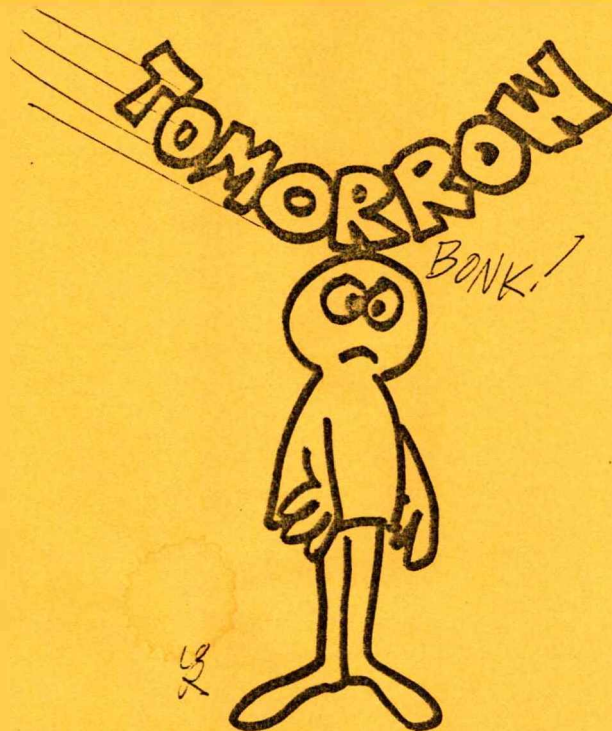


QUANT Suff #1

QUANT Suff #1 is done for FAPA by Joyce Worley Katz, 330 South Decatur, #152, Las Vegas, NV 89107, in May 1996. Thanks to Arnie for doing all the chores on this, my first solo FAPazine, done in support of my very own personal membership after years of sharing one with him. Is this a way of Declaring Independence, or Making A Meaningful Statement About Women's Rights and Equality? Not hardly; just a way to get my own copy of the mlg.



A Word From Your Sponsor

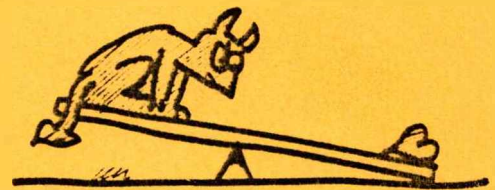
I chose the title of this zine to express two things, and although they seem obvious to me, it may not be as clear to others.

For all my fannish life I've admired Lee Hoffman. When I was first shown fanzines, way back in the 1950s, it was hers that most made me want to be part of fandom. It's taken me a long time to publically express my admiration, but better late than never. This zine is, first and foremost, named in salute to

Quandry.

As I start a new zine, and a new chapter in my FAPA life, it also seems proper to tip my hat again to Alfred Bester and his marvelous book, *The Stars My Destination*, still my favorite of all science fiction novels. I've been faithful in my appreciation of the Adventures Of Gully Foyle; as long as I've been writing for fandom, I've used "Blue Jaunt" as my chief editorial title. (That title is still in use, in Wild Heirs.)

So I dedicate this zine simultaneously to my favorite fanzine and my favorite s.f. book. I thought you'd want to know.



Revolution & Rebellion

I guess all of us can fairly say that we were revolutionaries, each in our own way, for most of our life. It's a standard of human behavior, to attempt to conform for the early mom-pleasing years, then to rebel when we become aware, and finally to stratify as we get older. (I don't consider settling into patterns and grooves, finding one's own level, to be stultifying. Rather, it might be seen as eventual realization of one's actual likes and dislikes.)

Certainly I remember fondly that time of my life when All Was Perfect, and Mom's Apple Pie was the best thing in the world. But as that gilt-edged vision of perfection tarnishes, as it does for us all, then almost every change in my life could be called Rebellion.

I'm less certain, though, that most of societal rebellion isn't merely putting that label on change.

