

QUANt Suff #4



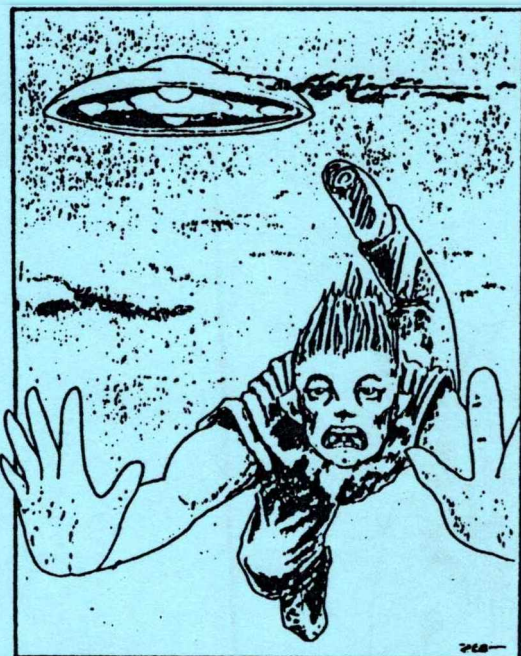
"rejected"
by Alan White

For FAPA Mlg. #240

2081-

QUANT Suff #4

QUANT Suff #4 is done for FAPA and Fandom by Joyce Worley Katz, 330 South Decatur, #152, Las Vegas, NV 89107, in May 1998. Thanks to **Arnie** for the repro chores, and for this lovely new Quark template, and to **Alan White** for the Fortean Fall that graces the cover. This is a more ambitious format for me, and my ambition can hardly be contained. Next issue - 100 pages! (Yes, I'm joking.) Member fwa and afal.



This is
The Lost Treasure Issue Of
QUANT Suff

Contents

A Word From Your Sponsor - 2
History of Poplar Bluff Fandom - 4
WorleyGigs - 7
The Last Fanhistorian (by Arnie Katz) - 8
The Scientific People (letters) - 11
100 Mile Circus (Mlg. Comments) - 14
(All uncredited writing is by Joyce.)

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A Word From Your Sponsor

Ah, the Merry May, come to dry the April tears. As the days grow more lovely, I recall again my joy when we moved to Las Vegas, as I daily contemplated the vista and felt lucky indeed. I still look around me, still amazed at how beautiful this Valley is, and I still feel lucky.

It wasn't a great Spring. Health problems and domestic pet trials produced a lot of stress. I believe it's passed; I'm feeling stronger and the sad heart is mending too. It's May, and the coming summer months seem to hold few fears.

No More Ink Stains, But...

I started work on this issue with confidence and lots of time. It was Tuesday before the deadline; more than long enough to do Quant Suff.

Wednesday morning I finished the layout, with

plenty of time to run a proof copy, enter corrections, and still get it to Dave Bratman before Saturday.

I was feeling superior, positive, a fan in charge of her own destiny when I popped the disk out of my Mac and carried it to the office with the printer.

The system refused to open the file: Dr. Norton couldn't cure it. Then I learned that my harddrive backup hadn't backed up.

(I thought you'd enjoy a good old-fashioned horrors-of-war repro story.)

Sobered but wiser, I begin anew.

I have from now 'til August. More than enough time to reconstruct this issue and do an entire other one besides. Nothing can go wrong; I am again a fan in charge of my own destiny.

My Kittens Have Gone From Their Basket

Silver and Goldie are gone, woe and alas. The neighbor's two kittens who lived by my door both disappeared during the first ten days of April. The neighbor's not seen them, nor have any of the neighborhood children. I've searched both animal shelters in Vegas; they aren't there, and I don't believe they ever were, from all the records I examined.

I'll miss them, much.

Remember the party when they first appeared? I think Marcy Waldie wrote about their arrival in Wild Heirs. We fed them turkey, and they became fandom's little familiars, tumbling and playing by the door, stealing hearts.

I truly loved Goldie, and have been very grieved over her, and over the subsequent death of her newborn kittens after she was taken.

For that's what I believe happened. Like I said, I'm convinced she wasn't ever at the Animal Shelters. So now I can but hope that some kindly person took her and Silver in, to give them a real home.

It was bad timing, but I'd like to believe they are together and happy, somewhere.

Tea & Sympathy

On April 20, Aileen Forman gathered a clutch of Las Vegas' fan women for High Tea. We met in a charming establishment filled with lace, ribbons and delicate 50's china, where we had refreshments and polite conversation.

Charming really is the word. We'd all dressed for the occasion. I'd dug among my things to come up with Victorian gear (more toward the end of Queen Vickie's reign, rather than the beginning.) A veteran of years of watching Upstairs Downstairs, I knew my goal. Unable to quite muster Lady Bellamy's style, I tried instead to look a little like Mrs. Bridges, out for a Sunday treat.

Most of the others didn't really try for Period ware. Su Williams wore a delightful 30-ish styled 60's shimmy, and would have won the prize, if there had been one for great costumry. Peggy Burke Karilla came out in 50's finery, complete with Jackie-style pillbox and veil. Most of the others aimed rather for elegance instead of antiquery. Together, we made a fancy flock indeed, and I can't wait to see the pictures.

The room was dominated by a lace-covered table, flowers, and smartly arranged placesettings. The ceiling was festuned with hand-made garlands of lace and flowers. The cabinetry and walls held antique prints and crockery.

The fare was fancy -- cucumber finger sandwiches, tidbits of pastry and vegetable puffs, chocolate-dipped strawberries and fruited teas.

We calculatedly tried for a little vicious gossip: "Have you seen how large Eunice has become? She's really the Big Face Girl," and "And what was that Cynthia had on at the last meeting? I thought it was a flour sack." After we milked as much fun of it as we could, we moved on to wider topics.

It was nice. Really. Everyone greatly enjoyed the genteel ambience. It was like stepping back in time to a slower era, when women had time for such delicacy, when elegance was refined, and lace and ribbons were a way of life.



Tomato Countdown

I have nine plants, and there are little green tomatoes on the vine. When I walk out to talk to them every day, the tomato-vine scent is pungent and rich.

My one pepper bush is thriving, luxuriant and green. No sign of peppers, yet. I hand water this baby every day, and I expect great things out of it.

