

Resolution 5

RESOLUTION #5 comes to you from the usual Jackie Causgrove who lives in a new place, namely, 2813 De Mel Ave., #2, Louisville, KY 40214, which is unusual in the sense it is located in a state she's never lived in before, but usual in the sense that it is yet another in a seemingly unending list of address changes. Available for The Usual (contributions of artwork, writing, egoboo, Letters of Comment, any combination of the aforementioned, or gifts of Southern Comfort at conventions). July, 1980 is the hoped-for publication date, but she's been wrong before, so who knows when this'll come out?

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It's a familar feeling to be writing Resolution's editorial portion at the last minute. Working under the pressure of a deadline somehow works better for me -- at least it works, which is more than can be said for the RealSoonNow method. Of course, in dealing with a zine that has, in fact, no schedule, creating a deadline is arbitrary. Too often my enfeebled brain is unable to think of a quasi-logical target date to shoot for -- with the result that no zine is published -- but now that I'm relocated back in the Midwest it is to be hoped that attending an occasional convention will provide me with scattered dates which may provide incentive to publish and thereby save on those ever-spiralling postage costs.

AUTOCLAVE 4 is serving that purpose this time, and I have a scant 2½ weeks in which to accomplish everything involved in pubbing this ish, except to dun Dave Locke for an installment of his column. That was turned in almost a month ago, at the merest idle mention that perhaps, maybe, it might be a ghood idea to get the newest incarnation out sometime this summer. (As long as the job market remains so tight, what else is there to do?) AUTOCLAVE is slanted toward fanzine fans, and since we didn't attend MIDWESTCON this year (and couldn't have gotten this ready by that time in any case) it seemed serendipitous when Jodie Offutt wrote to suggest a workable plan to make attendance at the con a possibility.

Initially I had planned to begin this the day after returning from my solitary drive up to Wilcon (Jon & Joni Stopa's Independence Holiday bash in Wisconsin), but things didn't work out as expected (do they ever?). After lazing about the past three years, being flown and chauffered to the various cons I was able to attend, the 350 mile trip was quite a strain on my out-of-shape musculature. I was spacey when I arrived at Wilcon, I was totally wiped out by the time I got back to Louisville. Even then I could've done some sort of preparation for this issue -- sorting through the LOCs if nothing else -- if other events hadn't intruded.

The particular event that caused complications happened far before Dave and I came to this city. At some time in the past, the previous tenant of this apartment had ignored the "no pets" rule in our leases and had brought in a dog, which apparently treated the living room carpet as a fire hydrant. This didn't cause any problems until, during a rainstorm, the drainpipe next to our front window malfunctioned and we "took on water" (as the sailors on the Titanic were heard to say). By the next day, despite prompt attention from the maintenance crew who used a Rinse-N-Vac to sop up the bulk of the rainwater, an ammonia smell developed that required us to keep our windows open in order to breathe -- despite 90° temperatures (we blessed the provision in our lease which has the air conditioning paid for by the management: the electric bill would've thrown us into immediate bankruptcy). When I came home from the Stopa's, Dave informed me that the manager was going to have a new carpet installed, after stripping off the old and letting the concrete flooring dry thoroughly. Moving furniture, after emptying out storage items from their load of books, fanzines and assorted junkie, is not my idea of how to spend a day of recuperation, but the work had to be done, protests aside. Right now I'm drafting this while the workmen crawl about me, stopping occasionally while we tote the chairs and table to another spot so they have access to where I had been. It makes things a trifle difficult, but the spur of the approaching convention drives me onward. Deadlines must be met, after all. Even self-imposed ones.