Conformity didn't sit well on me; my hair-ribbon was

crooked, and my shirt the wrong color...whatever the reason, it was easier to rebel and be my classes' black-wearing beatnik than to straighten up and be nice.

And after the penchant for black came other revolutions: we all number them the same, those tiny steps away from family roots that broaden our interests. They seem more dramatic to us than to others; often they're not even discernible by others. And later we learn, sometimes very much later, that our parents travelled the same not-so-lonesome road, too.

For example, I've only just recently realized that my mother was a Betty Boop fan. Now, this alters a vision of her I'd held for a long time, and makes me feel closer to the woman she was. I would have sworn she'd scorn Sweet Betty. But the BB reruns on AMC each Saturday morning proved she was a secret vice of my mom's, because that's where she got the name for our dog,

Pudgie. And I suspect it illuminates the reason my stepdad called her "Betty".

Similarly, I've recently tumbled to the fact that my dad was a Jimmie Rodgers fan; among the recordings I have from 1928-32, are several songs he used to sing to me a dozen years later.

Now, that's a peculiar thing, inasmuch as Jimmie Rodgers is one of my own sweet rebellions, against the strait-jacket of more popular music forms. I've often clocked my own growth as a person (call that rebellion against upraising) by the music. And, no wonder: most people do. After all, I was in highschool when rock n roll was born, and that was a great rebellion, at least in the ears of our elders. They certainly did hate it; it was the great divider among age groups, much as (later) the attitude toward Vietnam segmented us. When they heard that backbeat, they felt excluded...which is how we wanted them to feel, after all.

It's a convenience to talk about The Birth of Rock N Roll, as it it sprang forth screaming from that spot where the Mississippi and the Ohio Rivers join. That triangle of muddy cropland is an appropriate birthing spot for a musical form parented by blues and country music. But like most poetic myths, it doesn't take too much research to find that it really isn't true.

Rock wasn't born one hot summer afternoon in the sharecropper's fields, nor did it ride up the river to Cincinnati. A



good listen to blues from the 20's, 30's and 40's shows that pregnancy was a long one.

If you hear Willie Dixon playing "I'm gonna to dust my broom" in 1933, and then Elmore James doing "Dust My Broom" in 1953, you know where "Night Train" came from, and where "Night Train" has been, "Train I Ride Thirteen Coaches Long" can't be far behind. And "Rock Around The Clock" is sure to follow.

If Jimmy Rodgers hadn't sung "Blue Yodel Number Four," Hank wouldn't have written "I'm So Lonesome I Could Die".

And if it weren't for Hank, there'd be no Elvis.

So it is with most societal rebellions. You see them coming a long time before they arrive, if you're watching closely.

So here am I, rebelling against popular rock by listening to old blues, which was the force pushing against big band sounds that resulted in the same music my dad liked in 1932.

I've seen a lot of dramatic rebellions, as the History Channel reminds me. I remember the day World War II ended, and I remember going down to the station to see The Boys Come Home, then how there was no work and no housing: there was a song, "No Vacancy", that spelled it out clearly.

I wouldn't care to retrace the paths of history for the last half-century in these pages, but it does seem to me that every upheaval might have some piece of music married to it.

(Future alien archaeologists may decide that music led the society, and that the anthems for the Great Causes actually caused great things to happen. Who can predict the foolishness Future Alien Archeologists might fall for.)

So I became a rebellious youth, like all of us do, and started to like things that seemed

different from what had been before. But now I know that they weren't actually all that different, and it wasn't so much revolution as evolution.

What a shattering of self-image, to realize that we're mostly just tools of societal conditioning crossed with reflex action.

And, society was changed less by rock-throwing radicals than by Robert Johnson throwing in a clever extra note on the backbeat in 1931.

WorleyGigs

A Lass,
All Arm,
Alliteration.

The Adventures of Jolting Joyce, your Hyperlink to the electronic gaming world, continue from last report. When last we saw our fearless heroine, she was writing news for Electronic Games Magazine, that scintillating source of all that shocks, sparkles or twinkles on your computer screen.

