rest of the way into Madison, only fifty miles. I pulled on my coat and volunteered to go with her, while Karen and Velma stood watch. It was a cold but clear night, and when we weren't blinded by oncoming headlights, we could see the stars.

We got to the exit about half-an-hour later, and started down the long slope to a little cluster of buildings at the bottom. Just as we arrived at the service station, the lights began to blink off. Nevenah pounded on the door, and a young fellow opened for us. He could tow the car, he said, but

only to this station. Nevenah was determined to have the car go to Madison, so she set up in the small convenience store attached to the station, and under the impatient eye of a bored clerk, began making calls.

This turned out to be a lengthy process. First she would get the name and number of a AAA-approved towing service; then she would call the service, only to find they really didn't serve AAA members or all their trucks were out or they didn't go to Madison. Then she'd call AAA again. After six tries she finally found a service that could help.

Then, since a tow truck could take, at best, two of us into Madison (no one could ride in the dead car), she had to begin another round of calls, to find someone to come for us. (Karen and Velma, being the ones waiting with the car, would have the dubious pleasure of riding with the tow truck driver.) We tried Andy and Carrie first, but Andy doesn't drive, and Carrie was too ill for the long trip. She wasn't the only one: it began to seem that everyone we knew in Madison was sick or asleep or owners of cars that were in the shop. Finally, just as the tow truck drove into the lot, Nevenah found Bill Humphries, who said, "Sure, no problem."

Good. Our ride was set, and we could expect to see Bill in an hour. Now all we had to deal with was the tow truck driver. He was a small suspicious man in a red deer hunter's cap. He looked suspicious when we told him about the two people still at the car, he looked suspicious when Nevenah gave him vague directions to her mechanic's shop, and he looked downright unbelieving when Nevenah told him she expected AAA to pay. Nope, he needed cash. No credit cards, no checks, only cash. \$100.

Nevenah had only checks. I had \$78. Would he take \$75 and a check for the rest? He thought. He suspiciously examined Nevenah's check and even my greenbacks. Finally he agreed; his truck rumbled away. Nevenah thanked the service station people, we moved to the bigger convenience store across the road, and spent the next hour talking and eating what \$3 could buy there. When Bill showed up in an old Volkswagen bug, we hugged him happily. Seeing that Nevenah's car was no longer where we'd left it almost three hours earlier, we began to relax.

Once in Madison, Bill drove us to Nevenah's mechanic, where we found her car. All the luggage was gone, except for Nevenah's, so we were sure that someone had taken everything and everyone to Andy and Carrie's house. We transferred the remaining stuff to Bill's trunk, and drove the last ten-minute leg. Sure enough, there were Velma, Karen, Andy and Carrie, lounging in their comfortable, book-stuffed living room. I began to say how glad I was to be there.

Before I could finish my sentence, Andy rose to his feet, and as though he were preaching from a pulpit, pointed at me, saying orotundly, "It's only the tip of the iceberg. Check all your pockets." I could only gasp.

"You have Suzle's ticket."

SVT - I was checked back into the hotel and we explained the situation to the desk clerk, who was told that I would be receiving a telephone call that had to reach me. The airline had given me a special computer code number that would magically make everything cool with the ticket transfer and Jerry had to have it. We were concerned that since my room was registered to the Convention that they wouldn't be able to find me. I cautioned her that should she go off duty, this message had to be passed on. (I've worked with too many hotels for over too long a period to let that one get by me.) I was greeted



very warmly on the 23rd Floor Con Suite where at least three people had keys for me. The room had been part of the smoking section and they'd even put a Smokeater in the room. (This was apparently arranged during one of Victor's many telephone calls.) Talk about hospitality! Walking down the long corridor, I bumped into friends like Terry Garey and Geri Sullivan, who knew I'd already left. Their expressions were sort of mixed between seeing a ghost and deciding that yes, they had had too much blog. Terry came back to the room with me and I poured out this fascinating tale. After collapsing for a few minutes, I decided to call Stu Shiffman and Andi Shechter (our downstairs neighbors) back in Seattle so that they wouldn't wonder where the car was when they left for work the next morning. Jerry wouldn't be calling for a while I was sure. I looked around. And around. *There was no phone in the room...*

I flew down to the front desk, explained, and they sent one up quickly. One minute later, Jerry called.

JAK - Shaken, I rushed upstairs to find my suitcase in the little guest room. I found the ticket folder, and inside it my ticket. I pulled it out, and there, behind mine, was Suzle's. Back downstairs, Andy gave me the hotel number where I was to call Suzle; I went right into the kitchen and telephoned. Suzle sounded a lot better than I felt. She told me about the arrangement with Northwest and the special number I needed to give the reservation desk.

After I finished the call, I talked to Carrie. She was much recovered, and said she could easily get me to the airport in time the next morning. Andy kindly got me a bowl of spiced apples and ice cream, while Nevenah explained everything to Karen and Velma (who in turn told us about being visited by a friendly young state trooper while they were waiting; Velma was surprised he hadn't acted suspicious of her leather pants and café-au-lait complexion).

Andy asked me if I wanted to watch some television to relax, and I noticed that he had tapes of "The Civil War." So I suggested he try one of them. It was a bad idea. As the screen filled with anecdotes about men burning to death between the lines and doctors performing amputations in assemblyline fashion, Nevenah burst into tears. We quickly turned the tv off, and did a lot of hugging.

SVT - Worried about the way Jerry sounded on the phone (beyond exhausted, possibly quite depressed), I went down the hall to the dead dog (at Minicon, the dead dog party is on Monday night!) to relax and tell friends about this truly exciting evening. Victor, who also could finally relax, and I did our little dog-and-pony show to a number of folks, telling our story, and I had the best sitting around in the hall chats I've had in many a con. Early the next morning, I caught the airport limo. Northwest had to call Madison to verify things, and the \$50 charge that had been mentioned the night before was mentioned again, but never collected. I got back to Seattle; I got the car out of hock and drove home; I wandered around mumbling to myself for the rest of the day.

JAK - Next morning was an anticlimax. Carrie woke me at seven; we got to the airport at eight, Northwest accepted the ticket. I spoke to Suzle that evening; she had boarded the nine-thirty plane and flown home without incident.

The rest of my trip was very enjoyable (with the remainder of my Madison visit and another three days in Minneapolis), and mostly stressfree. Suzle and I had escaped both the Madison Triangle and the WPSFA Curse, and were left, as so often before, with a good story for a fanzine article.

Well, we think so...

--- JAK/SVT



How I Fell in Love with the

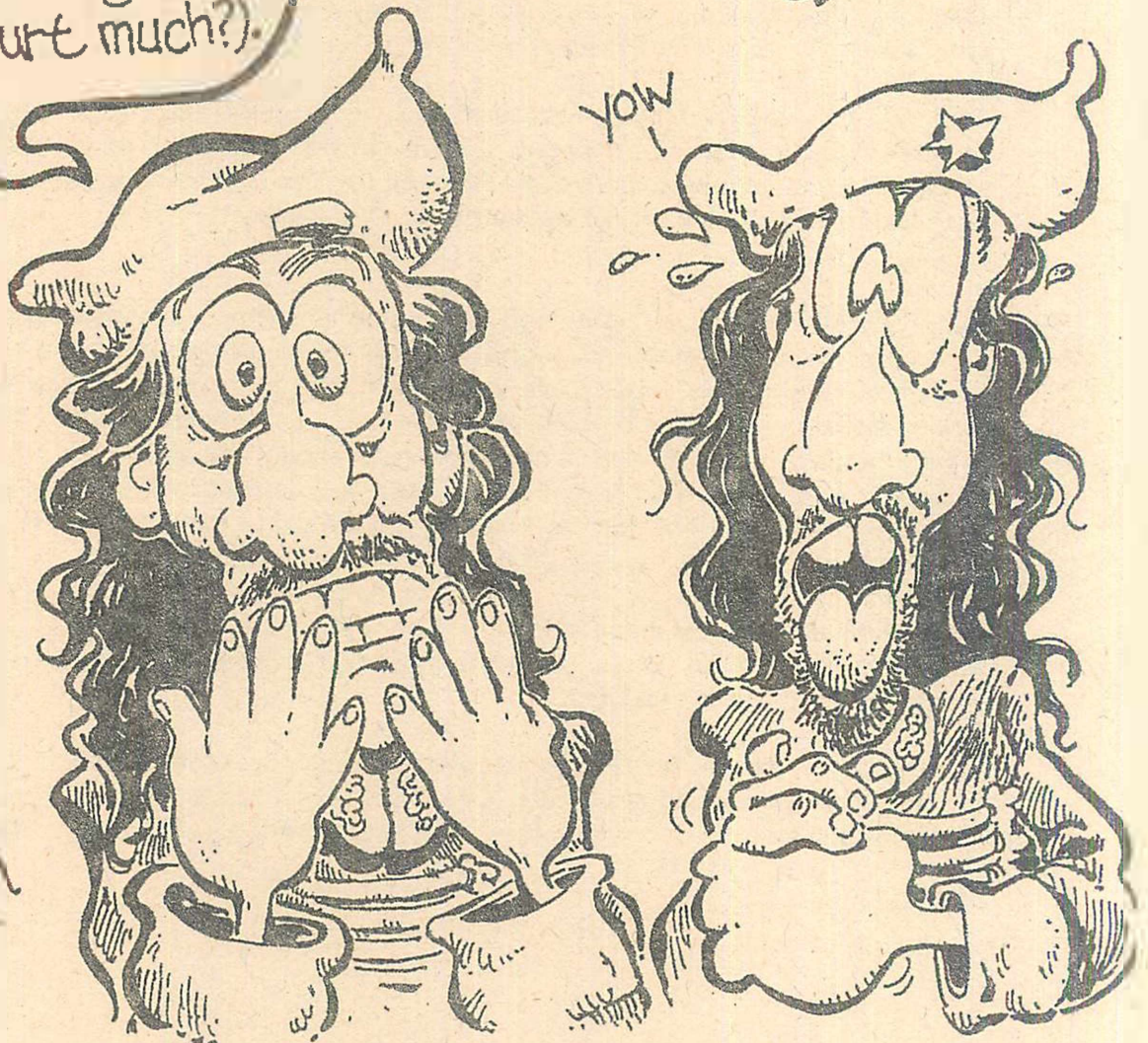
**FLYING**

# Karamazov Brothers

Gee, Terry we're  
awfully sorry... We  
thought the  
chainsaw juggling  
would be a big hit  
(does it hurt much?)

by Terry  
Garey

Craig  
Smith



"THE FIRST AUDITION"



Well, I liked Tim Furst. That's spelled F-U-R-S-T.

I liked him in spite of the fact that he was with the Flying Karamazov Brothers. This may sound strange viewed from this point in time. But it's true.

You see, back in the late '70s I worked at a night club in San Francisco called The Magic Cellar. I sort of fell into the job as Door Dragon, bottle washer, occasional bartender (and later, very briefly, as stage manager) from hanging out there. I hung out there because a lot of my friends in science fiction fandom hung out there. The club was located beneath Earthquake McGoon's, a night club featuring Turk Murphy's Dixieland Jazz Band and both of these places were connected and owned by Turk, and Pete Clute who played in the band. (Are you still with me?) Pete's brother Cedric ran the Cellar. You paid the cover charge to one place, you could go to the other, if you were the sort of person who liked Dixieland and Magic. Cedric ran the Magic Cellar and tended bar. His wife, Jan, was hostess and waited tables, sometimes dressed in lovely '30s outfits. Jan is small, waiflike, and utterly charming.

The Cellar was small, dark, and crowded with the effects of Carter the Great, a world-class magician from way back when--friend of Houdini. There were great stacks of trunks, and exhibits of Carter's paraphernalia, with huge lithographed posters on the walls. Everywhere you looked there was something interesting and badly lit. When the band wasn't playing upstairs, we ran the old Wurlitzer juke box, stocked with records from the '30s and '40s. Scattered here and there were small tables and chairs. At one end was the bar, and at the other a very small stage. We had two magicians a night and they each did two shows, with the house magician doing close-up at the tables in between.

The place didn't make very much money, I suspect, but it was marvelous. You never quite knew who would be playing, or, in fact, who would be there. Lots of sf writers and mystery writers hung out. You could expect to find Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (she read Tarot cards), Robert Silverberg, Terry Carr, Marta Randall, Elizabeth Lynn, Bill Pronzini, Michael Kurland, Avram Davidson, Frank Robinson, Tom Scortia, Poul Anderson, maybe Harlan Ellison if he was up from LA, and any number of others, including artists like Don Simpson, Wendy Rose, Lee Marrs, and Grant Canfield. Fans included Debbie Notkin, Tom Whitmore, Dave Nee, Ctein, Jane Robinson, Mike Ward, Doug Faunt, Danny Low, Andi Shechter, Larry Verre, Alva Rogers, and a zillion others. Visiting fans and writers were always taken to the Cellar. It was the thing to do. It was the place to be. It was magic, and it was magic because of Cedric and Jan.

\*

Cedric and Jan had come back from a vacation trip to England and Cedric went on and on about these guys he had met on the plane: Gosh, they're really wonderful and funny and etc. and etc., waving his hands and scattering cigarette ash enthusiastically.

"Right," we said, "and what kind of magic?"

"No, not magic: they're jugglers."

"Oh, God..." we said, "Cedric has picked up more orphans."

Cedric had this habit of occasionally picking up bad, tired, or lame magicians and bringing them to the Cellar where they were bad, or tired, or lame. It was dreadful.

But it was Cedric. Dear, sweet, generous Cedric. Most of the acts we had were wonderful: Paul Svengari, Rich Marotta, Nahmen Niesson, Harry Anderson (yes, The...), Professor Tai King Lee, and the resident close-up magician, Arthur Murata. But now and then...\*groan\*. The only non-magic act we ever had was R. Crumb and his Cheap Suit Serenaders. Yes, that R. Crumb. They played once a year, at New Years. They were just right for the place.

So, the next thing I knew, I was stacking glasses in a tray getting them ready to take upstairs to wash, and there arose a great clatter on the stairs to McGoons, and down came these two guys...the only one I really remember being Paul (although there was the glitter of Howard's glasses somewhere in the background, and an awful lot of legs) in these tatty band uniforms: dark blue with tarnished silver, black berets, bellbottoms and lots of hair, mustaches...they look like cheap South American revolutionaries, I thought. There were only two of them that I could see, but it seemed like more.

"Where's Cedric?" they said, and I pointed coldly. Who do these guys think they are, I wondered.

And lo, they were the Flying Karamazov Brothers, and later that night Cedric had them perform.

Sheesh, we Regulars said, and were not impressed. They were sloppy, spoke too fast, missed cues, dropped clubs, laughed at their own jokes, and besides, they weren't magicians. This was the Magic Cellar, after all. They were also young (younger than I realized at the time), gauche, loud, and they didn't give Tom Stoppard credit for his material. It wasn't pathetic, but it wasn't very good.

Cedric had them back a few weeks later, much against the judgement of the Regulars. We didn't like them. Cute, yes, brown eyes and irrepressible youth, but that act? Where had they gotten those horrible old jokes? And what was with the old Abbott and Costello routines? I knew what jugglers were supposed to do...I had seen plenty as a kid in Europe when Dad was running the Officers Club, and also later on in England. I'd seen some damned fine ones. These two didn't fit anything I'd ever seen jugglers do before.

I don't know if it was that night, or another, but I was being the Door Dragon and down came a man bearing a great pile of Stuff. (These were the other stairs, up to Clay Street.) Good heavens, I thought. I had never seen a person carrying that much Stuff who could maintain his dignity in quite that way. I was impressed. He said who he was, or something. I let him in. He gave me a little bow, still with all of that Stuff. He was one of the most interesting people I had ever seen. He had presence. He had balance. He had calm blue eyes and wonderful bone structure, long brown hair, and a sophisticated Van Dyke. He was a grown-up. He was Tim Furst, and he was attached to those two boy goofs as lighting and technical person (he drove a motorcycle with a sidecar that was their transportation, and the stepvan they got later, the one that always broke down in inconvenient places).

What on earth did he see in these guys? I was such a snob. I think Paul had said something to offend me. God knows what. And he was beautiful, and knew it. Howard was always talking, and bounced at all times. Five minutes was enough to wring a person out. And I just didn't believe they were serious about showbiz.



Well, at least they started giving Tom Stoppard credit, thanks to Debbie Notkin. It was a start.

Cedric kept having them back to perform. Tim ran the lights. I watched him be sure and certain and not say much. He was always kind, gentle, and polite. He never tried to "charm" me off, like the other two. I loved just to watch him work with the light board. Sometimes he smiled. Sometimes he would talk or tell stories in a corner. I would listen. I ignored the other two as much as possible. I refused to be charmed.

What does he see in these two to put up with them, I thought again.

You see, at the end of the evening, when the customers had gone home, they practiced, and we all sat around and watched. They tried out new routines, tried things they wouldn't dare yet on stage, and generally worked off excess energy, almost as if they hadn't been working on the streets all day.

It was then Tim worked with them and juggled (although he wouldn't for an actual show). Technically, he was much the best juggler, and let nothing distract him. He had an amazing amount of presence, even practicing. Now that, I said to Ctein, is CLASS. Ctein agreed.

And lo, the two clowns quieted down a little bit and behaved, and it was almost working. They were growing on me, and the rest of us Regulars. We helped carry equipment for them. It was heavy and it clanked. (They didn't juggle anything soft and squishy until later.) We fed them. They needed it. You could count the ribs under their RenFest shirts when they got damp. We dragged in people to see them. We begged Herb Caen to review them. (He wouldn't, the short-sighted turkey.)

But still, I couldn't quite see what Tim saw in them. So one night I watched very carefully, getting someone else to watch the door. Paul and Howard were working (I don't think they had Randy as part of the troupe, yet) and they had had a bad evening, dropping, fumbling, messing up lines, and then Paul did all three things at once. It ruined whatever he and Howard were doing. This all happened in a split second: everything dropped, and Paul had two expressions in his eyes in rapid succession (the Second Most Beautiful Brown Eyes in the World): first misery, because he had screwed up, then what I can only describe as patient determination. Howard, who had frozen for that split second, looked at him (with the Best Twinkly Brown Eyes in the World), gave a little nod, a brief, confident smile; Paul bent down, picked up what he had dropped, and proceeded like a pro. At the same time, I had glanced up and seen Tim (behind the light board) do the same little nod as Howard, followed by that funny tilt he gets to his chin when he's feeling proud. It got better. It really did. It was incredibly touching.

It was in that moment that I fell in love with the Flying Karamazov Brothers. All of them. Forever. They were serious, I realized. They would be very good, because they had guts and will, talent and charm and loved each other, and they were going to make it.

Randy appeared and fitted in as if he had always been there. Then Tim was enticed on stage, much to everyone's pleasure. They were able to do more complicated routines, expand their own horizons and the audience's. It was amazing to watch, like a beautiful but funny plant, or a bunch of puppies growing up to be champions. They'd go off and do whatever bookings they could get, do the RenFest or whatever, and come back to

the Cellar, getting better and better and better each time. Every time I saw them, even after cleaning up the damned eggs from the Terror Trick, I marveled to myself. I knew I was seeing something special. They never complained, they always had a new routine stewing, they were always kind, cheerful, and delightful to work with. They were having a wonderful time. And I loved them. We all did.

I loved them with dear Randy, and I love them with wonderful Sam. I loved them whatever they did--Shakespeare, physics, RenFests, television, Broadway, I don't care--and wherever they did it, and however they did it. I loved them through all permutations and I always will. But I liked Tim, first. F-I-R-S-T. And he made me love the Flying Karamazov Brothers.

###

I wrote the following poem in May, 1990, after seeing the Karamazovs' full two-hour show, "Club," at the Ordway Theater in St. Paul, Minnesota. They were wonderful in their maturity. Absolutely wonderful. Just to remind you, Howard (as Ivan) tends to accent his costumes with red, Paul (Dmitri) with blue, Sam (Smerdyakov) with green, while Tim (Fyodor) sticks to basic black.

Took me fifteen years to write this....

The Flying Karamazov Brothers: Juggling and Cheap Theatrics  
(Sacks and Violins for Tim)

Darkness spills over the stage like graphite  
out of a sack.  
Light opens our eyes and the magic begins  
to train us:  
juggling and cheap theatrics grow  
into a moving tapestry of color--  
warp of skill, woof of jokes--  
weaving their hearts to wrap around ours--  
we laugh, dazzled, becoming free in the pattern...

Red burns, blue flashes, green  
chucks us under the chin...  
black neatens up the edges, binding off from chaos.  
We watch a waterfall of clubs  
'til the watching makes us forget gravity  
in the cascades of color, light, dark, and music.

Red is a freckled flame, sputtering dialogue  
like a fire fencing with the other elements.  
He races up our backs, tickling, punning, teaching us  
motion and movement to bring us closer to light; his eyes  
sparkle with challenge, burn with music.  
He is a crimson leaf whirling on the wind of his own heat,  
loving a slide trombone, unafraid of his own warm value  
in the scales.

Blue's arms are a daring blur as he invites us to laugh,  
risk his bag of tricks and wiles.  
He runs us through his hands



like a genie with a sack of jewels, winking cascades  
of jokes. He is a reformed pirate who borrows hearts--  
a dervish ever moving.  
His dark eyes see everything, absorb the light  
and give it away again,  
rippling through our senses like watered silk.

Green snatches us out of the air  
brings us to earth and bumps us up, catching  
our imaginations in his capable hands.

He freshens our wit with a nudge,  
a surprise in the flip-flop of props.  
He falls for us and his hair springs for the sun  
as he tumbles us over and under, showing us the forest  
for the trees with his amazed and wise eyes--  
then with a shout of laughter,  
hands us on intact.

Black gives us a thoughtful breath, balances us,  
lending a pattern of light and dark to the music and the  
weave.

He moves with legs like a dancer's: quiet, aiming and  
taking  
silent flight.  
His hands are as quick as hunting cats as he prowls the edges,  
eyes steady, arms strong with skill--  
a quick tug to keep the tension taut, the colors from blurring.  
He gives and takes his due, unruffled, unafraid  
but aware of consequences he does not let us see.  
His silence is like a violin drawn long and slow  
then high and sweet as a hawk among brass  
and clarinet.

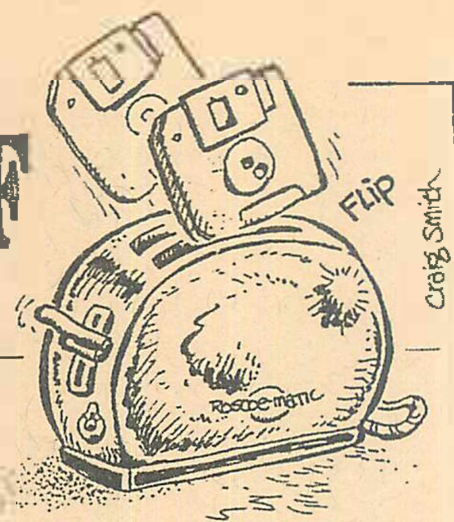
All that Jazz--  
the electronic hum of life, the blossoming explosion  
of a really good time  
sends us marching towards better things  
giving us unison and harmony at the same time:  
we have learned to sing  
ready to rock and roll  
with the best of them--  
we are ready for light and for dark and for color--  
a thoroughly stitched bag.

The stage wings fold  
around our gift of applause--  
the magic is carried away by students and teachers.  
We have our props in a sack, violins of silence...  
a promise of horns of plenty carried in our hearts  
--formerly just juggling  
and cheap theatrics.

---Terry A. Garey

# THE TECHNOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

by Jon Singer



## A Rose by Any Other Color Would Smell Like a...Well, *You Know*.

Some people are not content to leave well-enough alone. This is a dumb truism, but there is definitely something to it. What that something is depends on how you define "well-enough"; the usual definition is "the way it already is".

In terms of roses, carnations, gerberas, and chrysanthemums, "the way it already is" is that there are no blue-flowered varieties. With your patience and permission I'd like to do a little biochemistry and molecular biology here, to tell you how that is being changed. If my associate will just insert the first magic-lantern slide...

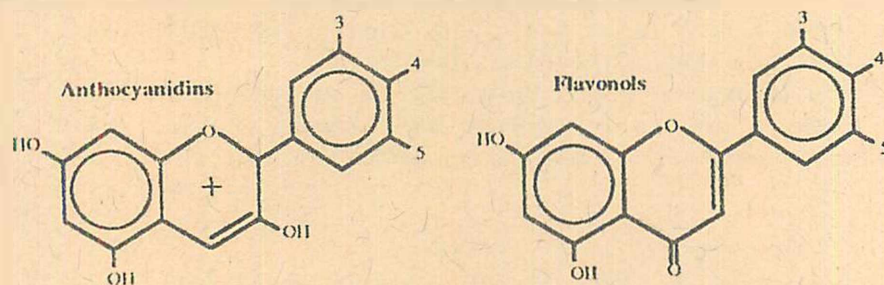


Figure 1 Flavonoid plant pigments

Here we have two closely-related groups of plant pigments, which together form one family known as Flavonoids. Each molecule has a two-ring group (shown at the left side of the molecule), joined to a one-ring group (shown on the right). There are two different versions of the left-side group, so there are two sub-families of pigments. The "1" position on the single ring is where it attaches to the other part of the molecule.

In the abstract, you could hang a large number of different things on the numbered spaces, but in the versions found in plants, the number 4 space always seems to contain a hydroxyl group (that is, an "-OH" like the other ones you see in the picture); the numbers 3, and 5 can, in each case, correspond either to a hydrogen atom or to a hydroxyl group. My understanding is that in plants, these compounds are usually found with one or two sugar molecules tied onto them.

I haven't heard of pigments in these families that lack the hydroxyl group in position 4, nor of pigments with hydroxyl groups at positions 2 and/or 6. That leaves us with 6 named pigments that occur in plants:



hydroxyl groups at	Anthocyanidin	Color	Flavonol	Color
4	Pelargonidin	vermillion	Kaempferol	pale yellow (?)
3 & 4	Cyanidin	magenta	Quercetin	yellow
3, 4, & 5	Delphinidin	blue	Myricetin	orange (?)