Several pages could be filled with an account of the Big Move itself, but having typed up a version for an apazine, without gaining any hoped-for respite from the Deamons that haunt my sleep these nights, I see little point in reopening those still-raw wounds. You may count yourself fortunate that I find it sufficient to say that there's no way I could ever recommend 2300 mile moves to be made via U-Haul. The chances become even less when heavy rains, lasting for 3 days, are forecast; particularly when a less than watertight truck is being used. (Our furniture looked quite nice at one time; now the Salvation Army sells stuff in better condition *Sigh*)

Nevertheless, we did make it across the continent, we did locate a nice apartment (though part of its charm--being located on a high, wooded hill--may produce Problems come this Winter), and we did locate fans in the area. Bob Rhoem, with whom I've managed to keep in contact off and on through the years since dropping Slanapa, has been an especially big help in this regard. He's informed us of movie gettogethers, parties, and FOSFA (the local club; Falls of the Ohio Science Fiction & Fantasy Association--I never knew the Ohio River had waterfalls along its course...) meetings. He served generously as a Mail Drop, so we wouldn't be faced with ridiculous forwarding postage on our magazines and suchlike material, and he put us up for a night before we found this apartment. Fans can be among the friendliest of people, and Bob ranks right up there with the nicest of the lot.

Many people have asked us, in tones of bafflement, just why Louisville was selected as a relocation site. ~~I'm beginning to wonder myself!~~ I'd thought the matter had been adequately covered in past writings, but obviously it hasn't. Part of the problem is that it's impossible to keep track of topics discussed in fanzines of a year ago or more (Hell, I have trouble recalling subjects covered in letters of only a week or two ago), particularly when there's no personal involvement to keep interest alive. It annoys me when faneds complacently reply, upon being queried on some point or another, that the matter had been covered in one of their fanzine editorials with the obvious expectation that I've cherished each and every word they've printed in each and every fanzine they've either published or been printed in. I don't know which facet of that situation irritates me the most: the fact that they're usually so smug about it, or that if only my memory weren't so rotten I'd be able to keep all these tidbits of information straight and separate in my mind. In any case, I cannot expect more from the readers of this zine than I do of myself, so I'll briefly reiterate our reasoning.

My roots, as it were, are in the Midwest. The people here, family and friends, meant and mean far more to me than I'd realized when the decision to move to California was made. Shortly after leaving Chicago, I developed a massive case of Homesickness that time did not alleviate; instead it worsened. I simply could not remain on the West Coast. But Dave, who means as much if not more to me, despises ice and snow with a vehemence that must be heard in order to be fully appreciated. He flatly refused to move to Chicago, homesickness or not. He was willing to move to within driving distance of the area, though, if we could settle on a city that wasn't overly blessed with that white stuff that he loathes so much. Louisville fit the requirements; proximity to friends and convention sites, snowfall averages within his toleration limits, and a less-expensive cost of living than most major cities. So here we is, living in a state of compromise which we fully expect to satisfy us both, or at the worst, dissatisfy us equally.

Compromise, after all, is the art of working out two or more differences which prevent the reaching of mutually-desired goals. Our goals allowed us to work out manageable compromises for the vast majority of our differences. We do have one left, though, that somehow stubbornly refuses to Go Away. The ways in which we view Fandom.

Obviously, neither of us considers fanac to be an utter frivolity; we devote too much time and energy to it. The inability to find a common meeting ground must lie in the difficulty of defining a mutually used term. Definitions, we both agree, are based on perceptions which, in turn, color a person's view of the world at large. Definitions rest on opinions--equally hard to deliniate--but discussing them increases understanding of each other; one of those goals we each desire.

In trying to develop a definition of fandom that is suitable for our discussions, I realize that I have yet to define it fully to myself. What is fandom? For that matter, what is a "fan",

No one has yet to define exactly what is meant by the term "Science Fiction", how is it possible to define a fandom based on it then? Being a fan in desperate search of a subject to expound upon, I considered the means by which a definition could be established.

None came to mind that were completely satisfactory, but perhaps a blend of the statement/negation and *reducto ad absurdum* logic techniques might illuminate the matter--for myself if no one else.

As a starting point, I see one point of agreement among virtually all fans: SF Fans are somehow different from Mundanes. Is this true? Well, sure it is. We all know a fan when we see one, don't we?

Patently, that's an absurd statement. Fans do not resemble one another. Comparing two who are known quite widely in their fannish circles should disprove that point.

