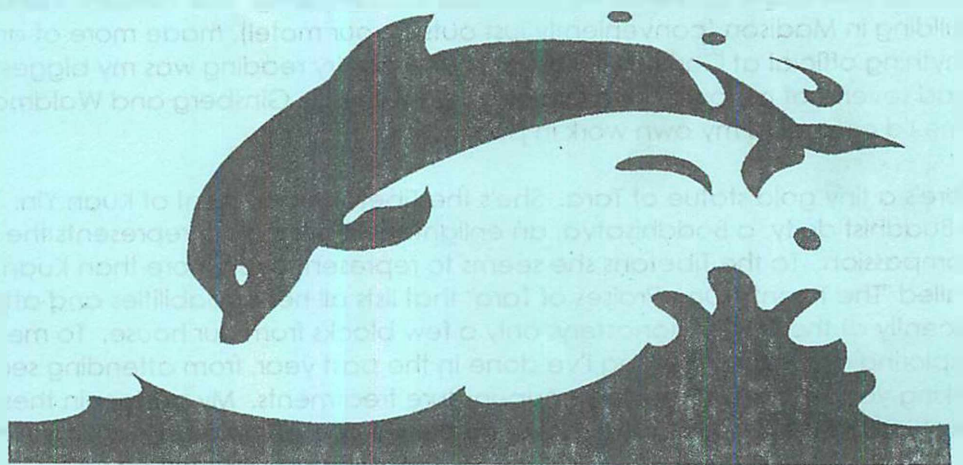


MAINSTREAM 16

Mainstream 16

This issue we've gone to the all-computerized version! But the old flesh bodies can still be found at 8618 Linden Avenue N., Seattle, WA 98103. (Telephone # is 206-526-5932.) "We" are Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, aka Jerry and Suzle. This is Pacific Fantod Press Publication #19. Issue date is May 1994. Printing on mimeo as ever, but the table of contents was prepared using Microsoft's Publisher, and the rest was put together in Works for Windows, both no doubt desperately trademarked.

Front and Back Covers	Craig Smith	
Bewitched, Bothered & Bemildred	Jerry Kaufman	2
Our Favorite Year	Various Hands	4
Present at Creation	Sophie Keller	6
How to Be a (Seattle) Fan: 1994 illustrations by Edd Vick	Andrew Hooper	10
Coincidental Magic illustration by Stu Shiffman	Carol Severance	13
Crosscurrents illustrations by Steve Stiles	The Readers	18
Trickle	Terry Garey	29
Suzlecol	Suzanne Tompkins	30



Bewitched, Bothered & Bemildred

Jerry Kaufman

The tour of my life since the last issue begins with a bean.

It's a white bean, picked out of a hat at a Solstice Festival in December of 1992. All the others were dark red; that meant that I was the Lord of Misrule for the evening. Everyone else, ostensibly, had to obey my every whim, and I sat in state with the Lady of Misrule, overseeing the festivities (St. Lucia, her head ringed with electric candles, handing out gifts to children). It was fun, and I felt that perhaps it would mark the beginning of a lucky year.

Next we have a fat file of documents from the American Star Insurance Company, my former employer. There's my wad of performance evaluations, announcements about the closing of the company by the Insurance Commissioner of Wisconsin (don't ask why a company headquartered in San Francisco gets closed by Wisconsin), thank yous to all employees, and a vast number of promises about the dispersal of our funds from the 401K savings plan. (The latter finally happened in December of 1993, only eleven months after the Seattle office closed its doors.)

Sitting on top of the file is a coin bank shaped like a tour bus. It says "Universal Coach Parts, Inc." on the side, and its wheels actually turn! My new boss brought one back for everyone at D.W. Ferguson & Associates, where I started work in mid-January 1993 (one jump ahead of the American Star shutdown). We specialize in transportation insurance, and Western Experts in Transportation, the subsidiary for which I mainly work, underwrites and places charter bus policies. (W.E.T.'s symbol is an upside-down umbrella.)

Shuffling through a pile of paperwork from the domestic and overseas bulk mailings of *Mainstream* 14/15 (with many thanks to Mark Manning for his assistance and permit), we uncover a Leading Edge laptop computer. This object is remarkable mostly because I won it in a drawing at Ballard Computer. (I'd signed up for the drawing during an unsuccessful search for cables.) Suzle and I were so elated by the win that we bought an Okidata laser printer at the same time we picked up the computer. (This issue of *Mainstream* is being produced on the new technology, then e-stencilled and mimeoed as ever.)

The canvas bag that says "Madison Farmers' Market" (with colorful vegetables) and the Poetry License are souvenirs from, respectively, Corflu and the San Francisco Worldcon. I must admit to preoccupations that make conventions often less than gripping. The Farmers' Market, ringing the State Capital building in Madison (conveniently just outside our motel), made more of an impression on me than anything official at Corflu. At Worldcon the poetry reading was my biggest moment, as I wrote and read several of my own poems, along with works by Ginsberg and Waldman: I think this was the first time I'd ever read my own work in public.

Here's a tiny gold statue of Tara. She's the Tibetan equivalent of Kuan Yin. Not helpful enough? She's a Buddhist deity, a Bodhisatva, an enlightened being who represents the qualities of mercy and compassion. To the Tibetans she seems to represent even more than Kuan Yin, as there is a prayer called "The Twenty-One Praises of Tara" that lists all her capabilities and attributes. I picked her up recently at the Sakya Monastery, only a few blocks from our house. To me she represents all the exploring and experimenting I've done in the past year, from attending services at the monastery to taking yoga classes to getting acupuncture treatments. My partner in these explorations has been Sophie Keller; she has helped make this period one of the most exciting in my life, and I wish her all the best in her new life in Hawai'i.

Then we come to a magazine. It's mimeoed and stapled at the edges, and it has strange artwork on front and back. It's *Mainstream* 16, the fanzine you have in your hands! As of this writing, I haven't seen Craig Smith's front cover, but the back cover is a piece of art he did for the Vancouver edition of the Live *Mainstream*. We didn't use it in #14/15, since we didn't have the article it was meant to illustrate, but it was too good not to use. It depicts Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden as "izzards," creatures that Teresa used to draw for *Izzard*, climbing to reach the Tower of Trufandom in Donaghadee, as recounted in their fragmentary TAFF trip report.

You'll notice that there's a heavy emphasis on Hawaii in this issue. Carol Severance first told me about some of the adventures she recounts in "Coincidental Magic" several years ago. I was charmed and intrigued, and talked her into contributing. Carol, who lives in Hilo, might be better known to you as the author of *Reefsong*, and the "Demon Drums" trilogy, all from Del Rey Books.

Then Sophie Keller told me about her visits to the volcano on the Big Island, and I saw it as the perfect complement to Carol's piece. I persuaded her to write the wonderful piece you'll find within. Sophie works as an acupuncturist and herbalist, and has visited Hawaii several times for workshops. She lives in Seattle, but plans to move to Hawai'i very soon.

The short pieces in "Our Favorite Year" were written for a party Suzle and I threw last May to commemorate the 25th anniversary of our meeting (which was actually in March). As that meeting was in 1968, a year of many exciting events, we arbitrarily designated it our favorite year, and invited our party attendees to bring their comments on their own favorites years, and tape them to the mirror over the fireplace. We didn't get a lot, but what we got was choice.

Speaking of choice, there's Andy Hooper's "How to Be a (Seattle) Fan: 1994." It's accurate, in its own biased way, and we laughed and laughed. Andy brings fresh eyes to the scene, having moved here from Madison with Carrie Root only two years ago. (Andy has been strenuously writing fiction, and we anticipate that once he starts selling, all his energies will go in that direction, so enjoy his fan writing while you can.)

Many thanks to Craig, Edd Vick, Stu Shiffman and Steve Stiles for their artwork. The art on the table of contents comes from the Publisher program's ClipArt file. We're also indebted to Mark Manning for the bulk mailing help again this issue, and to Greater Seattle Fandom for the collating.

In future, *Mainstream* may be very different. We were unable to resist fattening it up again, but other factors, like the difficulty in getting old-style mimeo paper, may force us to slim it and put it on an all-photocopy diet. Yes, we may have to give up mimeo. That would mean a complete abandonment of the old-style design we use. There may be other changes as well, in interests, emphasis, etc. We'll try to keep you posted.

So that completes the tour of my life during my "lucky year." There's one empty spot on my night stand, reserved for whatever I bring back from Hawaii (Sophie's tales had their effect on a lifetime interest and I fly there March 20th) but you'll have to wait to find out what it is. [x]

My Favorite Year

various guests at Jerry & Suzle's "My Favorite Year" Party

A year's too big--always some good, some bad. And besides, life keeps accelerating. Some peaks for 1968--a trip to Russia, and my first worldcon. Some peaks now--moving The Other Change of Hobbit, a strong relationship, deep personal change. Between, too much to list. Forward in all directions!
Tom Whitmore

At the very moment you are reading this, I am having my favorite year. Marci Malinowicz

I generally prefer to think that my life is getting better all the time so I would say that 1993 will have been the best year of my life. Of course, it also will have been so when it's over. The biggest single reason for this is that I will have graduated from Clarion West by August, and I've wanted to go to one of the Clarions for years. The second biggest reason is that I'm taking time before Clarion to deal with some overdue personal stuff so that I won't have it hanging over me & distracting me during the workshop. The third reason is that I will be attending my first worldcon this year as one of the con staff & hopefully one the program participants. Ian K. Hagemann

My life hasn't peaked yet--I'm still looking forward to my favorite year. Vonda N. McIntyre

1985: My Favorite Year, or At Least a Year on Which I Look Back Fondly

It's extremely difficult to choose a favorite year. As Carrie Root pointed out earlier today, something really awful happens almost every year, even the years in which the best things happen. Of course, something wonderful happens almost every year, even the years in which the worst things happen, so it balances out.

On January 1, 1985, I moved into The Big Blue House with Karrie Dunning and Katherine Howes. My housemates and I were already good friends; living together, we became better friends. My room, most likely the largest bedroom I'll ever have, held a double bed, a couch, a desk, a dresser, a chair, and two walk-in closets, each big enough for a family of generic refugees to sleep in comfortably. We socialized heavily, held parties, both Vanguards and non-Vanguards, had people over for dinner, played games, dressed in each other's clothing, cooked together, established a Church of Beer for which I was the chief evangelist ("Brethren and sistren, do you believe? Do you believe in the power of beer?"), kept the heat turned way way down, and generally had a good time.

I turned 30 in that house, a few weeks after a dramatic episode when I stopped breathing and fell over, taking a big chunk out of the wall at Jane and Ole's house. Ole and Vonda rushed me to the hospital, where they determined nothing at all, and Ole and Katherine rushed me there again a few days later, where they again determined nothing at all but gave me intravenous potassium on spec, the single most painful thing I have ever felt.

I decided it was time to settle down and began looking for a house. I found it around the corner in August, and Jane helped me buy it. The sale didn't close until November, and the kitchen floor was destroyed (and replaced) by the roofer, but those are trivial troubles in house purchases. I was going

to live in the house alone, and I did, for one whole week, until John Carl came back from New York and needed a place to stay. "I have lots of room," I said.

The most important thing that happened to me in 1985, the most wonderful thing, was that I fell madly in love with Glenn Hackney. I avoided doing anything about this--this crush, as I called it then--for several months, because I worked with Glenn and he was married and it was a bad idea. We didn't work in the same department, though, and he was talking about getting a divorce as soon as his spouse finished college, and one finds rationalizations for doing things one desperately wants to do. Life became more complicated.

And then the year was over. Life continues to be complicated and wonderful. I've had a good time in every year since then, a better and better time each year. 1985 may not always be my favorite year, but it stands a good chance of staying my most dramatic year. Kate Schaefer

On Not Having a Favorite Year

Ground rules, first of all. I have a thing about the flow of time. Cyclical dates like birthdays just don't have impact for me. Years themselves seem arbitrary to me, and a year is a long time. A lot of water goes over Snoqualmie Falls in a year.

I also have a horror of tempting the fates (although I don't believe in them) or Murphy (in whom I have the programmer's deep and abiding faith) by picking 1993, although it has much to recommend it.

And I have a revulsion for lists. What are my ten favorite songs? I can sort of pretend to do justice to that. Pick one song as my favorite song? Give me a break.

So I'm going for a pivotal event. The sort of event that makes the year, if one believes in years, regardless of whatever else might have happened. A "That song alone is worth the price of the album" event.

1985 was horrific in many ways major ways, but it (barely) included such an event: Kate Schaefer made a pass at me. As a corollary, 1985 introduced me to Vanguard, and more importantly, to the social circles that overlap to form it. I fell into a web of friendship that still amazes me and delights me. Until the end of 1985, I had not had a happy year. Since then, I have not had an unhappy one. It's undoubtedly the pivotal event of my life thus far.