The whole Flavonoid set is, of course, only one tiny corner of the plant-pigment world. There is vast complexity in the rest of the picture. In this article we are mostly concerned with the Anthocyanidins, or perhaps more accurately, the Anthocyanins, which are the forms with sugar molecules attached. I don't have time or space here to go into Flavonols in detail, but I should mention the fact that Quercetin shows up in several Asian rose species, and from at least one of those (*Rosa foetida*) makes its way into various modern roses.

Pelargonidin is the characteristic pigment in red geraniums. It turns out that ordinary garden geraniums are not really geraniums at all. They are members of the genus *Pelargonium*, and that's where the pigment name comes from. (Hardy geraniums, which you will sometimes find in catalogs under the name "Cranesbill", are actually members of *Geranium*.) In nature, as far as I am aware, Delphinidin is produced from Pelargonidin. That is, we don't know of any enzyme that adds a third hydroxyl group to Cyanidin. (There may be pathways to Delphinidin from other starting points, but they are certainly not common.)

Until well into this century, among the red/blue pigments only Cyanidin was known in roses. Considering the fact that descriptions of roses date back several thousands of years in China and perhaps two thousand years in Europe, this is fairly remarkable. One would expect that geranium-red roses would have shown up long since, if they were going to show up at all, but as far as we know, they didn't. Most of the old garden roses range from magenta or purple to pink to white. A true blue rose was quite an unlikely prospect, though it seems that a century or two ago some wily Ay-rabs were reported to be producing them by carefully lifting the root-bark of some of their white roses during dormant season and installing packets of indigo, which later colored the blooms. (I do a similar thing by adding blue ink to water that cut white rosebuds are standing in, having seen carnations similarly colored red as a "science experiment" when I was a kid.)

In 1929, however, a rose cultivar named 'Gloria Mundi' was introduced. This polyantha rose is the result of a mutation (or 'sport', as plant-people call them) that resulted in the production of Pelargonidin in a rose flower for the first time. You can still buy a plant of it if you want to (Heirloom Old Garden Roses, 503 538 1576; catalog \$3 and well worth it if you're a rose fan). Just be warned, it is likely to mutate further for you. Polyanthas are known for mutating frequently; they're a regular sporting event. Ahem. (Sorry. Couldn't resist.) The mutation that created 'Gloria Mundi', and the similar or identical mutation that created 'Paul Crampel', another polyantha that was introduced a year later, are apparently mutations in which a gene gets broken and ceases to function. The gene, in this case, would be the one for the hydroxylating enzyme that adds the second -OH group to Pelargonidin.

'Gloria Mundi' and 'Paul Crampel' have blossoms of a sharp geranium-red color, just as you might expect. They are both diploid (14 chromosomes), which means that they are not necessarily easy to use in hybridizing (most modern roses are tetraploid), but the same kind of mutation occurred a third time some years later, resulting in a tetraploid rose with the formidable name of 'Kordes' Sondermeldung'. (When it was introduced in this country, in 1950, it was renamed 'Independence'.) 'Independence' is no longer in commerce, but there are plants in various gardens, and it is involved in the ancestry of a number of important roses that are still with us, most of which have orangy-red or vermillion colors.

So now we have roses with Pelargonidin. Where are the blue ones? There is, indeed, an enzyme that makes Pelargonidin into Delphinidin. (That's why delphiniums are blue, n'est-ce pas?) Unfortunately, that enzyme is unknown in the genus *Rosa*. Just doesn't occur. I don't think it occurs in any close rose-relatives (apples, pears, quinces, almonds, loquats) either, though I could be wrong. No blue roses this way, and no blue gerberas or chrysanthemums or carnations either: I believe they are all missing this enzyme.

### Enter those strange Terrans with their funny science stuff

The genetics of the garden petunia are apparently quite well-understood, as a result of lots of research. (Perhaps the genome of *Petunia* is relatively simple.) One of the things you find in petunias is (you guessed it) Delphinidin. That, of course, means that the gene for the appropriate hydroxylating enzyme is present.

The trick is to isolate the DNA that codes for the enzyme, and then install it in a rose, chrysanthemum, gerbera, or carnation. Mind you, the enzyme itself was only isolated in 1982, if my information is correct. Getting from there back to the DNA is not exactly trivial, but that's apparently what is happening or has already happened.

Once you know which gene is the right one, you have to figure out how to isolate it and snip it out with special DNA-cleaving enzymes; then you have to make many copies of it. Actually, making lots of copies is a step that has gotten a whole lot easier than it used to be. (Interested readers are directed to an excellent article on this subject, "The Unusual Origin of the Polymerase Chain Reaction", by Kary B. Mullis (the inventor of the technique) in the April, 1990 Scientific American.)

Then you go back to a technology that people stole from bacteria, and have gotten pretty good at: you attach one end of your DNA to some special DNA called a vector, and close up the other ends to make a ring; the ring is called a plasmid. It might be possible to jam the plasmid directly into a rose cell, but that's not the route of choice. For one thing, it involves some difficulties. First of all, you would have to grow lots of rose cells (not too hard, with a bit of practice). Then you have to take the walls off your cells in order to shove the plasmid in. This turns out to be pretty easy: there are enzymes that digest the cell walls, releasing the protoplast inside. If you haven't screwed up the concentrations of various items in the medium, the nice little protoplasts neither shrivel up nor explode. But now you have what amounts to a suspension of individual rose cells, which is probably not as well understood for roses as it is for the pacific yew tree, which is currently the subject of lots of research in an attempt to produce taxol, a new and important anti-cancer drug. Presuming you learn how to handle the protoplasts and keep them alive, you expose them to the plasmids and hope that plasmids somehow end up inside at least some of them. This may or may not happen, though I understand that it's fairly likely. Then you remove the cell-wall-digesting enzymes, and try to grow your cells into entire plants, a nontrivial proposition. Somehow, this doesn't sound like the right way to go.

Fortunately, nature has provided an easier path. It turns out that there are certain plant bacteria that already use their own plasmids to jam DNA into plant cells, and they successfully integrate tumor-inducing (and other) genes into the target plant's genome. These bacteria (*Agrobacterium tumefaciens*) are the cause of a plant disease called Crown Gall. People have figured out how to substitute other genes in place of the bacterial genes, with modest success. (See "A Vector for Introducing New Genes into Plants", by Mary-Dell Chilton, in the June, 1983 Scientific American.) How handy! Just put the gene for the hydroxylating enzyme into the plasmids that the bacteria already use. Then pour the bacteria over the roses, and wait.

Well, actually, you wouldn't use full-size rosebushes; apparently when this technology was first being developed, the bacteria were mixed into cell cultures; under normal circumstances, the bacteria only infect cells in fresh wounds. Nowadays, the usual technique seems to involve cutting slits in a leaf, pouring the bacteria over the slits, and then culturing the leaf. The new cells that grow at the edges of the slits become the starting material from which, eventually, you get entire plants. If your plant arises from infected cells, it should have the new DNA in it. One way to help insure this is to join a gene for antibiotic resistance to the gene you want to insert, and then culture the leaf in medium that contains the antibiotic. Unless the resistance gene is expressed, the cells die. Thus, you only get plants that are already likely candidates for expression of your chosen gene. It is not necessarily easy, by the way, to get the genes expressed in the target. When Chilton wrote her article, several genes had been injected into plants by this route, but only one or two actually did anything. That was in 1983; I presume that people have gotten better with practice.

Having grown your infected cells, you need to find out whether the petunia gene has been integrated into the rose genome. Is the enzyme being manufactured? The obvious method is to wait until the plant blossoms. Is the flower blue? You win. Is it red? Back to the culture medium. I presume there are other, subtler tests that can be performed earlier, perhaps allowing people to detect the enzyme more directly, before the plant makes flowers.

Once you have a plant that does make blue flowers, you perform extensive vegetative propagation upon it. Eventually you have enough bushes that you can introduce the cultivar. I'm told that it can take as long as seven years to bring even an ordinary rose to market, but I think that's the high end of the curve and I believe that it has been done in as few as three. I haven't seen any blue roses on bushes yet, but I *have* heard of two groups working on this very project, one in Japan and one in Australia. If my information is accurate, the Australian group is working on roses and carnations, in association with a university group that is covering gerberas and chrysanthemums. (I have heard only of the existence of the group in Japan.) It is rumored that blue roses will debut some time ...well, let's say "Real Soon Now." If you see a blue carnation, or a blue gerbera or chrysanthemum, the blue rose won't be far behind (and *vice versa*). Now, as to pricing...

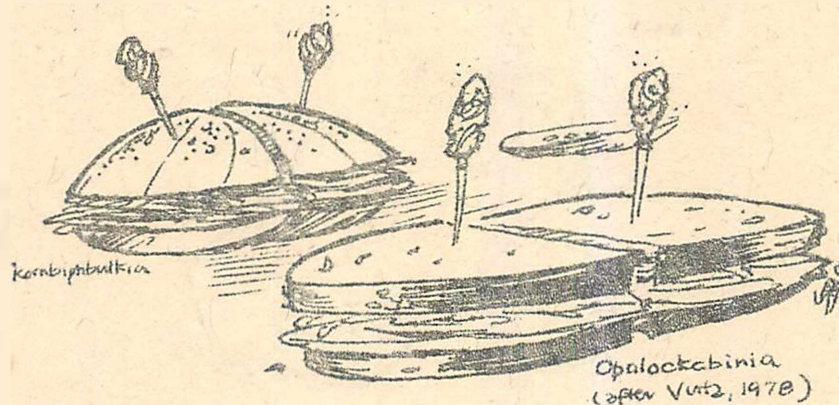


I talked with a friend of mine who is a yeast geneticist, and asked him what it would take to do a blue rose. (He did his Ph.D. thesis on plant pigments, and has some continuing interest in this area.) He suggested that 2 or 3 years and several millions of dollars would not be at all out of line. This means that the purveyors of these objects have a large investment to recoup, a fact that will assuredly be reflected in the price of the plants. One is tempted to do one's own genetic engineering. If I had, say, a mere half-million dollars, I could maybe fake this one. I already have, or almost have, the right rose to use. Unfortunately, the \$39.95 or so that I actually have on hand isn't even enough to buy a blue rosebush to try it the easy way. Sigh. Anybody got a used glove-box or microscope they wanna scrap out? I've been itching to learn micropropagation, and I can probably get the petunias out of the garden...

**Subject: Fossils, comma, recent, comma, for your delectation & amusement.**

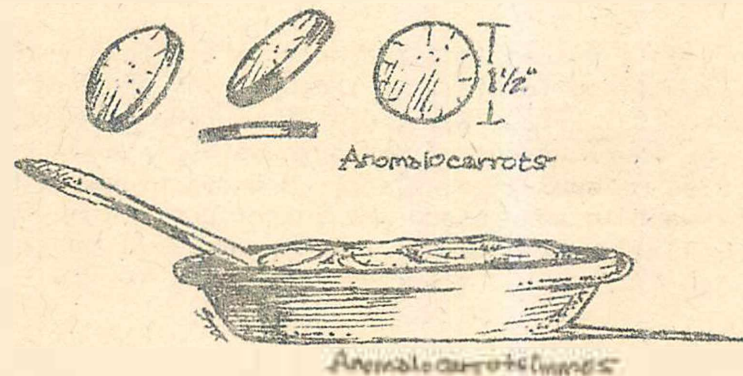
### *Opalockabinia*

Previously known only as small toothpick-looking bits, this fossil is now understood much better. Specimens from the Gripenes Shale (recently discovered in Florida) appear to look much like a turkey-and-coleslaw-on-rye sandwich, with the toothpick-like structure sticking out the top. It may have been an eye- or ear-stalk or some sort of chemosensor.



### *Anomalocarratimmes*

Previously known only as a small disk that looked mostly like a slice of carrot (hence the original name, *Anomalocarrots*), this organism is now known to have looked more like a baking dish, with the carrot slices embedded in softer material that has not typically survived fossilization (hence the new name). Researchers suspect that it was sessile, or possibly propelled itself over the sea-bottom with a soft snail-like foot.

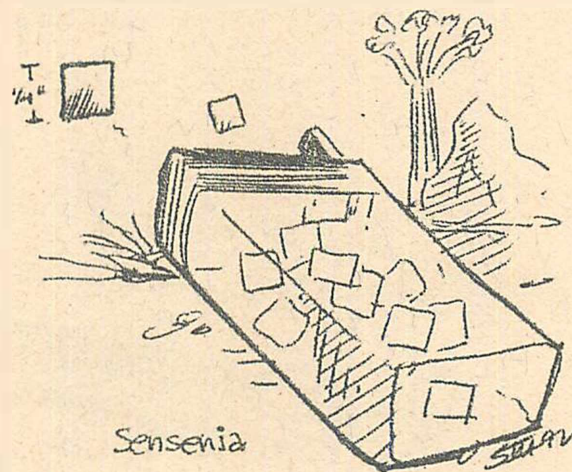


### *Glocamora*

Unfortunately, we still do not have reliable information on this organism, which is known only as a very small spine or tooth with yet smaller structures apparently loose inside it. Researchers in the field have been asking themselves, "How are things in *Glocamora*?" since the Schmaltz-Gribenes conference, at which the existence of these tiny Dentine Protuberances was first announced.

### *Sensenia*

Fossils of these tiny flat squarish creatures are found almost exclusively in the mouths of larger animals. Almost nothing is known about them. There is, as of this time, one report of a larger flat squarish container with hundreds of the smaller ones in it, perhaps an egg-sac, but the claim is disputed.



### *Wewaxia*

These padlike organisms are found in the center of polished regions on the carapaces of larger creatures. Little is yet known about them. Perhaps they were commensal companions, deriving nourishment from the shell-scrapings they removed while polishing.

---Jon Singer

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The latter part of Jon's column (and the only part actually to come from his Minicon appearance) will be funniest to those of you who have read Steven Jay Gould's amazing *Wonderful Life*. For those of you who haven't, run right out. The book details the fossil fauna of the Burgess Shale and its implications for our understanding of evolution, history and our place in the world. It's also useful if you want to understand the latter portion of The Difference Engine. (Knowing a little about Jewish cooking wouldn't hurt, either.)

--jerry





SHIFFMAN © 91

Times were bleak at Fan Central Station. When there are more mundanes than trufen living in your slanshack, it's time to move on. But the thought of packing everything up--the mimeo, e-stenciller, typer, the collection, the hi-fi, all those beer cans--made a cold wave wash down Max Lineaux's spine.

He was contemplating a new set of "house rules," which the new "house-mother," Espera Locke, had attached to the refrigerator with alphabet magnets. She had taken down his laborious quotes, "Not to run on four legs, that is the law," and "Who sawed Courtney's boat?", and replaced them with "Eferyone blease read these rules." It cheered Max for a moment to notice that she had been unable to find a "v," despite the fact that "Vargo Statten" was smack in the middle of the fridge. Then he read rules eight and nine:

8. There is to be no operation of mimeographs after 9 pm.
9. Electrostencilling will be conducted during daylight hours, with ventilation as recommended by the manufacturer.

"Who died and made her queen of the galaxy?" asked Jack Verti, sauntering into the kitchen in his bathrobe. He was unshaven, and the throbbing of his hangover was almost audible, but as always, Jack exuded an air of control, calm and unflappable.

"This is just to get back at me," said Max.

"I can't imagine why she would be mad at you. Just because you sat there running the

stenciller for five hours, and almost gassed us in the process."

"Some people have no sense of humor. They're fakefans who think crlfanac is calling for dry towels at a con hotel."

"Whatever they are," said Jack, mixing himself a very large glass of tomato juice and oatmeal stout, "they are now in charge around here, and you are a minority. Of one, I am afraid, since I shan't be here for very much longer myself."

This shook Max. "You're going? You've accepted the job?"

Jack nodded happily, gargling the Stout Mary in his throat. "Universidad de Venezuela at Maracaibo. They have a lot of transmission work, everything from microwave to land lines, and by the time I get through, we'll have the whole Orinoco basin wired for sound."

Max stared. "What will I do without you here, Jack? We have another issue of Boney due soon, and what'll I do without your article?"

Jack shook his head and smiled sheepishly. "I've written three more 'Verti-bral' columns to tide you over through the end of the summer. You know I wouldn't run out on my co-editor altogether. But don't you think it's time you showed a little backbone yourself? This has been your fanzine for most of the past year anyway.

"Besides, I'm going to Venezuela, not Vega! They have typewriters there and everything. I'll write some heady stuff out there in the jungle, best I've done, wait and see. And I promise, I'll send it back to you first, Maxie."

TEN DAYS LATER, JACK WAS GONE, and Max felt lonely. Other members of his fan-group had taken new jobs, married britfans and emigrated, even burned out and gafiated, but none of their departures affected him like Jack's. Jack had pubbed his first LoC, run his first article, had been the first to call him a fugghead in print. Now, with him gone, the slow defections caught up with Max all at once; he looked over his Wednesday night group, and realized that none of them had been there five years before.

He sidled up to Annie Cash, who had once bounced into his life as an apple-cheeked neo and asked, "What's this fan stuff, anyway?" Now she chain-smoked Parliaments and wrote KTF reviews of Jacqueline Lichtenberg and David Drake novels for SF Eye.

"So, Jackie's gone to South America?" she asked.

"Yeah," sighed Max, "he's really gone."

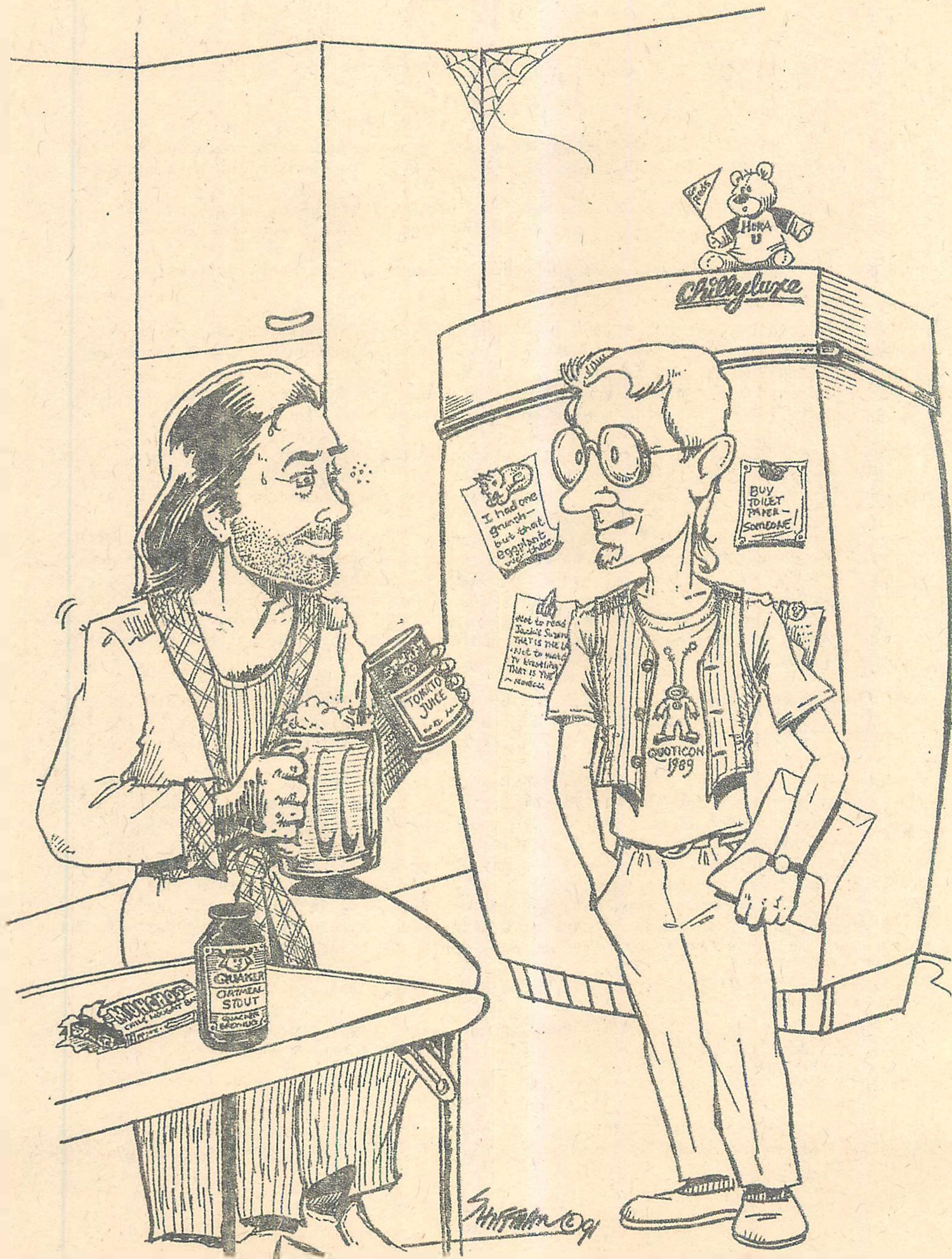
"Good," said Annie, struggling with the cellophane on a fresh pack. "He was like an octopus. He always had a hand on my thigh, or worse. I showed one moment of weakness and kissed him on New Year's Eve, and I never heard the end of it."

"I'm sorry he treated you that way, but I still miss him."

"Well, you'll get over it. I sure got over him in a hurry." She stopped, seeing the stricken look on Max's face, then put her hand on his shoulder.

"Hey, Max, honey, it'll be all right. He'll write; you're his best pal. He'll miss you more than you miss him, I bet you, when he gets out in that jungle, with nothing to do







but read the same copies of Holier Than Thou over and over."

Max smiled wryly. "He'll just look at the fillos."

"Right," she smiled. "But we'll hear from him. I know Jack Verti too, and he's no gaffate. He's trying to find a Spanish translation for 'egoboo' right this minute."

Max laughed, and bent his head back away from Annie, letting her warm hand fall off his shoulder. He had been awfully close to crying, and he didn't want her to see.

But she was right. Jack was sure to become an awesome letterhack, at least.

THREE MONTHS LATER, MAX HAD BITTEN his fingernails into bloody stumps, called the American consulate five useless, hissing times, gotten into over a dozen screaming arguments with Espera, and still not a word from Jack Verti. There was to be a house-wide Fan Central Station meeting in twenty minutes, and Max knew that they would be asking him to leave. He didn't plan to contest their decision.

He was sitting in the television room, waiting by the telephone, hoping the A.I.D. officer for Venezuela might still return his call. But it was hopeless. Jack had gone to ground for some reason, and if he didn't want to be found, then he wouldn't be.

There was an amazing movie on the Cinema Channel. Something by Werner Herzog, with Klaus Kinski as a demented opera buff who wanted to build a grand opera house in the Amazon jungle. As Max watched, Kinski had a huge army of porters and laborers dragging a massive steamboat, straight over a mountainside. It was an incredible endeavor, clearly issuing from a mortal obsession in the character Kinski was portraying. He went to turn up the volume, so that he could hear the dialogue, and heard the mailbox on the front door slam shut.

Max strode to the door, and flapped the box back open. Inside were several bills, a copy of Fosfax, and a pockmarked with a bird-of-paradise plant on the front. The ink on the back was smeary; it looked to have been rained on. But the writing was clearly Jack's.

"Dear Maxie," it began, "I'm sorry I've been so long in writing you, but I've had a few changes of plan here and there. These people don't need microwaves, although a sturdy typer or two would do them wonders. Did you know you can make something like hectojelly using ground manioc root? I am delirious to finally be in a country where they understand what FIAMOL really means. I may not be back as soon as I planned; already they call me 'Caro Fanatico Numero Dos,' and that's pretty hard to turn your back on. But if you still remember your pal, send me my stylis and letter guides! We're dying out here without them! Anything in care of Capitan Pedro Moreno of the riverboat 'Mariposa' will reach me sooner or later. By the way, don't you trade anymore?"

And that was it. It wasn't exactly "Croatoan," but it was pretty damn close.

His passport was upstairs, in his desk drawer. The stamps from Heathrow and The Hague would soon have company. He went out into the common room, so they could finish throwing him out of the slant shack.

VENEZUELA: NIGHTMARE AND PARADISE ALL AT once. The poverty and squalor of the countryside was subdued by South American standards, but Maxie still found it striking. Yet,



when he pulled his rented Hyundai out of the oily smoke and chaos of Caracas, and headed into the campo, the countryside resolved itself into a riot of birds and trees and rain and butterflies.

The bed of his truck was filled to the rails with the equipment he felt Jack and he would need. He had brought the e-stenciller, the trusty A.B. Dick, and an almost new Gestetner 420 that he had gotten for a song. He had about a hundred pounds of stencils, several gallons of corflu, four manual Royal typewriters, hundreds of styli and letter guides and shading plates. In Caracas, he had bought a black market Venezuelan postage meter. The only thing that worried him was paper; five cases wouldn't last very long. But a minor functionary at the Soviet embassy promised him that with a little judicious tinkering in the machinery, a certain factory in Azerbaijan could produce high-grade twiltone from toilet paper.

He figured he had pretty much all he and Jack would need to establish their own jungle fanpub empire. Now he just had to find Jack.

He spent three fruitless days searching around Maracaibo. The local A.L.D. officer claimed that Jack had ceased to check in with him over two months before, but there was always the chance that he had just holed up in town somewhere with a stack of Asimov's. Yet, everyone who he spoke to confirmed that Jack had gone up river, some time before. When Max finally found the room in which Jack had been staying, the only clue he found was an unfinished note, which read:

SELL THE TYPER. BURN ALL THE GENRE PLAT AND THE SPAN INQ. FORGET ABOUT ME.

Clearly, something significant had happened.