The grape vine is getting very bush, reaching out and taking over the roses. Grapes are hanging, tiny incubators, but they're growing. I hope they'll be sweeter this year than last. I'm told they should be, that vine bear better grapes after they mature a bit. We'll find out soon enough. •

**Lost Treasures:
How I Learned About Burbee
Being A Memorial of Sorts
To Poplar Bluff Fandom
by Joyce Worley Katz**

In the eo days, before the before, it's said the city birthed **Claude Degler**, and that Claude went out among the masses to spread the word. Unfortunately, the world just wasn't ready for Claude or his message of Ozarkian Free Love.... The man who burned to bring fannish light to the dark days of serious constructive fandom failed in his mission. So far as anyone knows, he never returned to Poplar Bluff, Missouri, and nothing that came out of that city later had any connection with him.

(...I've always had a curious temptation to speculate about that undoubtedly true fact. What if indeed he did pass through town one blustery February day in the mid-30's? Could there be any possible link?... But no. The truth is good enough without imaginary wrinkles.)

Degler was as John-the-Baptist, a failed hero who never lived to see his dream come to life. Like many a starry-eyed would-be lover who neglects to check out the girl next door, he never knew that his birthplace was to be the root of a river of fanaticism. Poor soul, out there hiking on the highway, he didn't have a clue about who would follow in his steps. And, those who followed didn't have a clue that there was one who went before.

There really was only one Poplar Bluff fan, and all else followed.

**A Short History of
of Poplar Bluff Fandom
by Someone Who Wasn't There**

It's endlessly fascinating to me, to hear how people "found" fandom. Nowadays, I guess most new fans get into it when they wander into a convention some where, or a Star Trek Festival... there's a dreary sameness about the tales of most people who've come around fandom in the last coupla dozen years. The old days were better. It took colorful coincidences to establish first contact... fanzines found in bus depots, names gleaned out of prozine letter cols, messages sent into a void, and contact-hungry neos waiting eagerly by the mailbox for the first letter to arrive.

For **Duggie Fisher**, the summer dragged by slowly. He'd heard about fanzines; they were occasionally mentioned in the letter columns, but he'd

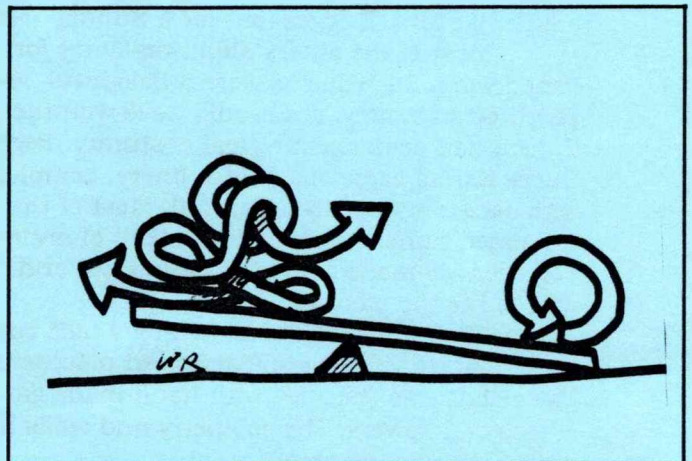
yet to see his first when he decided to pub his ish. That first issue of **ODD**.... how he must have sweated over it!... was hectographed (and badly). It had practically nothing of merit about it... but he ran to the mailbox every afternoon that summer of 1948, waiting for just one word from anyone.

It finally came.... a single, crinkled up letter, containing no more than a couple of lines. But, glory be, they came from the Great Fan **Shelby Vick**... a name Duggie had read ... and Shelby sent him a dime for the next issue! No money earned in his whole life ever looked as shiny as that first subscription; no other fan ever gained the peculiar affection Shelby earned by that tiny act of kindness to an unknown fan.

Once he had his subscribers to satisfy, there was no stopping him. **ODD** was on the road... and thus occurred the birth of Poplar Bluff fandom.

One day that summer, Duggie was mowing the lawn in front of his parent's place of business (Duggie's Motel, Service Station and Restaurant... a stop on Highway 67 that has since been immortalized in Linda Bloodworth's "Designing Women" tv series). A ram-shackled car drove up, spewing fumes and coughing exhaust. Out hopped a gargantuan form, a mass of flesh that fanned out the flames coming from the car, then introduced itself as **Don Jacobs**. Seems Don, a teacher/preacher/sometimes soothsayer based about 40 miles deeper into the hills, had read a review of the first issue of **ODD** in **Rog Phillips'** fanzine column. A man of action, he had taken to the road to find and meet Odd's publisher, and wasn't in the least daunted by Duggie's youth.

The two hit it off immediately. Don, ever in trouble with his flat-earthier congregation for teaching students the earth was round, needed the



intellectual stimulation and Dug's enthusiasm. In turn, Duggie learned much about the world and life from his mentor. Don, his wife Jeannie, and later his brother **Bob Jacobs**, would gather to talk about science fiction, and what-ifs, and spin fine dreams about the future.

In that peculiar way of isolated fans during the 40's and 50's, they called themselves a club, few as they were. **Bill Holmes** somehow drifted into their midst. More along for the company and conversation, he was attracted by the group rather than by science fiction. **Jackie Dean Clark** was the next entrant. Good-natured, good-looking, calm and intelligent, he started his own fanzine — but the name is lost in the mists.

It wasn't much of a club, more just a group of friends who could talk about a thousand concepts and expand on themes that seemed Significant.

A Psychic Encounter

One summer afternoon fire sirens cut through the air. Duggie hopped on his bike and cycled to see what was burning. He went further than he might usually ride, all the way into the Kinyon School District, then parked his bike and stood watching the fire.

As he stood there, he noticed another kid come biking up. He later told me about it. "I'd never seen him before, and I don't know why, but it came into my mind that he had Big Little Book Number 8."

An avid collector, Duggie lost interest in the fire and strolled over to talk to **Max Keasler** for the first time. Yes, Max did have the book, and yes they could work out a trade.

That was how Duggie Fisher met Max Keasler, and how Max happened to join fandom.

Questions

There are many questions I can't answer about Poplar Bluff's "club". I don't know if it had a formal name, or regular meetings. I don't know the exact dates of its existence. Duggie was a fan from 1948 to 1952-3, and when he gaflated, everyone else had already left before him.