That said, I have to give 1993 its due. In 1993 I've fallen in love with Kate all over again, only without the trauma of ending another relationship. (The fact that I never fell out of love with Kate in no way invalidates this. I don't claim to be anything but a tangle of contradictions. Who isn't?) In 1993 Luke McGuff published the first issue of Men's Apa. And in 1993 I've discovered that connections between people are more interesting and important to me than connections between computers. I am happier at this moment, in my love life, in my work, and in my sense of self, than I have ever been. Glenn Hackney

All pieces written 5/15/93.[>]

Present at Creation

Sophie Tatianna Keller

It was a Sunday morning in February, relatively clear for Seattle, when Anna Vargo dropped me at the United Airlines terminal at six-forty-five a.m., starting me on a journey that would bring me to the roots of creation. Despite her aversion to early rising, Anna had proven the depths of her friendship, and bailed me out of a nasty pinch.

My main piece of luggage, for reasons I will shortly explain, was a full-scale massage table packed in its shipping box. I made the discovery, two days before my scheduled departure, that this item would absolutely not travel in my four-door sedan, no matter which way I attempted to maneuver it. Anna, however, drives a hatchback whose back seat folds down. The table fit perfectly.

I was headed for the island of Hawai'i, to a week-long training retreat in kahuna healing and Hawai'ian bodywork, the latest leg of a program I'd enrolled in a year earlier. (Kahunas are the master teachers of old Hawai'ian culture. Their sophisticated medical system was driven underground and almost stamped out by the Christian missionaries, but is now beginning to be recognized worldwide for its great value.) Hence the massage table. Other than that, I was travelling as lightly as possible, having brought mostly only items I'd been told to bring: sleeping bag, basic clothing, journal, water bottle, sunscreen.

I transferred to Aloha Air in Honolulu. It turned out, when we landed in Hilo, that a good number of passengers on the small flight were joining the same workshop. We were met at the baggage claim by the workshop assistants, Kathryn and Kolleen, who greeted each of us with a lei and paired us off in rental cars. Soon we were on our way out of Hilo under a grey, cloudcovered sky. Rain flecked the windshield as we headed up toward Volcanoes National Park. I would have loved to stop there, but we'd been warned we'd miss supper if we were late, and I knew we'd be visiting the park later, so we drove on.

The workshop was being given at Wood Valley, in the foothills of Mauna Loa. The scent of macadamia blossom blew through our window as we turned off the highway, forded a dry stream bed, and pulled up next to the pole decked with prayer flags that marked the entrance to the temple.

Wood Valley is a Tibetan Buddhist "monastery." There is one resident monk, assisted by a couple who maintain the grounds and run a small gift store. The buildings are frame, in the island style, which means some walls are just screens. We stayed in the dormitory (two rooms of bunk beds, pick your own). Upstairs there was a meditation room in which we had classes and did our bodywork. It was unfurnished, dominated at one end by a large altar to the Tibetan goddess Tara, deity of healing and compassion.

We met our facilitator, Shawn LaSala-Kimmel, at supper. (The meals were ambrosial, by the way, created by a retired restaurant chef.) She is one of the few Caucasians who has official permission from her Hawai'ian instructors to pass on what she has learned to other non-islanders. (Not that this is okay with all kahunas: there are a number who don't teach outsiders at all.) Shawn is charismatic, artistic and uncompromising, traits her students learn to live with. Working with her can be pretty painful, but she never shows us anything we can't heal, shift or change, and I've grown to appreciate this.

Most of our week was spent learning various healing skills, practicing bodywork, and being taught the basics of chant, lei-making and hula, which are traditional components of medicine in old Hawai'i. Of all the wonderful and wonder filled experiences, however, nothing matched visiting the volcano.

On our first morning, we were awakened at six-thirty by Kathryn and Kolleen, who passed through the dorm gently ringing chimes. The experienced among us (this was not my first workshop) got up promptly and bagged the showers (there were twenty-two of us, and two showers), then fortified ourselves with tea or Starbuck's coffee while breakfast cooked. By eight we were cavalcading our way to Kilauea volcano, the home of the goddess Pele.

I will say just a word about Pele. Regardless of what others "believe" or disbelieve, on Hawai'i Pele is real. It is not a question of whether she is "believed" in. She is an accepted presence, frequently seen by inhabitants both native and otherwise. Whether she is thought of with fear or affectionate respect depends on the individual, but no one who wants to live comfortably on the island disregards her.

We crossed vast landscapes of lava, some lying in coils or ropy twists and some much rougher, frozen in jagged chunks. Many of the flows had dates and names. Some were old enough to show renewed greenery--the everpresent ferns, rooted in crevices. Around the flows, where devastation had spared it, grew a forest of *ohia-lehua*, the trees sacred to Pele, whose flowers look like scarlet cushionballs, or sea urchins. They're often used in leis.

We were heading to the Chain of Craters road, which follows the magma plume that feeds the Hawaiian volcanoes. As the island drifts north the eruption site moves south, from Mauna Loa (quiet now since 1984) to Kilauea's central caldera, and thence to rifts and fissures on Kilauea's flank. The road winds around these vents, leading to the current hot spot.

As we crested the lip of the volcano and began our descent toward the ocean, the spills of lava became fresher, more recent. At the coastline a long, low shelf spread out onto the water, dramatically illustrating how the island was continuing to build itself.

We said little during this journey, after the initial gasps and exclamations. The scope of what we saw was so enormous, so overwhelming, that I was filled with the sense of my own smallness, not just in size, but in significance. As another student said at one point, she felt like a gnat crawling across the mountain's surface. So, indeed, did I.

We reached the coastal road and followed it to where the park rangers had set up a barricade. There we joined the line of cars parked on the shoulder, slathered ourselves with sunscreen, and set out after Shawn to walk to the eruption site.

A brisk wind was blowing off the sea. Periodically it would hurl clouds of smoke towards us, and Shawn would warn us to cover our mouths and noses.

"Don't be a macho--or a machette," she said. "Some of these fumes are sulfur; some are hydrochloric acid. We're far enough away that we shouldn't suffer much, but take care of yourselves, just the same."

Obediently, we complied. Fortunately, the sulfur wasn't strong enough to be odorous. What I did smell was the scent of woodsmoke from the flaming *ohia-lehua*, as the lava crawled along burning everything in its path.

After about half a mile, we stopped. Shawn conferred with a nearby ranger, and informed us that this was as close as we'd be able to get today. "This" meant no direct viewing: we could see smoke and flames rising from behind boulders to our left, but we weren't permitted to climb over for a closer look.

We held a ceremony there, nonetheless, at that not-quite-visible place. "Don't worry," said Shawn as we began the hike back, "it changes every day. You'll have some free time at the end of the week if

you want to return, and you may find things completely different. This whole road may not even be here."

We drove up to Halema'uma'u, the House of Fire, which is Kilauea's central caldera and Pele's home. It was skinned over with a crust of dried lava, from which steam rose periodically. Powerful even in its quiescence, it drew me like a magnet. Others too: we crowded close.

"I know," said Shawn quietly. "Believe me, I've felt the draw. You can send your spirit there--but you stay here." She laughed.

We held another ceremony, and then, too soon, we were finished. Shawn packed us off to a black sand beach to eat a picnic lunch, and rejoined us later at the monastery for our afternoon session.

All week long, through the other wonderful sights and lessons, I waited for the volcano. On Saturday, the last day of the workshop, I got my wish. Shawn ended class before lunch, said goodbye and turned us loose to do as we chose for what remained of our stay. Most of the group went to the beach. A few drive the ninety-six miles to Kona, the resort strip of the island. And three of us went back to Kilauea.

After viewing the film at the Visitor Center, we stepped across to Volcano House, the lodge that overlooks Halema'uma'u. We had a spectacular floor-to-ceiling view into the caldera from the lounge. I had planned to hike half way round on the rim trail and be met by the other two in their car, but it was not to be. Rain began to pour down, and clouds rapidly filled the crater, until nothing could be seen but a sea of mist. Well, Kilauea *is* in a rainforest.

We browsed in the gift shop, hoping for a rain break, but at last we had to sprint for supper, or else spring for mediocre and extremely pricey food at the lodge. I thought I'd seen my last of Kilauea for this trip.

However. We rushed into Wood Valley, got the last of the leftovers, and had just sat down when the Beach Contingent announced they were driving to the eruption site. There were several cars going, and they had room for riders. I grabbed my flashlight and a sweatshirt, and we took off.

A full moon sailed above us as we drove down the Chain of Craters road. Clouds still lay banked over the caldera, but the sky elsewhere was clear and spangled with stars. I smiled at the grey fluffy stuff that had spoiled my afternoon--then I blinked, and looked more carefully. On its underbelly, the part of the cloud that lay over the crater, a reflected light glowed deep red. Although the volcanic vent itself was concealed behind a ridge, it was giving us a mirror view.

From this hidden source at the summit, lines of orange-gold crawled down the mountainside, illuminating the already moonlit night. We took the coast road, heading toward those lines of fire, and sure enough, the barricade had moved since the previous week--the road we'd walked on was now too close to the flow for safety. We parked on the shoulder as before, and joined a steady stream of people heading out along the lava shelf that bordered the ocean. Our destination was clear: about a mile or so away, a glorious red-orange glow lit up the waterline. Beyond it, a second site could be seen. These were lava tubes, discharging their liquid depths into the sea.

The moon was so bright that we soon put away our flashlights. Even with the unevenness of the lava shelf, visibility was as clear as at midday: we actually cast shadows. Slowly we drew closer, until at last only a narrow crescent of black sand separated us from the nearest lava tube. There were people walking over it (inside the guard ribbons), but I was happy where I was (and safe). I sat down on the dry black rock to witness Creation in process.

Glowing liquid gushed from the cliff, poured into the water with a tremendous hiss and spurt of steam, and gradually, as I watched, cooled and hardened. The headland grew visibly, extending itself out, building itself, becoming born. Above me spread the vast bowl of the sky, milky with moonlight, while the moon itself rode like a great pearl in its center. The waves, tipped with silver, broke gently against the rock below me. Gone was the brisk wind of my earlier visit. A light breeze, faintly scented with flowers, caressed my cheeks and shoulders. It had been chilly on the mountain, but here at the beach it was so warm that I shed my sweatshirt and sat there in my tank top. If I'd been more private, even that would have felt unnecessary.

Once again the sense of my insignificance overwhelmed me--and it was astonishingly reassuring. The troubles of my life, the concerns and struggles, seemed so tiny in the face of this elemental event. My hopes and griefs would not last long, not compared to what went on here: this birthing, this creation, would continue in its own vast rhythm regardless of whether I was got a raise, or had trouble with my kids. I felt suddenly tremendously privileged to be present. My presence or absence would not influence this process, but I had a sense of indulgence, as I might if I crashed a party and was received with understanding by the host. What an astounding honor we all had been given, to witness what the Hawaiians had long acknowledged as a sacred happening.

I had no awareness of the passage of time, but when we finally returned to Wood Valley it was well after one a.m. We had left for the volcano at seven, and I would gladly have remained there until dawn, but that I had to depend on a ride. Then, too, I needed to leave at four-thirty--that same morning--to catch my flight to Honolulu. And I had yet to pack.