FORTUNATELY, CAPITAN MORENO AND THE MARIPOSA were still at their slipway when Lineaux found them, and half their load had "fallen off the truck" on their way to the docks, so the capitan was only too happy to load Maxie's mimeos and other gear into the hold.

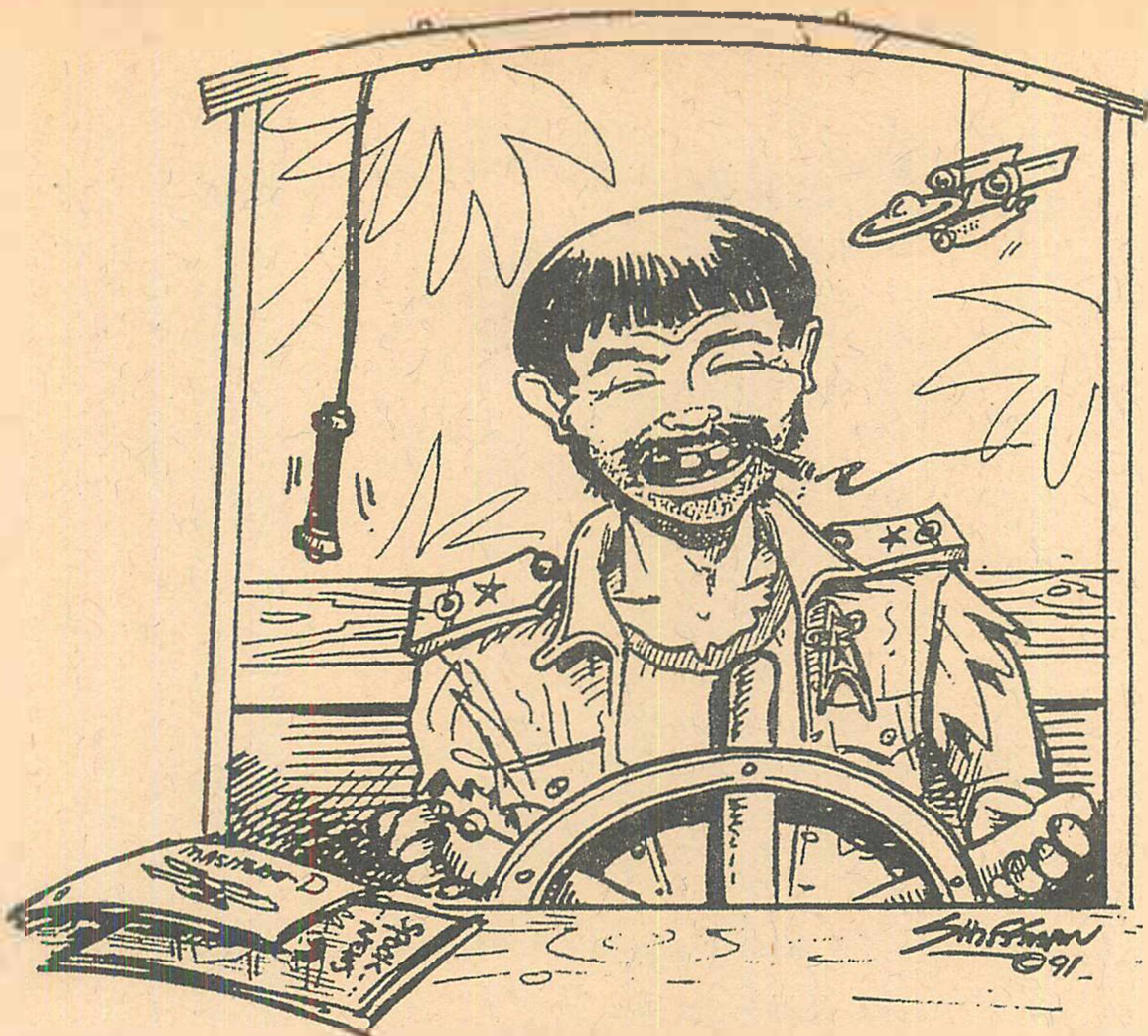
The journey up to El Lago Negro, the farthest the Mariposa could navigate, took four excruciating days; Capitan Moreno was a trekkie. He would grin with rotting teeth at Max, and ask things like, "Que barca did Commodore Matthias Decker command? Y quien fue el actor?"

Max would sigh, slap at the mosquitos, answer, "Uuuhhh...it was the Excaliber. And William Windom played him."

And Moreno would laugh a high, whistley laugh, and say, "Correcto, pero solo en parte!"

AT EL LAGO NEGRO, THEY HAD seen Jack, a crazy gringo who tried to give them fanzines. But, they were all in ingles! Who would bother to translate them? Jack tried to explain that all knowledge was contained in fanzines, but they simply smiled vacantly and nodded, saying, "Si, si! FIAWOL, señor!"

Something was wrong here. But he had to keep going now; there was nothing to go back to. He hired two dozen young men and women to help bear his equipment, spent the last of his money on extra food and supplies, and his expedition struck into the hinterland, heading to the headwaters of the mighty Orinoco.



The journey was hellish, miserable, but we need not dwell on it at length. Max was delirious from fever, but he kept going on. His porters were not lazy or superstitious, but they did get hurt, sick. The Gestetner went down into a ravine, and Max wept for a solid hour. There was a sound of shattering glass and the e-stenciller was useless junk. They ended up putting his Soviet toilet paper to its intended use.

By the time he reached the last foothill village, Max had only one loyal man still with him, and between them they carried a typewriter, three quires of stencils, two bottles of corflu, and two colors of ink. Jack had always loved red inserts.

As they walked up the muddy road, a child darted from a dark corner and thrust a smudgy fanzine into his hand. Max couldn't read the writing, but he was stunned to see from the picture on the cover that it was a Terry Carr memorial issue.

Then his spirits were lifted to the clouds when he heard the voice of Jack Verti crying out hoarsely from the window of a house nearby. He ran to embrace him, but his joy stopped in his throat. Jack was missing the lower half of his left arm, and the stump was bound in bloody, stinking bandages. His body was raddled with sores and fresh scars, and his weight had dropped under 100 pounds. And as Max boiled water on his primus, to make Jack's favorite flavor of cup o'soup, the dying man related his story.

"I wrote you that the fans I befriended had declared me 'caro fanatico numero dos'? Well, it was flattering and bothersome at the same time. It made me wonder; had Forry Ackerman made it all the way out here? Were these people reading that monster rag of his? Or was someone else around here number one fan face? I had to find out.



later, he had other names: Vincent Omniaveritas, Demian Razorbill, Cesar Ignacio Ramos. Wally 'the Snake' Mind; the list must be a mile long."

"Bergeron?" guessed Max.

Jack sighed. "I think the real Richard Bergeron died in early 1980. I mean, who would believe that a fan who hardly even left his apartment would move all the way to Puerto Rico? It was just a way for Numero Uno to use an American bulk permit."

"It would explain a lot," said Max.

"Then, when I got there, to the temple of the beaver, he shook my hand, and he took me in, let me set up my own zine on his mimeo, and let me use his paper to run it off, and distributed it with his runners. And then, do you know what he did? He brought out his latest number, which he had finished before I ever started mine. And in it he called me a talentless fugghead who was polluting the forest with hopeless crudzines. And his people took me out and threw me off the top of the temple. And this is the result, Max; 'Doy took my thumb, Charlie, ahahaha.'"

"Pretty wasteful if all they wanted was your thumb," said Max.

Jack descended into miserable delerium, while Max tried to decide if what he had said could be true. He sat with Jack through the night. Near dawn, Max made his decision, and packed his gear; a little after that, Jack died, muttering, "The hoaxer! The hoaxer!"

Poor, poor Jack, thought Max, he never could get used to being less than the first name on the colophon.

Max shouldered his pack and went into the jungle. A few days passed, hard days, but his burden seemed lighter all the time. Soon he came to the outlying compounds, where many ran to him, offered him clubzines printed in Quechua or Aymara, and shouted things like "WAW with the crew in '52!" and "Minneapolis in '73!"

At last, he stood at the base of the great pyramid, and was walking up the long carpet of jaguar skins, the air full of incense and fresh ink. The mountain behind seemed to be carved with a mile-long Rotsler cartoon. Caro Fanatico Numero Uno waited at the top of the stairs, his face dark and lined, yet still sensitive and supremely fannish. His huge jade ear spools were engraved with Hyphen covers.

Max huffed to the top, and offered his hand. "Carl Brandon, I presume?" he said.

---Andrew Hooper

=====

Like Jon Singer's piece, Andrew's assumes some familiarity with other books or cultures. Here Joseph Conrad and Francis Ford Coppola meet Terry Carr. Terry's memory pops up again more directly in David Emerson's moving memoir several pages hence. One of the pleasures of doing the Live Mainstream at Minicon was watching the faces as we worked through many moods, from nostalgia and laughter to exultation and tears. Helping the moods to coalesce was Gary Shulte, a masterful improvisational violinist. (Thanks to Elise for arranging his participation, and for singing "Cosmic and Freaky.") jak

"So I headed up river, where they said numero uno had his palace. Once or twice along the way, somebody showed me his stuff. It was good, really good. Great repro, even. But it sounded sort of familiar to me, like I had read it somewhere before. Or maybe it was just the style that was familiar. I'm not sure.

"But by the time I got this far, I knew that there was some famous gafiato living up here in the mountains, with his own fan empire all to himself. I thought it might be Laney, or even Degler, founding the master race among the indios. He knew so many things that only a trufan would know. I couldn't believe that numero uno could possibly be a native Venezuelan."

He coughed enormously, then sipped some of his cup o'soup. "Mmm," he said, "tomato noodle."

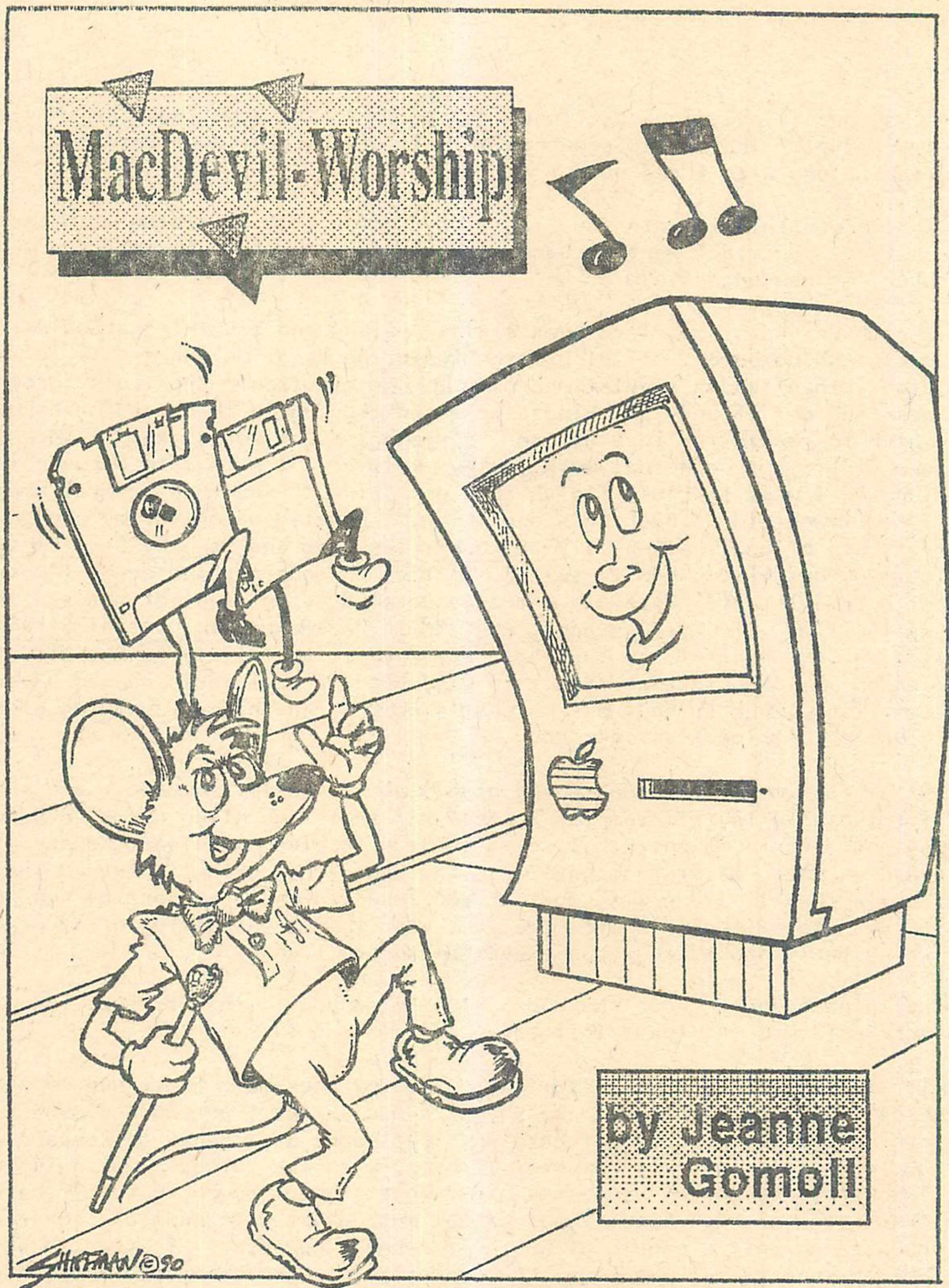
"Well, I was right about that part. But not the way I thought. Did you know that Brasil fought in the Second World War? I hadn't. I don't know as much as I thought. But Brasil did fight in the Second World War, they had a division fighting in Italy. They had a squadron of pilots flying with the RAF. Some of them were very imaginative young men and women. They wrote letters to 'Brass Tacks.' They found other fans in the armed forces. But they were shy about their English, their lack of experience. Only one of them had the ambition--the megalomania--to build his own fandom, while doing what he could to keep an eye on what trufandom was doing. To keep his hand in without identifying himself. Do you see where this is going, Maxie?"

"Not really, Jack. Why didn't he just contribute to fanzines, write LoCs, like anybody else?"

"Oh, but he did, Max, he has for over forty years. His friend Sandy Sanderson got him started, and he's been at it ever since. He's always been able to find someone to help him stay anonymous. And when the Brazilian police closed in on him, thinking he was some sort of revolutionary, he moved his operations over the border, up here where the hill people revere him as a SMOF. And he has been so many fen, so many times. First he was Joan W. Carr, that much I know; but







As one of those notorious, laid back, Fallen Catholics, I generally assume that the verb "to proselytize" refers to the reprehensible behavior of other people, certainly not to me. But, friends have pointed out that I occasionally display a sort of religious zeal, and during a panel at WisCon last year I had to confess to at least a touch of agnostic fervor.

The moment of truth came when several members of the audience disdained mere applause at the end of the panel. That was just after I'd summed up the discussion with an earnest statement like, "Feminist SF is the Key to Peace in Our Time," or something

like that. Several people rose from their seats, shouting, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I believe!" The most disconcerting part of this incident was that I was shouting right along with these nuts.

I tell you this to warn you that I may suffer from a problem with excessive enthusiasm. In fact, you might want to back up a little bit before I really warm up to telling you about my new enthusiasm.

For three years now, I've been living, eating and breathing graphics, as created on a Macintosh computer. If nightmares featuring error messages fail to wake me up at night, then sudden revelations of brilliant electronic shortcuts force me to consciousness and out of bed, grabbing a robe and groping in the dark for a pen and paper with which to record the idea before I sleep again. I work late. I work late--not on my own stuff--but on actual work for my employer. I work late because I'm having too much fun and I want to "just finish this one thing." And then several hours have passed and I still want to "finish this one thing." Ninety percent of my pleasure reading now consists of publications like MacUser, The Page and Step-by-Step Electronic Design. I'm getting out of touch with science fiction in general, and even--I'm ashamed to admit--with feminist sf. Recently I read several hundred pages of material by an actual Fan... well, it was Ole Kvern's book, Real World Pagemaker: Industrial Strength Techniques. (Which is wonderful, by the way. Parts of it are wildly funny; all of it is smart. Fandom may have lost an artist in Ole, but the real world gained a very witty writer.) Sometimes, when friends ask me what's new, I can think of nothing else but the latest electronic trick I've learned.

Diane asks me if I've heard the gossip about...well, someone...and instead of asking for the details, I'm tempted to tell her that I've given up my technical pens altogether. For a moment, that seems to be a juicier, more earth-shaking piece of gossip than any mere marital dispute. ...You know, I've actually turned into one of those people that I, along with most of you, used to avoid at parties: the dreaded computer hacker who blithely ignores the fact that they are speaking a rather dull language, which those around them don't even bother to translate.

No, please don't leave the room. I promise you I won't torture you with hundreds of techie terms. At least I'll try.

It all started when my sister Julie told my housemate Scott and me about her new Mac Plus. We were intrigued. We bought a Mac SE and I got hooked. My first project was the very fannish J.G. Taff catalog. But soon, as I began to compare the things I could do on this small computer at home, with the things I was doing at work using T-squares, technical pens, wax and typesetting, I began to feel frustrated. A brochure created with traditional manual methods at work can take several days, but would have taken only a couple of hours if I had a computer. I began to bring up these comparisons at work whenever the conversation turned to deadlines, backlogs and design problems.

"If we had a Mac it wouldn't be any problem." "If we had a Mac, we wouldn't have to hire another artist." "If we had a Mac..." Soon, I didn't even have to say the words. "When can you get this job done?" someone would ask. And everyone else would roll their eyes, look at me, and say, "If Jeanne had a Mac, it would be done already."

But eventually I said it to the right person.



Together with the three artists in my section and Diane--our supervisor--I sat at a table planning out the work for the next week. There was a monstrous pile of work requests, manuscripts, and rough sketches stapled and paper-clipped to one another in the middle of the table. We tried not to look at the stack or at Diane. All of us were at least three months behind on our work, but before we left the room we knew that we would each be forced to accept a fair portion of that pile of paper.

Morale was low. I believe that if I had said, "if we had a Mac," one more time, Diane would have cried. We were all exhausted just thinking of the overtime we'd have to put in to avoid getting any more behind. I was slouching over the table, my chin in my hand, my elbow on the table, looking depressed, I imagine, when Marty Henert strolled into the room.

Marty Henert is my boss's boss's boss. Marty's boss is the number one boss in the DNR, the Secretary of the Department of Natural Resources. (And his boss is the Governor of the State of Wisconsin.) Down in the lower echelons where I work, we don't see Marty too often, mainly holiday parties and the meetings where they announce job layoffs. I imagine that Marty found himself with a few moments to spare between meetings when he happened to pass the conference room and noticed a roomful of dejected employees. "The common touch, that's the ticket," he might have been thinking. "I'll just stop in and brighten the day for these little people."

"So what can I do to cheer you up?" he asked as he leaned on the table.

I was ready. I had been rehearsing this moment for months.

Without missing a beat I looked him in the eye, and with a firm voice, said, "Get us a computer."

Diane gasped. This is not the way things get done in a bureaucracy. Peons in the lower echelons write requests which they submit to their supervisors, and the supervisors may or may not include those requests in their own proposals to their bureau chiefs, who in turn make up their own lists of proposals which are submitted to division heads, which might eventually get included in Department funding requests that are sent to the legislature. You don't just go up to a Division Chief and ask for something.

Marty blinked. Astounded. I suppose he had expected one of us to jokingly ask for a holiday or a raise (both of which are union contract matters, and not in his power to grant). He hadn't been expecting a serious reply to his offer. But he's a nice guy; he shifted gears, he asked some serious questions, he listened. And to the astonishment of everyone concerned, including my supervisor and her boss who were bypassed in the process, not to mention the entrenched IBM-users in the agency, I got a Mac Iix, a big color monitor, a scanner, a printer, a lino, and as much software as I could justify. Ooops, sorry, that's techie language, isn't it? Sorry about that.

Let's just say that in not too much time (at least for a bureaucracy) I found myself in heaven. A few weeks after the machinery was delivered to my office, I'd whittled the three-month backlog down to a couple of weeks, and I've been caught up with my workload ever since. There's even been time to play. I'm making art I never dreamed of making. I'm having lots of fun. The time savings impressed a lot of people, but more impressive was the fact that the equipment paid for itself within a month; I hadn't predicted financial savings quite so dramatic, but the bottom-liners noticed, and in the two years since we left the graphic Dark Ages, they've been easily persuaded to complete the

electronic transformation of the graphics section. There are two other stations like mine now, another one in the proposal stage, and a fourth that has just arrived.

Last year we were talking about commissioning an animated commercial to kick off the DNR's recycling campaign in Wisconsin. "You know, if I had a Mac FX and some animation software, we could do it in house," I said at one of those meetings. "She's doing it again," someone said.

The fourth computer station--the one that just arrived--is an animation station. I'll be doing animated films this year. We did a sort of dry run in December: I designed some characters (a dancing, singing oilcan, car battery, and kitchen stove) and drew a storyboard, but because the software hadn't arrived yet, we had to farm out the actual animation. I think it's a pretty neat little video.

I can't wait to do it myself; I'm reading everything I can get my hands on about computer animation and people at work are breathing easier now that I'm no longer asking for equipment, although they probably know it's just a hiatus. But at the same time, I'm struggling to keep up with the parts in my life that don't have anything to do with computers. I read a stack of books by new feminist sf authors to prepare for WisCon in February and rekindled that enthusiasm. I'm enjoying the outbreak of fannishness in Madison spurred on by a stack of Pongs lent to Andy Hooper. I'm trying to write about my life in fannish format. This, now.

And I'm reminding myself that I've still got to stay on guard against that old overbearing zeal in the pursuit of my obsessions. In a recent issue of the Turbo-Charged Party Animal APA, Steve Swartz made the mistake of admitting he preferred IBMs to Macs, but quickly requested a cease fire after I'd launched my mailing comment response.

"I will avoid further talk of Macs and PCs," he wrote. "It feels a lot like I'd imagine it'd feel to try to talk Ross /Pavlac/ into becoming a devil-worshipper."

There's a scary thought.

---Jeanne Gomoll

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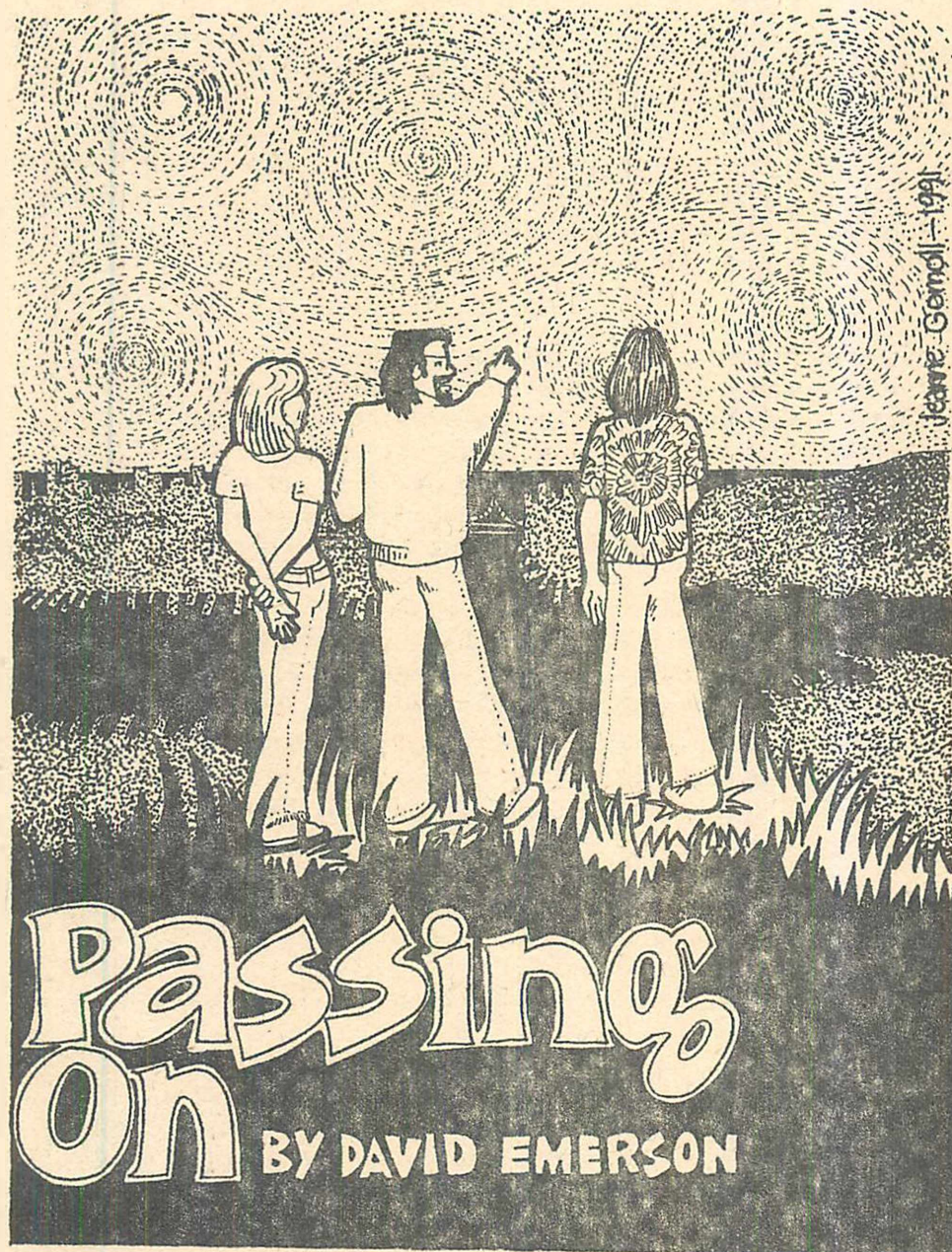
#### LIFE AT THE END OF THE MILLENNIUM:

For those of you who want Personal Details: Suzie has worked for a year and a half at DMG, a computer consulting firm specializing in transportation applications; she also does association management for the Northwest Venture Group. Jerry's job as assistant underwriter for American Star Insurance Company is soon to come to an end, as the company is being liquidated. They have added a compact disc player and an IBM 286AT PC to their possessions recently, making them the willing targets of techfans all over Seattle. They anticipate interesting times ahead.