So far as I know, Keasler, Clark and Fisher were the only fanzine publishers in the group. Yet, the two Jacobs were at least aware of the zines. They were sons of a local newspaper man, so pre-disposed toward the world of letters. I've often wondered if in fact they did have a zine of their

own that has now been forgotten.

Duggie had all the normal fannish contacts, via letter and zine. His coeditor was **Richard Elsberry**, a well-known fan, from Illinois I think. Through him, and through **Odd**, Duggie knew many of the fannish greats of the period.

Keasler became extremely well known through his fanzine, **Opus**, which was later renamed **FanVariety**.

Clark suffered from repro problems, never had much luck with his zine, and didn't continue publishing for very long.

The New Orleans WorldCon

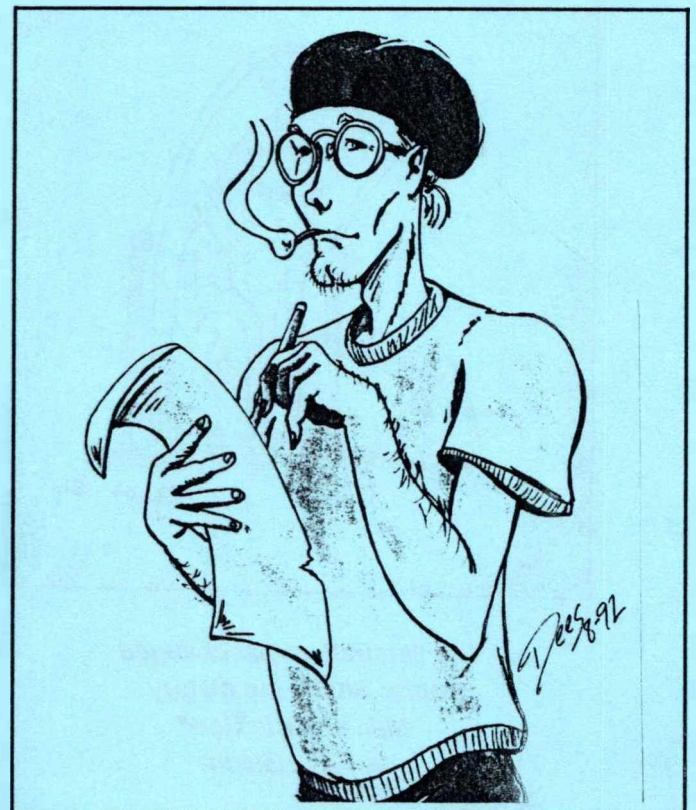
Max Keasler and Duggie Fisher saved money all summer for the trip to New Orleans. When Labor Day approached, Max had enough, but Duggie didn't.

At first Max thought he wouldn't go alone. But Duggie pressed two 20's into his hand and said, "Throw a party, and give everyone my best wishes," so Max decided to go for it.

Wonder how it turned out?

Censorship

The Clean Up Fandom campaign was disas-

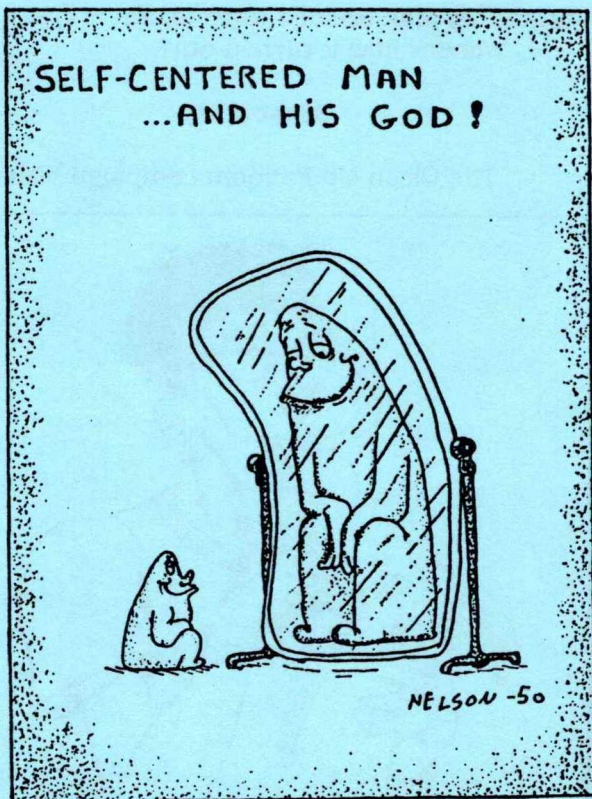


trous to Poplar Bluff. A complaint was registered that Opus and Odd both had "obscene" material. I believe Opus' problem was with language. Odd's problem was a **Ray Nelson** cartoon: A fat short monster standing before a mirror looking at an oversized version of himself, with the caption "Man & His God" struck the local postmaster as blasphemous.

Both zines were banned from the mails.

Duggie put out one more issue of Odd, #13, and shipped some of the copies to Elsberry to mail. He talked his Dad into taking the rest to St. Louis, and to neighboring villages Dexter and Fisk, to post from there. He planned to continue, but the entire affair broke his spirit. Besides, he was ready to move on, and out of fandom.

Keasler's dad was very supportive of him, so Max didn't bolt from fandom; he just changed the name of his zine to **FanVariety**, and continued publishing for awhile.



The Illustration that changed Poplar Bluff's fan history: "Man and His God" by Ray Nelson

I Missed Out On A Good Time

It was the Autumn of 1952 when I first heard of fandom. Visiting **Carol Ann Fisher**, Duggie's sister and my classmate, I fell into conversation with her big brother. He told me about ODD, and fanzine publishing, and invited me to submit some of my poetry.

I thought about it a lot that Fall. But I was just 13, and in love for the first time, and it simply didn't happen. Duggie went away to college (and, as I now know) gafflated. We didn't remeet until 1956; by that time, he had completely turned from fandom.

The Lost Treasure

They're all gone now. Max Keasler died preposterously young, of abscessed teeth. Duggie died in the late 80's.

Don Jacobs and his wife Jeannie moved to California, then Hawaii, and back to California again, where he became involved in hippy religious movements. I believe he preached in San Francisco under the name "Moby Whale", and then died in the mid-60's.

Bill Jacobs still lives in Poplar Bluff with his wife, my Sunday School/High School best friend Joanne. Someday I'll contact him and ask if he can tell me more about those early days of Poplar Bluff fandom.