But times change, and so do publisher's minds, so EG was renamed Fusion. Without missing a beat, the typing tycho told about all the latest greatest technological tempests under that new banner. Next turn of the wheel changed the mag's name to Intelligent Gamer's Fusion (I kid you not), and there's talk now of dropping the word Fusion.

But the frail quail is shedding pin feathers from all the changes, so sought out a new nest. Now the Brenda Star of the Surfing Set, she's on the Web, scratching out her bread through daily postings of news and views at www.escapade.com.

And, it's well that Ms. Murphy Brown made that move, since today we received word that Fusion and the rest of the publishing house has been sold to Ziff Davis. Sic Transit Print Media.

Foyled Up

Spring passed Vegas by, one day in late February, and we're deep into the summer now. Days are averaging in the 90's, and we'll probably crack a hundred next week. It's peculiar, but true: it is still too cold to swim.

When we first moved to Nevada, we swam every day, all year long. Old timers laughed at us and said that it wouldn't last, and they were right. By the second winter, our blood had thinned.

I once met a woman who had lived in Vegas, then moved back to San Diego. We were only contemplating the move west at that time, so I asked her why. Her reply, "I know this sounds strange, but it was because of the wind."

Now I understand what she meant. Although it gets hot here early in the year, and stays that way for a long time, the combined effect of wind and low humidity keep us chilly until the windy season ends. When 20-25 mph winds hit your wet skin on a 90+ day with 10% humidity, you practically feel a skiff of ice forming on your body.

Nonetheless, the swimming season will officially start for us this weekend, on May 11. That's the date of the next Social, and it's cast to start early enough in the day to accomodate swimmers. I'll heat the pool. But they'll still be feeling the chill when they get out of the water.

Next week is the annual Electronic Entertainment Expo (E3) in Los Angeles. I'm looking forward to it with a sort of dread-fascination. The convention lasts three days (plus a couple of warm-up days filled with press conferences before the show starts.) But the show has grown so large that there are more companies than it's possible to call on during its open hours. Inevitably, some folks will have their feelings hurt, and some important information will never reach us. (continued page 7)

He Said I Was Too Sercon To Love!

by Stephanie C

My life was so wonderful before it happened. So wonderful in the wonderful little Midwest town in which I lived with my husband Truphan and our wonderful 12-year-old twins, Les and Es.

I will never forget the day it started. I went to the market, and they had just sold out of their last copy of *Penthouse Forum*. I looked and looked, even behind the other magazines, but I just couldn't find out. It was when I was looking in the digest rack that I saw the familiar logo.

It was **Analog**. The Hard Stuff. Heavy science, hold the love scene. My hand involuntarily recoiled. I stood in front of the supermarket newsstand, unable to leave, yet afraid to stay.

This was Forbidden Territory. The cover called to me, drawing me to it with memories of teenage nights of passionate science fiction reading. I read a book a day back then, and all of it science fiction.

I had always felt that Truphan and I had a cosmically slannish relationship, but he would never accept something as unfannish as reading science fiction. Even I got a little queasy at the thought of all those smoking rockets, all that engineerish philosophy.

I smiled at the thought of my wonderful husband and

co-editor. He was no copyshop boy! My mind drifted to thoughts of intimate evenings of marathon collating. That would be a thing of the past if I picked up the magazine. Still, I lingered next to the display.

Five years earlier, Truphan had rescued me from a life of chasing "Star Trek" cast members for autographs and long conversations with Jerry Pournelle.

He found me in the huckster room. I was trying to decide between a first-edition "Door into Summer" and "Shatner: My Story" when I felt a gentle tap. "Get your hand off my ass!" I said as I whirled to face him.

He did, and we began to talk as we walked through the room. There was something about him that made me want to be closer to him. I think it was the wild look in his eyes and his sensitive fannish face.

I tried to tell him about my favorite authors, but he seemed totally disinterested in whether Raymond Feist or Fred Saberhagen is better. When he stopped staring at my "I'm A Babylonian" teeshit, I was afraid he would just walk away.