I have been homesick for the volcano ever since I left it--and odd place to be homesick for! I'll be returning to Wood Valley next March for another workshop with Shawn, and another chance to hike the rim trail. Whether I'll see the lava tubes at the ocean remains to be discovered; of all the places I've visited, Kilauea changes the most swiftly. I'm sure there will be some surprise in store--it's up to me to find it. But the feeling of being dwarfed by something stupendous has stayed; that, and the reassurance it brought. Problems no longer seem insuperable. Decisions are not fraught with such momentous hope and peril. And of all the gifts that Pele could have given me, I can't imagine a better bequest. [14]

~~~~~

*Jerry Goes Hawaiian I: Whale Watching:* The white catamaran left the dock at 4:30 pm, full of tourists from Japan, Miami, Oklahoma and Seattle. The crew were all women, all tanned and blonde and competent. The captain briefed us as we backed into the ocean, and the biologist told us what to look for: the white spray that marked a humpback whale's brief moment at the surface. We surged to the bow, straining our eyes against the sun and the bright water.

While Sophie sat in a fairly dry spot, taking pictures, I crawled onto the "trampoline," a piece of nylon netting stretched before the prow. I sat just above the water, being drenched whenever the boat turned into the wind. But with the wind in my face, I felt I was capturing the experience most directly. I could no longer hear the biologist's suggestions but simply looked where other people were looking. When they spotted the first spout, I quickly found it, too: about 300 yards ahead. As this was the closest we could legally approach, I was as surprised as anyone when the crew yelled and cut the engines.

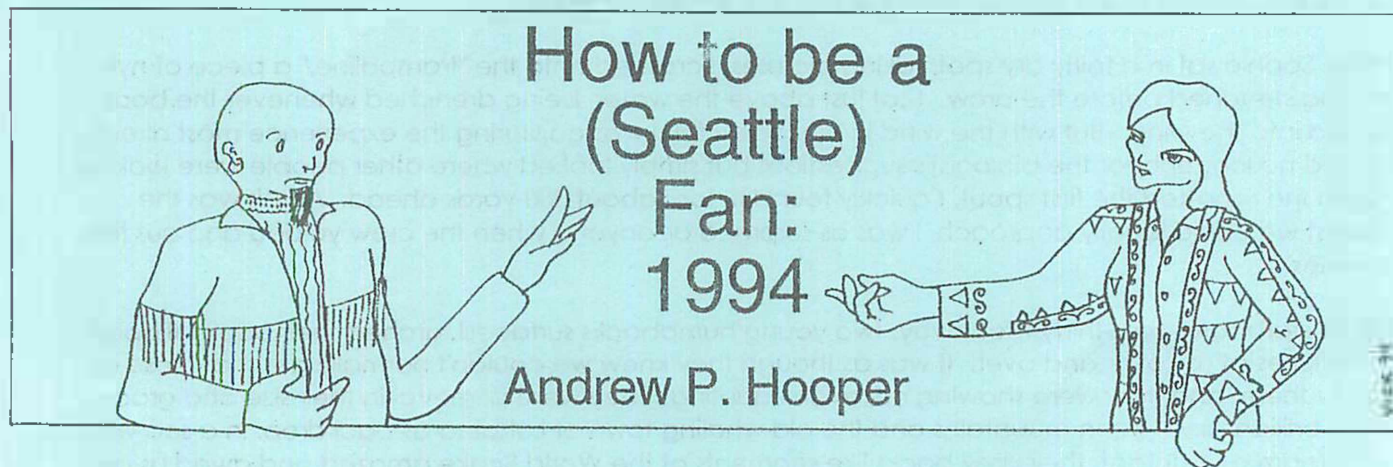
Off to starboard, only thirty feet away, two young humpbacks surfaced, arched their backs, flipped their flukes at us...over and over. It was as though they knew we couldn't normally get that close or follow them, and they were showing off, even flaunting. They were primeval in their size and grace. With brilliant sky, green mountains and the old whaling town of Lahaina as backdrop, in a sea with lace foam at its throat, their grey backs like segments of the World Snake amazed and awed us all. [jak , 4/94.]

AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE: A long time ago, when Richard Bergeron was only one person, a lithe little fanzine called *Telos* appeared. Its happy parents, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, nurtured it carefully on a diet of arch prose and LoCs from the smart set, and had it perform its little tricks for the appreciative patrons of Cafe Fandom. Unfortunately, their darling lost its youthful charm, growing up to be slightly lumpy and overlarge, so one night they tied it up in a sack with a bunch of issues of the Lee Pelton/Carol Kennedy *Rune* and tossed it into Green Lake. Then they went to some gypsy fanzine sellers, and purchased a new little darling, which they named *Izzard*, and which they hoped would not grow up to have such big feet as *Telos*.

But in its day, *Telos* was an erudite Baby LeRoy of the fanzine world. In conception, execution, editorial presence and quality of material, few current fanzines can equal it (or, for that matter, a number of its contemporaries). And in that first issue, Patrick and Teresa, in collaboration with Alan Bostick, cast their eyes on their new fannish neighbors, the denizens of Rain City. The resultant article, "How to be a Seattle Fan," was at once biting and entertaining, and probably a sign that at least two of its authors wouldn't be in Seattle for very long.

Even now, with fourteen years of change and turn-over between us and that particular incarnation of Seattle fandom, the article provokes both indignation and laughter. And coming upon it while paging through an envelope of old fanzines that Patrick sent me last spring, the urge to offer my own interpretation of local traits and perversities is impossible to resist. I might be an ideal person to update their impressions; having come to Seattle less than two years ago, local eccentricities are now fathomable to me, but still bear a trace of the new and strange. Of course, as a caveat, I intend to stay here a while longer; I can't possibly be as forthright in setting my eye on the foibles of my acquaintances. I may be comparatively soft and friendly in my observations. Still, it's amazing how many things seem to have stayed the same over fourteen years....

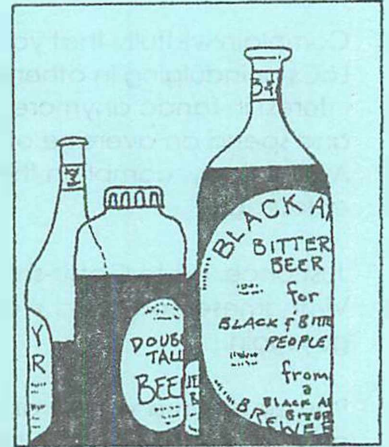
Before you dismiss what follows as derivative and plagiaristic, I'll point out that Patrick himself noted that their article was in turn inspired by a series of articles by Greg Benford on "How to be a Berkeley (or East Coast, or 'Boondocks') Fan," which appeared in early issues of Bill Bowers' *Outworlds*. It's not stealing, it's timebinding.





Live within a half mile of everyone else in Seattle fandom, but profess total ignorance of their addresses and phone numbers when asked for them. Pass by the homes of other fans on the way to the bus stop every day, and remain completely aloof to their presence until at a party on the other side of town.

If possible, run your own type-setting and design consultancy, or some other nebulous business partnership that allows you to affect an air of perpetual overwork, without ever having to explain to the world at large just what it is that you actually *do*. Stand in a circle at parties with other people who run similar consultancies and talk about fonts. As an alternative, bounce between such companies and major local industries, like Microsoft, Boeing, Aldus and the Department of Corrections.



In daily attire, wear turtlenecks, T-shirts, grungy flannels and other non-descript items, but be quick to distance yourself from any anti-fashion trends. As an adjunct to this, profess complete ignorance of the local music scene. On special occasions, bring out the neo-Nippon jackets and embroidered sweaters, but expect no comment, as twelve other people are wearing them. Alternative ethnic styles: Guatemalan, Hmong, Filipino, Dyak and Bulgarian. Under the jacket, wear a black Freddie Baer T-shirt.

Make fun of the local mania for espresso. Know all the local slang for different varieties of latte and cappuccino, and bring a report of a new outrageous location for an espresso cart to every party. Avoid coffee yourself, especially with caffeine. On the other hand, plunge passionately into appreciation and consumption of local microbrews, endeavoring always to find a label no one else has heard of. The blacker, thicker and more espresso-like the beer, the better.

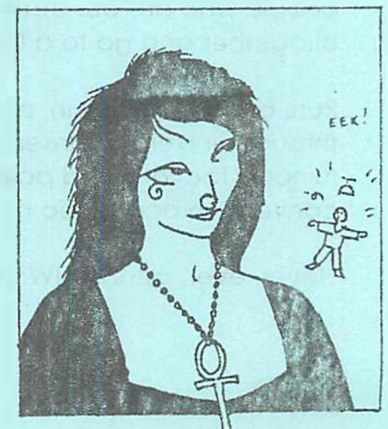
Worry obsessively about the food you want to bring to the next party. Try to keep straight who is allergic to onions, rice, wheat, carbon, oxygen, etc. Despair and bring a chunk of Safeway brie and a box of Ritz crackers.

Hug people whenever they leave, even if they are only going to the refrigerator for another bottle of sludgy brown beer.

Debate passionately and seriously the relative merits of tv animation, especially Jay Ward productions. Sprinkle your conversation with references to obscure mid-sixties Hanna-Barbera cartoons, like \*Space Ghost\* and \*Dino Boy\*. Publicly ridicule people who watch Japanese anime, but keep a hidden stock of porno manga in your bedroom closet.

Cultivate a similarly rarefied attitude toward what you refer to as "band desinee." Make up titles for obscure black-and-white comics, so that you can always refer to something no one else has read. Deplore the resurrection of silver age titles in new and violent (and popular) incarnations. Shake your head mournfully at the hordes of Goth Girls and Death-wannabes that populate local conventions.

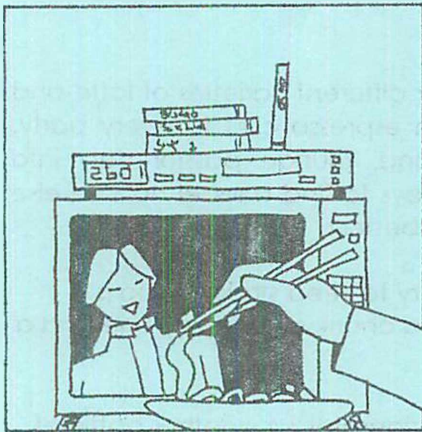
At some point during every party, join the debate in the kitchen concerning the demise of printed books, and the coming paradise of on-line literature. Sadly conclude that the opposing viewpoint is held by elitist luddites or deluded technocrats, and go back downstairs to the smoking room. Sit nervously sucking on one of the generic cigarettes the host has provided, and wish you had the courage to talk to the leather dykes on the couch.



Complain wistfully that you receive only one or two new fanzines a year, but religiously avoid writing LoCs or indulging in other behavior designed to help you receive them. Claim that you have little interest in fanac anymore, while maintaining membership in three secret apas, one of which you edit, and spend an average of three hours a day on line, talking about what a schmuck David Brin is. Alternatively, complain that Kris Rusch and Dean Wesley Smith are snobs and make fun of their entourage.

Just once, go to Getsu-shin and Mark Manning's house for a dinner of Pho noodles and milky Vietnamese cocktails. Watch obscure Malaysian comedy videos, have a wonderful time, and never go again.

Participate in a variety of fund-raising marathons, involving walking, dancing, hiking, biking, swimming and canned-goods collecting. Attend the meetings of a few steering committees, and plunge passionately into the workings of a charitable/activist/social group, preferably one of the 612 Seattle-area AIDS-related organizations. Clash with a hideous career activist over an obscure procedural issue, and quit without explanation. Through all phases of your activist life, omit to vote in any elections, and remain ignorant of the identity of your local representatives.



Dabble in S&M, or bisexuality, or volksmarching. As much as possible, talk about these interests in a proportion of at least ten to one to actually practicing them. Start up a new activity on a weekend two weeks removed from Vanguard parties, for gays, or east-siders, or SAPS members, then wonder to yourself if you are really enough of a member of that group to attend the meetings. Buy a leather jackets and decorate it with chains, clamps, beads, buckles, and the various hair-toys you used to affect during the eighties.

Drive a small Japanese car. Tire of it, and talk about buying a huge used American boat, like a '68 Galaxy. Consider the cost of fuel, and quietly drop the idea. Complain about the Highway 520 floating bridge commute with the passion you once reserved for the topic of the class struggle and the coming revolution.

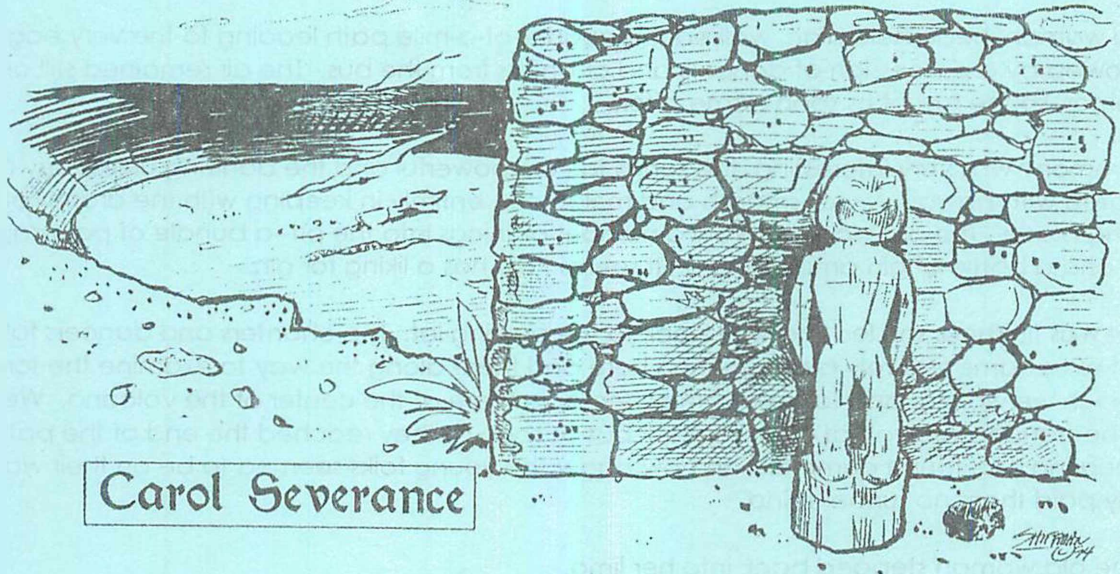
Ignore all local regional conventions until a week before the event, then attempt to contact the person in charge of programming to complain about the way they have scheduled you, or for failing to contact you altogether. Attend the convention in a funk, and complain about its lack of organization and failure to provide space for your flavor of fandom to gather. If they do give you space, use it to sit around with the people you see at home and provide sardonic commentary on the people who are out actually attending the convention. Or, best of all, forget about the convention altogether and go to a Dylan memorabilia show instead.

Run, or attempt to run, a small "alternative" convention of one sort or another. Make all decisions through universal consensus. Arrive at that consensus by relentlessly redefining all objections made by minority factions and passively brow-beating them into retracting their complaints. When the convention occurs, do not rent a room in the hotel, and go home to bed about 8:00 p.m.

Never, ever, attend NWSFS meetings, and, if possible, remain ignorant of its existence. [M]



# Coincidental Magic



Carol Severance

When I first came to Hawaii, I knew little about the islands and even less about the people who lived here, especially the Hawaiians themselves. We had only been here for a few weeks when I learned that a ceremony to honor the volcano goddess Pele was to take place. Since it was open to the public, it seemed a perfect opportunity to begin my family's education about our new home.

It turned out to be that and more.

With my two children in tow (Linina, age nine at the time, and Maui, age seven), I made the forty-minute drive from our home in Hilo to Hawaii Volcanoes National Park. We drove around the vast Kilauea Crater to Halema'uma'u Pit, the very heart of Kilauea Volcano. It was here the ceremony was to take place.

We weren't the first to arrive. There were a dozen or more cars parked there, occupants all still inside. We wondered why until we opened our doors. The parking lot was directly downwind from steaming Halema'uma'u and the wind was strong. The sulfur smell was so powerful no one could leave the safety of their car and hope to breathe. My children and I looked at one another, shrugged, and like the others, sat back to wait.

A few more cars arrived and finally a school bus filled with costumed dancers and chanters destined for the ceremony. The bus stopped. Its doors opened, then immediately slammed closed again. The lung-searing stench of sulfur prevented anything more.