William Holmes still lives in Missouri, but he never really knew about fandom at all.

The last time I saw Jackie Dean Clark, he and his wife Laura were going to teacher's college. That was in 1959-60, and I don't know where they are now.

And no one knows if Degler ever returned to Poplar Bluff again.

There must be hundreds, even thousands, of stories like this: Little fandoms that spring into being, have their day in the sun, and fade away into obscurity. Most are never heard from again.

But Poplar Bluff fandom was a little different than the others. For one thing, fandom can never forget that Degler was born there, and planned to go back to that area to found his love camp.

Keasler's great popularity in fandom also helped keep the Poplar Bluff group from being totally forgotten.

And of course, Duggie returned from gaffa in 1964-5, revived Odd, and became very active in the St. Louis area.

Where Does Burbee Come In?

Among Duggie's proudest fannish possessions was the article Burbee gave to him in the early 60's.. At that time, as always, the Burbee name had tremendous cache in fandom.

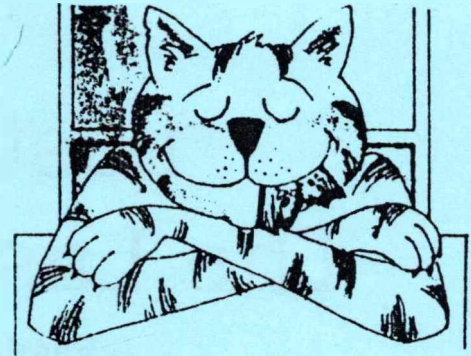
When Dug and I married in 1956, I learned a lot more about fandom, and started reading the zines in his collection. In Odd, the Burbee piece shown as the most brilliant Duggie ever published.

Burb's article, and the files of **Opus/FanVariety, Guandry, Slant and Hyphen**, were the items I focused on; it was these things that made me want to be a fan. It was many many years before Duggie agreed to return to fandom, so I had a lot of time to read and reread the zines from long ago.

Regrets

I have always regretted that I was too stupid to know the value of the treasure Duggie offered me at age 13. How different my life would have been if I had gone into fandom at that point.

But I am grateful to that tiny, obscure, all but forgotten fandom that existed in Poplar Bluff Missouri between 1948 and 1953. I wish I had joined that group. In a way, I will always feel that I was a part of it...just a few years late for the meetings. •



WorleyGigs

There is a sameness to my job that belies its nature. Writing daily news does mean that I'm constantly involved with, well--news. But the daily fresh material is slotted into rigid routines that make every day the same.

I spend 60-90 minutes each morning on line, pulling down the raw stories off the Internet. I use several professional news delivery systems, most notable of which is Business Wire. And, of course, personal acquaintances and contacts in the electronic gaming industry fill in the gaps with information that may never reach the services.

The process doesn't change from one day to the next, yet it has changed drastically during my career. (I am sure that **Harry** would point to similar differences in the newspaper biz over the past 20 years.) When I began, all information came to me either by mail or by telephone. In fact, my involvement was a rather leisurely affair, and each news column was carefully crafted over what now seems an exorbitant amount of time. Currently all information arrives daily and gets chopped through my mill in a few hours time, to satisfy the daily deadline.

This speedy turnover of news is another aspect of the McLuhan prophecy of pyramiding facts that threaten to make us all specialists. The speed by which the Internet disperses information creates a seeming vacuum, requiring fresh facts in a non-ceasing flow.

Yet no one can absorb, remember all this data. Even I, swimming in the small puddle that is entertainment electronics, can barely stay afloat in the wash of ideas that cross my desk.

I wonder if all my efforts are therefore vain? Well, of course, in the long run (even the medium short run) that is true. But on a day to day basis, are my services needed, or even noticed? Although the publisher may point to the numbers, and assure me that X-number of people read my news on any given day, I still am plagued by the realization that they all will surely forget it on the next. •

Lost Treasures

The Last Fanhistorian

Faan fiction by Arnie Katz

They sat in the Moonbase rec room, drinking their third beers of the evening. Or at least what passed for "evening" in the 24-hour world of Carpenter Base, the third-largest military installation in the free universe.

They'd put in a long day. The fact that they'd spent most of it unpacking and shelving provisions hadn't shortened it, either. Even newly commissioned officers don't have enough enthusiasm to cover cartons of toilet paper and cases of Spam.

"There's something I have always wondered, Meyer," said Mallik Thompson between sips of not-very-tasty brew.

"What's that, Mal?"

"It's your name, Meyer."

"My name?" he blurted, caught off guard.. "What about my name? You mean 'Lichtman'? It's Jewish or something."

"It is? How interesting," Mal replied. "I meant your *first* name, Meyer."

"It's a family thing," said the taller lieutenant. "My mom said that my great granddad Robert flat out insisted on it."

"You mean you have a lot of relatives named 'Meyer'?"

"No, just me," Lt. Meyer Lichtman said. "At least I never heard of any others."

"I don't think it's biblical or anything, so where did it come from? Do you know?"

"They explained it to me when I was five. You know how kids are at that age. I don't remember it all," the young lieutenant admitted. "It had something to do with an old joke that my grand father liked especially well."

"An old joke?" Mel said.

"Something wrong with that, Mallik?" The other man noted the edge in Meyer's voice and decided that diplomacy might be a good strategy.

"Absolutely not," Mallik assured him. "I was just wondering what kind of joke could be that important."

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't actually know the joke," Meyer said. "I think it was dirty, because

mom never got around to telling it to me."

"What a fascinating thing," Mallik said. After three beers, just about everything struck him as fascinating.

"I've thought about investigating it, but somehow, I never get around to it."

"You're going back to Earth for a furlough tomorrow. Why not go to the old homestead and check it out?" Mallik suggested. "It'll give you something to do."

"Maybe I will, if I can't get a date on Saturday," Meyer said. "Ready for another?" They returned to their previous subject, a scholarly comparison of leading actresses in adult stereovids.

Lt. Meyer Lichtman was bored. He felt much better once he'd acknowledged the situation. He had run out of things to do. Rita was a terrific girl, but she'd already had firm plans for her furlough when they'd met on the shuttle from Carpenter

They'd had a good day — and night — but then he was on his own. Looking up high school buddies filled another day, but now they'd returned to their daily grind, and he had nothing to do and nowhere to go.