---JAK/SVT

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It is 1978. I am standing on a rocky overlook high in the Berkeley hills with Terry Carr and Susan Wood. It is late at night and we are looking out over the lights of all the cities surrounding the San Francisco Bay. Terry is telling me about another night he was up here looking at this same view, and an image that formed in his mind, and what he did with that image.

It is twelve years later. I am standing on the same overlook with Elizabeth LaVelle. I am telling her about the time I was here with Terry and Susan, and the story Terry told then. "Susan Wood introduced me to Terry Carr," I tell her, "and now they're both dead."

It is one week later. I am sitting in Andy Hooper's living room in Madison, Wisconsin. I am telling him how I felt when I told Elizabeth about Susan introducing me to Terry and about Terry telling me about his image of the bay. Andy says that since both of them are gone now, it's

up to me to pass on that image. I get a sense that it's important to do so, although I don't know why.

It is one year later. I am standing on this stage at Minicon. I am telling you about Terry's image and all that's connected to it, and why it's important to tell it.

Fandom introduced me to Susan Wood. She was part of the active Toronto fan scene in the late 60s/early 70s, along with Richard Labonte, Rosemary Ulliot, Alicia Austin, John Douglas, and her then-husband Mike Glicksohn, with whom she co-edited Energumen, the leading fanzine of its time. Toronto fandom had strong ties with Pittsburgh fandom, most of which moved to New York City in 1971 where I was living with Eli Cohen and Jerry Kaufman, so I got caught up in the social connections and ended up in a car full of fans driving to Toronto overnight to surprise Mike at dawn on his birthday in a scheme Susan and Rosemary had cooked up.



By the time of the 1973 Worldcon in Toronto, Susan's fannish career had grown from being a co-editor to publishing her own genzine, Aspidistra, and organizing a highly-acclaimed fanhistory exhibit, the All Our Yesterdays Room, at Torcon II. In 1974 she won the Hugo for best fanwriter. Later in the 70s she was heavily involved in bringing the Women's Movement into fandom, supporting new institutions such as women's apas and feminist programming at conventions. By then she was a professor of Canadian literature at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, squeezing in fanac between grading papers and convincing the University administration to offer a serious course in science fiction.

Somewhere in there she and I had become lovers, and we conducted a stormy, on-again off-again long-distance affair for several years. The high point of this was when I visited her in the summer of 1978 in San Francisco. She was staying with Lizzy Lynn while working on a book or research project of some kind, and just about to finish up when I arrived. She spent her last few days in the city showing me around; I had never been there before, and was properly enchanted with everything about the place. She seemed to relish taking me to all these different parts of town and turning me on to all these new and wonderful experiences.

One night she took me to the Carrs' house up in the Oakland hills, where we were joined by Marta Randall and Sid Coleman and all went out to dinner. Sometime that evening I told Terry about my ambitions of becoming a composer and creating multi-media theatrical concerts; Terry confided that he thought his favorite story, "The Dance of the Changer and the Three," would be best dramatized as a light show. He and I agreed that if I could work this concept into a reality, he would support the project. Unfortunately, nothing ever came of it.

After dinner we drove up onto the skyline-drive, stopped at a scenic overlook, and got out to look over the scene. It was a beautiful night, and we could see the lights of Berkeley, Oakland, San Francisco, and Marin County forming a broad ring-shaped constellation of earthbound stars circling the great dark space of the bay. Susan said to Terry, "Tell David about Cirque."

"I come up here a lot," he said. "And one night when I was up here smoking dope, I had this stoned flash that the big dark patch out there," he gestured toward the bay, "was actually an empty space, a big hole in the ground. And I got this idea about a city built around a vast, bottomless pit. I thought some more about why that would be, and what it would be like to live in such a city, and I ended up writing my novel Cirque based on that image."

I liked that image, and the story of Terry seeing that image. It was a delicate little moment, rather like a visual haiku. And in retrospect I realize that it's a key to my memories of both Terry and Susan.

Susan died a few years later. I'm still not entirely sure how or why, but I know that she was an alcoholic and a workaholic, that her life was filled with stress (much of it self-generated), and that she had some severe and complex emotional problems. Maybe all of those things just ganged up on her. When I learned of her death I was shocked and saddened, but not really surprised, as if dying were somehow in character for her.

Terry's death in 1987 did surprise me. I had not known he was diabetic, nor that he had been seriously ill for a while beforehand. His death was a loss to many--the world lost a decent human being, fandom lost an influential fannish fan, and the science fiction field lost one the best editors it has ever seen. For myself, I felt not only the loss of Terry as a person, but also the loss of our shared dream of the light-show project and the loss of my opportunity to give him back his own story in another form.



The memory of Susan came back to me in February 1990, when I went back to the Bay Area for some Grateful Dead concerts with Elizabeth LaVelle. Since it was her first time there, I got to show her around. As we toured San Francisco, Berkeley, and Marin County, I had an inordinate amount of fun going, "Look! See?" and showing her all the delightful things that I had once discovered or been shown. At that point I finally understood why Susan had been so eager to play tour guide on my first visit--it's a wonderful city, and turning a friend on to it is almost better than seeing it yourself.

And since one of the great things about the Berkeley/Oakland area is the view from the hills, we naturally went up onto the skyline drive. When we came to the overlook that I remembered, we pulled over and got out. Although it was now daylight, the memory of Terry and Susan was very strong, and I felt compelled to tell Elizabeth about that night long ago. Perhaps it was an effort on my part to deal with their deaths, to bring up a memory of both of them and to realize that even though they were both gone, the place and the view that we had shared was still there. And by telling the story of Terry's image, now the evening we shared was still there too.

This may have been what Andy Hooper was talking about later, when I told him about taking Elizabeth to that place and showing her that view and telling her that story: that by keeping that image alive, I was, in a way, keeping the people alive--or at least a little less dead. Less gone. Less forgotten.

But I feel there's more to it than that.

There's a kind of sharing that goes on in fandom, due to the nature of fans. We're all very word-oriented, so we talk, we write, we read, we correspond, we publish. As a result, fandom creates its own written records, allowing for a self-awareness of its own history seldom found in similar hobby groups or social networks. We know when and how fandom began; we know about the Staple Wars and the Breen Boondoggle; we know the difference between Fifth and Sixth Fandoms, and about mad dogs kneeling Harlan Ellison in the groin. When, say, a Walt Willis returns to fandom after a long gaffiation, fans who weren't even born when he last pubbed his ish know who he is, and they know his ideal of what fandom can be, because they've read The Enchanted Duplicator.

This gives rise to a powerful shared-reality effect, which in turn strengthens fandom as an entity. Fans may come and go, but Fandom endures.

In her novel The Making of the Representative for Planet 8, Doris Lessing describes a people who seem to share identities amongst themselves. When this race is dying, its last members recognize that even though they themselves no longer perform their specialized functions of Animal Herder, Food Grower, Healer, Shelterer, Teacher, or Tale Teller, those skills are still needed elsewhere in space and time, so their essences live on despite the death of their bodies, their race, and their planet. At an earlier point in the novel, when they must begin to live off food animals instead of crops, they make a solemn ritual of slaughtering the first animal, and they realize in a spiritual moment that the qualities that made the beast they've just killed--quickness, agility, gentleness--are not in the bones and blood and organs lying on the ground, but in the wind on the grass, the ripple of water in the streams, the clouds in the sky.

And where are the qualities that made Susan Wood and Terry Carr? Where are those laughing eyes, those big warm hearts? Where is their enthusiasm for science fiction, and for fandom? Where are their talents for fanwriting, editing, publishing, and socializing? Where is their Susanness, their Terryness?

Look around you. It's in us. It's in all of us. It's in Fandom as a whole, with all its wonderfulness and awfulness, all its talents and all its problems.

Like the black pit of the Bay, there is a hole in fandom where Susan and Terry used to be. But it is surrounded by a great community of shining souls, where what they have shared with us still lives.

Elsewhere in space and time, Terry Carr is looking out over the bay at night and seeing a wonderful image. Elsewhere in space and time, Susan Wood is urging him to share that image. Right here and right now, I am passing on that sharing, and a little bit of Terry and Susan now lives that much more strongly in all of us.

---David Emerson

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#### AFTERWORD TO "PASSING ON"

First, I wish I could have included more about Susan Wood, as I had originally intended. She was an intense and complex woman and there's a lot more that could be said about her, by me and by others. But it wouldn't all fit in a piece intended to be read out loud in less than fifteen minutes, so readers will have to wait for someone else to do a Susan Wood biography (or even a "here's a bunch of random stuff I remember about Susan Wood" article).

Second, I wasn't quite prepared for what happened when I read this article aloud during the Live Mainstream at Minicon. I started the reading okay, but choked a little at the end of the fourth paragraph. Hmm, bad sign. I swallowed and went on with the stuff about Susan and Terry, but when I got to her line, "Tell David about Cirque," I choked up again. I paused, looked away briefly, swallowed, clenched my fist, and delivered the line in a whisper. I made it through as far as "But I feel there's more to it than that" before I started breaking down again. This wasn't going at all well! The last page or so I alternated between feeling the feelings inherent in the material (which hadn't seemed so strong before) and feeling embarrassed about all the glitches in my delivery. My intent had been to give a straightforward reading until the climax, "It's in us. It's in all of us," where I would pause dramatically. By the time I got there I was practically croaking, and there had already been enough dramatic pauses to fill an Ingmar Bergman movie. I made it to the end feeling like an injured marathon runner stumbling across the finish line. I put down my pages, turned to Jerry and Suzle with a half-laughing, half-sobbing sigh of relief--and turned back in amazement to see the audience standing up and applauding. It was rather like fanzine reading as involuntary performance art.

Finally, I would very much like to thank some people who helped this article come into being: Andy Hooper, for first planting the idea that I should write something like this for a fanzine; Jerry and Suzle, for providing a forum for its publication and for providing that time constraint which molded it into its final form and subject; and most especially Barb Jensen, who understood what I was trying to say even before I understood it myself, and who, with demon blue pencil applied liberally to the first draft, suggested many painful but necessary improvements without which the piece would probably have sounded kind of stupid. And one last thank-you to Jeanne Gomoll, who seems to have reached directly into my visual cortex, and yanked out the perfect image to illustrate this article.

---David Emerson (Afterword, Feb. 1992)



# MAINSTREAM 14

## The Last Live Fanzine (Part I)

**Mainstream 14: the Last Live Fanzine (Part I)** is brought to you by Jerry Kaufman and Suzle at Minicon 26, on March 30, 1991 at 5:15 pm. All material is © 1991 by the individual writers and artists and they retain all rights.

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Thanks to Eric Heldeman, Sharon Kahn, Elise Krueger, Stu Shiffman and Terry Garey for all the help in the preproduction stages, and to the various people who didn't know they were helping us until it was too late, and to all the contributors.

Part 2 will be presented at Westercon 44, Vancouver BC, July 4-7, 1991. Mainstream 14 (the print version containing transcripts of the live version...and more) should appear by the end of 1991. Write to Jerry and Suzle at 8618 Linden Avenue N, Seattle, WA 98103 to find out how to get a copy.

THE MORE YOU KNOW, THE MORE JOKES YOU GET.

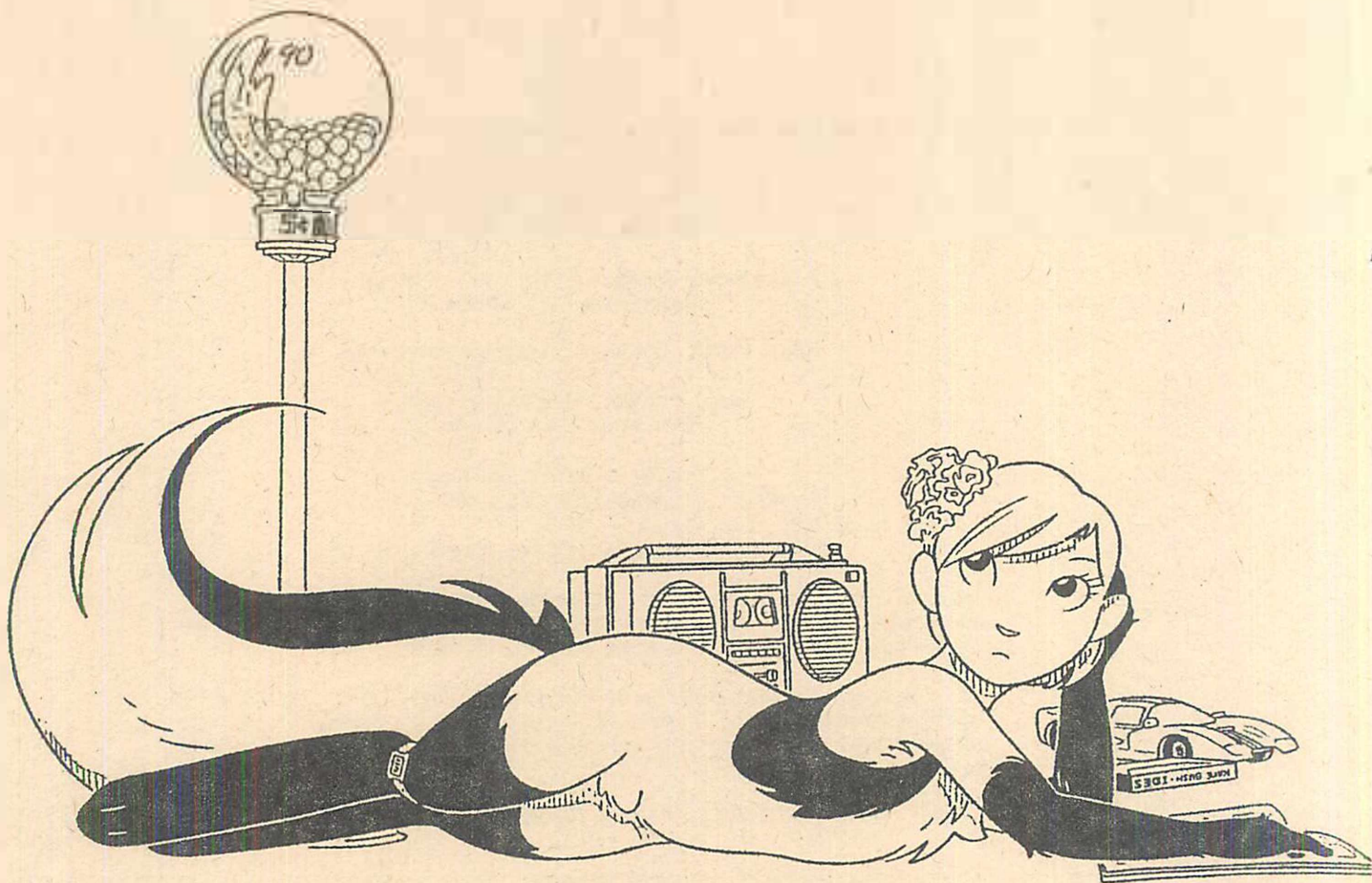
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The above is a reduced copy of the Table of Contents we handed out at the Minicon edition. Don't worry if you can't read it all; it's here more for illustration. It reminds me that there's a few more people to thank, like Stu Shiffman for help in laying it out and Luke McGuff for letting us use his printer. And Jeff Schalles for running it off on his mimeo in the basement of Toad Hall. Terry Garey and Sharon Kahn helped to line up people and do other advance work. Elise Matthesen sang, and got Gary Shulte to play incidental music (wonderful stuff).

At Westercon John Hedtke played incidental music and sang "on the Amazon." The program people we worked with were Terry Fowler and Gladys Wu (who was switched from programming to publications at the last minute) and the AV head mentioned elsewhere this issue was Junior (I can't locate our program book to check his name) Fowler.

I talked Suzle into calling this the Last Live Fanzine--I was feeling apocalyptic, and thought that if we'd been the first to do one, we could be the last, too. Now I'm not so sure. There's a lot of people who haven't been exposed to the live fanzine, and I'm sure there must be a lot that others could do with it. How different the Live Spent Brass would be from the Live Trap Door. Would anyone walk away alive from the Live Fosfax? Let a hundred fanzines bloom--in realtime.

--jak



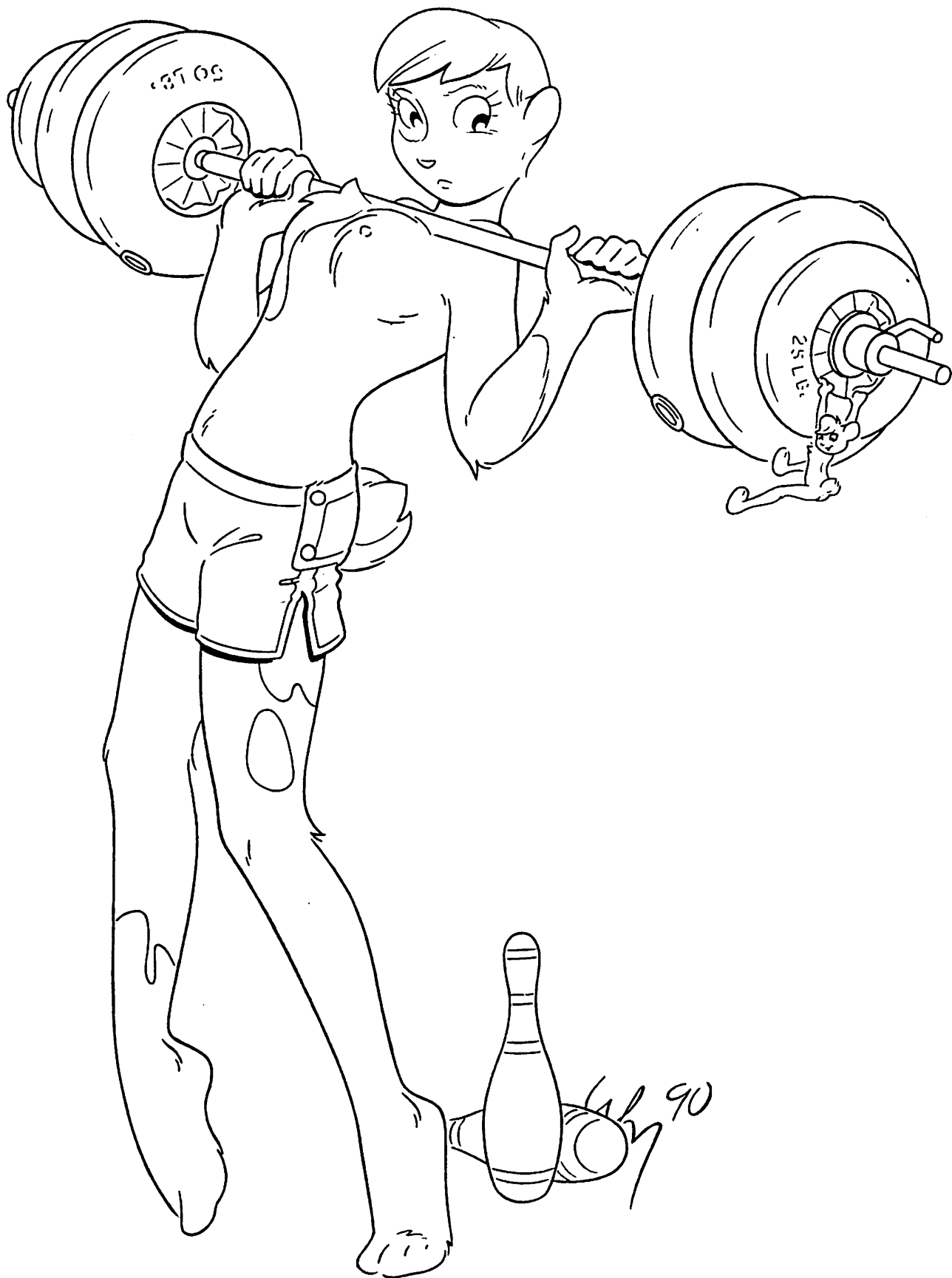
# PORTFOLIO by TARAL ➡➡

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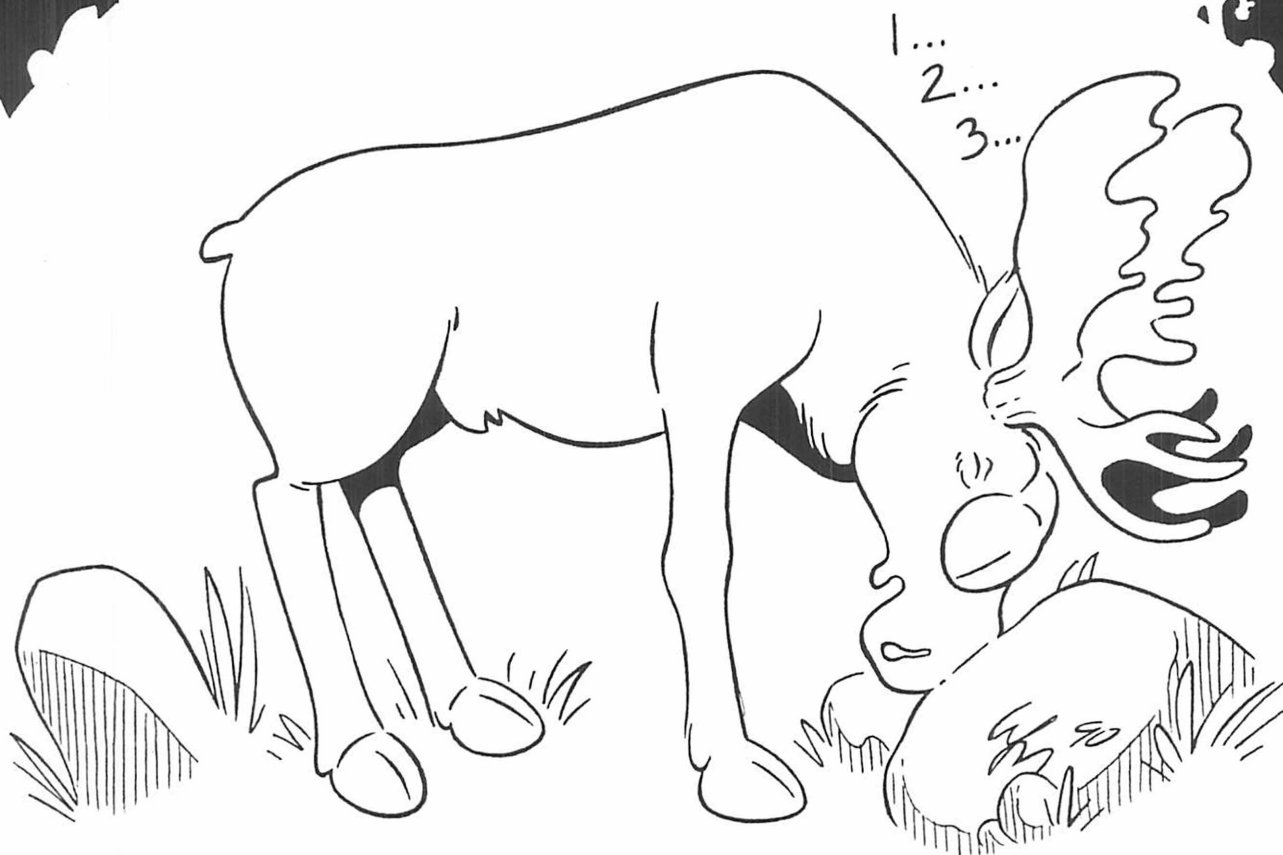




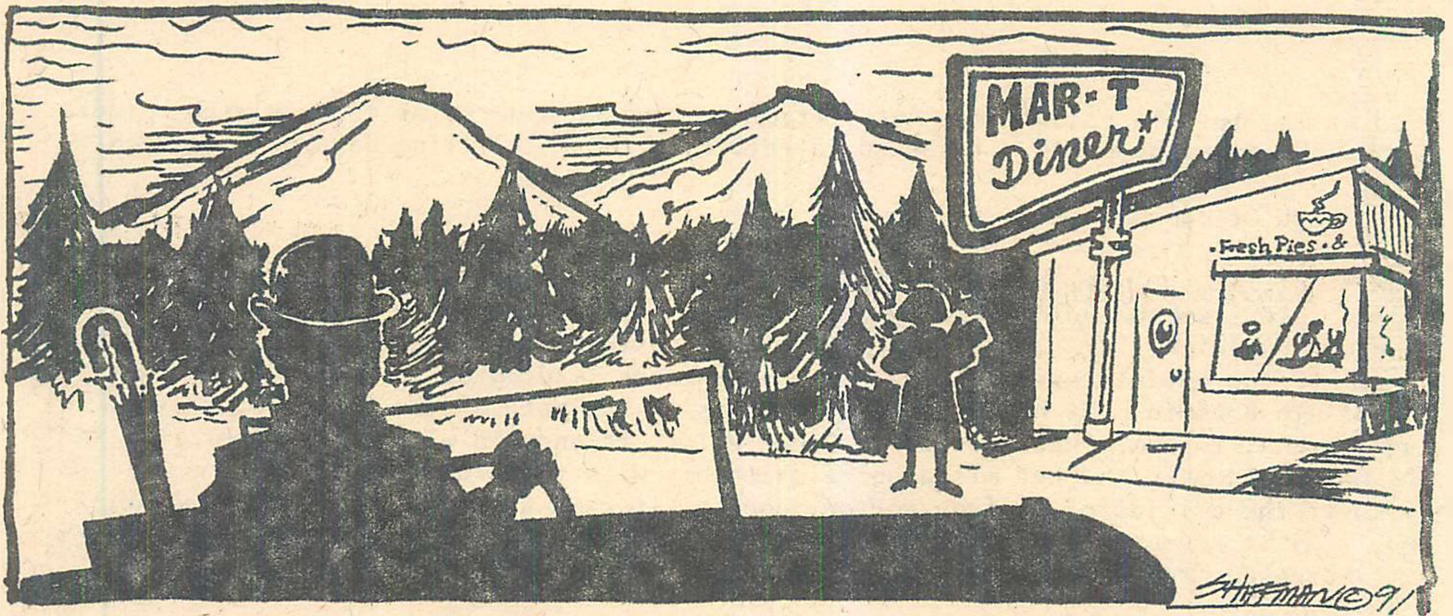












# LINEAR-BEE

by STU SHIFFMAN

The gentleman, dressed in a plum-colored velvet hacking jacket and dark bowler, drove his racing-green '33 Bentley swiftly on the interstate carriageway. Ahead, he espied a tiny sign that indicated the woodland hamlet that he sought. He wondered if he'd have better luck than the others. The bucolic setting had already caused a half-dozen investigative interlopers to disappear without a trace: American agents from the FBI; the RCMP's finest (although Inspector Fenwick had not been enthusiastic about the man); a Russian and North American duo, from an international network, known for their ability to deal with the extraordinary (of course, they do talk to their pens); and some costumed crusaders from a great Middle-Atlantic metropolis.