A short time later, a long, white limousine pulled up beside the bus. It stopped and the driver emerged. Holding a thick white cloth over his mouth and nose, he ran around to the passenger's side and opened the door for an old woman.

She wore a simple white cloth wrapped around her body and tied over one shoulder. She had a great tangle of pure white hair and leis of maile leaf and fern hung thick around her neck. She was barefoot, and when she stepped out of the car--

--the wind stopped.

It didn't slow and fade away. It did not shift directions. It stopped. The steam rose straight up from Halema'uma'u Pit. My children and I exchanged looks again.

"Weird," one of them said.

The old woman, head held high, walked the quarter-of-a-mile path leading to the very edge of the pit, followed by a procession of dancers and chanters from the bus. The air remained still and free from fumes, so the rest of us soon came after.

The ceremony was very interesting, the songs to Pele powerful and the dancing unlike any I'd ever associated with Hawaii. It was smooth and melodious, entirely in keeping with the drama of that steaming place. The old woman threw a number of things into the pit--a bundle of poi wrapped in ti leaves and a bottle of gin among them. It seems Pele has a liking for gin.

When it was finished, she led the way back to the parking lot. The chanters and dancers followed and the rest of us came leisurely after, pausing here and there along the way to examine the tortuous lava over which we walked and to absorb the spectacle there at the center of the volcano. We noticed when the dancers took off at a run for their bus as soon as they reached the end of the path--I recall even hearing one tourist comment on how eager the young folks seemed to be on their way--but we foolishly paid them no further mind.

Then the old woman stepped back into her limo.

The door closed--

--and the wind returned.

It came all at once as if it had never been gone. It caught the entire group of us only half-way back to our cars, and it carried such fumes as to leave us teary-eyed, and coughing and gasping for breath. We fumbled for Kleenex, even wads of our own clothing, to cover our faces while we raced each other back to our cars.

"Coincidence," I can hear the sceptics mutter--and they may be right. It might have been.

I learned later, however, that the old woman was Auntie Iolani Luahine, one of the last of the publicly recognized Hawaiian women of power. Her element was the wind and local lore holds many stories of her controlling it quite consciously, usually in public settings where many on-lookers were there to witness.

When Iolani died some time later, a tremendous west wind struck the islands. Great physical damage was done, particularly along the shores. The University of Hawaii research vessel Holo Holo, with ten people on board, none of them working scientists, was lost. No sign of it has ever been found. The wind continued until the day Auntie Iolani was buried. I asked a Hawaiian during that time if the wind had anything to do with Auntie Iolani's death and he replied very simply, "Of course."

Coincidence? Again I must say, I don't know. But I will be forever grateful that my children and I experienced Auntie Iolani and he touch on the wind well before we knew any of the stories about her. It provided a window into a world of wonder here in Hawaii that can never now be entirely closed.

There is a story that is told from time to time about some traditional Hawaiians who warned of a particularly malevolent spirit on one of the reefs. It was extremely dangerous to fish there, they said. The spirit was known to have killed many people.

A scientific study of the reef eventually showed there to be an extremely toxic coral growing there. "The poison in that coral is what kills people who go there," the western scientists said.



"Yes, that's right," said those who lived there. "The dark spirit who lives in that coral is what kills people who go there."

Which is the more correct? As long as you stay away from that particular reef, does it matter?

I gave up trying to sort out things like this long ago--back on the day my son was saved from a hungry Chuukese ghost.

We were living on one of the outer islands of Chuuk (called Truk in those days, the people there have recently returned to their own traditional pronunciation). My husband Craig and our two kids and I were spending time on one of the atolls, doing anthropological field work. Our son Maui was eight months old.

One night, a very dark night as I recall, Maui began to scream. We lived in a single room house and all slept under a single large mosquito net, so were right there when it happened. He screamed and screamed, a cry of true pain that any parent of an infant would recognize.

We could find nothing wrong. No sticking pins (this was in the days before Pampers), no fever, no bug bites or other outward signs of harm. He was not hungry. We tried everything we could think of to comfort him but to no avail. He screamed and screamed and twisted in our arms, fighting the pain in the only way he could.

We decided that as soon as it was light, we would borrow a motor boat and make the long, dangerous journey over open seas to the Truk Lagoon and the hospital at the district center. There was nothing else we could do.

Then suddenly, about an hour after it started, the screaming stopped. Between one breath and the next, Maui was sound asleep. Craig and I stared at him, wondering what had just happened.

When morning came, Maui awoke with his usual grin of welcome to the day and showed no sign whatsoever of the trauma we had all gone through the night before. We decided it must be one of those strange things that happen to kids sometimes, and thankfully canceled the trip to the district center.

The same thing happened again the following night. It was unnerving. The sudden, shrill, totally unexplainable screams of our child shattering the otherwise calm night air. Or was it so calm? That night, as we were once again trying to care for our son, we heard other babies' voices crying. Once again, it ended suddenly and completely. Once again, Maui woke with no sign of what had happened just hours before.

It happened again on the third night.

The following morning one of the island women came to me. "Bring Maui," she said without any explanation.

A group of women had gathered near the house next to ours. Four of them carried infants, none older than my son. They had a fire going and as I approached, Maui tight in my arms, one of the old women shifted hot rocks from the fire into a large iron kettle set nearby. She placed some feathers, then something taken from the sea, then an armload of vines into the kettle. Then she poured water over it all.

The water sizzled and popped when it touched the red-hot stones and turned instantly to steam. Along with the others, I held Maui into the warm, rising vapors. The babies thought it was all good fun and laughed and wriggled and generally enjoyed themselves. The women were very serious, the

strain of the past sleepless nights showing on their faces and in their weary stances. When it was finished, the women quietly returned to their own houses.

"What just happened?" I asked my neighbor.

"We had to get rid of the ghost," she replied.

"The ghost?" said I.

She explained that there was a grave-site located roughly central to the houses where the five babies lived. The woman buried there had died in childbirth the year before. The Chuukese believe very strongly in the ghosts of their dead and this one was particularly frightening because she had died before her child was born, so that she and the child lay together in the grave.

It was this ghost, my neighbor said, who had been attacking and trying to eat our children in the night. But I was not to worry, she added. The ghost had been dealt with and now Maui and the others were quite safe. And so they were. Craig and I did not sleep that night, but Maui did--deeply and peacefully all night long--as did the other four babies. They never woke like that again.

It was a very strange occurrence, since the infants were all too young to have been influenced by their parents' fears of a nearby and hungry ghost. Certainly *our* son was not aware of it. None of the classic western rationales, like self-fulfilling prophecy, could explain what had happened.

An interesting sideline to the story was our daughter's reaction. She had none. She was not three feet away through it all, but she never stirred. It was the same some months later when another ghost broke into our house and tried to harm a woman friend who was spending the night while Craig was off-island. I woke to my friend's screaming, saw her struggling with someone in the dim light and began screaming myself.

It seemed the best thing to do at the time, since we had neighbors very close by and it was a very small island. There were no strangers there, so if someone had broken into our house it had to be someone everyone else would know. I naturally assumed it was an ordinary, physical intruder. In that first instant of startlement, I figured the more help we called, the better, and two screaming females were better than one.

I finally fumbled on my flashlight only to find my friend fighting with her sheet. A *nightmare*! I thought and shamefacedly admitted to such to the dozens of neighbors running our way.

"A ghost," my friend whispered and unquestioning voices passed the news on. One of the old men of the island had died that day, after all. For the next three nights, they set up a schedule of watchers outside our house so the ghost would not return. Linina slept through it all.

She didn't even wake the night her brother was attacked by sorcery on the island of Pohnpei (formerly Ponape)--at least sorcery was the explanation given to us by members of the family with whom we lived. That darker side of human endeavor was actively practiced in the area and very often children were its victims.

The event began in just the same way the ghost incident did in Chuuk. Craig and I were sleeping with the children between us in the tiny shed that was our house. During the darkest time of night, Maui woke screaming. I remember the shiver that slid down my arms when I recognized that same cry of pain and terror that had so frightened us ten months before--and that deep, sound sleep of our daughter.



Craig and I tried to comfort Maui. We checked him for signs of illness or injury, spider bite or sudden fever, just as we'd done before. There was nothing wrong that we could see. "What now?" we said to each other. We had only been living on the island for a short time and knew very few people there. The family on whose land we lived as located in a remote valley, far from the district center. Would our new neighbors come in the morning to offer aid? we wondered.

It took less time than that.

Only a few minutes after Maui began to scream, there came a knock on our door. One of the young girls of the family was there assisting an old woman, a grandmother in the household. The woman's cheeks were puffed out like a chipmunk's. She took one look at Maui lying in the center of the small room, nodded and motioned for us to move our daughter to one side.

She crawled inside, and on her hands and knees, she circled backwards around our screaming, thrashing son. As she crawled, she spat a thin trail of tiny green balls, some kind of leaf that had been carefully cut and chewed and crushed into shape. She spat the circle of leaves entirely around Maui and then in a trail to the door. She backed outside, spat a last mouthful of leaves, and Maui stopped screaming. It was finished as suddenly as it had begun. The young girl explained that it had been sorcery called down by someone else in the valley, perhaps out of jealousy that we had chosen to stay with this family and not another.

It was a much more frightening experience than the ghosts of Chuuk had provided, because there was no way to know when or why it might strike again. We'll never know for sure whether it was truly sorcery that caused our son's troubles that night, but the experience was so disturbing I left the islands with the children several months earlier than we had planned. It was well and good to claim immunity for myself by way of my outsider status, but I refused to take further chances with my children.

Does that mean I believe in sorcery and magic and ghosts and women of power who can control the wind? I don't have an answer to that question. I certainly try never to *dis*believe anything out of hand, because who is to say what is real and what is not? It seems to me that the *rea*/world is the world we live in, regardless of how it's defined.

When I write a story of island magic, the settings, the characters, the sound and smell of the sea are based very strongly on what I have seen and felt and tasted here in the Pacific. The magic, however, is entirely my own--and it is, of course, very real.}~}