Nowhere? Well, he could visit the Lichtman family home in NoCal. "Not too exciting," he told himself, "but possibly interesting."

Only Uncle Calvin was there when he knocked on the door. That was awkward, since he and Calvin had seldom met and never been close. Calvin was always on the other side of the world, doing something or other, when Meyer was growing up. Now he was at Carpenter Base, and Uncle Calvin was here.

"Come in, Meyer," Calvin said as he opened the door.

"I'm surprised you recognized me," Meyer said once they were seated in the livingroom.

"We don't have too many people in the Space Force," Uncle Calvin said. "Besides, we've had Thanksgiving dinner a time or two." It was two

times, exactly, but Meyer had no wish to pursue this subject any further than necessary.

"I'm trying to find out about my name," he said.

"Your name?" his uncle replied. "It's Jewish. 'Lichtman' is a fine old name."

"My first name," he corrected. "I know about 'Lichtman,' more or less."

"It's a mystery to me. Old Robert insisted, and they gave in to him," he said.

"He insisted on it?" Meyer repeated, playing dumb. He needed some help. It didn't pay to come off as a know-it-all.

"That's what they told me," said Calvin. "I don't know why he was so keen on it, though."

"Neither do I," Meyer admitted freely. "That's what I'm trying to find out."

"So it's a mystery to you, too."

The subject clearly intrigued his uncle, so now was the time to strike. As casually as he could, Meyer said, "I wonder if Granddaddy Robert's papers might shed some light?"

"There's only one way to find out," Uncle Calvin said, taking the bait without hesitation.

"What's that, Uncle?"

"Go down to the repository. That's where they are." Meyer nodded. "I'll get the key."



"Have a good furlough?" Mallik asked when his friend came into the rec room.

"Not too bad," Meyer said. "Met a girl on the flight down, so I took her to dinner and like that."

"Like what?"

"Like that."

"Which 'that'?"

"You know which 'that'."

"Oh."

"Nice girl," Meyer summed up. "She's supposed to look me up when she gets back to Carpenter next week."

"I guess you didn't go home."

"Wrong."

"You went."

"Yeah," Meyer replied. "She had other plans."

"Did you find out anything?" Mallik demanded, his desire for details about the girl instantly forgotten.

"I met my Uncle Calvin, and he gave me the keys to the family repository."

"So?"

"So I went down there — rode the old BART, like when I was 10. The train ride was pretty strange, too. Maybe I'll write one of my articles for the *Carpenter Commentator*."

"The repository?" Mallik nudged.

"I got to the repository, and I found the section where my grand parents stowed my great grand father Robert's effects."

"Find anything?"

"Well, he had surprisingly good taste in rugs." Meyer wondered how much trouble it would be to get permission to bring one up here for his room.

Mallik smacked him on the shoulder. He pretended the meaty black fist hadn't permanently dented his bony shoulder. "You know damn well what I mean, Meyer." Mallik looked at his friend. "You found something, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I did," Meyer said. "I went to the repository. It was a huge place, bigger than the rec room, down a dark hallway on the sixth floor of an old warehouse complex."

"When I opened the door, a wave of dust whooshed out at me," Meyer said, warming to his narrative. "For a moment, I felt like I was entering the Tomb of some long-dead Pharaoh."

"Were there many Jewish Pharaohs?"

"Not officially, no. So I examined the drawers and shelves and bins, and then I found it."

"What?"

"A big carton with a 'Robert Lichtman' label. I had to move six other cartons to get at it, but I

finally worked it free of the stacks.

"I dragged it out into the middle of the room and slit the tape with my knife.

"So much dust rushed out that I thought I'd discovered Pandora's box."

"After I stopped coughing, I opened the cardboard carton. Man, was it packed."

"Packed?"

"Stuffed," said Meyer. "Stuffed with... stuff."

"Like what?"

"Big wads of paper. Anyway, I dug through it until I found *this*..." He produced a white, gold-rimmed china plate from a small satchel Mallik hadn't noticed..

"Hey, there's a cartoon on it!" Mallik exclaimed. He read it and laughed. "What's the signature? Someone famous?"

"Well, not famous, but I've heard the name 'Rotsler' around my family," Meyer said. "This must have been done by one of Robert's friends."

"That makes sense," Mallik agreed. "This plate must be old."

"Sixty years or so," Meyer said. "I linked to the popular culture department of Illinois University. A Dr. Chan there said it was 60 years old.

"He said that Rotsler was some kind of renaissance figure of the last century. He wrote and draw and made strange movies and chased women. Dr. Chan compared him to Frank Harris and Harlan Ellison. I was running late, so I didn't ask who they were," Meyer said, apologetically.

"So are they worth anything?"

"Dr. Chan was pretty excited about the dish," said Meyer. "And when I showed him these..." he

produced three more plates with cartoons by the same artist, "he got really excited."

"Geez, its a custom set," Mallik observed. "It's a miracle they survived in such perfect condition."

"Not really, Mal," Meyer contradicted. "Old Robert protected his treasure well. That box was packed with paper. It was all brittle and tattered. I had to be really careful when I was scooping out the plates, because there were thousands of rusty staples. I didn't want tetanus."

"So did you find out anything about your name, Meyer?"

"No, but at least I've preserved Great Grandfather's lost treasure. Now those plates will be properly preserved and displayed. All those hunks of paper couldn't have been good for them"

"Saved the family treasure and found a few more mysteries."