"Mrs. Peel, I've reached the village of Twin Peaks in the American province of Washington. I wish that you or Mrs. Gale had been able to come on this mission, but I understand she is in the midst of investigating Dian Fossey's murder, and you have the new Kumquat personal computers your company is premiering." John Steed hated the little mini-cassette dictaphone. He shook it to emphasize his distaste. "I see a quaint 'diner' ahead. Perhaps I can get some gateau and good English tea there. Mrs. Peel, I need it."

## PART ONE: FAN MAIL FROM SOME FLOUNDER

What is it about the works of imagination that we love, that we just want to crawl into them and experience the milieu and meet the characters? When I was a small child in Flushing, New York, I yearned to visit the West and pal around with Roy Rogers or Sky King, to visit Gene Autry's Radio Ranch and the subterranean city of Murvania (as seen in the even more ancient serial, The Phantom Empire). I wanted to see the sights of Sherlockian London in the company of the congenial Dr. Watson; to chase the Hound through Grimpen Mire; to go to a performance by Norman-Neruda at Albert Hall with Irene Adler.

But even more, I wanted to plunge in with all foreknowledge: to save Holmes at Reichen-

bach Falls; to help rescue Gene Autry from the Thunder Riders; or to work with Paladin on some Western adventure. I needed to return to those thrilling days of yesteryear.

Let's look at one way to do so:

Good Night, Mr. Holmes, by Carole Nelson Douglas (Tor, 1990), is the story of Irene Adler, told from the point of view of The Woman's own Watson, the "type-writer girl" Penelope Huxleigh. It is a nifty tale (with occasional excerpts from Dr. Watson's own notes) of the adventuress and diva's own adventures leading up to, and beyond, that Scandal in Bohemia. We have the heroine crossing the path of the Great Detective (unbeknownst to him), her service to Oscar Wilde, friendship with Dvorak, her rise in the world of music and her mistaken relationship with the Crown Prince of Bohemia. We discover the origins of Godfrey Norton, and how it came about that he and Irene Adler wed. I just regret that I didn't learn more of Adler's background beyond those paltry facts plucked from the Canon.

There is a certain attitude, common to those of us who yearn to visit that nostalgic country of the mind where (according to Vincent Starrett) it is always 1895...I think that we forget (like readers of Celtic fantasy and Regency romance) that were we to live back then, it is more likely that we'd be the hod-carriers and ol' clothes men than the lords, ladies, and gentry that we imagine. We forget the urban poor (the Cockneys, and Italian and Jewish immigrants) and the sweated child labor. The Baker Street Irregulars did not live on the street because of the fun of the thing. Riding the London Underground railway was no pleasure. For the poor, food was tainted (and in such small portions!).

We customarily forget the low position of women of all classes in that world. And Shechter, my inamorata and boon companion, can't bear to read Victorian mystery fiction because of her own awareness of this fact.

Good Night, Mr. Holmes turned out to be able to sidestep this problem, with principal characters already living on the edge of proper Victorian society, a scandalous bohemian milieu. Douglas served up an exciting story, well wrought, and suitable for any Sherlockiana's growing shelves of parody and pastiche. It is worth the time, even if you're one of those who subscribe to Baring-Gould's theory of Nero Wolfe's parentage, or cherish a forbidden image of Irene Adler as Jewish-American Fabian socialist. The characters of Adler and Huxleigh come across more like a female equivalent of Raffles and Bunny, and would be at home with Elizabeth Peters' Amelia Peabody, yet another plucky Victorian solver of mysteries.

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So then, we want our own equivalent of Animated Babylon, for the undercover muck and scandal behind our favorite cartoon stars, or The Dracula Tapes for the villain's point of view. Will the Rocketeer and Indiana Jones ever meet? Only in our imaginations, at least until the copyrights expire or respective rights-holders allow it! This is, I suppose, what fuels so many of these media-fanzines with their teamups between Dr. Who and the USS Enterprise, the characters from Rat Patrol and Professor Jones (don't laugh --I saw an example of this at a Lunacon), Star Trek and Here Comes the Brides (oops, that was a real Trek novel--call me fishmeal!), or...ahem...The Avengers and Twin Peaks.

The Political Agent, Khyber, was a snotty little Welshman named Jones who seemed quite taken with himself. He'd published some obscure bit of savantry on the Grail mythos and parallels in the Pathan folklore (including a Difference-Engined analysis of Greek



krater and Pathan drinking cups!), and was apparently quite in with the Lords Muck back in London.

"FLASHMAN!" Jones called to me. I could barely hear him over the hissing of the steamers and dull roar of the Engine-directed artillery. I nodded to the native sardar, Mohamad Aslam Afridi of the Khyber Jezailchis, and the sly bastard ran off with my message to the Colonel. Always cover one's arse, damme it.

"Captain Flashman, that gunnery sarn't-major told me to piss off. I tell him, I warned him, I will caution him. I insist that you do something with him!" Jones was dress'd in full Pathan togs, and still managed to look like a Chapel Bible-ranter.

"Mr. Jones, I cannot do anything to those artillery Engine-clackers, I am an officer in the cavalry--and when those Children of the Cannon are finished eliminating that Ghazi carronade, then the Prince Consort's Own Steam Cavalry Regiment will have a few



Captain Harry Flashman - 1849  
Second Steam Cavalry  
"Prince Consort's Own"  
during Afghan Pacification.

things to contribute to international discourse and the state of the Mad Mullah's equilibrium." I strode away to where my batman and fireman held my ironclad a-steaming. No brainbox pissant tells bold Harry Flashman what to do!

Now, how was I to get out of here?

--From Flashman VIII: The Steam Cavalier in Kaffiristan

PART TWO: "GEE, MR. PEABODY, WHERE ARE WE GOING THIS TIME?"

I seem to be having trouble getting disentangled from the Nineteenth Century. Every which way I turn I run into "steam-punk" of some flavor or another.

First, it's all manner of Wellsian homages: Howard Waldrop's "Night of the Cooters" and his slim-pickens Texan sheriff taking care of a few stray Martian cylinders and war-machines in a sensible down-home fashion; "Extraterrestrial Life on the Mississippi" by Gary D. Douglas in the new bed-sheet Amazing (May 1991, Vol. LXVI No. 1--and what a clever new idea is that magazine size), which purports to be a Mark Twain tale of Martian tripods in 1848; and Christopher Priest's The Space Machine (which I just unearthed from the box marked "SF--Pe thru Pri") which brought Priest's splendid sensibility to character and situation together with Wellsian wonders. Then, Victorian computers and technologies are all around me, bringing me the delight of recognition of the obscure details and anachronisms.

Minneapolis fan Victor Raymond just sent me all manner of material from the newsletter of the Charles Babbage Institute, Center for the History of Information Processing located at the University of Minnesota. Charles Babbage (1791-1871), for those who came in late, was the noted British mathematician and theoretician whose planned mechanical calculating machines were the foreshadowings of today's computers. The Science Museum at South Kensington, London, has mounted a Babbage bicentennial exhibition, to run from July 1, 1991 through January, 1992, so you still have time to run off to catch it. It should be fairly spiff. The museum is assembling Babbage's full-sized Difference Engine Number two from the original designs circa 1847. They began in fall of 1990. For those who are impressed by such details, the engine consists of 4,000 parts, weighs three tons (U.S. or Imperial tons? the article doesn't specify), and measures ten feet long, six feet high, and one-and-a-half feet deep. The image of those brass workings in act of calculation is monstrously beguiling, and to know that only the limitations of Babbage's funding kept this and other devices from final construction--talk about your Sense o'Wonder. Forward into the Past!

The first fictional use of the Engine may have been in Harry Harrison's alternate history novel Tunnel Through the Deeps (also known as A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah!), in which a descendant of the executed traitor George Washington is an engineer for the Transatlantic Tunnel project headed by Sir Isambard Brassey-Brunel circa 1973. The Engine, typed therein as a "Brabbage Machine," is used by a Capt. A.C. Clarke to direct an experimental Royal Mail rocket. More notably, to this Sherlockian, is a 1982 volume, Elementary Basic: Learning to Program Your Computer in Basic with Sherlock Holmes, by Henry Ledgard and Andrew Singer. In this work, Holmes solves several cases by ordering his data and programming his Analytical Engine to study them.

No, I'm not making this stuff up. Anyway, I believe that another version of this book was developed for Pascal (and not Pascal Thomas), and I know a few folks who'd love to find a never-written Sherlock at C.



In the Country of the Blind, by Michael Flynn, is another recent sf novel in which Babbage's devices feature. In this story, Babbage is also the Hari Seldon (sf Cultural Literacy test!) of the Nineteenth Century, whose theories of a mathematical predictive social science spawns a succession of secret societies devoted to manipulating the future...not always successfully. I enjoyed the Heinlein-esque In the Country of the Blind, and don't agree with the scathing notice it received in the issue of Science Fiction Eye devoted to The Difference Engine. I thought it an absorbing bit of "secret history" and conspiracy fiction, and very gripping.

Finally, we get to Gibson and Sterling's The Difference Engine. Three-plus years ago, an editor of my acquaintance showed me the proposal and sample chapters for this book. I was blown away. Sterling and Gibson had managed to bring together a number of my enthusiasms: alternate history, Victoriana, the early adventuresome age of paleontology with its daring dino hunters. I knew their other work and expected much of the completed book.

So I waited and waited. I moved to Greater Boston from New York, and spent two years there. I moved to Seattle. There, in the library of Amy Thomson and Ray Takeuchi's home, I found the newly published British hardcover. Very attractive package, I thought.

Naturally, I devoured it.

I admired it, it swept me up and floated me off with its flow of narrative and diverse historical detail both "real" and divergent. Yet, at the conclusion, I felt disappointed. Was it some emotional or intellectual need on my part for a more conventionally structured narrative? The quick-cut mosaic of images of the final chapter left me wanting something else. I regarded it as an often masterful but flawed book. And yet....

Certain things bring me back to The Difference Engine, besides the allure of the excellent U.S. hardcover's package. Discussions with Eileen Gunn revealed the connection with the fiction of Benjamin Disraeli beside his own presence as a character. His political novel, Sybil, or The Two Nations, contributed the characters of Dandy Mick, Sybil Gerard, and Charles Egremont. These characters' lifelines are diverted by the Industrial Radical Party of Lord Byron and its successful revolution, rather than the unsuccessful Chartists of the Disraeli novel. Gunn's fascinating "A Difference Dictionary" in Science Fiction Eye adds a new dimension to the experience of reading Sterling and Gibson. I have since re-read The Difference Engine. There is a richness of detail that successive readings reward. The image of the great scientific palaces in South Kensington, surely monster children of Paxton, is a delight. As I write this, I look at period illustrations of the Crystal Palace and the later Natural History Museum where Ned Mallory's diplodocus is at home. The dinner inside a reconstructed dinosaur really happened. I've turned to the engraving of the event, all those Victorian scientists seated inside a froglike rhinoceros.

I still have some problems with the Balkanization of North America at such an early date, particularly the Manhattan Commune. This is despite what I know about the Copperhead and Confederate plot for a massive uprising there (or, alternatively, to burn it or another Northern metropolis town--"New York is worth Twenty Richmonds"), other schemes for New York City to secede and form a free port of "Tri-landia," and immigrant and native socialist organizations active in New York and Chicago.

Nothing is as strange as what "really" happened in history, in those odd dusty corners not covered in public school classes.

## A Somewhat Random Bibliography from the Library of Stu Shiffman

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---Stu Shiffman

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If you're a fan of folk music or good writing, we recommend Stu's new fanzine, Folkal Point. For only a dollar you can read Andy Hooper on "Boys Without Brains," Andi Shechter on women and bluegrass, David Bratman on post-Steeleye Span, John Hedtke on "Scurrilous Songwriting," Elise Matthesen on folk festivals, Jerry Kaufman on rock'n'reel, and Stu explaining how it all came together; it's all wrapped up in a package illustrated by Margaret Organ-Kean, Craig Smith and Stu Shiffman Himself. Just send that dollar bill to 8618 Linden Avenue N., Seattle, WA 98103 for the first issue.





## "Vampire Neighbors from Hell"

by Kate Schaefer

The house next door is haunted. No, that's wrong. It's cursed. It can only be inhabited by vampires. They've never attacked anyone that I know of. The only evidence I have that a series of vampires has lived next door is that everyone who has lived there for the past six years sleeps in the daytime, works in the nighttime.

When I moved in, a computer programmer nerdie guy named James lived next door. That was fine by me; I'm a computer programmer nerdie kind of guy myself. He worked the night shift, and I hardly ever saw his pasty white face. Every once in a while I heard him come in quietly around 3 or 4 am; he'd park his car, get out, close the door, walk up the steps, open the door, go in, close the door, and all would be silent. I'd go back to sleep.

After a few months, James told me he was buying another house and moving. "Will you be selling this house?" I asked. I had friends looking for a house to buy; it would be great to get them right next door.

"No," he said. "No, I'll be renting it to somebody I used to room with and his wife."

Okay, fine by me. The Smiths (not their real name) moved in. They were a pleasant-looking couple. No, they were downright beautiful. They were both slender and tanned, with perfectly casual haircuts, the kind that cost \$60 to make your hair look windswept yet sculptured. She wore shirts that slid off one elegant shoulder. He had a thin gold chain around his neck. They made their living airbrushing abstract designs on tee-shirts and selling them at craft fairs. They seemed like fine neighbors to me: a little too new age for my tastes, but friendly enough.

Since they were artists, they slept all day and worked all night. At first, that was no problem. Occasionally I would hear the soft swish of the airbrush and the loud whirr of the compressor late at night, sometimes accompanied by the latest release from Windham Hill, but mostly they were quiet.



The first indication I had that they were strange was when Joy, the Smiths' neighbor on the other side, told me she had trained her rooster not to crow in the morning. "Oh," I said weakly, "how did you do that?" What I really wanted to know was why did she do that, but I had decided not to ask Joy any "why" questions when I learned that her husband was called Dogmeat Dave. I learned that her husband was called Dogmeat Dave when a big biker with a tattoo stopped by our house one day and asked if Dogmeat was home.

He apologized very nicely and left when he realized that he had the wrong address. I got the impression that anybody nicknamed Dogmeat Dave was likely to be kind of, well, kind of irrational and violent, and I figured it was best not to pry.

Anyway, Joy trained the rooster not to crow in the morning by going outside and yelling at him whenever he crowed, which I would not have expected to work, since why should a rooster be sensitive about noise, but maybe what she yelled was something like, "Shut up, you dumb bird, or you'll be stew before nightfall!!" As a bonus, she told me why she trained the rooster not to crow, which was that Melinda Smith had told her if she heard the rooster crow one more time she'd call the animal warden. This seemed excessive to me, but what did I know? Maybe roosters crowing was really hard on the Smiths' artistic sensibilities.

The next indication I had that the Smiths were strange was when I woke up one night and heard what seemed to be a seance coming from next door. Chants and prayers went on for a while, interrupted by occasional sobs and screams. I wondered at first whether someone was being tortured, or if maybe the Smiths had captured Joy and Dogmeat's rooster and were using it in a ritual sacrifice, but every outburst was followed by a long interval of quiet talking. Yes, someone was crying next door, but they didn't seem to need help. And yes, it was too noisy for me to get any sleep, but someone was crying, they were upset, it would be really boorish for me to complain about the noise when these people were obviously having some kind of crisis. So I put my pillow over my head and tried to get back to sleep.

I couldn't figure out what the seance noises had to do with the screaming and crying. Maybe they had called spirits from the vasty deep and they weren't friendly spirits. As long as nobody was hitting anybody else, it didn't seem to be my problem.

After that there was a long period in which the Smiths were silent both by night and by day. In fact, Melinda seemed to disappear altogether. I wondered if I had misinterpreted the night of the seance. Should I ask Joe about it? He didn't seem very approachable any more. There were dark circles under his eyes, and a bunch of guys with BMWs started coming to see him all night long. None of them stayed very long; some of them left their cars running for fifteen or twenty minutes while they went inside to visit with Joe. I thought it was nice that he was so popular, but I didn't understand why his friends couldn't visit early in the evening. At least Joe didn't run the compressor all night long any more. In fact, he didn't run the compressor at all any more, and I hadn't seen a freshly painted tee-shirt drying in their back yard for weeks. I decided I wasn't going to ask Joe about Melinda.

Then one night Melinda was back. "I don't want to talk about feelings!" she said. "We always talk about your feelings! Let's talk about my feelings!" Joe didn't want to talk about Melinda's feelings, and she left for a while. Later on she returned and talked about her feelings with a brick, which she tossed through Joe's window. I considered sleeping in the living room. I considered calling the police. I decided not to since she hadn't hit Joe--I could tell she hadn't hit Joe, because Joe was discussing Melinda's feelings at the top of his pleasant baritone voice. He was describing all the finer points of Melinda's feelings in a highly adjectival fashion, accompanied by counterpoint from Melinda and interjections from some third party, possibly Dogmeat Dave, telling them both to put a sock in it.



Both Smiths were gone the next day, and I heard nothing from them for several weeks. My sleep was uninterrupted. The rooster began to make tentative crowing noises. I wondered if James was going to rent the place to someone else. I wondered if James was going to sell the place.

He was, in fact, going to rent it to someone else. Painters showed up and painted the house a dignified grey. An ad appeared in the Seattle Weekly, looking for non-smokers, no pets, first, last, and damage deposit, refs required. I ran into James one evening, and he told me he'd rented it to three young women; they would be moving in that night. "What happened to the Smiths?" I asked. His face grew paler. "Joe's in jail for dealing cocaine," he said. "I don't ever want to see those guys again."

I woke up that night around 2:15. Loud rock and roll music was pouring in my windows. I waited a few minutes, but it was obviously not going to go away. I put on my bathrobe and went next door.

I rang the doorbell and waited. Nothing happened. I rang the doorbell again. I pounded on the door. I went around to the back door and pounded on it. Finally I went up to the window through which I could see one of my new neighbors unpacking and knocked on it.

"Could you turn down the music?" I asked.

She screamed. "You startled me!"

I am not at my conversational best after 2 in the morning. In fact, I am not at my conversational best after about 11 at night. I startled her? She was playing Iron Maiden at a million zillion decibels and I startled her? My snappy comeback was, "Listen, could you turn the music down so I can go back to sleep?"

"Sure, sure." The volume went down from unbearable to merely loud.

"Do you always keep such late hours?" I asked.

She looked surprised. "Oh, no. No, no, no."

Satisfied, I went home. It was simply that she'd just moved in, or something. Maybe she'd been cleaning her old place for hours and had finally finished, and hadn't realized how late it was.

You already know I was wrong, of course. The next day the two other women moved in, and all three boyfriends, and two or three other friends and two cats and a dog, and they all had a party, starting about--yes! about 2 in the morning. Actually, about 2:15, a time which held more meaning for me when I learned that the three young women all worked as bartenders. Bars in Seattle close at 2.

I went over to see the neighbors a few more times. I figured that my mistake with the Smiths had been not to let them know right away that their noise bothered me, back before the guys with BMWs started showing up, and maybe they would have quieted down or moved to a nightowl neighborhood or something. The first time, they actually apologized and quieted down. No problem, I thought. They're young, they don't know how noise travels, they didn't realize how close their windows are to my windows. The next time, they told me the volume control on their television was broken. "It's either off or way loud," they said. I voted for off, and my side won the election that time.

The time after that, a pleasant guy with a cup in one hand and the spigot of a beer keg in the other told me, "Jeez, I'm sorry. We're just a bunch of alcoholic assholes over here. Jeez, I'm sorry." I went home. The noise continued.

The next time I went over, I encountered a much less pleasant young man, also accessorized with cup and beer keg. "I got a keg and a loud band," he said. "I'm gonna drink till it's gone." He turned the volume up.

"I need to get some sleep," I said.

"Fine," he said. "Go on home and sleep." He turned the volume up some more.

I went home. I called the police. They arrived about an hour later and discussed the noise level with my neighbors. The neighborhood became quiet. I sat up for another hour, shaking from the adrenalin rush.

I didn't visit the neighbors any more. We got into a little routine: they would make noise, I would call the police, the police would get within a block of the house, and the noise would subside. "Can't arrest 'em unless we hear the noise," explained one officer. "Sure, we believe you, but on a noise complaint we have to hear them from the street. Whyncha ask the other neighbors if they'd join you in a formal complaint?"

That was when I learned that Joy and Dogmeat were slightly deaf. Dogmeat offered to set up his sound system in their driveway and blast the new neighbors into oblivion. "I used to be a roadie," he said. "I got professional equipment." I thanked him, but I thought that retaliation in kind would be a mistake. They would just escalate, and I was beginning to fear for my cat's safety. Hell, I was beginning to fear for my safety.

"Ever notice the traffic patterns?" asked Joy. "They've got those same guys in BMWs cruising by every night, just like the Smiths. I called the cops, but they said they needed better evidence than that."

"Yeah, these guys are worse than the Gypsy Jokers," said Dogmeat. The Gypsy Jokers are a biker gang. They're Dogmeat and Joy's backfence neighbors. Mostly they're pretty quiet; just a bunch of middle-aged guys with potbellies and Harleys. A couple of times a year they throw a big party for two or three days straight, and every once in a while the clouds of marijuana smoke get a bit thick, but otherwise they're well behaved in the neighborhood. They've lived here for many years, after all.

Things got grim for a while. The boyfriends started a very bad rock band. They only rehearsed after 2:15 in the morning. The BMWs kept coming by. I became very cautious about walking past the neighbors' house. The rooster kept a low profile.

Then one night it was just too much. As soon as the noise started, I called James. "Sorry to wake you up in the middle of the night," I babbled. "I wasn't asleep," said James. Of course not, he's a vampire computer programmer, he wouldn't be asleep. "Then I'm sorry I didn't wake you up," I said. "Your tenants are driving me crazy! They have wild parties every night! They have a rock band! They have dogs and cats! They smoke all over your house! They grind ashes into the rugs!"

"They have a lease," James said.

"They broke their lease the day they moved in! Can't you do something about them?" I hung up. The phone rang next door. Quiet descended.



I don't know what James said to them. I don't know why I didn't call him before. I do know that the neighbors from hell didn't have any more parties until they moved out, when they were replaced by three more young women who worked as bartenders on the night shift.

I trembled in fear when I found out what they did. They were even friends of the three bartenders who had just moved out. It was going to be the same thing all over again. It was going to be worse. The BMWs would be replaced by Mercedes and Jaguars. The rooster and I would have to move to Alaska and change our names.

The new neighbors came over to my house. "We keep late hours," said one of them. "We don't get off work until 2 am. Sometimes we're a little noisy, so we wanted you to have our phone number in case we forget how late it is sometimes."

I heard choirs singing softly in the distance. My vision grew blurry, but I could distinctly see wings sprouting from the shoulders of each of the new neighbors. I took their phone number and posted it where I could find it quickly in the middle of the night.

The new neighbors aren't perfect. They do keep late hours, they are a little noisy, and occasionally they have thrown parties so loud and wild it seemed like the old neighbors were back. Afterward, though, they always apologize, and whenever I call them they actually do quiet down. They seem fine to me, though Dogmeat and Joy are always going to be my favorite neighbors.

---Kate Schaefer

=====

The need for an overhead projector (to show everyone in the audience the artwork) gave us the most trouble at Westercon. We told each of several different Programming Heads why we needed it, but when Saturday morning rolled around, and I talked to Junior, the Audio-Video Department Head, he dramatically lowered his head into his hands, muttering, "Why didn't anyone tell me? Why? Why?" He recovered, and in a muted voice said we'd have the projector, and that he hadn't had sleep for two days.

About an hour before we were to go on, I found Junior standing by the low steps leading from Gage Residence. He had several mike stands and an overhead projector sitting next to him. "Great!" I enthused. "You got it." Junior nodded to me and continued talking to the walkie-talkie in his hand. "Yes," he said to it, "send the aid car to Gage. Now. Get me now." At that moment, two of his assistants appeared. One stayed with Junior. The other grabbed the projector and asked me to carry the mike stands. As we walked to the Conference Center, he explained that Junior had fallen down the stairs. I think he twisted his ankle (which he's broken only a short time before the con), and perhaps had hit his head. While carrying our hitherto innocent projector.