He perked up a little when I mentioned the latest novel by Gregory Benford. Truphan claimed to know Dr. Benford. "He carries a gun, you know," Tru told me confidentially. "I

think it's for unruly critics." Then he mentioned a lot of other science fiction writers, some still not middle aged, and said he knew them, too.

When I tried to discuss their novels, though, he changed the subject! Tru explained that he didn't read science fiction, but he knew them through something called fanzines.

He began to tell me about publishing fanzines in excited tones. His excitement was contagious. I wanted to join this select circle.

A whole new world opened to me that day at the convention. Tru introduced me to some of his friends, all of whom seemed to collect pipes and lighters as a side-hobby. They were flamboyant, funny and fascinating.

I went home after the convention, packed my bags, and drove to Tru's hometown where he was waiting for me at the door. We held hands all afternoon, waiting for the moving men to arrive with my belongings.

"What are all these boxes?" Tru asked me when the moving men had left.

"My science fiction books and magazines."

His face went ashen. Our first day together, and I had shocked and offended him!

I burst into tears. "What's wrong?" I cried. "What's wrong?"

"It's that sci-fi stuff," he said, putting an arm made

brown by decades of hand-cranking. "We don't mess with science fiction Stephanie.."

"But why, oh why?" I couldn't stop blubbering and shaking.

"It takes time away from important pursuits, like writing, editing and publishing fanzines," Tru whispered to me as he stroked my hair and tried to calm me. "We are fannish fanzine fans, and that is what we do."

That day I vowed to turn away from the sercon path. I left all the books and magazines in their cartons and donated them to the N3F.

It wasn't easy to break the habit, but Tru stood by me. And with his strength to support mine, I soon became capable of passing a newsstand without browsing the shelves.

Then one day, in Borders Bookstore, I met and passed my sternest test. I walked right past the mammoth science fiction book display, bought a picture book of lesbian love-making and left with so much as cracking the cover of an SF book.

How happy I was when Tru came home from a hard day of washing dishes! "I've beaten it!" I shouted as I flew into his arms. "I've beaten it!"

The future seemed so bright then. But now I teetered on the edge of damnation. I stared into the abyss of uncontrollable science fiction enthusiasm -- and it captured me body and soul. Guiltily, furtively, I scooped up the magazine. Then, out of embarrassment at what I had done, I grabbed a copy of *Spin* and put it on

top of the smaller publication.

How I cringed with shame when the checkout girl whipped the **Analog** over the scanner as she said, "Oh, a reader of probing stories of technological extrapolation!" Did she have to tell the whole store?

I went home and locked myself in the bathroom with the copy of **Analog**. I read it, every word, cover to cover. I didn't stop until I had devoured every short story and the feature novella.

As I finished reading the surprising conclusion of the last story, I heard the unmistakable sounds of Tru arriving home.

I knew he mustn't discover me with **Analog**. I was in a panic, uncertain what to do. Finally, I rushed into the den and hid the magazine under a stack of **Fosfax** we used to even out the TV table.

I sighed with relief as I went to meet Tru. I could read my science fiction occasionally, and he need never know. My idyllic life would go on as it was. I could be a fabulous fannish fan and a sercon science fiction reader.

It sounded so easy to me, but it wasn't. I bought another **Analog** a couple of weeks later "just to finish the serial," I told myself. It couldn't hurt. I could as easily hide two magazines as one.

But then, the very next Tuesday, I went on my first binge. I don't know what happened. I walked into a Read More center for a *TV Guide* and came out with two bags of science fiction books and magazines. I even

bought *Science Fiction Age* and *Sci-Fi Universe*.

I couldn't stop. When the local cable service added the Science Fiction Channel, it threw me over the edge. I became a total, degenerate sercon fan.

I think Tru suspected something was wrong even before the explosion. He saw me toss aside **Apparatchik** without even opening the envelope. I began missing deadlines for our fanzines.