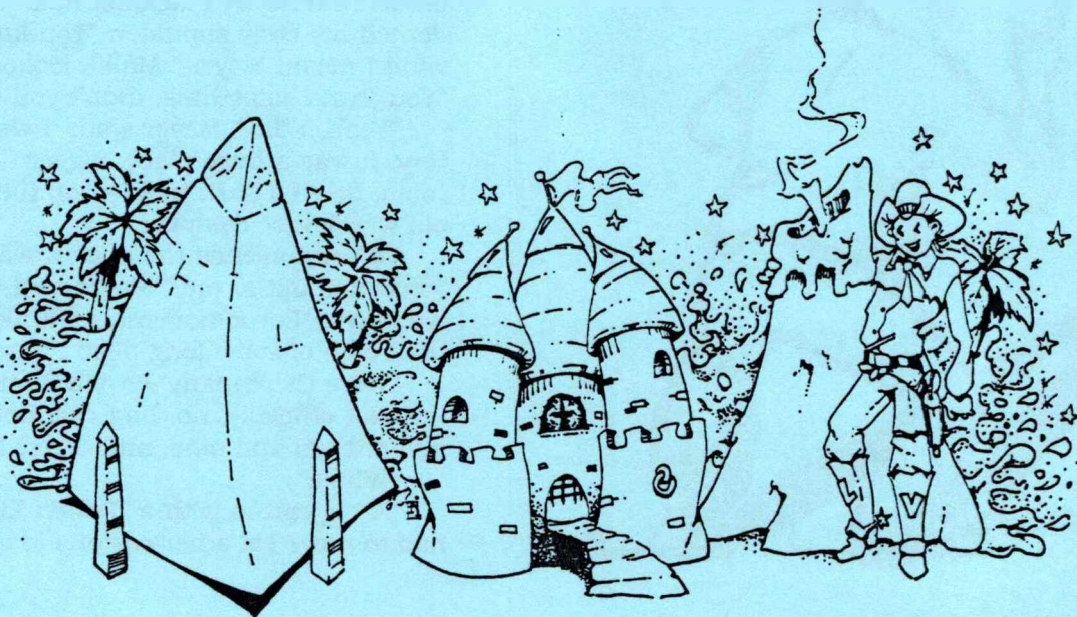
"Mysteries?" Meyer felt he'd missed something.

"Sure," said Mallik. "The cartoons on the plates. Who is Harry Warner, and what's a 'loc'?"

"Maybe I'll look through the repository against during my next leave," Meyer said. If he didn't spend it in some fancy Vietnamese resort with Rita.

"Next leave?" Mallik said, smashing him on the shoulder again. "You're back less than a day and already you're looking six months down the line." He made his voice artificially deep and booming, like the CO. "That's not what we expect of officers, Lieutenant Lichtman."

They laughed. Meyer bought a round of beers and Mallik told him an old joke about a masturbation contest and a penis that chased women. •



The Scientific People

(Send me your laundry list, your grocery register, your tax return.
I won't print them, but this is one way to clear out the clutter.
On the other hand, if you send me your letters...)

Dean Grennell
26331 Esmeralda Circle
Mission Viejo, CA 92691-5301

Many Thanks for sending QUANT Suff N° 3, which I found interesting and enjoyable! I'm phasing out the Dana Point p.o. box and the one at upper right will be taking its place if you'd care to update your mailing list.

I used to be into artwork, liked it but just sort of drifted away, as you know how that can go. I had and probably still have some Prismacolors, only mine were/are colored pencils. My set of oil paints were Permanent Pigments and they surely were permanent, with no slightest sign of fading over the years in any of the colors.

Also interesting were your Fapa mailing comments. I was a member for several years, long ago. When I joined, I replaced **F. Towner Laney**, but never heard who took my place when I dropped out. I'm still a member of something called Flap...

As a kid, I was moderately precocious; the oldest, with a pair of twins coming along 7 years later. My father taught me to read and write when I was 3. I attended a little one-room country school and disturbed my teacher somewhat by commencing to read my way through their set of encyclopedias.

We wound up with 7 kids, 4 girls and 3 boys. Bill is the youngest, now 30, a jolly giant 6 5 1/2, weighing 275 or so. His oldest is a son, Michael, with a kid brother named Thomas. Michael has had his own computer for some while now. I got him some software so he could learn phonetics, which he did and currently he's working on another batch for math. Michael is 3, due to turn 4 on 28 May. I note all this in regard to your comments to **Harry Warner**, who appears to be the same dour spillover I recall from my Fapa days.

Replacing Laney must have been quite a challenge. We may debate the style of the shoes left to fill, but not their size. He was very prolific.

My first grade was in a one room country school, an experience I wouldn't trade. But in my

case, I was far from precocious; I only learned to draw a cat that year, and my strongest memory is of Soup Day at school.

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I was a little surprised to see you also collect Depression Glass. (My mother bought hers new during the depression, and I've managed to find some additional pieces to add to her set. The pattern's name I can't recall at the moment, but it's pink with flowers.) My sister had found various bits and when she died I inherited them. So I've bits in my kitchen (mostly green with the odd yellow or faded (did you know some colored glass fades to transparent?), but no books or magazines. (I'm a little leery of finding out how much I'd have to pay for a set.) I do know several places here that have bits in the shops. Maybe I should suggest one of the stores pack up whole and emigrate to Las Vegas until its Minnesota stock is sold, then return with some Las Vegas stock to make up the difference here.)

Pink with flowers...hmmmm, that really narrows it down. No—I had never heard of faded depression glass. Are you certain it wasn't transparent when it was made? It did come in almost every possible color variation.

I'll take that trade, and send you two of our old slot machine stores for one of your old glass stores.

Steve Stiles
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A week or so ago I contemplated doing a cartoon featuring a fan in a pose expressive of anxiety and confusion, thinking "Whither Vegas fandom?" What stopped me was the certainty that as soon as the ink had barely dried, a floodgate of fnzs unleashed from Las Vegas would appear in my mailbox (and the other thing is that I'm on a

forced sabbatical from fan art these days.) Now QUANT Suff explains "Whither?": you've all been under holiday burnout.

It's Nice that you're doing art these days. My own efforts have been limited to an abstract acrylic painting I've been working on these past two years, thanks to the gift of some canvas a local friend gave me on my 51st birthday. The painting has changed 5-6 times during that time; no sooner do I approach completion than I decide that the composition is no damned good and paint over the whole thing. (However, I think I've finally finished it and it will go up somewhere in the living room as soon as I get around to framing it — which will surely be sometime in the next six months or so.) As for markers, I like them but have yet to use them on any professional jobs, despite the fact that many comic book artists use the black ones for inking; I'm left handed and the heel of my somewhat sweaty palm tends to rest on the drawing surface — no matter what care I take, and how waterproof the manufacturer claims the marker is, the result is always an inevitable smear somewhere in the drawing.