~~~~~  
Jerry Goes Hawaiian II: Word Play: Although I didn't hear anyone speak more than a few words of it, I was fascinated by Pidgin. It's a combination of English, Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese and probably a few other languages, with a heavy concentration of surfer lingo--or was it the origin of surferese?

Looking through *Pidgin to the Max*, a combination of definitions and examples of usage in cartoon form, I found such words and expressions as "bummers," "fah-out," "moke" (a tough guy), "fita" (female moke), and a lot of derogatory terms for people of different racial origins. Pidgin is a great language to start fights with, it seems. My favorite term was "brok' da mouth," meaning delicious, as in, "Dis sai-min so good it brok' da mouth." I've used it frequently since the trip.

The word "da" in itself came in for a lot of explaining, as it's more than just a different way of pronouncing "the." (Sometime when I have my own copies of *Pidgin to the Max* and its sequel and the related comic books, I'll try to explain.) We saw a number of places calling themselves "Da Box Lunch," "Da Cart," and other variants. I felt it was the closest I'd yet come to visiting a country where they spoke a different language. [jak, 4/94.]

Cross Currents

Ethel Lindsay: 69 Barry Road, Carnoustie, Angus DD7 7Q9, Scotland

The article by David Emerson in *Mainstream 14/15* moved me quite a lot. I had been very busy so only got around to reading your fanzine this afternoon. The article really jolted me as I had received a telephoned telegram at 8 am. This was from Joy Sanderson to tell me that Sandy Sanderson had died suddenly 12th May after a fall. So David's thoughts took on an added meaning for me.

I never met Susan Wood although I had admired her work. I met Terry Carr twice--once at my flat in London where he and Atom enlivened the proceedings. The other time was at the flat of Dick Lupoff in New York. Terry spent the evening in the small kitchen. I think one of the New York fusses was going on at the time, so I did not get much time to talk to him. I do feel though that I knew him well through his writings and I still have a copy of *Fandom Harvest*.

Sandy I knew when I first entered fandom and attended the Mancon. At that time I visited his home and met his family. He had older brothers and a younger sister. Alongside his robust-looking brothers, Sandy seemed small and frail. They had nicknamed him The Brain. I have often wondered how big an impact that made on his life. He will be best remembered in fandom for his Joan Carr hoax but I remember the young man who was kind to me and entered fandom as gaily as I did then.

Thank you kindly for sending me your fanzine. Combined with the telephone call this morning it stirred up a welter of memories. {May 13, 1993}

Ted White: 1014 N. Tuckahoe Street, Falls Church, VA 22046

Jon Singer's piece did not benefit from the typography, which was too small and subtle for e-stencilling and mimeoing. It made me squint. So did the Big Words. Sub par, I thought, for Jon--but maybe I was subliminally influenced by the typeface.

[[The typography was a sign of our Learning to Cope with the desktop publishing revolution. This issue will show what, if anything, we've learned. It did have the unforeseen result of getting Ted White to sound like Harry Warner. (And the latest Corflu Progress Report has you sounding like Arnie Katz).
jak]]

Andy Hooper's fanfiction wasn't quite enough fiction--storytelling--to sustain its length, and not really fannish enough, either. I mean, this was essentially a piece of Brandonization (with a low bow to Carl at the end), which is a tricky thing to carry off. (In my opinion even the original Brandon succeeded only about 50% of the time--and then when it worked stylistically....)

David Emerson's piece is so intensely personal that there is no way in which I can comment meaningfully on it. I still dream about Terry Carr. In some of my dreams it is "before" and although I may know Terry is going to die, I don't mention it, and we interact as we always did, with my foreknowledge a slight coloration of the experience. In other dreams it's "after" and we can talk about his death: I suppose that would make him a ghost of some sort, but we just treat it as a stoned moment outside time, and a chance to do a little catching up--the way we often did do, back in the seventies and eighties when we were no longer living in the same area. These are "realistic" dreams in which we kid around and talk and all the stuff we did do. I always wake up with a renewed sense of loss.

Stu's piece (column?) started out in a mode that made me think he was going to pastiche a variety of his favorite characters, but he veered away from that, and just as well. Does anyone else share my feeling that each of us as individual readers/viewers form a personal relationship with our favorite stories or characters, and that this relationship is in some respects violated when others intrude their

relationships upon it? I first noticed this when Phillip Jose Farmer began appropriating others' characters. I didn't care much about what he did with Tarzan (I missed Edgar Rice Burroughs when I was the right age--10 or so--to enjoy him), but I didn't like him taking liberties with Doc Savage. (I should have known better but it still took me by surprise when I got a few hostile letters in reaction to my use of Monk Mayfair--a character from *Doc Savage*--in my Captain America novel.)

[[It depends. If the appropriator seems to have the same affection for the character as I do, then I enjoy the use. When, for instance, David McDaniel used all those fictional British spies and detectives in his *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* novel, *The Rainbow Affair*, I enjoyed identifying them and seeing how McDaniel used them to further the plot. jak]]

Kate Schaefer's piece will probably inspire everyone to write with their own neighbor stories.

[[Yes, it did. svf]]

Bill Gibson's was a nicely-written piece, but I question his basic assumption: that "the balloon went up" when we bombed Baghdad. In fact, until I got well into the piece I had no idea what he was referring to with that phrase. Hindsight being what it is, "Operation Desert Storm" has faded almost into oblivion, little more important in the American consciousness than our invasion of Granada. How quickly these things pass--and just as well, else we might have had George Bush for a second term.

Mike Glicksohn mourns the passing of "that sense of closeness and community" in fandom, but I doubt it's really gone. I remember a similar spirit of community in fandom in the fifties and sixties, and it persisted for me through the seventies and eighties, and still exists. It's our network of friendships, and this is always a subjective, personal thing, because although our networks overlap they don't exactly duplicate each other. I recall a party at the 1982 Worldcon in Chicago where perhaps two dozen of us (about half of that number tripping) melded into a wonderful group mind for several hours of joyousness. That was a high point, a magic moment, but there are so many others, stretching back in my memory. The personnel shift and change over the decades, but the essence remains as long as friendships remain. I'm sorry Mike seems to have lost this, and I hope and trust he will regain it. He has many friends. {April 3, 1993}

Ken Rudolph: 35841 82nd Street East, Littlerock, CA 93543

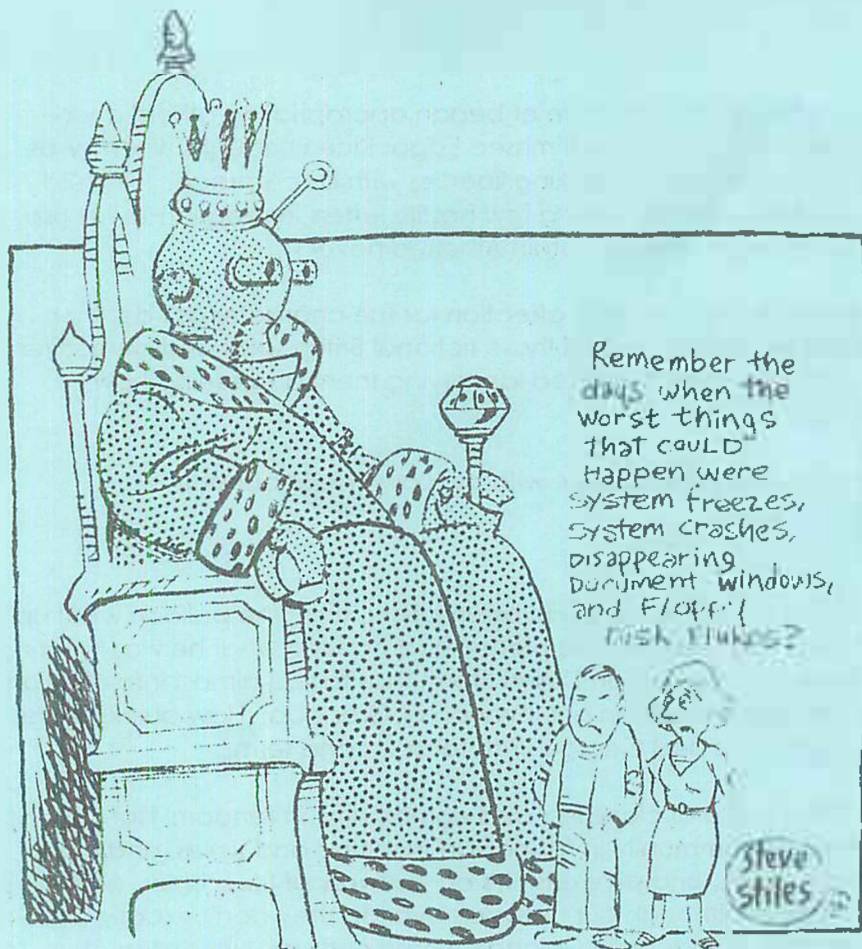
Faan fiction isn't usually my cup of tea, but I really enjoyed Andy Hooper's story. Well written, nicely illustrated--boy! Apparently mimeo still can cut it as a medium for illustration. I assume that your artists are drawing originally on stencil. Or maybe there's been a technological breakthrough since I turned the crank.

[[Thanks, but none of the art was drawn on stencil. It's all electrostencilled. jak]]

"Passing On," David Emerson's eulogy to Carr & Wood, was the second fanzine article this month to bring me to tears (the other was the editorial in *Astromancer Quarterly*). Needless to say, one has to admire writing that can do this. Thanks, David. I certainly understand why it brought a standing ovation when it was read at Minicon. I've been facing a lot of deaths and imminent deaths of friends lately, and I like and am comforted by the image of continuum/continuity that Emerson draws at the conclusion of his piece. {September 16, 1993}

Tracy Shannon: 1941 Ellen Avenue, Madison, WI 53716

Thanks for the copy of *Mainstream 14/15*. It really means a lot to me, because it was at Minicon that year that I first found out what a fanzine was (*gasp! a neo!*). And when somebody said, "Hey, there's a live fanzine downstairs," I had to go. I smiled with Terry Garey, giggled at Jeanne, had my vision blur



at David Emerson's tale...and quite frankly didn't get *any* of Hooper's contrib. I was just too new. So I really appreciate this second chance at the live *Mainstream*. In fact, this time through I understood a good 90% of Andy's jokes! I am making progress!

I also enjoyed the second half, particularly Kate Schaefer's "Vampire Neighbors." It seems that everybody in fandom has a gruesome neighbor story to tell...ours happened at our last apartment. One incident involved a sudden crashing and

yelling next door, and then feet: *thud-thud-thud-thud* down the stairs, *slam* the door, and then silence. We thought that was it. Until (*ding*) our doorbell rang, and Michael answered it. I heard his side of the conversation: "No, we didn't call...no, it's not usually that disturbing...well, sometimes there's some noise...I'm sorry, officers, I don't really know." We never did find out what happened, although I got in the habit of glancing at the clock every time I heard a loud noise next door, just in case I was asked to testify. {April 6, 1993}

Lloyd Penney: 412-4 Lisa Street, Brampton, Ont. L6T 4B6 Canada

My own contacts with earlier incarnations of Toronto fandom are limited to Mike Glicksohn, Taral, Peter McGarvey, Don Hutchison and Al Lastovica whenever business brings him up to Toronto from South Africa. I'd no idea Alicia Austin used to call Toronto home...I've got some of her art on my walls. I think David Emerson also lives in Toronto (I think I saw a Toronto address for him in another zine, correct me if I'm wrong...), although I've never run across him anywhere here.

[[David's lived in Minneapolis for many years, New York before that, and Florida before that...never Toronto...now David can correct us. jak]]

Bravo to Stu Shiffman on his article "Linear-Bee"...part of this may serve as the start of some insight into the mind of the mediafan, and the fact that they attach themselves to a single character or group of characters in a sf/fnal setting. They wonder what if, too, and they enjoy a universe that's made more 3D with 3D characters and character development, and interesting adventures. The mediafan reads, too...there's more than 120 Trek novels out there, some of which are in their umpteenth printing, and someone's got to be buying them.... {May 24, 1993}

Harry Warner, Jr.: 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, MD 21740

Did I really fail to comment on the 13th issue of *Mainstream*? Apparently, if I have interpreted correctly the Rotsler cartoons in the loc section of the 14/15th issue. If I thought this sort of egoboo would be bestowed on me every time I deviate from proper conduct, there wouldn't be many locs from me in the future. But I can't remember after all this time if I wrote about that previous issue or if I'm victim of a large-scale conspiracy so those wonderful cartoons wouldn't go to waste. Please allow me to settle the matter by plunging without further preliminaries into remarks about the splendid most recent issue.