I continued to put up a front, outwardly the same fannish fan I had been since meeting Tru.

Then it happened, and my tidy little world splintered into jagged shards. I was sitting on the living room sofa, surrounded by the results of my last trip to ReadMore, when Tru came in the door!

"What's this?" he thundered as he stared at the Jack Chalker novel lying open on the coffee table.

I tried to bluff my way out of it, as I had been able to do several times before. "I'm research a Brandonization," I said as casually as I could manage.

"No one parodies science fiction stories any more!" He screamed at me.

Then it all came pouring out. The magazines. The books. The episodes of "Dr. Who."

It was a long and terrible night for me and for Truphan.

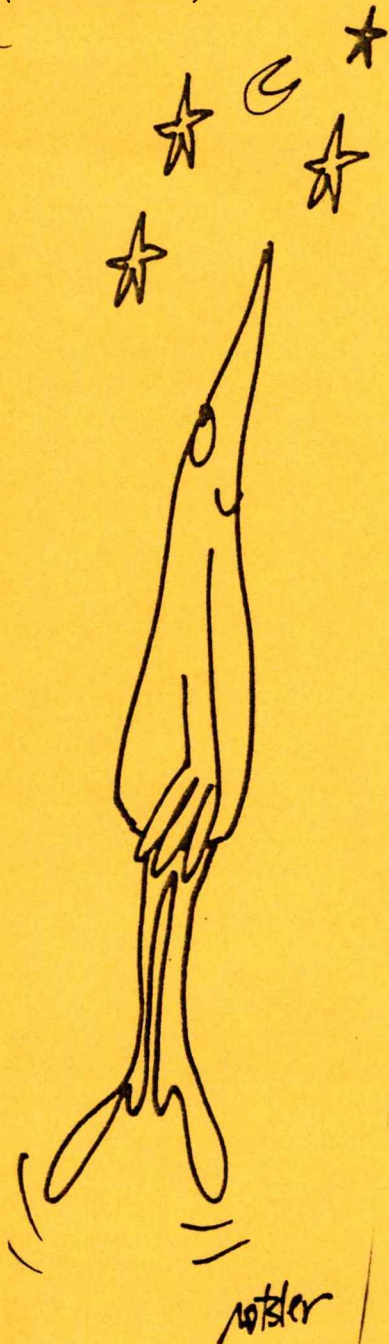
And as the wonderful new day dawned, he held me tenderly. "We'll beat this thing, together," he murmured as he held me close.

I've been back from rehab at the Richard Wayne Brown

Science-Illustory Fandation for six weeks now. I'm still shaky. I know it. They made me realize that I can't just watch "Deep Space Nine" like ordinary fans. It was hard for me, but I eventually came to realize that I had an illness, an addiction, that would dog me for the rest of my life.

I don't know if I will ever regain my perfect, fanzine fan life, but I am going to try. And perhaps with Truphan's support and my new-found faith in Ghu, I will.

(--Arnie Katz)



The 100-Mile Circus

ANOTHER FANZINE TOO MANY (John-Henri Holmberg)

How interestingly you wrote about translations! I've long been aware that no translation of any material is completely satisfactory, and I think this is especially true of artistic writings. I'm a big fan of *The Rubaiyat* and own quite a few variations. It's alarming how different they can be, and still be considered true translations from the tentmaker's own words. Often I feel it's the translators ideas that appeal, rather than poor old Omar's. Who knows what he had in his mind when he wrote: "I yet in all I only cared to know, was never deep in anything but--wine." I've had some poetry translated, and I've often wondered just what words the translator put into my mouth.