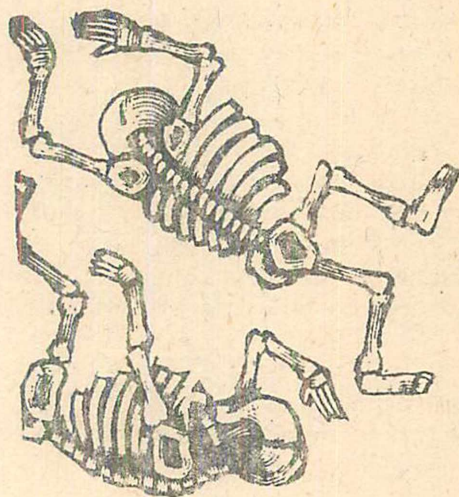
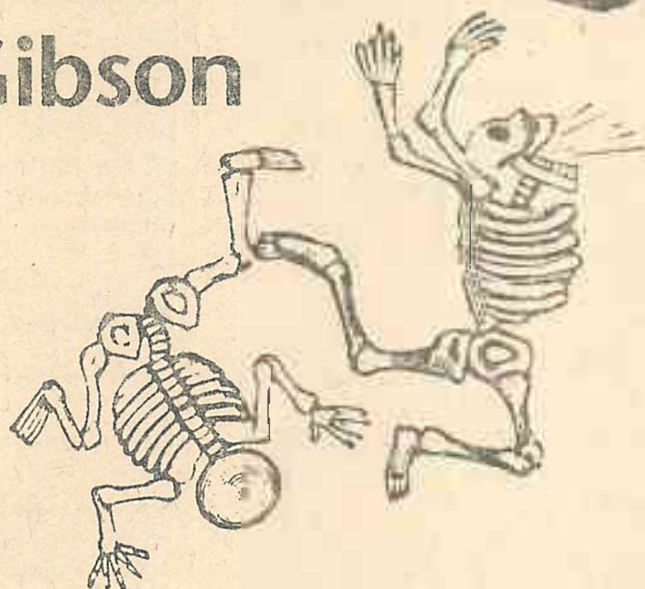
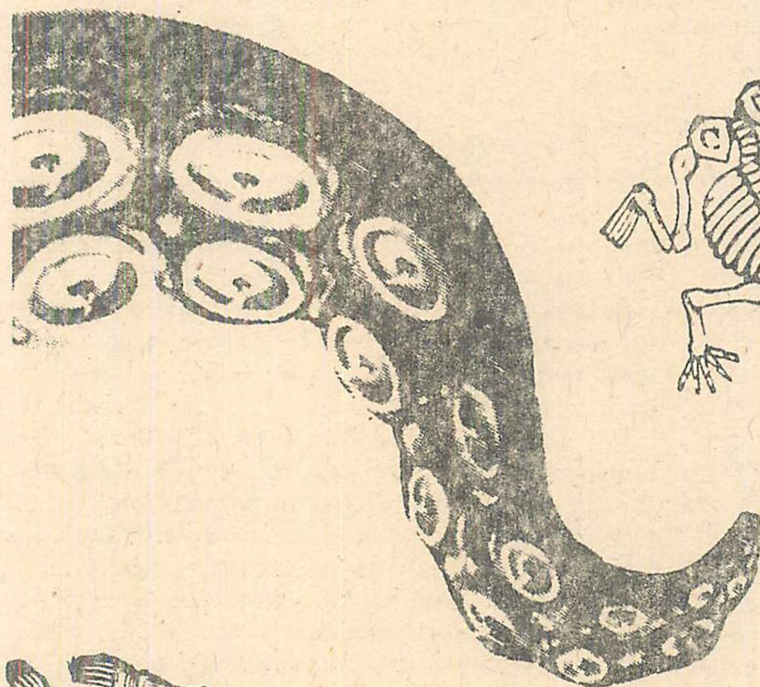
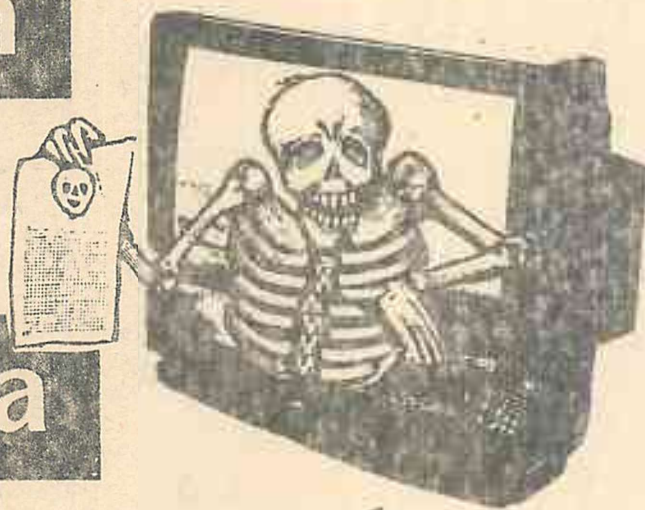
At the Center we had to wait for C.J. Cherryh to finish her reading; then we were able to get into the theater and begin our setup. I set the projector on a table on stage, and along with Suzie began checking off our contributors, laying out scripts and other items, and trying to help the assistants. We realized the cord from the projector wouldn't reach the nearest outlet, so I began to push the table it was on. It was a folding table, and the legs weren't secured. One set folded under, and the projector dived to the floor.

I dived faster. To my relief, the projector was lighter than it looked. I caught it before it smashed. Someone called, "Great Catch!" "I practice at home with mimeos," I replied. (I believe Junior was back at the con the next day, not badly hurt.)



# The balloon goes up in Barcelona

by William Gibson





Where were you, the night the balloon went up? I was in Barcelona, in the upstairs video lounge of a nightclub called Universal, standing in line with my free drink tickets while the club's regular clientele did their best to ignore the Survival Research Laboratories tape on their standard-issue euro-club wall-o'-television. We, the invited guests of Art Futura, the city's second annual hi-tech computer art and related groovy stuff festival, were definitely not regulars. We were, in fact, a fairly weird and unlikely group, consisting as we did of Oregonian computer-animation mavens, Bay Area virtual reality types, esoteric Hollywood life-forms of the special effects kind, and at least one science fiction writer. Pretty eclectic. Universal was anything but eclectic, having been built from the ground up to cater for the nightclubbing needs of what Spanish Sunday supplements refer to as the Generation of '92, that segment of the local Boomer population expected to seriously make its nut on the Olympic games. Now these Generation of '92 folks are not exactly your average Catalan yuppies, of whom there are many, your post-Franco Barcelona being one happening urban economy. The Generation of '92 takes itself very seriously. It's as though one particular group of late-Fifties Brits had been given a special license to prepare to make a bundle off the short-lived miracle that would be Swinging London. "Okay, Nigel, let's put Carnaby Street here, and then a bunch of boutiques out the Kings Road..."

And Barcelona is a city that takes nightclubs very seriously to begin with. As individuals, the locals feel very much defined by where they eat, what they wear, and where they go to cruise and schmooze, in pretty much that order. This is a culture where you have a two-hour dinner around 10 pm, then retire to a bar until the clubs start to open. Which is not to say that this is what you might consider much of a serious rave-up culture, a get-down-'n-boogie culture on the old North American order. In spite of alcohol being available for sale every fifteen feet or so, and on a more or less 24-hour basis, the locals are not much given to intoxication. A nightclub, rather, is where one goes to strut one's stuff: one's clothes, one's conversational prowess with the opposite sex, one's whole, like, attitude, baby.

So Universal, being a particularly serious example of this school of thought, was definitely not ready for a crew of computer weirdos suffering jetlag, toxic blood-alcohol levels, and a uniformly raging case of PWS--Pre-War Syndrome. And some of our crew were enough to give me the willies. (There are few things stranger than the social affect of hardcore Silicon Valley mega-nerds who've learned to wear Armani suits.) And yes, we all knew that the balloon was about to go up. The President's deadline, blah blah, the United Nations, blah blah.... And where were we? In Universal, underwhelming the locals with our decorum, our dress sense, and our Survival Research Laboratories video, which someone from the festival would always manage to put on wherever our free drink tickets took us. Yep, San Francisco's finest, SRL, and here's a nifty new juggernaut built entirely of old washing machines, dead squirrels, and napalm. Howdy, Barcelona!

There was a line-up for the bar.

So I was standing there, more or less asleep on my feet, while vast flame-belching scrap-iron robots flailed at one another with rotting cow-entrails and heavy steel cables, and watching the regulars ignore this (and us) with a cool and utter finality, when Angels Bronsoms, Art Futura's resident clubland expert and our general minder, appeared abruptly at my side. (And let me note here that any culture with the charm to name a woman "Angels"--or for that matter "Bronsoms"--is okay by me.) Angels, who ordinarily resembled a pocket edition of Deborah Harry, displayed signs of high distress. "O William," she said, plucking anxiously at her leopard-print rabbit-fur

scarf, "I am very scare. I hear the Americans bomb Iraq."

Angels, honey, I should've said, I am very scare myself. I am hugely, Lovecraftianly scare, for I feel the vast shapeless thing that is History lurch now, gibbering and drooling, to drag us all down some eldritch and hideously other corridor of possibility.

"Wow," I said. "How about a drink?"

But word of war spreads out from Angels Bronsoms like ripples from the impact of a leopard-scarfed pebble, and now there is an uncoordinated surge of adrenalin-wired Americans toward the video-wall, where the CEO of a virtual reality start-up company and a Hollywood effects ace, with a Swiss Army knife and a Leatherman Tool between them, are effecting not-so-minor cable-surgery on one of the monitors. Which produces, not oddly under the circumstances, CNN with a Spanish voice-over, so that you can almost (but sorry, not quite) make out the drowned commentary beneath. The Americans now huddle with their ears as close as possible to the commandeered monitor.

The Generation of '92, it strikes me, is pissed. Not bad enough, their stares seem to say, that you people come in here in your horrible clothes, with your loud voices and lack of manners, your asshole tapes of stupid machines when we want to watch Madonna, but now you have brought your stupid fucking war as well.

The line to the bar gets slower. By the time I get there, I have been reliably informed of the nuking, yes, absolutely, the nuking, of Tel Aviv--and of Baghdad. And Angels Bronsoms is nowhere to be seen. I wonder if she's downstairs, dancing.

It doesn't seem entirely like a bad idea.

---William Gibson

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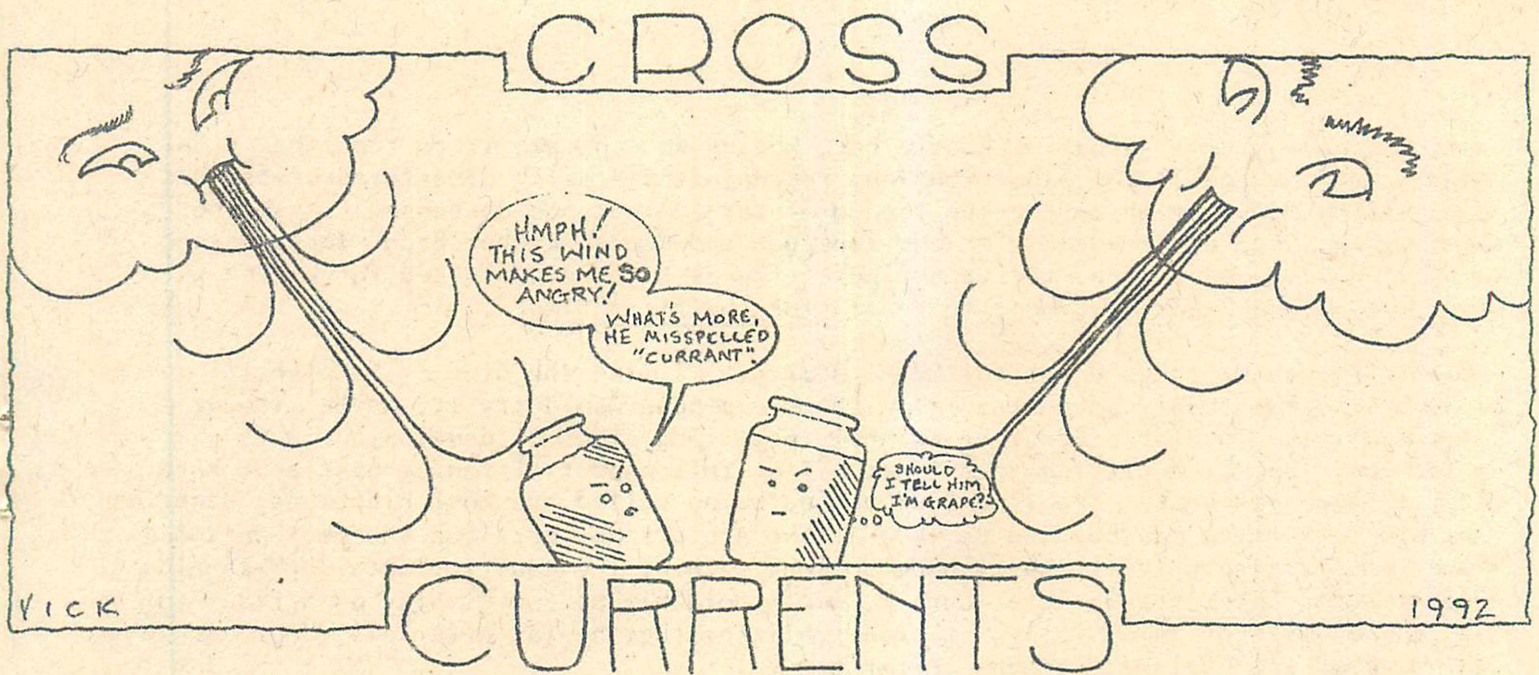
#### Tales From the Live Mainstream:

We're unable to share one contribution from the Westercon edition: that of Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden. (We called it "Angles and Inclinations.") We were so dazed and distracted by the time they arrived on stage that we were never entirely sure what they talked about; unlike the rest of the contributors, they were unable to supply us with advance copies of their articles. I think Teresa extemporized on her meeting with Fabio, a legendary beefcake model for romance novel covers. She also read a piece written for GENie (the computer network) about the legends of "Magnus the Great and Charlie the Tuna" and the literary criticism surrounding them. (Apparently this was an elaborate parody of litcrit trends.) Patrick read a piece (also written for GENie) about Tom o'Bedlam or Thomas the Rhymer--reports and memories differ.

We paid less than total attention, in part, because we assumed we'd soon have the texts in hand. We were wrong: Patrick sold his piece to Jane Yolen (the second time a lucky contributor has sold something originally submitted to Mainstream--Steve Bieler was the first) and Teresa neither wrote the Fabio piece nor printed out the Magnus the Great whimsey for us. So we are left with an NH-sized hole (metaphorically) and a wonderful drawing by Craig Smith showing P&T as izzards climbing a hill to the Tower of Trufandom. Perhaps by next issue we'll have figured out a way to use it.

---jak





Gary Deindorfer, 447 Bellevue Ave., #9-B, Trenton, NJ 08618

I was just thinking of Brandon DeWilde. He played the boy in the award winning Western Shane, and later appeared on television in a series called Jamie. "Whatever happened to Brandon DeWilde?" I asked myself. "What is he doing now?" Naturally, by association from there it was a logical step to ask, "What are Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins doing now?" Then, almost as if by magic, accident or oversight, memory kicked in. It all came back vividly: how earlier this week I had written you a letter and sent you a \$6.00 money order for the final issue of Innuendo. Then I realized almost as though I'd been heartily slapped on the back by Hubert Humphrey that I had said I would try to write an "ambitious" loc on Mainstream 13. Would try to push the envelope a little as Tom Wolfe liked to say in The Right Stuff. Well, now that I am beginning this loc I don't feel all that ambitious, especially considering my letters to Mainstream nearly always end up getting wahfed. But I will try to do some approximation of what I bravely psyched myself up to do last week: write a loc to an issue of Mainstream that can manage to do this one of the two finest fanzines being published in this country justice. (One of two? Yes. The other being Trapdoor. You two guys aren't in a contest but your zines are both gloriously superb and fannishly timebinding and I'm glad there are Mainstream and Trapdoor, and not just the one without the other.)

((Thanks for the compliments. Sorry about the wahfs. We're glad to see Trapdoor on the Hugo ballot this year. And if anybody's got \$6, I still have copies of Terry Carr's last fanzine, Innuendo 12 on hand. jak))

The cover is a Stu Shiffman glorious masterpiece. Delightfully and quintessentially faanish in that laidback, relaxed style that Stu Shiffman possesses, which I don't, particularly.

A "Tight Little Island" /Jerry's fanzine reviews, playing off Arnie Katz' then-recent return to fanac/--yes, though not as tight as it used to be. Then there is the case of Arnie Katz. I'm glad he is back, and Folly is hugely entertaining, but I suspect for some newer fans it would seem "outlandish and narrow." I keep asking myself, "Can Arnie really pull off all this self-referentiality? Doesn't he realize that fandom is not a tight little island anymore?" But Arnie goes on oblivious to the nonfannish ways the real world intrudes on fandom, for the main part. I look at him as though

watching a tightrope walker without a net, hoping he can make it to the other side. And what if he does? Can other fanzines recreate that cosily cloistered atmosphere we old-time fans remember that the fandom of our adolescence possessed? Maybe so. Then we can use Escher covers for our fanzines and "Godel Escher Bach" ourselves to death. But it can be fun, the same kind of fun as being sick in bed for a week with The Lord of the Rings or Proust to read: for the first time!

Because though it takes a lot for me to admit it, I like the kind of fannish ingrownedness that Folly possesses. I wish more people would try it, maybe without being quite so insular. Spent Brass shows promising signs of developing in this direction. But by admitting that I get off on this aspect of fandom past and, rare as it is, fandom present, I realize I am up for being called the most hidebound, reactionary old fart there can be. So be it. I like Arnie's universe for the most part and hope to participate in it, but I hope someone such as the caustic "outsider" fanzine reviewer for Spent Brass, Peter Larsen, won't hold him up for display as a figure of fun and example of human folly. Little realizing that he is, after all, "our" Arnie and "one of us," unlike, perhaps, Peter Larsen.

I will observe, though, that with subsequent issues Arnie has managed to dispell some of the initial hothouse atmosphere that dwelled there. First through printing locs from old fan friends of his who are glad to see him back but who, thoughtfully, are aware of "cloisteredness" faux paux that Arnie might insularly commit and gently trying to nudge him away from some of his typical likely excesses, one of which slips by when he grandly and greatly, he thinks, says he is going to vote for "all" of the TAFF candidates this year, something which some of the more sarcastic British fans could have a field day with as an example of American "any which way"-ism. If you mean what I know. But Arnie and crew are having fun and I for one find his and by osmosis their enthusiasm refreshing. It's as though he has been Born Again in Ghu; all the tired old ways of fandom I thought I had come to take for granted he shows me I can view through the eyes of a child, "washed in the Blood of the Lamb." Fandom for Arnie is less, I think, Robinson Crusoe's island than Eden rediscovered, with perhaps some aspects of the Fountain of Youth thrown in.

((Since you wrote this letter, two Katzian disciples have begun publishing their own zines, Laurie Yates and Woody Bernardi, both of Las Vegas, Nevada. jak))

Mark Manning writes well, but he is more intrepid than I am. He can stand being exposed to these people and their ideas. I couldn't. I give him high marks for fortitude, tolerance, and writing. Fascinating how so unlikely a topic for a fanzine article as this /Life on the Krishna Consciousness farm/ goes well in Mainstream, which possesses considerable assimilative powers itself. And the Gilliland illoes are great.

Bruce Townley's article is an amusing character study. Did you ever think that maybe that dork who you work with or who lives next door to you might be a luminary in his or her alternative fandom who has just written a risible article about you? Once again, illoes /By Craig Smith/ great.

Andy Hooper is new to me with his article here and his new fanzine. He is certainly a good writer, though, and his descriptions of the intricacies of pinball are fascinating. ((April 7, 1991))



Walter Willis, 32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 0PD

I think it must be that we need to re-examine one of the fundamental theories which govern our understanding of the fannish universe, namely that *all knowledge is contained in fanzines*. As I understand the reasoning of the Great Thinkers of Seattle, by publishing so much material of such undoubted originality you demonstrate beyond peradventure (whatever that is) that however true the Totality of Fanzine Knowledge Theory may be now, it cannot have been true before the publication of Mainstream 13.

Fortunately for our peace of mind, it is only necessary to relocate the Theory in the fannish spacetime continuum, by rephrasing it as *all knowledge is contained in fanzines, but not necessarily in those already published*. In this form it is, I suggest, irrefutable.

It was extraordinarily percipient of you to prepare for this revelation by sending your correspondent to Iraq in the lull before Desert Storm, and finding one who can write as well as Douglas Barbour. The same applies to your correspondent from the equally exotic world of baseball. David Emerson vividly reminds me of how the people in my office converted me to cricket fandom, round about the time the West Indian Touring Team, World Champions, were defeated by the team of the tiny village of Sion Mills, County Tyrone. Cricket and baseball have a lot in common as spectator sports, including a fascination with statistics, but the time scale of cricket makes it more like a war than a battle. This was more noticeable when cricket matches lasted five days, and before that again when there was no time limit at all. Now of course we have one-day cricket. Next, no doubt, hot dogs and root beer.

((And after that, fireworks-shooting scoreboard and "the Wave." jak))

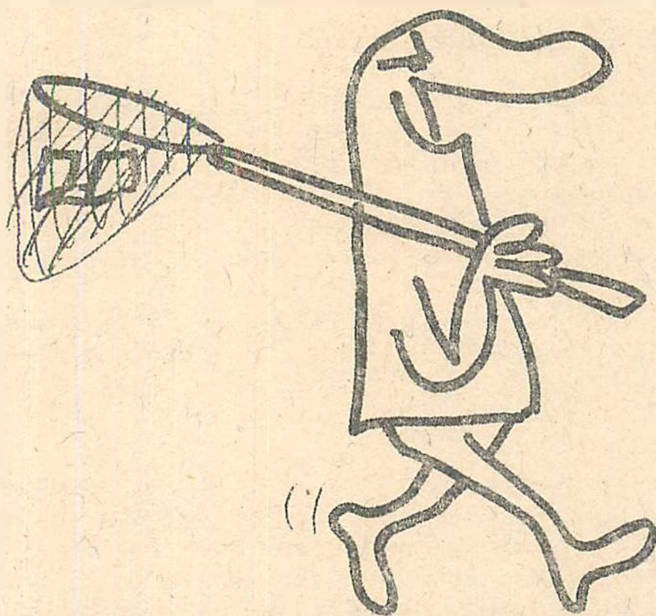
Your letter section is great, even the bits not written by me, but I must warn you about unguarded references to the Tower of Beer Cans to the Moon. There is a nasty rumour going around that the dent in the Hubble Telescope appears to have been caused by collision with an aluminium cylinder of some sort, and any resultant legal proceedings might make quite a hole in the profits of the last Los Angeles Worldcon. ((April 20, 1991.))

Ethel Lindsay, 69 Barry Road, Carnoustie, Angus DD7 7QQ, Scotland

So Arnie Katz is back...and there was Vinc and Bob Lichtman; one wonders who will next appear? Betty Kujawa maybe? I hope you will see Rob Hansen's Then which has been chronicling the history of British fandom. His latest instalment covers the 1960s. It has been splendidly done and brings back a host of memories.

((I agree. Anyone interested in such things should contact Rob at 144 Plashet Grove, East Ham, London E6 1AB, U.K. Three volumes in mimeo so far, and I believe Rob hopes for eventual book publication. jak))

I am glad you liked Edinburgh, you were pretty near to my home at that time. A couple of hours by car and you would have reached Carnoustie. We sit here looking over the North Sea to Germany. Our nearest town is Dundee which this year is celebrating its 800th year. It is now calling itself the City of Discovery. This is because Scott's ship the Discovery was built here and has recently returned to Dundee harbour where it is on view. ((May 13, 1991.))



now with HARRY WARNER LETTER

Irwin Hirsh, 26  
Jessamine Avenue, East  
Prahran, Victoria 3181  
Australia

I find it interesting that when I've had quibbles regarding the selections for Fanthologies 1981, 1986 and 1987 they were all small quibbles, yet every year I have major quibbles with the nominations in all three fan Hugo categories. So I like the idea of fanthologies and I agree that they do a better job of honouring fannish work than do awards--particularly as awards

don't show why something is being honoured. I'm not sure that I like the idea of the contents of a fanthology being selected by ballot or even by jury. As Harry Warner says, the person doing the work should be allowed the privilege of choosing the material. On the other hand I doubt anyone gets to see all that is published in any one year. But I have enough faith in believing that anyone wanting to publish a fanthology would look beyond their own Fanzines Received stack when making their selections. One way of going about that is the way the Corflu 9 committee appear to be going; they have asked for people to send in suggestions of articles for inclusion in Fanthology '88. There is no mention of a ballot and I think all they're doing is using their membership as a resource for tapping into fanzines which may not have reached L.A.

All this brings to mind the idea I've long had that if you want to honour a fanzine or writer or artist the best way of doing so is not by filling in an award nomination form. Or even a fanthology ballot. If you like a fanzine send the editor a letter of comment, or a fanzine in trade, or a contribution that you think the editor will like. In letters of comment praise the articles and drawings which grabbed your attention. And encourage the authors and artists to contribute something to your own fanzine; there can't be many higher ways of praising someone's writing and drawing abilities than a willingness to spend some of your time and money publishing the work of that person. What separates the fan categories from the other categories in the Hugos is that in the former the voter has ways other than just the Hugos to praise their likes. The people sending me their fanzine know me to be part of their audience. That one-to-one relationship is an inherent part of the fanzines system, but doesn't exist when I read a book or watch a film. I was rather glad that Mainstream got a Hugo nomination this year and I imagine you were too. But I hope that the people who nominated you noted that Mainstream is not available for anonymous award nominations.

Or to put this another way, Jerry. That list you had in New Orleans--did you do anything else apart from pass it on to Virzi and Mueller? Telling people that you liked their stuff would've been appropriate. All that missed egoboo, I'm sure.