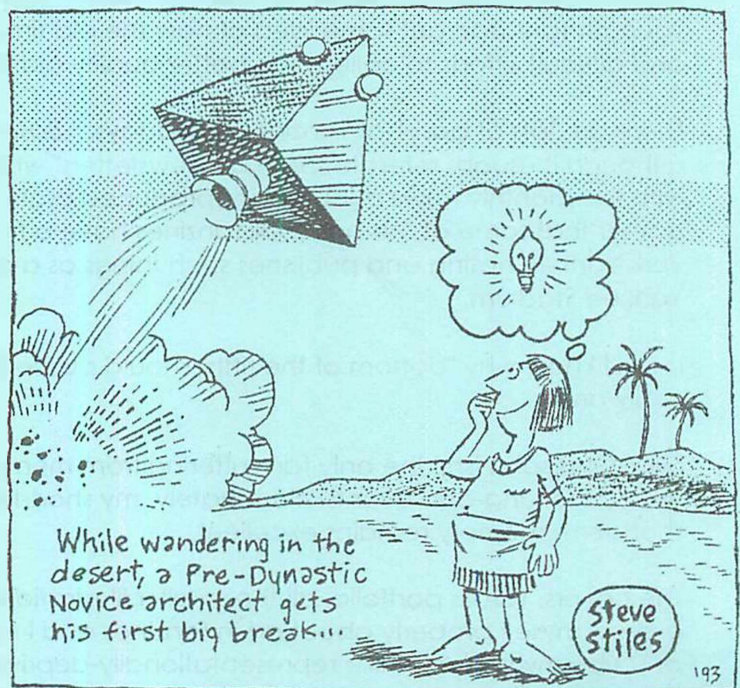
Here's a curious sidelight on my enjoyment of Andy Hooper's faan fiction: While reading it, I wasn't reminded of the sources you mentioned but rather of Charles' search for Sebastian in Africa, during the latter stages of *Brideshead Revisited*. It's a wonderful example of a fannish form of creativity that threatens to die out all the time but somehow always manages to find another practitioner just when a fellow would think he will never read another piece of fiction about fans.

You can undoubtedly imagine my iconoclastic reaction to "MacDevil Worship." I thought about the wild dance around the Golden Calf and the excitement over the Piltdown Man and several other irreverent things. I also suspected that Jeanne Gomoll might have gotten all the work done just as rapidly without a computer if she'd thought as much and spent as much time pondering and indulging in the job in uncomputerized condition.

While reading "Passing On," I kept wondering: if this is part of the transcript of a live fanzine, how in the world could David Emerson stand up there and read such personal, heartfelt narrative about fans he'd loved and events in the dear past? So I got to the end of it and in the afterword I discovered that I'd been pretty shrewd. I'm in a different situation from most fans in my memories of Susan Wood. I saw her repeatedly during one worldcon and she visited my home one afternoon, and since this was before her times of troubles had really gotten under way, she seemed like the happiest, most uncomplicated fan anyone had ever known. I'm just as glad I didn't have those nice memories spoiled by encounters during her difficult final years.

[[Actually, David did have trouble completely keeping his composure near the end of the reading. I think that a combination of stage experience and the fact that he had read it to an audience before got him through. David read at Janecon here in Seattle in March of 1991 (where Jane Hawkins had her 40th birthday party convention and incidently got married to Luke McGuff at the same time). Many in the audience knew both Terry and Susan well, and as at Minicon, his piece evoked that combination of sadness and a sense of community within fandom that many of you readers have written about. svf]]

Of course, I'm sure I'm not the only recipient of this issue to wonder about what may remain of the original presentation of all this material.



Was everything videotaped or at least captured on audiotape? And is there any possibility that you may publish a sound version of the material eventually?

[[Sorry, but nothing was audio- or videotaped. jak]]

It's been several years since I had severe problems with rocking neighbors like those described so vividly by Kate Schaefer. The last time it was just a case of an amateur rock band rehearsing several doors down the street. Each time it got on my nerves, I was smart enough to remind myself that it must be much harder on the musicians than it was on me, since they were so much closer to the loud-speakers, and thus I practised the old maxim that there is always someone much more unfortunate than myself. No, the neighbor situation here is different and more frightening than audible because it involves groceries or rather the lack of them. Every time I walk onto my front porch or even look out my front room windows, someone is driving up and parking, and almost never do I see any neighbors carrying groceries into their homes. By the law of averages, this sight should greet my eyes once in a while, particularly because some of the neighbors never let a quarter-hour pass without driving away and returning within another quarter-hour. Moreover, most of the houses in this block are divided up into apartments with three or four families to most houses, and on garbage collection nights, there are no pails or bags at the curb in front of most of those houses. If these neighbors were sneaking groceries into the house when my back was turned, they would certainly need to put out some garbage occasionally. The majority of the people living in this block aren't prosperous enough to eat at restaurants all the time so that isn't the answer to the mystery.

The news is bad about a couple of the people whom loccers in this issue were concerned about whatever happened to. Brandon de Wilde died while still a comparatively young man. Betty Kujawa is not likely to resume fanac because she is in very sad physical condition. She called me long distance several months ago and it was a disaster because I could make out only an occasional isolated word and didn't even know who had called until I learned by accident.

I appreciate very much the publicity for the collection of "All Our Yesterdays" columns. Chuck's anthology seems to me superior to my two big fan history books in the sense that they don't contain as his collection does extended samples of the writings of many fans of long ago. It's the only place younger fans can get some idea of how the old timers wrote in their prime, without very expensive and difficult efforts to collect the better quality old fanzines.

There are lots of baseball fanzines nowadays. *Baseball Weekly* occasionally publicizes some of them, although it usually refers to them as "newsletters" which is bad because readers may confuse them with the monthly news publications produced professionally for a number of major league teams. I gather that some of the baseball fanzines have a true fannish spirit, like one that is devoted to New York Yankee hating and publishes such things as a proposal for an Amy Fisher Night this season at Yankee Stadium.

I don't know why "bottom of the fifth" should puzzle Taral. That means that by now, those fans are really drunk.

Mike Glicksohn isn't the only fan suffering from memory problems. However, my difficulties involve mostly the long-ago events. Fortunately, my short-term memory remains excellent. Fortunately, my short-term memory remains excellent.

The covers, Taral's portfolio, all the smaller illustrations, are wonderful but you know my inability to express myself properly about art in fanzines and I suppose it's time someone created a polite term to describe my problem, like representationally-deprived. Meanwhile, I hope I'm not imagining I've just located another monster-sized fanzine whose next issue will prove I never touched the keyboard, not even when I made all the typographical errors. {March 29, 1993}

George Flynn: P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142

Mike Glicksohn "doubt[s] we will ever see again the sort of fannish community that existed in the early 70s." Funny, I seem to recall that in the early '70s people were saying how much fandom had declined since the early '60s; or is this a False Fannish Memory? Fandom-as-a-whole was pretty fragmented already in those days; in the '80s, on the other hand, we saw a good deal of fragmentation (to put it politely) even within fanzine fandom. The basic conclusion I draw from the whole process is that there are only so many people that can form a real community anyway; more people and you get fission, no matter what the pretext for it may be. I think we do still have one or more (by definition, how can one observer tell how many?) genuinely fannish communities. If that is so, what difference does it make--for *this* purpose at least (whatever I mean by "this purpose")--how many "fandoms" there may be outside them? But I think I'm getting incoherent.... {June 24, 1993}

Mae Strelkov: 4501 Palma Sola, Jujuy, Argentina

I do fear I failed to loc the last *Mainstream* though I read it from cover to cover. Or if I did send thanks as I wanted to do, it was brief.

Life is like that. Time slips away and nothing gets done (save right now I am summing up 30 years of study into book after book to leave behind me when I go seeking old friends, very, very dear friends still much missed--Susan Wood, for instance!).

We lost our third son years ago (1976), and now our second son died just last year. (Heart--he was one of those electronic wizards whizzing between conferences in the USA and Buenos Aires constantly.) These things add to a sensation that the "passing instant" isn't what counts, but the memories it leaves behind itself always.

Besides working full-time lately at putting into final shape what I think of as my "Encyclopedia of prehistoric roots," there are four grandchildren with us--the eldest age three-and-a-half; also two local additions to the family: a daughter-in-law and a son-in-law. The house by now (started from scratch in 1983), has four actual bedrooms, a guest-room that usually serves as another whatnot-room, a long wide hall that's a catch-all, a huge kitchen, a front living-room, porches, terraces and so on. And we plan to add more rooms. We don't get in each other's way save when we all make a B-line together to the kitchen-stove suddenly, perchance. (Two bathrooms, there are, too.)

In the back-porch a washing-machine is always grinding away, and a local woman comes half-days and some afternoons to help.

But it's lovely when fanzines like yours and *Stef* and *Mentor* etc. come in. I curl up of an evening and simply read on and on till "lights out." Vadim likes sitting around with the clan in the kitchen, "chewing the fat" as he calls it. But when he does arrive, he's urgently wanting the lights out, to sleep instantly. He'll be 80 next year. Me? Ummm, three years his junior, I do get more creaky (6 to 8 hours a day at the typewriter gets one stiff, but I want those books done).

[[We always enjoy hearing about life with the Strelkov clan, so thanks for the news. And our sympathies on the death of your second son. jak]]

From the start of the 1960s, I've watched fanzine fandom's sudden bloomings and fadings, happening so regularly. Way out here, it's the only bit of fandom I can observe and follow. But as "virtual reality" more and more veils "actual reality" in the world of the USA and Britain/Europe, I less and less share points in common with your world up there. Our actual reality is still tremendous...a mere minor detail, for example, was the volcanic ash that sifted down upon us quite recently, blowing over from the Andes.

In the days of Susan's fanzine, she was wide-open to the stories I used to love to tell. About a skunk we had, for instance. Twice she sent me a lovely little book by Emily Carr (*K/ee Wyck*). She wanted to be sure I got it. In her note, I saved at the back, she says of this author that "she seems to be a sister of yours."

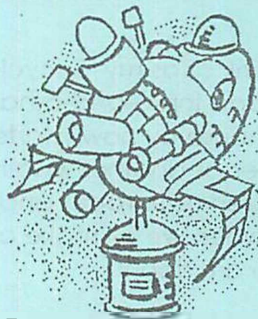
That was a world she'd have glowed in brightly, so alive that she always was--so full of enthusiasms.

[{And it was largely due to Susan's enthusiasm that we got to meet you. jak}]

David Emerson's "Passing On" was very evocative and the illo [by Jeanne Gomoll] just marvelous. Really exquisite. It must be particularly sad if someone thinks there's nothing beyond death. I sense instead that great adventures lie beyond, new incarnations possibly--whatever. I never got to meet Terry Carr.

Stu Shiffman is a fan artist I really enjoy, by the way. I am especially haunted by the memory of a little sketch in *Rune* years ago he did accompanying my brief loc where I said I was like "on a boat getting ever further from shore" where you all were. Stu drew a girl in a blowing-wind, looking out to sea, and around her sea-creatures looking out and up, and it absolutely expressed how I felt, so I'll always feel "I know Stu" very specially, for he really read what I tried then to say. (May 22, 1993)

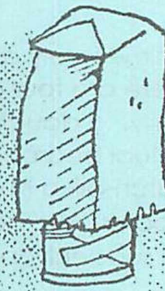
Possible HUGOS of the Future



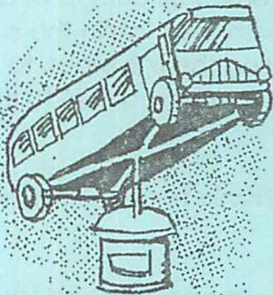
Contemporary
Alien Hugo



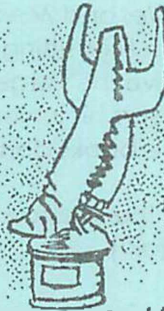
Traditional
Alien Hugo



Mystery
Hugo



Pedestrian
Hugo



Pessimist's
Hugo



Cynic's
Hugo

Steve Stiles

Lee Hoffman: 3290 Sunrise Trail, Port
Charlotte, FL 33952

I wish I lived where I could travel in the same fannish circles as Stu Shiffman. He keeps impressing me with the number of Neat Things he is interested in and with his knowledge of them. As much as I enjoy his artwork, and reading his writing, I think I would enjoy even more sitting around listening to him discuss his interests.

I'd be pleased to have Jeanne Gamall wax enthusiastic about computers any time, even though I'm an IBM person instead of a Mac-lover. (I don't do much in the line of graphics.) As a matter of fact, I'd be pleased to have her wax enthusiastic about almost anything--she does it so entertainingly.

How long now has a segment of fanzine fandom been engrossed in discussing Whither Fanzine Fandom? Seems to be like this curious introspection has been going on for years now. Maybe even decades. Perhaps Fanzine-Introspection Fandom is becoming a sub-fandom of its own and will soon be having Whither-Cons to discuss what's becoming of fanzine fandom. Meanwhile, I trust there'll still be hard core of fans merrily publishing whatever they enjoy publishing without regard to how their efforts affect the Big Picture.

I have this theory that one rarely produces *Great Art* by intentionally setting out to produce *Great Art*. The really great stuff seems to come from people who have other goals, like expressing something they feel strongly about. I suspect the same may be true of fanzines. {June 15, 1993}

Brian Earl Brown: 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI 48224

It would be nice to see two or three issues of *Mainstream* a year instead of seeing an issue every two or three years. I have hopes of putting out *Sticky Quarters* maybe twice a year in a ten page format. I should be starting work on a new issue about now as I've been thinking more of a July issue. By which time it may well be a September issue. And then not an issue at all.