FANTASY COMMENTATOR (A Langley Searles)

What a beautiful publication this is! Congratulations on a job well done--as always. A wealth of interesting material. I particularly appreciated SaM's article about book jackets, especially since he included the Abe Merritt covers. I love Merritt; have always set him high on my list of language artists, for the beauty of his word work. It was a treat to see the covers of the originals reproduced here. I have always disagreed with the notion that changes of covers were done to "fool" readers into buying books they already owned. As SaM sez, there are many reasons for new dustjackets. And, if it's really a favorite work, I have no problem with buying a second copy just to have the art. -- I took Fantasy Commentator to our local club meeting, for show-and-tell; I wanted the more sercon fans in the group to see what a magnificent job can be done on a fanzine when the editor really wants to create something fine. It was much admired, as well it should be.

HORIZONS #219 (Harry Warner, Jr.)

Your remarks about Disney struck a chord with me. Back in the 60's, St. Louis had a brief flirtation with Disney, as he toyed with the idea of building a park by the river, next to the Arch, and beside Busch Stadium. It would have been a fine addition to Missouri, and everyone wanted it--until Walt made it clear that, in order for his park to be there, Busch Stadium would have to give up selling beer in the ballpark. After attempts to get him to change his mind, or modify his demands, the City had to let the opportunity pass. No one in his right mind could even conceive a beerless ballgame.

BEN'S BEAT (Ben Indick)

In re. your remarks to Joe Siclari about reprinting classic fanzines: I think this is great, and appreciate every reprint I can get my hands on. Old fanzines, the originals, are extremely hard to find. I've been more acutely aware of this problem since the influx of Las Vegas fandom. The locals are Hungry for anything at all from fandom's past, as they try to get a grasp of its history. For new fans, who have no access to the valuable old zines, a reprint is well worth owning. I don't understand how you can say you 'find yesterday's fannish writing the same as today's.' Those old writings contain the history of fandom, and show how and why it developed as it did. You can't understand what's going on now, if you don't understand what happened in 1966 (for example). Strange alliances and friendships are similarly illuminated by old fanzines that expose how relationships have grown over the years. How do you understand, for example, Shelby Vick, if you didn't get a dime from him in 1952?

THE GREEK AND ROMAN GODS (Stupefying Stories) (Dick Eney)

What an interesting piece of work. I can but imagine how time-consuming the uncondensed version must be--and how consuming it must have been to produce it. It reminds me, in some ways, of the lengthy descriptions of some gaming worlds, where the background is often presented in book form as prescribed reading before the play begins. But in this case, conforming your own creativity to work within the sphere of established legend, a more arduous task to keep all the personalities intact. I had recently expressed the opinion, to someone in conversation, that the Greek Gods and their myths seem little known and under taught at present time, compared to my own grammar school years when they were as omnipresent as the multiplication tables. And then you pop up with this, to prove that I was wrong! By the way, I loved your explanation of "skyclad".

SWEET JANE 15 (Gordon Eklund)

The movie with the train station and Paris must have been one of the World War II spy films; your description could fit any one of them. Or, it could have been Agatha Christie. I saw that movie, too, the one with the horse soldier buried to his neck while Apache's charge at him. Could it have been *"Broken Arrow"*? It frightened me at the time, and still occasionally introduces itself in my dreams. But in my reoccurring nightmare, it's always strangely crossed with live food. For example, that dream of kittens buried up to their neck in chocolate pudding at the worldcon banquet, and the fans spooning them up. Or that dream (I know you'll recognize this one) of the cows swimming around in the cooking kettle, their poor heads straining upward to get out of the soup. What? You say you don't have these dreams? Whatzamazama you?

HELEN'S FANTASIA (Helen Wesson)

I loved *"Charlie and the Duchess"*, it was a pretty tale. Doubly so, since you touched on two of my hobby groups. I too love dollhouses. And I too love crystal punch bowls. On the first, I applaud your choice of room vignettes. They provide such a scope for variety. On the second subject, I wonder if your bowl was handily pre-cracked by the U. S. Army, or if it split because of extreme temperature changes. By the way, I sure like your suggestion to Harry Warner about Laney-styled paragraphing. It certainly doesn't have any significant effect on paper usage, and it does help in the legibility area.