((I traded Mainstream for all the zines containing the items on the list, which you allow as acceptable egoboo. But I didn't write lots praising them, being an irregular letterhack at best. I know that's what you mean. Let me go on to quibble with something else you said, that fans have ways other than the Hugos to heap egoboo on the deserving, in the fan categories, and not the others. On the contrary, all forms of egoboo can apply to all Hugo categories. First, we can in person admire nearly any award nominee at conventions and other gatherings. (I admit this is much more true of American or even British cons than Australian ones.) Next, we can write directly to the writers and artists and editors, or care of their publishers. If we can write to fans, why not the pros? Finally, we can use our fanzines as conduits of compliments. There are plenty of review-zines, or we can start another. jak))

David Emerson wonders if we'll see baseball zines and programming at conventions. Well, if David is willing to take the lead I can't see why not. However, maybe David is looking in the wrong place for his baseball fandom. The place to find it is not the hotel corridors of a Minicon but in the aisles of the Metrodome. In the UK there are soccer fanzines (only they probably call them football fanzines). I haven't seen any but I do have books reprinting selections from the field, and a third book which appears to be an enlarged, hardcover issue of When Saturday Comes, the fanzine with the biggest circulation. Based on their limited reading your better soccer fanzine is filled with the right mix of wit and humour and devotion to the game, all blended together to make for appealing reading. They aren't fanzines in the sense that we know the term--they don't appear to be available for 'the usual,' for instance. Their tradition is of the punk music fanzine, providing an alternative to the stereotypes offered by the daily press. Reading the introductions to the two reprint volumes I got the feeling that if the British press hadn't been so determined to paint a picture of the soccer fan as being a thug there would've never been a soccer fanzine. I doubt baseball fans need an alternative press but that doesn't mean baseball fanzines can't find a valuable niche, if that is what baseball fans want. ((December 10, 1991.))

Brian Earl Brown, 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI 48224

I finally got around to locating Folly this weekend--will drop the letter into the mail tonight just as soon as I buy some stamps. It is, as you say, sort of a time-warp production, harkening back to styles and manners of two decades ago. It must be strange trying to figure out fandom today, who's doing what and all. I am as much amazed that Arnie has put out three issues in as many months--and on xerox. How can anyone afford such enthusiasm any more? I've not thought much about which are the most interesting fanzines being published Right Now--meaning within the past 18 months. Fosfax would be one, BCSFAZine often has a tidbit or two per issue. Folly, Fuck the Tories, Pulp, Mimosa, Fantasy Commentator from A. Langley Searles (mostly seen only in FAPA but the epitome of the sercon fanzine). Too many others are just too infrequent--like Mainstream or Trapdoor or my own fanzine. Perhaps the reason I have to force myself to read fanzines these days is because there are so few that really cry out to be read. Or maybe I've grown tired of it all....

((I have days, or months like that myself...I don't see every fanzine you do (or did a year and a half ago), so I won't argue cases. I will add several zines to your list: Spent Brass, Stet, Outworlds, Tand. All frequent by current standards or better, all with highly original points of view, all with worthwhile--or better--material. jak))

Among my favorite scenes from Airplane is where Robert Stack is charging through the airport, straight-arming Hare Krishnas out of the way. That it was David Leisure's ("Joe Isuzu") first speaking role is cosmically appropriate. Mark Manning's anthropological expedition into darkest West Virginia to observe the Krisnas was pretty interesting. And in some ways a little frightening but I think that is always the case when ordinarily sensible people start living in a commune; they begin to get screwy ideas and lose any reality checking talent.

I sort of think David Emerson should have loaned Andrew Hooper the title to David's column this time. It's Andrew, not David, who's talking about pinball. It is kind of interesting to see a sudden resurgence of interest in America's PASTIME among science fiction fans. Maybe every generation has its favorite fall-back sport. The Misfits, 50s Detroit fandom, retired to bowling. Maybe 80s fandom will all retire to baseball freaks. I forgot who made the distinction between baseball being America's favorite sport and its favorite pastime but it is a truthful one. There are qualities about it that seem to express the American spirit and embody its virtues. And maybe I enjoy it precisely because the play is slow enough and linear enough for me to follow. With football, basketball or hockey the game becomes incomprehensible because I can never tell where the ball or puck is, who is controlling it, and so on.

((So--wanna start a baseball fan commune? jak))

I suppose for many people Doug Barbour's "Baghdad Journal" was the highlight of the issue because of the current situation. Reading it the first time thru I didn't think it was that remarkable, no better than Bruce Townley's story about Ski or Mark's visit to the Krishna commune. But I suppose some distinction should be given since not many people get to visit Third World Dictatorships. Or perhaps, would want to. My father was over there as a soldier during WW2. Things were a lot different then. He mentions how he and a buddy went up to Teheran during a leave, came across the Shah's palace and decided to check it out. They just walked into the place, poked their heads in the throne room and saw the fabled Peacock Throne, encrusted with an estimated \$6 million (then) protected by one solitary guard. It seems incredible today, but seemingly in 1944 an American GI could do just about anything and get away with it.

I disagree with Richard Brandt when he suggests that letter columns not repeat similar opinions from different writers unless there's some compelling reason to. While repetition can be tedious it has other useful functions, such as showing that certain opinions are more prevalent than others. If five people say "A" is best and one says it isn't, for instance. Only printing one "yea" and the one "nay" would suggest that both opinions are equally valid, which would be far from the case. On the other hand, the Fosfax editors couldn't spot an irrelevant line if it hit them, which is what Richard, I think, was referring to. ((November 13, 1990.))

((The number of people holding an opinion doesn't demonstrate its validity, only, as you said first, its prevalence. No matter how many people hold an opinion, if it is based on incorrect or insufficient information, or on rotten reasoning, it still isn't likely to be valid. Take your opinion of communes, for instance...jak))

Tara Wayne, 245 Dunn Ave, Toronto, Ont. M6K 1S6, Canada (NEW ADDRESS Summer 1992)

Interesting slant on reviewing fanzines--imagining them through the eyes of Arnie Katz. I wonder if Arnie will comment? I can see a series of fanzine review columns as a



necessary development of your pioneering effort--reviews through the eyes of Richard Bergeron, Chuq Von Rospach, Greg Pickersgill, Ed Meskys, Arthur Hlavaty, Walt Willis, Ted White, and let us not forget, Robbie Cantor. Going one step further, the viewpoint might be had from the authentic viewer. Gad, what an original idea--Ted White reviewing for Ted White, and so on.

Personally, I think David Emerson could have done worse for an illustrator. If Jeanne lacks the proper enthusiasm for the subject--baseball--at least she didn't have it in her to be outright vicious, like a certain fanartist I know intimately does. The trouble with people writing about baseball is that they often believe the subject is intrinsically magic--all they need do is drop in some jargon and stats and everyone will fall in love. But it ain't so, Joe. All that baseball esoterica only makes it worse for the uninitiated.

As little effect that such incantations as "bottom of the fifth," "no hits, no runs, no errors," and "seventh inning stretch" have on a non-believer, something of the magic will rub off the page when a sufficiently talented writer has the field. Bored by baseball as I am, I quite enjoyed Kinsella's Shoeless Joe. I was glad to see David refer to Damn Yankees--the author he couldn't remember was Douglas Wallop, by the way. As a fantasy novel, it's a book more sf readers should know about. I still can't penetrate the essential romance, though.

Douglas Barbour's fine article raises an interesting point. Iraq is a particularly distasteful police state--what sort of poet accepts its hospitality? It would be one thing to regard poetry festivals as non-political, and attend in spite of Iraq. But he was there, he said, as a guest of the state. Would he as willingly have attended a poetry festival as the guest of South Africa? If not, is the oppression of African blacks more important than the gassing of Kurdish villagers? Appalled as Barbour was by what he saw in Iraq, I'm not at all impressed by his moral position. You can't just take their money and then wash your hands of the blood. ((October 10, 1990.))

((Your rush to judgement is in part our fault...we didn't include any dates so you would know that events Doug described took place years ago. He sent his article to us in 1988, and I assume that his trip was in 1987. Did anyone know about the gas attacks then? Had they happened yet? Certainly very few people in the West knew anything about Hussein's government at the time. jak))

Mike Glicksohn, 508 Windermere Ave., Toronto, Ont M6S 3L6

Though it saddens me to say so I doubt we will ever again see the sort of fannish community that existed in the early 70s. Fandom itself has grown too large and too fragmented and fanzines have been relegated to a very insignificant backwater and there are just too many other diversions competing for the trufan's recreational dollar and minute. I count myself lucky to have been a part of it and regret that the few new fannish fans such as Mark Manning and Harry Bond will probably never do more than read about it in old fanzines. (Not that I don't enjoy fandom today and not that I constantly dwell in the past sighing for the lost Golden Age, nothing could be further from the truth. Fandom today is just very different from what it was when I was in my heyday as a faned and I think it's a shame that we may never regain that sense of closeness and community again.)

The main thing that Mark's article did (apart from creating a strong sense of relief that I never got involved with the Krishnas myself) was lead me to wonder where they've

all gone. I've noticed for some time now that I never see a Hare Krishna anywhere, not even at O'Hare which must at one time have been their world headquarters. Are they all currently doing insider trading, writing ad copy, advertising on tv for accident victims to call their law offices? Surely even as cretinous a cult as they appear to be from Mark's article can't just vanish in such a short time. It makes one wonder. Where are they all hanging out? And what are they planning?

((In Seattle, they're just planning more vegetarian love feasts. They still appear on the streets from time to time, chanting and clashing finger cymbals. Just the other day (today is June 30, 1992) they made the national news, being one of the parties in a Supreme Court case. jak))

I'm delighted to see that my old friend David has discovered the joys of baseball (although I don't see the relevance of the pinball title unless that's the name of David's regular column and it's been so long between issues that I don't remember it).

((Embarrassing but true. "Special When Lit" is David's regular column title (it's been mainly about pinball in the past), but it had been so long between issues that you'd forgotten...more embarrassing to us than you. jak))

As well-written, amusing and insightful as Bruce's article was I have to believe it is a clever piece of fan fiction. I mean, let's get real! A bacon bits factory? Ha, ha, ha...how droll. Pull the other one, Bruce, so I can walk straight again. (Nice illustrations by Craig Smith who obviously went along with the gag for the sake of the fanzine.)

While I never mastered the art of pinballing to the extent that Andy /Hooper/ did I always enjoyed playing the old games and regret the current popularity of video machines. (For Christmas some years ago Joe Haldeman gave me a t-shirt from one of our favorite Ormond Beach drinking and pinballing hangouts that says, "Give me a game with balls!") So I enjoyed the Hooper article both for its content and for the very high quality of the writing. I was a bit taken aback, though, by his description of call girls getting out of mini-cabs every ten seconds. I mean, I've heard of quickies but that's getting ridiculous!

I don't think I'm afflicted too often with False Fannish Memory but this is primarily because I suffer much more severely from a more powerful curse, namely Nonexistent Fannish Memory. This is in part due to my systematic destruction of brain cells over the years, of course, but is probably rooted in my childhood when I had few if any memories of my youth. It does not surprise me that I'd forgotten the details of the TORCON Story Suzle recapitulated. What does surprise me is that I remembered anything about the incident at all...and remembered it more accurately than Jerry!

((I've got a pretty rotten memory, too. Most of my childhood to the age of twelve is beyond all access except, perhaps, hypnotism. Lots of incidents, even years, from my later life are hazy at best. I am not reliable as a source of history or gossip, although I am usually inventive and plausible. jak))

When Jerry handed out copies of Mainstream 13 at Ditto I thought I heard a massive peal of thunder while I was taking my accumulation of fannish goodies to my room. This struck me as off at the time since it was a perfectly clear day but I didn't dwell on it for too long having many more pleasant things to occupy my time and mind. I now realize that what I heard was Taral's laughter when he read about his "transparent reluctance to hurt anyone's feelings." ((January 12, 1991.))



Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 91722

As far as I can see, this is just another ordinary, run-of-the-mill issue of Mainstream--the sort of thing that could stand up well as about half of the Fanthology for that year. Well...almost; David Emerson's piece on becoming a Baseball Fan fails miserably; I still Absolutely Detest Baseball. Failure of the piece to Convert me doesn't mean that it wasn't highly-enjoyable reading, just that it was less successful than anything else in this issue.

I believe that it was on his 40th birthday that Sam. Johnson is reprinted to have said (presumably to Boswell) something like, "Sir, it is a sad fact, but a true one, that I had read more by the age of 16 than I have in all the years since then." Give or take a few years, that seems to be a General Truth; youngfans can decode in an instant to Publish, and have their zines in the mails within a few weeks or a month, whereas those who are approaching middle-age seem likely to take six months or a year to do this. It may be a better fanzine, but there's also considerable Virtue in frequent & timely publication. Probably this slowness is partly physiological and partly the result of the distractions middle-aged, middle-class people undergo when they have given Hostages to Fortune, and it may go far to explain the "paucity" of fanzines these days. Even the "Neofan" of today's mainstream fandom is far more likely to be 30 years old than 16, and the Energy differential shows. (Putting "paucity" in quotes back there was done to lead into the statement that I'm too slow to keep up with the fanzines that are produced, even in these degenerate days.)

((It seems to me that there's been at least a boomlet, if not a boom, in the last year. We hope to add to that by slimming future issues of Mainstream to 20 or so pages and appearing maybe twice a year. For us, a deluge. jak))

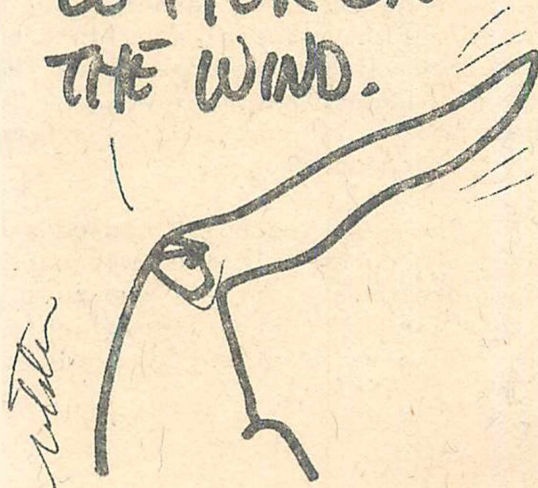
That WesterCon at which Tom Whitmore was fan GoH is now rather vague in my memory, but I certainly wasn't unhappy about his selection for the honor, and I assume that he was named not so much because he works Operations at many Cons as because he's personable, outgoing, friendly, perceptive, humorous, knowledgeable (albeit somewhat opinionated) about fandom, and in general has been a popular and well-liked person at WesterCons for several decades. It's true that he seems not to have been active in fanzine (or even apazine) writing & publishing during the major portion of that time, but a good argument could be made for the idea that in-person activity qualifies as Fanac as much as on-paper activity does.

I don't recall the context of Whitmore's remark, so I'm not sure how much hyperbole was involved, but even I can't entirely discount the idea that Conventions are necessary to Fanzine fandom, or at least that they are extremely helpful to it.

Sniff...

sniff...

THERE'S A  
HARRY WARNER  
LETTER ON  
THE WIND.



Harry Warner, Jr., (and a few others) might not attend a Con even when it's in their own city; many of us find High Virtue in the way fanzine fandom leads to learning what's in the heads and hearts of other people without the distractions of physical appearance (as Jodie Offutt put it); many more (including myself) are, for one reason or another, more comfortable with the written word than with vocal exchange under the high-stress conditions of a convention. Yet, despite all this, it seems probable that a large majority of fanzine fans view much of their fanzine activity as an unfortunately-necessary substitute for, or as an adjunct to, their in-person interrelationships with other fans. If nothing else, meeting other fans (especially, but not limited to, fanzine fans) at Conventions always inspires me to want to Publish, RSN. Or at least get busy and actually write down LoCs, rather than just mentally drafting them as I read zines. It's true that most Cons (Corflu & Ditto are the exceptions) have a decreasing percentage of fanzine-type fans, and it isn't easy to develop techniques to ensure contact with them, but I'm reasonably sure the fanzine microcosm wouldn't be as healthy as it is if it weren't for Conventions. (It might well be even healthier if there weren't as many conventions, but that's something else again.)

Skel brings up what might be the Most Significant Point in this issue of Mainstream--the Importance of Fanthologies & similar reprints of fanzine writing. Not merely for recruiting purposes--something to be put in front of neos with an implicit "See, this is the sort of thing that can be done here"--but for the benefit of most of the rest of us as well. How many fans really keep up with (almost) all the fanzines? Well... there's Harry Warner, Jr., and...err...possibly about 20 others in almost the same category, and perhaps another 30 who get most of them. It seems possible that 50 people is not enough to reach Critical Mass--one or two hundred might be required for that, nowadays. (Less than a hundred was adequate, perhaps, back when fans were younger and had a higher Energy level, but so many of us now are, if not Old Fans & Tired, at least Middle-Aged and somewhat Drained by our mundane Careers and obligations.)

Fanthology '87 did finally get produced--bankrolled (in part) not by some Big Convention, but by the Fandom Association of Central Texas, edited not by Jerry Kaufman but by Richard Brandt (with aid & advice from Jerry, Lichtman, Mueller, Virzi & Hooper), DTP'd by Roy Anthony (whose name is not otherwise familiar to me from fanzines, but who obviously likes to keyboard (though maybe this was done by Richard) and to make computer/DTP systems jump through hoops), and illustrated by Harvia & Ranson. It seems to me to be an excellent fanthology, but I'm quite sure that at least two more volumes, of equal size (76 pages), could be done covering the same year, especially if shorter passages (mostly from apazines) were to be included.

The warning by Harry Warner, Jr., of the perils of a referendum/public voting system for selecting material shouldn't be ignored, but will probably have to take a back seat to merely finding someone to do the Job--one assumes that the editor/publisher will welcome suggestions, but will be in Total Control. (I suspect we needn't be concerned about having it published by a Committee; fan projects involving Committees rarely get off the ground.)

Using the word "recruit" caused a brief shudder since I don't really like the word/idea; the concept in mind was more like presenting ~~half~~ a Sample, for the benefit of those proto-fanzine-fans who must be out there, somewhere. A (not-too-slim) anthology, with a list of currently-available zines, and some sort of explanation of fanzine fandom, might be practical to include in major (&/or minor) Conventions' Packets. ((May 21, 1991.))



David Thayer, P.O. Box 905, Euless, TX 76039

To introduce neo and nonfans to fanzine fandom, I prefer giving them clubzines and personalzines, whose editors are more willing to publish their naive art and letters. Fannish fanzines are for a more initiated audience.

I can identify with David Emerson's article on baseball. I have fallen for professional football. I am the character hitting the television in Jeanne Gomoll's cartoon, except mine responds with a resounding "punt."

I have long been a fan of werewolves. The collaboration by Alexis Gilliland, Stu Shiffman, and Dan Steffan on your back cover is a howler. ((January 22, 1991.))

Candi Strecker, 590 Lisbon, San Francisco, CA 94112

Scariest thing in Mainstream: a cartoon dated 1976. I know this is common fannish practice but still, maybe it's time to declare a moratorium on first-publication of any & all material over, say, five years old...perhaps going into effect only after a one-year grace period that would let everybody rush the Best of their personal backlog into print. ((Undated.))

((This is the piece David Thayer, above, likes so much: the collaboration about werewolves. As we explained on the ToC last issue, it wasn't so much from our backlog as from a time capsule maintained by Gary Farber. In an ideal fanworld, all contributions get used immediately in our monthly publications. In this flawed continuum, sometimes they can't be. If the art is good, it still gives pleasure, no matter how old. The only people this hurts is the artists, whose work floats through time--and sometimes space--in such an unpredictable way. jak))

Martin Morse Wooster, P.O. Box 8093, Silver Spring, MD 20907

I missed the discussion of fanzines and conventions, but what is clear now (although less clear in 1988, when I gather the discussion began) is that fanzines will of course survive without conventions, because fanzine now has nothing to do with convention fandom. Like it or not, fanzines are now at best a minor portion of conventions; fanzine panels are declining, and fanzine fans make few attempts to reach out to the outside world. (For example, the TAFF/DUFF auction is no longer held at North American Worldcons, and most of the items to be auctioned off are old fanzines.) Whatever happens to fanzine fandom in the future, it will not be affected or altered by science fiction conventions, with the possible exception of Ditto and Corflu.

((While I feel that fanzines and conventions generally are not intimately connected, I think your examples are offbase. I still see Fan Rooms/Fanzine Lounges at west coast conventions and at Worldcons; the Bellevue Westercon recently called us to ask if we could run one next year. (Since I'm managing a Dealer's Table, I think we'll have to decline.) True, the TAFF/DUFF auctions have not taken place at the last few Worldcons, but this is a combination of several very disappointing years of minute funds taken in, the result of having poor locations and many opposing attractions, and several years of administrators who didn't attend Worldcon themselves or had some other reason for not attending. Given the right Administrator, the auctions will resume. And given the examples of the Elise Eyes and Ears Fund, or the Niagara Falls group's efforts on behalf of George Alec Effinger, there's

plenty of inspiration for exciting fund-raising. By the way, if you get to the Worldcon in Orlando, watch out for fanzine infiltrations. With Walt Willis as Guest of Honor, there should be plenty. jak))

I enjoyed Andy Hooper's report of Conspiracy, even if he did manage to mix up Richard Harris the actor with Fred Harris the minion of Author Services. But I'm surprised he found the Brighton pier to be a fabulous fantasia of gaming machines. Most of the machines there were American, including nearly all of the gambling machines. (I'm surprised he missed the horse-racing machines, far more hypnotic than the penny-falls and actually something that occasionally paid off.) But what was most charming about the Brighton pier was that it was the only place in the city where one could still feel, however slightly, part of the seedy world that Patrick Hamilton and Graham Greene wrote about, a tawdry pleasure dome where working men and women would spend hours having the only fun they would have all year, a place where, seen from the right angle, it would always be 1937. The outside of the pier was far more interesting to me than any of the machines inside. ((June 12, 1991.))

((That was very lyrical, thanks. But I have to inform you that you missed the joke Andy was making: "Yes, it's all true," he says, then makes three statements about events at Conspiracy, none of which are true. Andy knows perfectly well who Dave Langford spilled beer on; he knows you know; so when he says it was Richard Harris and that this was fandom's revenge for Orca, he expects you to laugh at the deliberate confusion. jak))

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

Mark Manning's article reminds me of the time in 1977 I was picked up by Hare Krishnas in southern Mississippi. My oldest son, Ben, and I were hitchhiking back from having delivered 25,000 copies of The Big Dummy's Guide to C.B. Radio (23-channel edition) to a boat on the New Orleans docks. We'd rented a U-Haul truck to transport the books from The Farm to the docks, but were going to hitch back if we could handle it. To assist us, we were carrying a hand-held C.B. with Channel 19 in one of the crystal slots. We caught our first ride out of the heart of the Big Easy by dint of our thumbs, since the radio (being only 2½ watts of transmitting power) was useless in such a high density of traffic, concrete and steel. None of our rides were for more than 20 or 30 miles at first. I won't go into details about the others, but our fourth ride that day was from Hare Krishnas traveling in an old Ford van. They were going home to their commune about 25 miles off the interstate. They had a two-burner propane hot plate in their van and were warming dal on one burner and heating chapatis on the other. We shared food with them but declined to go spend the night at their home. They were really hot to have us visit after learning we were from The Farm, but we preferred to press on. They let us off in light drizzle, which grew heavier as we experienced the longest wait of our hitching before getting a ride from a shoe-store regional manager on his way home from a tour of some of his stores. But the rest of this story (including build-up to why we happened to have these particular 25,000 books available to send to Australia, a twisted tale involving steam irons and the K-Mart chain) is an article I should save to write some other time. (For your next issue in a few years?)

((We'll get back to you. jak))

You ask for suggestions of fan history texts for Don Glover. Well, you mention the obvious ones (SaM's history, Harry's other history, and The Futurians), plus Rob's British fanhistory in Then. I'd also suggest Fred Pohl's The Way the Future Was and



Lester del Rey's The World of Science Fiction: The History of a Subculture. The first volume of Asimov's memoirs gets into some discussion of fandom and the Futurians. David Hartwell's Age of Wonders has a long chapter on fandom as well as alluding to it throughout the book. Also, Harry Warner Jr.'s "All Our Yesterdays" columns have been reprinted in a 200+ page volume available for \$15 from Chuck Connor, Sildan House, Chediston Road, Wisset, Halesworth, Suffolk P19 0NF, U.K. Connor asks for payment in cash for "bankers order." This collection contains a lot of material that is different from what's in Harry's two volumes of fanhistory. I haven't seen a copy of this yet (though my order is on its way); I only know of it through A. Vinç Clarke's mention of in the latest issue of Ken Cheslin's fanzine, which arrived within the fortnight. ((April 5, 1991.))