[[Your intentions worked out the same way ours did: no *Sticky Quarters* yet. jak]]

Jeanne's story, in which she got the Mac she wanted by speaking up to the right supervisor at the right time (in contravention of proper channels) seems typical of a lot of productivity advancement in bureaucracies. I work in a bureaucracy, too (a lab for the city of Detroit) and see much the same thing going on. Few people actually take time to think of ways to make their job easier or faster or safer. One of my current assignments is to call up another computer across town and enter some data into it. the computer I'm calling runs a program written back in the '60s that's so primitive that you can't use the arrow keys to maneuver around on the page. And the page, even though it looks like a spreadsheet, isn't. The question I'd like answered is: why are we copying data to this program? Does the data automatically plug into calculations that determine the treatment plant's operations? Because if it doesn't, there's no reason why we couldn't move the data to a real spreadsheet, where data entry would be so much faster. (On the other hand, if the spreadsheet were maintained on the Burroughs network based at the plant and called up over here, there would be a five minute delay waiting for

HUGO LOSERS' PARTY



the file to be transmitted over wire.) The city has this great idea for a city-wide computer net. Unfortunately, neither the computer system of choice, Burroughs, nor the cable system laid down have nearly the power or speed needed. It's kind of like running Windows on an IBM XT.

I thought we had bad neighbors when the rock band moved in next door, but it looks like Kate Schaefer's luck in neighbors beats ours hand down. I mean, we've constantly reminded ourselves "at least they're not drug dealers" when they practice late at night (i.e. to 10 pm) while Kate's neighbors were.

It's nice to see that portfolio of Taral's art. It seems to be equally divided between Taral's two main activities these days, his involvement in furry animal fandom, and the commercial art he's doing for a small rural electric company. {May 10, 1993}

Beth Miller: P.O. Box 8521, Moscow, ID 83843

Everybody has a Flying Karamazov Brothers story and I enjoyed Terry Garey's. The FKB pop out at me all the time--in movies, on the tv, and in conversations with people I'd least expect to have heard of them. Here's my story--I first became aware of them at Westercon 30 when I shared a laundry room with several people on roller skates. They and their travelling companions spent much of the weekend on those roller skates--but I was relieved to see that they took them off to juggle. {April 30, 1993}

Walt Willis: 32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 0PD, U.K.

Your editorial was fascinating, so well written that the reader suffers with you and is left in admiration and relief for your resourcefulness.

Terry Garey's piece about the Flying Karamazov Brothers was specially interesting if one knows about the place they occupy in fannish lore, and was quite moving in its impact.

I can't claim to understand Jon Singer's piece and shall have to read it again more carefully. The Andy Hooper piece is clear, and beautifully written. The Jeanne Gomoll story reads as if it is true, and is remarkable.

Prize for the best thing in the issue goes however in my opinion to David Emerson for "Passing On," which was true and moving in a way that the best of fannish fiction sometimes manages to be. It reminds me vividly of James White's "The Exorcists of IF," about the effect of The Troubles on Irish Fandom, which he read at Reinconation. He had the same difficulty with his emotions that David recounts, with the same resultant standing ovation.

I despair of saying anything sensible about the William Gibson piece.

About your interjection in my letter, the Wave has not yet made its appearance in cricket, but is popular in England in football, where it is known as the Mexican Wave. I have also seen it in Wimbledon, when the spectators are tired of waiting for the play to recommence after rain.

I haven't been to Dundee, which Ethel mentions. All I know about it is a fake news item on a comedy programme, which said that a high explosive bomb had gone off in the centre of Dundee, causing 70p worth of damage. {May 2, 1993}

Shelby Vick: 627 Barton Avenue, Panama City, FL 32404

Partly I blame you, Jerry and Suzle--

After all, you were the ones who sent me *Mainstream*. All this stuff I've been reading about the demise of fanzine fandom got me kinda laid back, taking it easy. Nor worry about loosing a zine before its next issue is out if fanzines are dying out. Just shift mode into Relax and let the world go by.

Then I got *Mainstream*.

Do you realize how hard it is to get an old engine cranked up and running again? Check the fuel, check the battery, check the oil. Turn on the ignition and grind a while--then let it idle before putting it in gear, because the shock of a sudden start might be too much on the transmission. Then drive around the block a few times to get everything limbered up....

Now to give it a run.

Great cover by Taral. Terrific folio inside, too. I envy such talent. (I also envy the drive of people who can put together a great zine.) Other illos and cartoons were outstanding, as well.

Terry Garey gives us an interesting look at a segment of show biz that isn't always properly appreciated. A bit of circus, a bit of sideshow, a bit of vaudeville. Thanx.

Andy Hooper was, well...Andy Hooper. And at his best.

Jeanne Gomoll rubs my nose in the fact that I am locked into IBM, having so much on disk that Mac won't take. But I hear someone has come up with a computer that can take both Mac and IBM. Anyone know anything about that?

Kate Schaefer's "Vampire Neighbors" reminded me of a neighbor when we lived at another address. She got into pro wrestling and used the vampire bit as her gimmick. Went so far as to actually have her eye teeth capped and sharpened. Drove--in fact, still drives--a pink hearse and wears a black cape.

Okay, okay; the engine is started again. Looks like the rumored demise of fanzines is just another bunch of hot air, so I'd better keep it limbered up and ready for action. {April 12, 1993}

Brian McNett: P.O. Box 4229, Bremerton, WA 98312-0229

If all knowledge is contained in fanzines, it must be because we have fans like Jon Singer. I am gradually becoming convinced that Jon knows everything and has met everyone. (Perhaps I should use a capital "E" as in "Everything" and "Everyone.") However, the ongoing attempts to breed blue roses are not unknown to me. His descriptions of anthocyanidins and flavonols make me wish that I had paid more attention to organic chemistry rather than wasting my time on solid state physics. Now if you want to know about quantum tunnelling in semiconductor lasers, that I can do. But I see from a letter in *Spent Brass* that Jon has me beat there as well, that is, if he ever does get that thyatron switched nitrogen laser to actually lase! Jon also proves his sense of humor (although I admit that it took me a second reading to figure out what *anomalocarrotzimme*s was).

Interesting piece by Stu. I'm quite taken by the alternate history Steam Punk thing myself. I'm currently listening to NPR's "Radio Reader," in which Dick Estel is reading Harry Turtledove's *The Guns of the South*. Talk about alternate history. The Confederacy with AK-47s! I think the story captures the reaction of mid-nineteenth century men to twentieth century marvels quite convincingly. Late in the book, Lee comes across a biography of himself (in another universe where the south lost, obviously) written in 1987. There are details in the scene revealing the true nature of the "Rivington Men," apparently lost on Lee. I think Stu might like it, if he hasn't read it already. I KNOW Andy Hooper would like it (he's probably already read it!). {March 9, 1993}

Ron Salomon: 1014 Concord Street, Framingham, MA 01701

I think the two-faned "Overview" a *Wonderful* idea. I felt as if I were the recipient of your in-person conversation and you were both vying for my attention. The next best thing to sitting around in Seattle hearing you say it in person. Do it again for the second time sometime, won't you?

[[Do what again? Lose our tickets? Get stranded? Oh, you mean the two-person narrative! We'll see. Thanks! svt]]

I always enjoy Jon Singer's column, if only so I can inevitably segue way away from the topic to disguise my lack of intellectual commentary. So, why is it that roses cost, say \$35 a dozen down the street from me in the nearest mall in formerly lovely Framingham, while in Boston, down the street from where I (presently) work (optimistic ain't I ain't!) they sell for \$3.75 a dozen?

Jeanne's illo [for "Passing On"] is wonderful. Then again all the artwork is terrific. Both Stu and Tara! seem to be more varied than usual in their respective batches of illos utilized thish. And I don't even know if that's good or bad.

Stu: How about *M*A*S*H* and *Northern Exposure*? I thought not too. I fell in love with the stuff Stu writes about sometime between *The Man in the High Castle* and that early story about the South winning the Civil War. You know. {March 18, 1993}

[[*Come the Jubilee* by Ward Moore? jak]]

Jeanne Mealy: 4157 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55409

I know about the Madison Triangle. An apamate had been contending for some time that I was an alien (I think because I don't like beer or pizza) and hearing that I'd never had any trouble with the Madison Triangle only added fuel to his argument. What is the WPSFA Curse?

[[Curse, WPSFA: a condition peculiar to vehicles being driven to and from conventions by members of the Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction Association during the late '60s and early '70s when the club, formed at Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh, was going strong. These incidents were often given names ("The Deathcar," "The Goat"), and a number of these adventures have been written up in fanzines (mostly by me). My personal favorite is "Even Though These Two Are the Same Price, This One Costs as Much," which appeared in *The Spanish Inquisition* 7/8, June 1976 and *Mainstream* 10, October 1984. I uttered this gibberish at the tag end of a round-trip from hell between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati for the 1970 Midwestcon after Ginjer Buchanan and I had paid the same price for differently-sized bottles of soda at a rest stop. We don't think about this much anymore, except during experiences like being stranded after that Minicon, and we've all gone our separate ways, but I believe one can still get Topher Cooper to flinch just by saying "Breezewood." svt]]

Minor corrections/additions: You were at the Science Museum of Minnesota. The initials are SMM, which has nothing to do with S&M in MN. The Norske Nook in Osseo, Wisconsin, is the place to go for small-town home cooking and an assortment of pies when travelling between Madison and Minneapolis. The Monday night post-Minicon party is the dead dodo party; the dead dog is Sunday. I don't remember what the Tuesday, Wednesday, etc., ones are called, when they happen.

[[Thanks. I always appreciate being told where I am. I confuse so easily. svt]]

Terry Garey is full of wonderful stories. And she writes well enough to do them justice, bringing colorful anecdotes to such vivid life that it's like watching a 3D movie (which could be quite startling, considering what these guys juggle). The poem following her article was icing on the cake. Thanks to Craig Smith for a hilarious illo.

David Emerson touches on many important things in his article. It's mainly about sharing--introducing someone to the neat things about where you live, for instance. Telling a fellow about other friends--their thoughts, wishes, actions. David shared his message with more than a few friends at Minicon when he read "Passing On" and you in turn have shared it with a larger audience. The article is also about a form of immortality: "Fans may come and go, but Fandom endures." I wonder how many people became curious about who and what they'd missed after reading this--and if any stopped to think what sort of legacy would live on after they themselves died. Thanks to David for the afterword--it adds a lot.

I confess to reading "Vampire Neighbors from Hell" all the way through before realizing there *weren't* any vampires in it. Awwww.

What a bizarre illo for William Gibson's "The Balloon Goes Up In Barcelona." [By Eileen Gunn.] Well, the story is strange, too. {January 14, 1994}

We Also Heard From: Harry Andruschak, Sheryl Birkhead, Mog Decarnin, Gary Deindorfer, Pat Ellington, Don Glover the younger, Mark Harris, Elizabeth Lynn, J.R. Madden, Murray Moore, Bruce Pelz (a lot of postcards on his and Elaine's travels), Steve Stiles, Mae Strelkov (again), David Thayer, and Paul Williams. Thanks much to everyone who wrote. {February 21, 1994} [M]

=====

Trickle: Bee Parking

Terry Garey

A few summers ago I planted some new zinnias called *Pink Splendor*. They were very very pink, and they were splendid. I cut some to take to work, and thus encountered another aspect of this flower: they make great overnight parking for bumblebees.

After the bumble bee and I got over the excitement of this discovery I got back out of the car and examined the other *Pink Splendors*. Almost every one of them had a large furry bumblebee tucked in between the layers of petals, sound asleep. Thereafter, when I picked the flowers early in the morning I shook them gently to dislodge any parkers.

Why would a bumblebee park in my flowers, I asked myself. Luckily I work in Book Acquisitions of the Libraries of the University of Minnesota, and have at my fingertips the entire on-line catalogue of the library system. I looked it up.

Most Bumblebees don't have homes. They are solitary creatures, each one on her own. At most they have a little tunnel dug somewhere in which to raise their young, but they rarely sleep there themselves. Most bumblebees are, in effect, homeless.

Every year now I plant *Pink Splendor* for the bumblebees. Wish I could do as much for the human homeless. I do what I can, of course. It's amazing to me that we can come up with a flower like *Pink Splendor*, but can't seem to provide enough shelter for humans.

A long time ago I was homeless. Lived in the back of a van. I was never actually on the streets, although it came close several times. The sight of other people's gardens cheered me. I hated the sight of an unkempt house where people lived and didn't appreciate what they had.

So I plant *Pink Splendor* for more than one kind of homeless creature. [M]

Suzlecol

Suzanne Tompkins

Most of this is going to be on the serious side, as unlike Jerry's 1993, the first half of which went rather well, my 1993 was more of an interesting year than I could have anticipated or wanted.