My own interest in antique hunting was limited to a period when I was a bachelor, working in advertising, and blessed with a surplus of spending money. I was also dating a woman who knew where all the goodies were. During the relationship I managed to score a few things that I still have to this day; an early 20th century toy train, a 1940s bubble gum machine, and (my favorite) a huge scrapbook of newspaper clippings from the last year of World War I — the self-righteous tone of nobility, and demonization of The Hun, makes for fascinating reading from the perspective of seventy eight years later. But I do miss the thrill of the hunt, which I sublimate by periodically haunting various second hand stores and picking up the occasional neat Hawaiian, or whatever, shirt for a few bucks (current day prices for new clothing strike me as truly appalling—I'm still stuck in the '60s when \$15 for a shirt was a wild indulgence.)

My latest acquisition of apparel, by the way, is an item I've been searching for years, a genuine, classic helicopter beanie. I intend to wear it as some future Corflu (if ever our plans to actually go to a Corflu don't fall through at the last minute), or at least a Second Friday meeting. Tonight it will have it's first public appearance when I wear it at our synagogue's Purim party. I plan on billing it as

the kepah of the future.

Used clothing is fun, and not just because of the bargains. It's a perfect place to find that neat hippy gear that I couldn't afford back when I was a hippy.

The ability of yours to cause events by illustrating them — we must exploit it to everyone's advantage. Have you considered drawing a cartoon of the bastions of Sixth Fandom coming to the present day?

Buck Coulson

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Oh, yes, collectors find different things in different locations. A California friend visiting flea markets was delighted at the prices of "piano scarves" (I think that's the term), which were so much cheaper than in California. Lots of them here, but they — and a lot of the pianos they rested on — were discarded before the wagons crossed the Rockies. On the other hand, something — I forget what, now — was considered far too expensive. Indian blankets? Whatever. Because there aren't many left in this area. Antique glass is relatively cheap here because there were glass factories all through this area. "Slag glass" is popular and very cheap; 50 cents a chunk, if it's a fairly small chunk. It's the stuff that was chipped out of the furnaces when they were shut down. Mostly varicolored, pretty, useless except as a decoration, and with edges that can slice your fingers open. I have a chunk somewhere; interesting stuff.

Antique plastic; the mind boggles.

Executing a killer certainly doesn't "make up" for the crime. But it does prevent repetition. (Some killers wouldn't repeat anyway, but I suspect that a majority would, if they had a motive and a chance. And "life imprisonment" mostly isn't.)

A short loc, but then it was a short fanzine. Nothing particularly exciting here. I seem to have developed another oldfart physical problem; arthritis. Walking is a problem at times. (Sitting down is a problem at times, but I can usually overcome that one.) I've just begun taking medicine, though, so the pain may diminish in time. Or, of course, may not.

We now have a 70-pound housedog, which

is not my ideal. It began on a very bad night, and Elli came in on probation and behaved perfectly, and has continued to, except for lying in doorways. But at least she doesn't twitch when you step over her. Perfect confidence in her humans, which I guess means we've come a long way with her since she was badly abused as a puppy and was scared to death of everything at first. But she's now up to barking at other animals and even chasing other dogs off the property, but won't bark at people. And won't eat while I'm outdoors with her. As soon as I go back in the house, she eats. Which I guess says something about her treatment prior to our removing her from the animal shelter.

There are slag heaps along the banks of the Mississippi, outside of Crystal City (the home of Pittsburgh Glass.) St. Louis fans made a couple of trips there, to break off chunks of the bright stuff, which in that area ran toward clear, green and some bright red. It's not good for much; I think what we got ended in a fish tank.

Indiana did indeed (and still does) have plenty of glass works. The great Indiana Glass Company is still in business near you. Every year, along with the new gift wear they make, they also pour at least one new piece in antique molds. I recently (well, ten years ago) bought a new deviled egg plate poured in an 1890's mold. Easy to spot as a recast, it's shinier and more perfect than the original. A dime-store treasure, indeed.

Gary Deindorfer
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You are not only once of the best writers in fandom, but possibly also one of the best fandoms in writer. And you are a visual artist too. I like your drawing on the first page. Keep up the good work. By all means keep at your art; when we have a talent it is only right and fitting to develop it.

They have often said that all knowledge is found in fanzines. This is true, if we only wait long enough. Now I know something about Depression Glass, something I was bereft of knowledge about up to now. My mother says she has a few items of Depression Glass after I mentioned this article to her — and indeed she does, passed along from her mother. She intends to read yr article, since she mentioned she might like to try acquiring a few

more items at flea markets. As for me, my flea market purchases are far more ordinary: books and records.

A visit from **Jack Speer**. Lucky you. Speer is one of the few people in fandom I could say I am somewhat in awe of. Fannishly, he's done it all and been it all.

Ah, yes, **Alfred Bester**. One of the most original and stimulating of the old school of sf writers. I wish they'd make a big budget, faithful-to-the-book movie of *The Stars My Destination*.

Your uncle, **Mr. Dickens**, is one of my favorite novelists. Great story teller, and his characters and descriptions are so vivid.

One of my favorite singer/songwriters, **Laura Nyro**, passed away last week at the tender age of 49 from ovarian cancer. Her songs were uneven, but the ones that got a groove going are memorable. Her voice was rich, with great dramatic qualities. Her melodies and harmonies were striking and original. I strongly recommend the new collection *The Best of Laura Nyro*. It's a fitting tribute to her memory.

And of course we lost **Allen Ginsberg**. I think his poetry was over-rated, being sloppy and lacking in restraint. Yet he attained some vivid word images. I think for the most part he was a force for the Good in American culture.

Ginsberg was important to me; HOWL had significance for the era when I graduated and became a latter-day Beatnik. (Last of the Beats, first of the hips...that was me.) A force for intellectualism instead of chaos.

*This would really be the time for a dramatization of **The Stars My Destination**. The burning man, the scenes on the Nomad, his unique facial tattoos — no trick at all with computer assistance. I was happy to see that some of the Bester titles have been reissued as classy new paperbacks. Perhaps someday we'll see that movie.*

I see my letters have run out before the end of the page. There's nothingness stretching before me...a tremendous void... I feel I am faaalllling...

Now aren't you ashamed!? If YOU had written me a letter, it could have gone right here, and filled up the awkward white space, and kept me from falling off the page into the void, and from vamping shamelessly like this to even out the lines. •

The 100-Mile Circus

(Mailing Comments by Joyce)

For Fapa (Eric Lindsay)

I sympathise with your trials in hunting for science fiction bookstores. In fact, they seem to no longer exist, except as very rare specialty shops, and few enough of those. Although most mainstream bookstores have large sci-fi collections, it's only a portion of the stock, so doesn't get any particular advertising, hence no handy reference lists in the Yellow Pages.