((I got my copy not long after your letter arrived. Besides being full of strange artwork, the collection has lots of obscure fan history. If Harry's other histories have whetted your appetite, then this is a worthy supplement. jak))

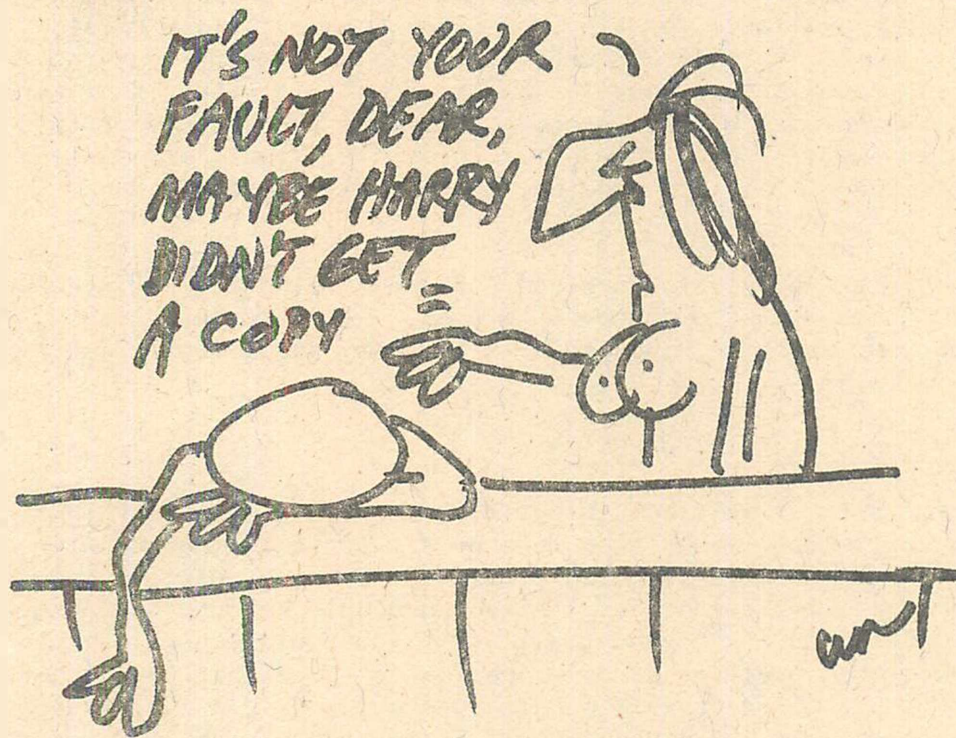
Mark Rose, 9037 Palatine Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98103

This issue had some wonderful bits of writing: things like Mark Manning's look into the world of the Hare Krishnas, which was written in a breezy style but packed with evocative impressions and intriguing details. Can't wait to look into his own publication Tand, which is next on the reading list. Also thoroughly enjoyed Andrew Hooper's "From Soho Down to Brighton." Ah yes, the joys of those old mechanical pinball machines and how I must, absolutely must, have one for the downstairs rec room. My own favorite was a (Gottlieb?) "Time Travel" machine where you paid a quarter for 60 seconds and there was a lit clock on the playfield. There were ways to get extra seconds by shimmying the ball into various knockout holes and down tricky pathways. One could play an unlimited number of balls as long as the time didn't reach zero. It was a fairly easy problem to solve, but one that went against general pinball principles; sometimes it was a good thing to let the ball go down the hole, just so you could have another chance at adding more seconds to your time limit. There used to be a couple of pinball zines (out of Michigan) but I haven't heard from them in quite a while. ((March 20, 1991.))

Richard Brandt, 4740 N. Mesa, #111, El Paso, TX 79912

Interesting analogy about fandom as a "Tight Little Island"--especially since I've often felt more like an island in the stream of fannishness (a desert island, yet). That is to say, I have always found myself practicing the ancient manly arts of fanac from locations without a community of fellow fanzine fans, so I haven't received any of the feedback and instant gratification that comes from regular face-to-face contact with my fellows. Although I certainly go to more conventions nowadays than I used to, it's also true that I attended exactly three conventions in my first 12 years in fandom, so it's been difficult for me to overcome the sensation of being stranded on the hinterlands of fandom. (And, no, getting to host a Corflu hasn't necessarily diminished that feeling...)

All in all, I feel rather like a castaway checking each day to see what the tide has brought in: some days a diligent freighter or a raucous cruise ship bustling with news from the last port of call, other days a lone message in a bottle from some strandeelike myself.



David Emerson mentions the discrepancies between Bernard Malamud's The Natural and the movie of the same name; I marvel at how the makers of Field of Dreams managed to change and exclude so much from Shoeless Joe while remaining essentially faithful to their source.

((I just read the book, and was surprised at one key change: the fictitious writer in the film was in the book J.D. Salinger. Salinger has all sorts of associations the James Earl Jones character couldn't. Of course, the real Salinger would never have allowed the film to use him, which is the point of his use in the book. jak))

Andy Hooper on sports again, pinball this time, brings back a lot of memories...I too have encountered those machines that send the ball skyrocketing to the glass ceiling, and those that drop the ball to a state of rest at the apex of the playing surface. I even did some training on a machine at the student union much like one he describes-- not only was it virtually untiltable, but shaking it with the proper body english would coax it to roll up further free games. (Not unlike the Coke machine in our dorm which would give up six cans on one quarter if coerced with the right air of menace, but I digress.) I even persuaded a convention hotel to include a clause in their contract that the pinball machine in the lobby had to be kept in working order, out of deference to GoH George Alec Effinger. Andy's concentration on the extra ball, however, leads him astray from the true religious dimension of the game. The extra ball is seductive, for who among us is not eager for a second chance to overcome our previous dismal performance and end our turn on a high score; but much as we may attempt frantically to keep our ball in play, we must not lose sight of our redemption: the rebirth, the resurrection promised by the Special, a chance to start afresh in a new incarnation. (Nirvana he damned!)

By now, Gregory Benford has reworked the material of "Mozart on Morphine" into a short story and sold it to Ed Ferman, yet more proof of the viability of fanwriting as professional work. (Who does Greg think he is, Eric Mayer?)

((So we hear, but we've yet to see the story. jak))



My sister and her husband (not me, alas) returned from a trip through England and Scotland just before Noreascon, and regaled me with stories from their visit. It does indeed stir the wanderlust to hear of the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, and sleeping in the same castle where Mary Queen of Scots was a guest, and venturing out for a night in the village to find the pub was already closed, and being invited by a wandering Scotsman to his house for a drink and having the remainder of a bottle of local spirits forced upon you, and almost being locked out of the b&b on your return because it was after curfew. Have to check that out sometime. ((Undated.))

Amy Thomson, 4014 Latona Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105

Mark Manning's article on the Krishnas reminded me of a scam that I ran into that was being pulled by either the Krishnas or the Moonies. It works thusly: you're walking down the street in a heavily touristed area, and some official-looking person (sometimes actually dressed like a cop) stops you and tells you that you're in violation of such and such a municipal ordinance, for not smiling. Of course this produces the requisite smile, and now that they have you softened up, they try to sell you a hat or some stickers or sometimes just solicit a donation of some sort. The first time this happened to me, I bought a hat for about \$5. Fortunately, I happened to need a hat, so I didn't feel too taken when I finally figured out what was going on.

About a year ago, Ray and I were in San Francisco, and we were seeing the sights around Fisherman's Wharf. A woman tried to pull this scam on us, I refused, and we got away without contributing to her undisclosed cause. By this time, my feet were getting pretty tired, so I suggested that we sit down and watch her. It was amazing: she was pulling in a contribution every minute or two, all of them bills. She mostly hit on grain-fed tourist types from Oklahoma, and younger college types. She never hit on any Asians, figuring that they couldn't speak English, or something. She got contributions better than 70% of the time. Anyway, about a half an hour later, we went into a candy store for some treats, and I mentioned her to the woman running the store.

"Oh yes," she replied, "I know her, she comes in sometimes. She usually pulls in a couple of hundred dollars a morning." ((December 4, 1990.))

Laurie Mann, 12 Shady Lane Ave., Northborough, MA 01532-1729

The picky technical writer in me forces me to note an error on Page 1 of your ish--Discon was in 1974. The back cover art was probably done at Disclave in 1976.

I don't see fandom as a Tight Little Island, as much as I see it as a small part of a huge Venn diagram. Remember all that stuff on set theory you had to learn, and then wondered if you'd ever need it for anything "real"? In the large set that encompasses everything we know, fandom is a small circle, probably near the left edge, with a little piece of our circle hanging outside of the "known" circle. (No, I'm not a shill for the New Agers!)

In your list of good current zines, I'm glad you mentioned Bento, a wonderful little zine. I don't think Seattle and Portland were hotbeds of fan pubbing fifteen years ago. Most of the best zines (Bento, Mainstream and Renaissance Fan) have their homes in the great Northwest.

((Thanks. But I should correct you: from 1978 to 1983 (14 years ago to 9 years ago)

Seattle was a hot-bed: Fast and Loose, early Mainstream (much more frequent), fevered Nielsen Hayden titles like Telos, Zed and Izzard, and Westwind's best years (according to Mike Glycer). jak))

Minneapolis still produces two fine zines: Rune and Geri Sullivan's Idea. I've started a loc to Geri at least three times, and, each time, get stuck. I think it's because Geri is doing the type of personal writing/pubbing that I'd love to do.

A pity pinball seems to be going the way of the hula hoop and the paper dress. Remember when Pong, the first commercial video game, was a major thrill in the mid-70s? Then, we never doubted that pinball would always be with us. Nowadays, you can sometimes find a pinball machine in the recesses of a smoky, dark, noisy video joint. I don't think my ten-year-old daughter has played pinball more than three or four times in her entire life. Still, pinball, pachinko and labyrinth fulfill a sort of tactile need that Nintendo never can. Thanks, Andrew Hooper, for the look at a dying (\*SIGH\*) pastime.

Douglas Barbour's piece turned out to be much more timely than he realized, even though he must have gone to Baghdad well before this most recent Iraqi war. His discussion of the "cult of personality" was fascinating, and his encounter with the military was frightening. Iraq is a very odd country. While it has acted with great hostility and aggression recently, it's downright modern when you compare it to a place like Iran or Saudi Arabia. While the army has been ruthless to the Kuwaitis and Iranians over the years (and would love to do something awful to Israelis), it has rarely detained citizens of other countries. Even during the hostage-taking this fall, the hostages weren't tortured or beaten or starved. This hasn't been the case for hostages in other Middle Eastern countries. Women aren't required to wear the veil, and while they don't have equal rights, they are treated a whole lot better in Iraq than they are in Iran or Saudi Arabia.

The problem with rulers who rule because of the cult of personality is that they need enemies to survive. Hussein has always had Israel as an enemy, but the country is so far away that it isn't much of a threat. The long, bloody, fruitless war with Iran gave Hussein an immediate enemy, but it killed hundreds of thousands of soldiers. Now, Hussein has the biggest enemy he's ever faced, so it'll be interesting to see if he restores Kuwait or fights the potentially bloodiest war of the late 20th Century. If he restores Kuwait, I suspect he'll fall from power within a few years. But if he dies as a martyr of the West....

Oh, excuse me...I guess I thought I was loccing Fosfax. Sorry. Dictators always do that to me.

I must take Mike Glicksohn to task. While he's correct in noting Tom Whitmore's wrong-headed remark on fanzines, he's wrong about Tom's stature in fandom. While Tom may not be very well known in the twiltone world, he's something of a Renaissance Fan (con goer/worker/fiction reviewer/book store jockey) not to mention a sparkling conversationalist and all-around good guy. He's more than just a fan "who loves working Ops at cons...". We were fortunate to have him as a special speaker at Boskone a few years back: marvellous!

There was some nice art sprinkled throughout. I liked the expression on "your" face on the cover, Jerry. I know I've looked like that myself on many convention Sunday mornings....

((Published as a public service to those of you who can't seem to find any Stu Shiffman art in print lately. jak))



Cathy Doyle, 26D Copeland Lane, Newport News, VA 23601

Normally I wouldn't have anything to say about an article on baseball. The subject hasn't really attracted my interest since grad school, when I was a Yankees fan living in Boston. I used to go out drinking with a group of my fellow library slaves and root for the wrong side (which isn't exactly good for your health in most Boston bars, so they were always trying to shut me up). The Yankees won the series that year too. But that wasn't what I was going to write about, not at all. I was watching Jeopardy last week, right after Mainstream hit the beaches and our returning champion, Gordon Nash, was telling of his interest in something called sabremetrics, which seems to be the rating of baseball players according to their "true" worth, which seems to have nothing to do with RBIs and all those statistics the TV loves to hit you over the head with. Fine, I've learned a new word. The next day, however, Mr. Nash was questioned about his interest in science fiction, including those "fairs and conventions." George doesn't attend those any more, he just reads his Asimov at home and attends baseball games. Is this what we have to look forward to with you, David? Hope not! ((December 30, 1990.))

Jeanne Bowman, We B Dudes Ranch, P.O. Box 982, Glen Ellen, CA 95442

I read Mainstream & wanted to write Bruce Townley & suggest he & I do a fanzine, or encourage him to publish Phiz again. Wild thoughts--at least if he & I did a zine it would be artistically very interesting. (Like our lives, I guess.)

((I'd like to see that. Go Jeanne! Go Bruce! jak))

And, and, and, I read about baseball. After assiduously avoiding it (since I went to a friend's Little League game & wound up in the emergency room having Nick's head stitched because some fan was watching the game instead of where he was going & knocked Nick into the bleacher & took two stitches to sew up & I haven't done baseball again)...even got tempted to think about it, having been seduced by Jeanne Gomoll's brilliant articulate & funny drawings into reading it. I think I will send David a book of poems, Baseball Prayers, by Robin Rule. I got to a poetry reading & bought poems about baseball. Is this a cosmic omen?? No way. It was a good poetry reading. Sonoma Valley is developing a literary hangout, "The Center of the Universe Cafe," with readings & music & stuff. I grab my friend & we leave the kids at her house & they watch baseball & football & we drink Calistoga & culture. Life could be worse & baseball can be more than an adolescent ~~pastime~~ pastime. Her kids do sports, mine do all the Tarzan books & everything else that guy wrote...or watch Hong Kong movies. We are learning some Cantonese by way of being heavy Jackie Chan fans. Things I never would have predicted 5 years ago. ((January 3, 1991.))

((("That guy" was Edgar Rice Burroughs. I think I discovered him when I was about fifteen, and read everything I could find, which was about fifty-sixty books. Great fun at the time, but I've never tried to reread them, suspecting that the mental space they created was one you can never go back to. jak))

Arthur D. Hlavaty, 206 Valentine Street, Yonkers, NY 10704 (NEW ADDRESS)

David left out one of my favorite baseball books, Phillip Roth's The Great American Novel. It's the story of a third major league that we've all conspired to forget,

where the players have the names of deities and weird stuff from the mundane (nonbaseball) world shows up strangely transformed. It's a gross and excessive book in many ways, and I wouldn't be surprised if Roth were a bit embarrassed about it by now, but, there is great weirdness and perhaps genius in it.

The baseball-book field, like the locker room, has been invaded by women, and here, too, the results are good. Alison Gordon's The Dead Pull Hitter is an enjoyable murder mystery, and Jane Leavy's Squeeze Play is a good funny pop trash book (if you don't think that's a contradiction in terms), somewhat like Semi-Tough. ((January 23, 1991.))

Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia

I was delighted to see another copy of Mainstream, with the traditional Shiffman cover. I hope and trust that #13 is not an unlucky number, and that #14 soon appears.

((Oops. 13 wasn't unlucky, but 14 still wasn't soon. jak))

Loved the idea of the backcover taking from 1976 until now to see print; seems wonderfully in the fannish tradition, somehow.

((Just imagine, everyone, that this letter appears just before Candi Strecker's, as we originally intended. jak))

I remember Arnie Katz; he used to write reviews of computer games in Atari ST magazines.

I'm much more in sympathy with Jeanne Gomoll's artistic comment on "The Unfortunate Evolution of a SF Fan into a Baseball Fan." and I'd have said "Devolution." I simply don't understand anyone being willing to run round a playing field doing obscene things with balls. Since not understanding this leaves me out of most current sports, baseball is only one of many I ignore totally. Also, I'm not likely to make the mistake of even viewing a baseball movie, so I'm probably immune from infection with the bug.

On the other hand, I display precisely the same lack of concern for current and popular music. For example, at this very moment the tv is showing amazing light and special effects on some video clip, but what is being played (because I turned off the tv sound) is a tape of Mozart. Jean put me onto this trick, and it really is very pleasant.

((So try playing Charles Ives while a baseball movie runs on the telly. Or Ralph Vaughan Williams during a cricket match. Say, anyone (other than Eric), has there ever been a British-made movie about cricket? jak))

Some Australian conventions have taken to having disco sound (I'm not certain whether it is supposed to be sound, or is perhaps intended to be music) during some events, such as after masquerades. The volume of noise involved has inevitably been such that I've had to retreat to a different floor of the hotel.

Don Glover's comment about how it bothers him that fans tend to identify with the Mac computer (as distinct from IBM), seeing it as an altar to differentness makes me smile. The Mac has maybe 10% of the market--that isn't different. If you really want to be different, do I have a deal for you. A computer so exclusive that only 400 exist, and to run it, you first take a bag full of components and solder them together. As far as I can tell, only seven exist in the USA (a guy at Bell bought one, and a university



bought a half dozen for a course). ((March 1, 1991.))

((I think I have a handle on this: the Mac is different because it is less like a science project, not more. Sure, your do-it-yourself example is pretty uncommon (although a lot like home computers were at the start of the PC era), but different? No, it just increases by degree the cult of the computer priests. Or so Macintosh fanciers see things. jak))

Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, IN 46240

Suddenly a crack opened in the spactime continuum and a fanzine slipped through, a genuine bit of nostalgia, mimeographed on colored paper, with cartoon illos and funny personal prose. The timebinding effect of the form was nicely matched by the content, featuring accounts of past events.

The appearance of Doug Barbour's piece is a masterstroke of timeliness as well as demonstrating What Not to Do in a Third World Dictatorship.

Saddam Hussein had been making long-term reparations fo his Neo-Neo-Babylonian Empire. A few years ago, a schoolboy from Lebanon, Indiana was give a class assignment of writing to a world leader. His letter to the Iraqi President was rewarded with a free trip to Baghdad for him and his family, everything first-class. So when the Gulf crisis erupted, these good Hoosier folk were on tv, bearing witness that Saddam Hussein was "jes' the nicest feller." Intervening events of the Iran-Iraq War hadn't affected their fond image of the Great Man.

And by the time these words see print, we'll all know how the crisis turned out-- I'm creating a verbal time capsule in this loc. ((January 10, 1991.))

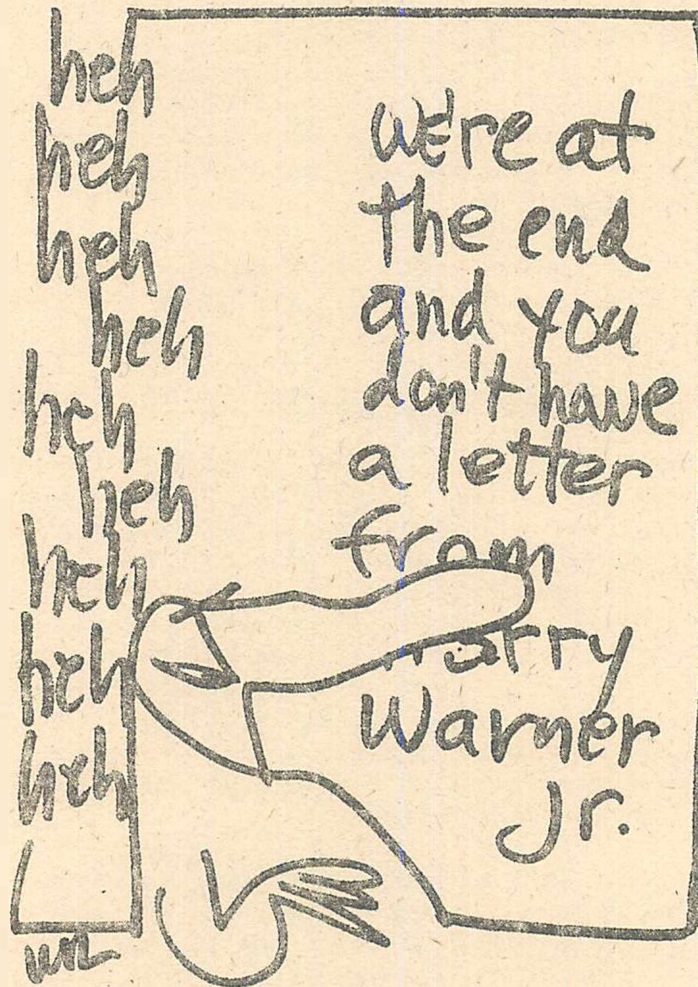
Douglas Barbour, 11655-72 Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta T6G 0B9, Canada

Of course it's way too long a time but, to quote the editor, the desire to respond "was not in accord with the facts of my life," although if I stuck to the facts I'd never get around to writing these kinds of letters at all. It was a pleasure yea these many months ago to find the latest Mainstream in my mailbox, & how nice & interesting to find my "Baghdad Journal" couched amongst a bunch of other "trips" to other worlds in our own. The sense of the whole as a carefully managed collage came through strongly. Of those other worlds, I think I'd rather go to baseball than a Hare Krishna commune, but both Mark Manning & David Emerson provided witty cook's tours of their strange spaces. Andrew Hooper's & your own travel pieces were fun to follow (the last time I was in London I did look up John Clute's address in the phonebook (I corresponded with him in the past when he was Books Editor of Foundation) but chickened out on actually bothering him; next time I'll be tempted to say hello).

Re-reading my own piece in the light of Bush's warmongering was an, um, chilling experience. As must be clear, I have nothing but contempt for Saddam Hussein, but I liked & felt compassion for those Iraqis I met & got to know--however slightly--while I was there. I have also met at least one really interesting person from Tel Aviv, Brian McHale, a critic of postmodern writing who happens to know some sf (DeLany, etc.); so I watched the various bombings with an extra little jolt of fear because I knew people in both countries who might be killed. It was all a little more personal than video games (which is what the Pentagon & the lick-ass american mass media pre-

sented the war as) are meant to be. I also know from even the footage we did get to see that the Baghdad I found so exciting as a city has been utterly destroyed. And all to creat an ecological disaster of untold proportions? It does seem a little stoopid after all, doesn't it? Why do the scifi scenarios the powers that be finally run into reality always have to be from Philip K. Dick's worst nightmares? Well, not to kvetch unto darkness in a loc to an entertaining fanzine. ((July 12, 1991.))

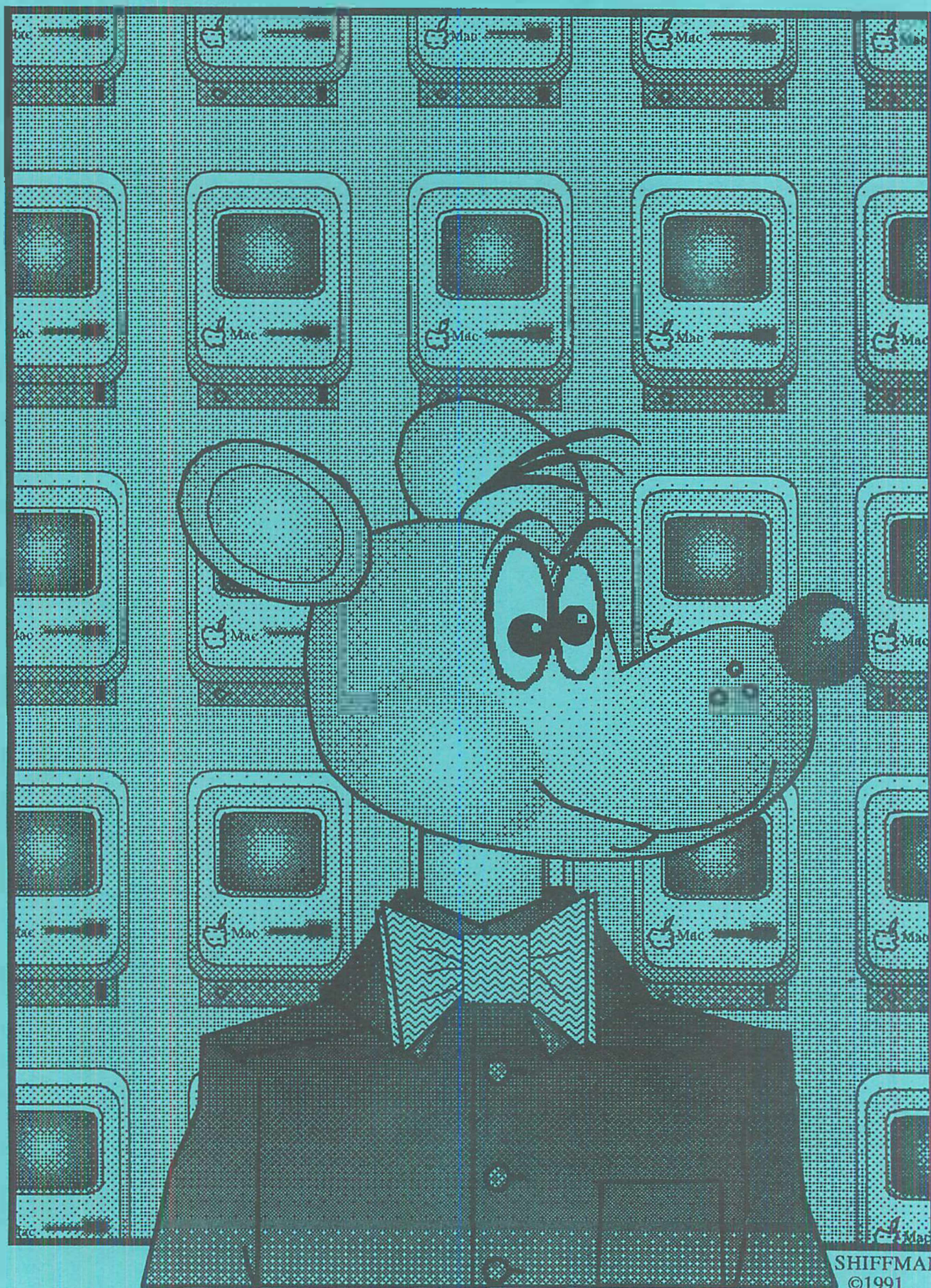
((Between the lettercolumn and Bill Gibson's piece this issue, we're almost like a loosely-argued issue of FTT, although with shorter paragraphs. We also heard from HARRY ANDRUSCHAK, who takes about a page-and-a-half to explain Why This Letter Is Late, HAL DAVIS, J.R. MADDEN, DAVE CLARK, who is the new chair of ConFrancisco, the 1993 Worldcon, ERICKA JOHNSON, DAVID PALTER, who announces his gafiation, LINDA MICHAELS, ANN WEISER, BOB LEE, ROBERT WHITAKER SIRIGNANO, JOHN HERTZ, who sends a copy of a 1985 letter that we apparently lost, LESLIE HOLMAN-ANDERSON, who in fact sent her letter to Mark Manning himself, JEANNE MEALY, RON SALOMON, who included his resume, DONNA MCMAHON and JEAN WEBER. We thank you all. jak & svt.))











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