The most traumatic event was my mother's death and the aftermath which proved to be quite unexpected. "M" was 79 and her health had been in a steady decline for about a year, mostly as a result of a heart problem which had remained undetected for most of her life. (My mother was the first person in her family born in the US; her mother and older siblings followed my grandfather from Tuscany a few years after he emigrated to the Pittsburgh area around 1905. It was not their custom to consult doctors very much and apparently mother had something like rheumatic fever as a child.) By the time she was in her mid-70s, she was too frail to withstand an operation which might have helped. Beginning around October of 1992, she was in and out of the hospital a number of times. I finally made it back to Johnstown, PA in January of '93 where I spent the longest week of my life. I had not been back to my hometown for a number of years so I did try to prepare for the change in her appearance and her illness, but I couldn't have, really. Many of us have or will go through this with a parent, so I know I'm not alone.

It was a good visit in many ways despite the circumstances and the strain on my nervous system, but I did come to realize that her life had become one not worth living and that this would probably be my last visit. I went through a sort of grieving process during the next month or so, and her death that May was not a shock.

The third weekend in May, Jerry and I had been at the Madison Corflu; he returned to Seattle on Sunday, but I had more time and stayed over until Monday. I ended up regretting this decision very much, as my brother Ken had called on Sunday to let me know that "M" was back in the hospital. Had I gotten the message and called him on Monday, I might have been able to call her there. Instead, I called him on Tuesday morning from work; Ken was just going to call me. "M" had died that morning.

On Thursday, Jerry returned with me to Johnstown for the services, and everyone there rallied around to help with the many arrangements. (The next door neighbors let us change clothes at their place when we discovered that someone had locked Mother's storm door from the inside and, although we had a key, no one could get into the house until the door was later forcibly removed. Perhaps this was a harbinger of things to come....) Ken (who is an attorney) and my sister-in-law Frances had taken care of the funeral details and all the legal matters, and I will always be deeply grateful to everyone who helped, especially to my Frances' brother and sister-in-law who took care of so many details that we, living out of town, couldn't have done.

The "unexpected" came immediately after the family gathering at the house after the funeral when Ken, Frances, Jerry and I discovered that Fay (our "old family retainer", as Jerry once referred to her) had apparently made off with "M"s good jewelry box! Fay had worked as a housekeeper for my family for 41 years, having arrived to start work on my third birthday when she was just 16 herself and barely educated. During the last ten years or so she worked only part-time, but she was my mother's right arm and I really don't know what we would have done without her, especially after my Dad's death nine years earlier.

There had been a history of pilferage problems, especially during her early years of employment, some of which were comical, some just annoying. We had nicknamed her "Lightfingered Fay" at one point, but as time passed, this problem seemed to go away.

After being unable to find the jewelry box (which contained good costume jewelry really) and a terse telephone conversation with Fay during which she told us that three old friends of Mother's had come for a visit and "M" had given them the box..., a number of odd things that had gone unnoticed individually, came together. It explained why there was essentially nothing in the linen drawers, and perhaps why there were no decent bath towels or a good table cloth to use for the gathering after the services. This prompted me, with Jerry's help, to spend the next day (Sunday of Memorial Day weekend) searching through the house to see exactly what was there and what was missing (as best as I could after having been gone for so long). After Jerry had to return to Seattle on Monday, I continued investigating.

"M" was an extremely neat, well-organized business woman and a life-long list-maker, who as ill as she was, still had most everything in the house inventoried, right down to a list which included how many light bulbs she had, their wattages, and when they had been installed! I discovered that most her dresser drawers appeared to have been rifled through. These drawers had been pristine as ever when I saw them in late January. "M" had had lots of scarves, but I only found a few; I could not find a special scarf I had given her which I wanted to take back with me.

On Tuesday, while I was double-checking for important papers, etc., that Ken and Frances might have missed when they looked through things, the doorbell rang. It was Fay with the "recovered" jewelry box and a wild story about the women it had been "given to" reading of Mother's death and wanting to return it, complete with a meeting in the parking lot of her local Giant Eagle Supermarket to get it back. (Months later one of these women wrote to K & F, praising my mother and Fay and mentioning that she was moving to Florida.)

I didn't know what to say to Fay; I cancelled a meeting I had set up with her for the next day to find out what things she might like to have. (She didn't know why I had asked her to come by.) At this point, my family felt that after the jewelry box incident, she would not try taking anything else, and we were still in need of her services to do things like clean out the kitchen, help get the house ready for sale, etc. But we were wrong.

I've already gone into more detail than you wanted to hear, so I'll conclude by saying that the disappearance of many things plus the discovery about a month later that Fay had not, in fact, done anything to clean out the house (e.g. the refrigerator) as she had been paid to do by my brother, necessitated our having to close down and sell the house sooner than we wanted. This resulted in my not being able to get back to Johnstown to go through the house and decide what I would bring back to Seattle before most things went to an estate auction. I had mailed back a few special objects and taken others with me back to Seattle (another story - the Pittsburgh Airport security people were very gracious when their X-ray machine couldn't see through a leaded cut glass bowl), but I thought I'd be returning to help with the final decisions. My mother had nothing of any serious value, but there were heirloom china and other pieces that I had just assumed I would inherit one day, and I'm still sort of surprised that I'll never see those things again.

What's really sad is that up until we discovered what was going on, Fay could have had just about anything of Mother's that she wanted. If she'd told us she'd taken the jewelry box home for safekeeping (during one of Mother's hospital stays, the house was broken into), we'd have probably been a bit suspicious, but believed her. Fay'd been there helping "M" for years when we couldn't be, and certainly deserved some real consideration. Instead, she'll have to make do with the vitamins and underwear (two more of the missing items), and some good wrought iron furniture that I knew "M" had promised to her. Someday, I may send her the mink stole that I think she wanted and that I will certainly never wear. A little more time will need to pass until then.

On a somewhat different note, I mentioned above attending the Corflu in Madison last year. While it did have enjoyable aspects and I know the committee worked hard to put on a good con, the style of the con, especially lack of much real programming, gave it an uncohesive atmosphere that I could just as well have done without. There has been a trend developing during the past few Corflu's to turn them into "relaxacons," allowing us to just sort of drift about making our own fun, as it were. The original Corflus, even the first one which had four programming items going on all at once in the same big ballroom, had a sense of direction, or purpose, I guess, that I feel has been lacking for the past few years.

It's wonderful to see old friends, especially those who can't make it to other cons or have stopped going altogether as Worldcon and large regionals have changed in focus, size, and meaning for many of us. My favorite aspect right from Corflu's start was seeing who would "come out of the woodwork," so to speak, and surprise us by showing up when a Corflu is being held close enough, or enough interest has been piqued.

At the Madison Corflu, I did get to spend time with a few people I hadn't seen in years, and that was really great. The con started off with a funny, well-done Opening Ceremonies on Friday night that fostered that feeling of camaraderie that the early Corflu's had. But although there was other planned programming, it seemed like that's all there was. In all fairness, Madison is just the most recent Corflu, so it's taking the brunt of my discontent. The LA Corflu was just plain awful (except for the visiting with friends part), badly run, inappropriately programmed when programmed at all, and a waste of time and money for the most part. The best time Jerry and I had was getting together with his close high school, now cartoonist friend, his wife and daughter for lunch one day.

But I digress -- at the Madison Corflu, there was an unfortunate decision on someone's part to allow Bob Tucker "Special Dispensation," I believe it was called, to smoke (and cigars, yet!) anywhere he pleased, except in the non-smoking part of the con suite rooms. Gosh wow, I certainly wish that they could also have arranged a magical "special dispensation" for me so that I don't get a condition very much like strep throat when exposed to even a small amount of cigar or pipe smoke. I spent too much time dive-bombing out of the meeting areas because I simply can't afford to get that sick and miss work, not to mention the pain involved. This was not fun.

On top of all this, I had and have a peculiar problem in that I am committed to work on the third Friday of every month, and Madison and this year's cons are scheduled for this time. My work as Association Manager of the Northwest Venture Group, a non-profit entrepreneurial organization, requires me to be available during this period to set up, coordinate, and run their monthly breakfast, so I will never (in the immediate future) be able to go to out-of-town cons scheduled over this weekend. It's asking a lot for one person, but maybe when future Corflus are being scheduled, they could skip being set over the third Friday of any month? I was going to get up at the Madison banquet and beg copiously about this, but it was announced that 1994 was already set for the same damned weekend. Sigh.

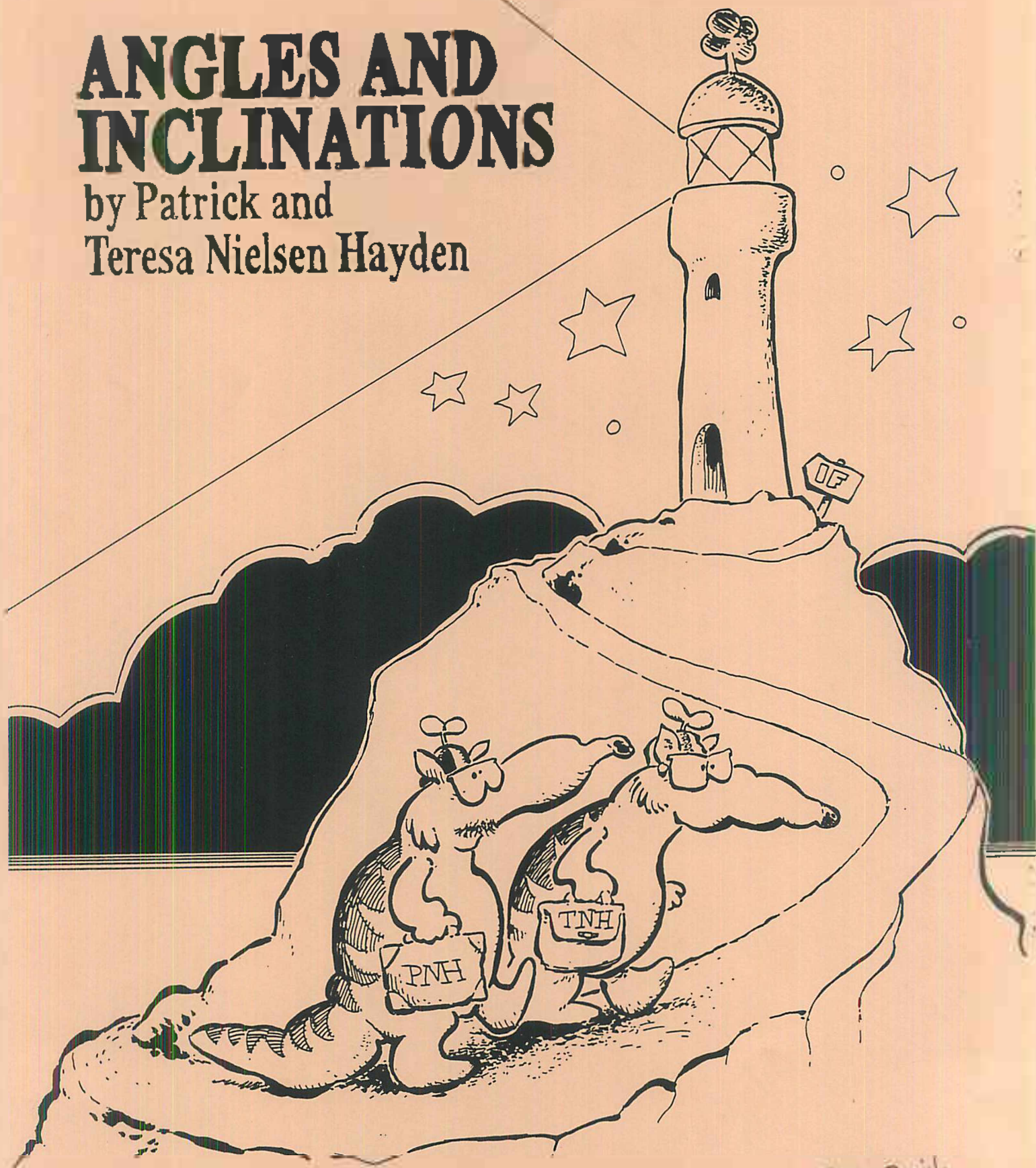
As you can see, a lot of this is very subjective. I know lots of you will go to this year's Corflu and have a great time, and I hope you do. But I'm dropping out for a while. All the signs, if this year's progress reports (and that expression is used loosely) are anything to go by, are that Corflu in Virginia this year will be another relaxacon style event with little direction or meaning. And while I really hate to lose my "Corflu Attendance" standing -- I've attended all but one, which was missed due to financial crisis -- that's just not enough reason to go this time.

And, now I'm out of space, and really don't have enough steam to fill two more pages. At this point, I'll bet you're sort of glad about that.

Hope I can write on cheerier subjects next time. I really do.

ANGLES AND INCLINATIONS

by Patrick and
Teresa Nielsen Hayden



Craig Smith