Way back in the 60's, in St. Louis, it was difficult to find science fiction except in bookstores that were half adult material, half regular stock. They were always divided, with the adult material back in the rear of the shabby stores, looking dark, forbidding and dismayingly damp.

It was, in fact, in one of these sexual/stef-nal emporiums that I first met Jim Hall, who introduced me to his son, Dave, leading to the founding of the St. Louis club.

Think how different Missouri fan history would be, if the store had been a different combo. If it were Metaphysics/Fly Fishing, perhaps I'd be writing this article for the Bahataghvian Sportsman's Times. If it were Nazi War Crime Admiration Society/Homemaker's Gazette, I might be embroidering these words on a leather apron.

Now and then SNAFFU (the local club) gets recruitment-happy, and papers the local stores with meeting notices. Sometimes this attracts one or two new faces; in fact, the club was originally founded from such impetus. Really, we should take aim at a new target, and put our fliers in the Cave Crawlers/Drinking Song Advocates pubs. It might produce a flock of new fans that could hold their liquor, carry a tune, and see in the dark.

From Artifact to Z (Catherine Mintz)

Abandon the "u" and just go with the "q"? Ignoble idea! I always assumed the "u" was there to provide a moment to think how to spell the rest of the word. In any case, I'm far too attached to that tiny pause to agreeably pass it by.

You were discussing fossilized bat dung with **Eric Lindsay**; it's amazing the things people will collect. Even though rock hounds value copralite, and it polishes up to display an interesting agate-like pattern, I never could really stand fossilized dinosaur dung. No matter if it's a million years old, my mind returns to the lessons of infancy ("Don't touch that; it's dirty!") and I recoil instinctively.

Sansevieria (Dale Speirs)

You're right: most of what you're seeing is corporate brochures, when surfing the Web. I have a theory (so far unproven by users who've not yet toppled to that fact) that Web surfing is just a fad that will die away. I think e-mail is wonderful, and the rapid exchange of information on the Web is delightful. But aimlessly browsing is not unlike going through hundreds of industrial press kits, carrying the corporate messages of their sponsors. And to make it worse, unlike their paper counterparts, they're annoyingly unportable.

Your excursion into UFOdom is fascinating. I've always thought it might be fun to attend a saucer-nut convention, check it all out. But reading your report scratched that itch: from your description, I imagine that the organizations are made up of thin-skinned, slightly paranoid escapists. Which, as you say, is similar to fandom-at-large, but perhaps a bit more spacey. And, from what you say, apparently more argumentative.

Why are cacti called succulents?

Howard Devore Proctologist

I'm so sorry to read of your troubles, and your pain. I hope the warmer weather brings some improvement. Leg pain is hard to cope with; if you're standing, you think you should sit; if you're lying, pain forces you to stand. There's no solace.

And, especially sorry to hear of your wife's illness. The illness of a spouse is such a burden;

there's no way you can separate yourself from it.

Through the years of living with Arnie's vision problems, my life has gradually altered to the patterns made necessary by his restrictions. (I no more would leave an obstacle in a traffic area of the house, than I would set our carpet on fire.) His blindness became my own. In this case, it has worked to my advantage, because now that my eyes have declined, those long habits make it easier to cope with my own problems.

And now, my own illness similarly reduces Arnie's mobility. As I am forced to restrict my own actions, my world becomes smaller, and so does his.

Some of the things you wrote about reminded me of my mother's continuing decline that started in her mid-50's and grew more acute until, in her 70's, the distinction between reality and imagination was completely gone. There were 20 years when her sanity seemed to flicker in and out, probably as the blood flow reaching her brain ebbed and increased. These years were filled with irrational angers, and malicious stories about first one member of the family, then another, and started such currents of resentment and distrust that it took years for the rest of us to get it all sorted out.

As I approach the age that she was then, I understand better the problems she went through, especially since I find we share some of the same physical weaknesses. But that doesn't cheer me much, nor does my understanding change the extreme discomfort of our family that resulted as she created scene after scene, made unfounded accusations, and turned what had been her sunny disposition into a shrewish, paranoid stranger to her own family. Ten years after her death, I still wonder if there was anything we could have done.

Fapamentary 38 (Brian Earl Brown)

I understand and sympathise with your cranky attitude toward foolish reviews. It's entirely obvious that a fanzine exists for the pleasure of its creator; if the recipient doesn't like a topic, as you suggest, it's easy enough to skip it. I too react badly to suggestions that I tailor my life to fit someone else's tastes.

Your discussion of the discipline problems with your Sarah struck a chord with me. It seems that some sort of discipline is necessary in child-rearing to avoid completely self-indulgent monsters. I think there's little real harm likely in any

situation where the parent is so deeply concerned about it as you obviously are. Fortunately, the Terrible T's gradually pass, and it eventually becomes possible to apply reason instead of the flat of your hand. But until then, spanking as an ultimate threat may be required to help kids learn those important early lessons.

Your article on "The Cost of Working" was very apt because you so correctly describe the arguments people will put up to justify laziness. "Child care costs so much; I can't afford the clothes; transportation and eating out take all the rest." I've heard an awful lot of people play "The high cost of working" game, in which they rationalize dependency. I believe, if you go at it the right way (or the wrong way, as the case may be) it's possible to rationalize away the need to do anything at all.

But the fact is, as anyone who's ever been Really Pushed knows, you can skip those lunches, wear your old clothes, take the bus -- and if what's left over is all you've got, suddenly it becomes very worthwhile indeed.

The Rambling Fap (Gregg Calkins)

How wisely and carefully you are weighing the possible destinations! But, as you say, the personal considerations weigh heaviest of all in the final decisions. If you like the country, enjoy its peoples, and can be comfortable there, then that must be the most important factor.

Once, long ago in my hippy youth, I moved to Mexco with some friends. Loved the country, loved the people; it was a rich, fantastic time of my life. But we returned, even though we had interesting legal financial opportunities that could have supported our staying there.

None of us could speak the language well enough. We were able to get by in the marketplace, to make our needs known and take care of life's daily chores. But we were unable to discuss intangibles, and that was what ultimately drove us home. The barrenness of conversation, when all we could discuss was the price of vegetables, made us long for the pithy comments of Americans. •