DETOURS 356 (Russ Chauvenet)

You remarked, in your comments to **Shelby Vick** that we won't be going too far without a **Faster Than Light** drive. The grim facts of galaxian distances do seem to preclude that particular trip becoming real. But, you

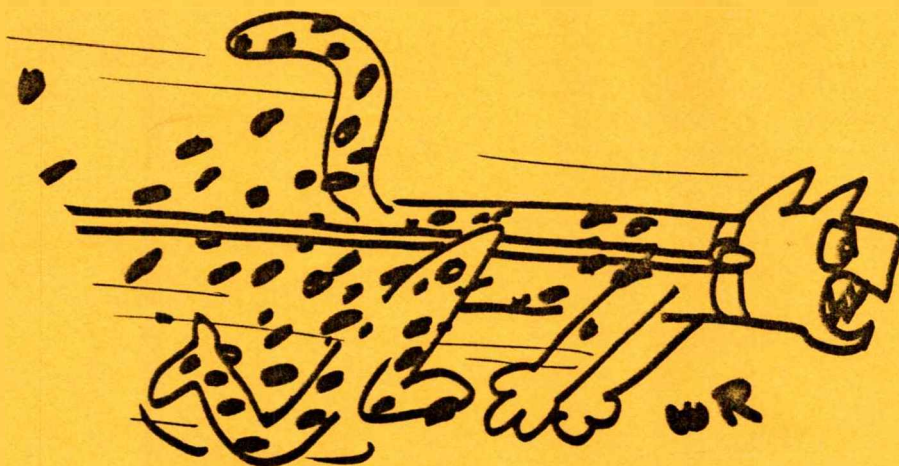
(Continued on page 8)

Foyled continues

There's already some talk that the show may be expanded to four days next year. From the point of view of the Press, it's a necessity. That probably means it won't happen.

This will be our first airing since Corflu. (Oh, I made a quick two-day jaunt to the Coast, but that hardly even counts.) I enjoyed Corflu mightily, even slightly under the weather as I was. There were people who didn't attend that I missed, but it still was a damfine con experience. About the only complaint I could make is that it was too far to the restaurant district. I'll have to remember to write Lucy Huntsinger a note and tell her next time to move the vittles a little closer to the con. (Yes, of course I am joking.) I only made the hike once, to a really great hole-in-the-wall barbecue joint. But the walk was too much for me; I reacted very badly, and it seemed like it took an hour to get back up the hill to the hotel. After the con, I saw my doctor, and learned my blood pressure was at 205/157. So maybe it's a good thing I took the walk, since it alerted me to the problem.

Our next convention will be **WesterCon Diablo** (in El Paso). I'm looking forward to it, in addition to the regular reasons (hello **Richard and Michelle**), because I haven't been in El Paso for so long. I was there as a highschool girl; I remember my parents and I had a train layover, so crossed over to the Mexican side of the border, just so we could say we'd been there. I bought a souvenir, a silver ring with an ebony stone, then used it as my talisman for the rest of my highschool years until I let Billy Wayne Mayberry wear the ring during the week we went steady, and he smashed it flat by sitting on it one day at the movies. At any rate, I liked El Paso's ambience
(Continued page 8)



listed eight possible ways. I suppose that my favorite, "folding space" from "Mune", comes under your eighth category, Fantasy and teleportation. Perhaps there might be another, linked with time travel, so that we get there a day after we departed, after time-twisting was complete. Then again, perhaps we'll just all agree to imagine ourselves there, and group thought will make it true. Sort of a "Coventry" approach as applied to transportation. If we surrender to real math and real science, we'll never get to go. -- Considering the distances and difficulties of travel outside our own solar system, the likelihood of alien visitors dropping in to observe for the last three thousand years seems pretty preposterous. But, it did before, too.

SYNAPSE (Jack Speer)

Language is constantly in flux, with new definitions and usages under development at all times. Words only have meaning in as much as we all agree on their definitions. I'm old enough to have seen words change, both in pronunciation and definitions. For example, "gauge" can be pronounced to rhyme with age or with codge, and you can practically tell a person's age by the one used. Arnie and I were discussing just recently how usage sometimes reverses the meaning of a word. For example, just what is "upward of one dollar"? More or less than a dollar? I'd say more, but there are many who'd say it meant less. And "flamable" is no longer the reverse of "inflammable". That word has lost its meaning to such a degree that you seldom see "inflammable" on labels anymore.

PRANG #5 (Andy Hooper)

I don't think we've yet completed the 50th Anniversary Of The War effect. Just this week I saw a new five part documentary on Hitler. This was German-made, which gave it an interesting perspective. It also had some really rare pictures that hadn't been shown before. It was also notable for the apologies: it now becomes apparent that there was no one in Germany who didn't have a sack over his head, busily seeing no-speaking no-hearing no evil. To judge by the apologists, there was no one in Germany at all who knew what was going on. I disagree with your assessment of the atomic bomb, though. You said you thought it was used because we had it, having it we had to use it. I used to believe that was true. But now it's 50 years after, and we've got a lot of weapons we've not used. Not that I think we'd forebear if we had a desperate fight on our hands; surely we have no more scruples than anyone else before us. I don't think we can every really "understand" war. Faced with fear, we lose all our manners and use whatever Big Club we had on hand. -- I know of SAPpy Robert Briggs and his anti-everything ravings; he's been at it for several years. He does get periodic opposition. But I imagine many of the members now just skip his contributions. Still, I applaud your determination to Speak Out; it is only when people protest the ugliness that there's any chance of changing it.

LOFGEORNOST (Fred Lerner)

I'm really happy that so many people are trying to archive fanzines, preserve them, and reproduce them. As I said above, I am always pleased anytime I get a chance to buy reproductions. But while we're on the topic of preserving fanzines, I have a thought I'd like to share. I have developed doubt that willing fanzine collections to universities or libraries is the best way to handle them. True, they'll most likely be preserved, but they'll be as unavailable to fans as Quandry's are to the Vegrants. I would like to see the fanzine collections go back into fandom. I know, for example, that Arnie got his first old zines from Tucker's sale at Midwestcon, when he let things go for 5-and-10 cents each. Well, I don't suppose most people are altruistic enough to make that kind of financial sacrifice. But I do think that it serves fandom better to move the zines back into fandom, where they are appreciated, rather than into the basements of institutions.

And that's all until next time. See you in August! (JWK)

Foyled continues

cowboyish atmosphere that I found pleasant. (Yes, I am a Marty Robbins fan.) Couple that with my favorite ethnic food, and it's a real winning combo for me.

We haven't really decided if we'll go to the WorldCon in L.A. I have our memberships, but haven't yet made a hotel reservation; perhaps I should do that today...

The other con of the year will be Toner, here in Vegas, the weekend before the WorldCon. We're hoping travelers will stop here on their way to California. I'm not doing much for Toner; Tom Springer is heading it up, and the Nine Lines Each guys are his main staff. It should be a jolly, informal, small fanzine fan gathering. Do come.

And, I believe that Arnie and I, the Springers, Ken Forman and Ben Wilson will meet Robert Lichtman at the Pechanga Reservation for a visit with Cora and Burbee. We had a great time last year. It's about a five hour drive from Vegas -- not a hop, skip and jump away, but still not a very arduous undertaking, particularly since I'm sure I can get someone else to do the driving.

I'm also looking forward to a number of the summer movies. The one that fascinates me is *Twister* because tornadoes have been a part of my life. Poplar Bluff was in tornado alley; the town was leveled by one in 1927; it killed over a hundred people, and flattened the railroad's round house, as well as the hotel and several other Main Street buildings. Of course, I wasn't alive for that one, but it does seem like a good part of my life was spent crouched in storm cellars. Other than a maxed-out earthquake, and I'm not sure of that, I don't think there's a more powerful force in nature.

And that's enough Wind out of me for today. (JWK)