Howard DeVore, from Detroit fandom, is a tall, paunchy, past middle-age man. He's apt to be dressed in neatly pressed slacks and shirt, and has the definite air of Middle Class about him.

Gary Farber, on the other hand, is a short, skinny youth with long, frizzy hair he keeps restrained in a pony tail. He wears frayed denims (cut-offs in the summer) and imprinted tee-shirts. He exudes the aroma of Radicalism.

It's impossible to say that these two people appear alike, and yet they both are fans. Most importantly, they see each other as fans, too.

Does this then mean that fans aren't all that different from everyone else? I don't think so, else how could we have a group to be part of? The difference between fans and mundanes must lie in some other area than mere appearance.

In fact an overview of fandom, in most particulars, won't reveal glaring differences from the general population, and some apparent points of divergence don't hold up well under close scrutiny.

Fans may be a bit more educated than the norm; but that's not a hard-and-fast rule. Some fans seem to be better educated than they actually are--perhaps because of the typically strong interest in reading--and some fans don't act as well-schooled as their credentials would indicate.

Fans frequently are termed as more tolerant than the average person, but this broadmindedness can become illusory at times. Statements heard both for and against an entry in a recent West Coast Art Show were rather reminiscent of utterances made by the Hawks and the Doves during (and after) the Viet Nam conflict. Temperance and moderation were two concepts alien to either side.

No, in these regards, fans just aren't all that different from John or Jane Doe from down the street, who are known to get hot-headed about the results of a baseball game's final score. Yet, something different is being indicated when say "He's a fan" or "He's a mundane". What do we mean?

Perhaps an examination of what fans do rather than what they are will be more enlightening. It could be said that all fans perform some sort of fanac. Ignoring the jargon, it is difficult to refute this. A possible point of contention could be made by using



Tucker's definition of fanac--"Whatever two fans do together"--and commenting that this phrase is meaningless since it encompasses all possible kinds of human interaction. Yet if what you do defines what you are, then what is it that fans do? What types of action are meant when one hears the term "fanac"?

Reading science fiction is one apparent starting point. Obviously, though there are millions of readers of sf, all are not "fans"; and there are fans who no longer read sf, (if indeed, ever had given more than a small proportion of their spare time to doing that). While reading sf is not necessarily continual or continuing, from what I've seen, fans who somewhere, somehow considered sf to be a part of their reading backgrounds, are apt to also say it had some effect on their lives or viewpoints.

Reading, producing, and/or contributing to fanzines has been long respected as a fannish activity. Sidestepping the fact that fanzines branched off from apazines, which are rooted in a "mundane" activity, one must also acknowledge the fact that there are fans who have only seen a couple of zines. They may know of a title or two, but in no way consider fanzines as being or having been part of their lives. There, too, is a large number of fans who formerly participated in fanzine activity--sometimes to a phenomenal degree--but who no longer have enough interest in expending the time and effort required needed to maintain inclusion among "fanzine fans". Also there are fans who have never been interested in publishing and probably never will be.

Attending conventions is another activity considered as fanac. Yet there are all sorts of "conventions"--most of them mundanish in nature-- and there are people who attend sf cons who aren't considered as "fans" by anyone, especially themselves. There also are fans who never have set foot inside a con-suite, and have no intention of ever doing so. On the other hand, some fans participate so exclusively in conventions that non-con-going fans have never heard their names.

Collecting books falls into a similar "some do-some don't" category. It's apparent that all book collectors aren't fans, and just as obvious is the fact that there are fans who consider the accumulation of books as a hinderance, and who dispose of just-read volumes as quickly as they can. Some consider the disdain of books, as representative of material goods, to be a political statement.

Discussing sf in all its myriad forms is occasionally looked upon as a fannish prerogative, but mundanes also discuss sf--a glance at the review columns of national magazines will prove that, as well as a listing of courses offered in colleges across the country. The number of times when fans gather and never once mention the latest book, or film, or zine they've seen is incalculable. Some fans include little else in their conversation.

For every supposedly typical fannish activity I think of, there are examples of fans who do not fit into that mold. Fans who don't read sf and never have (Roger Sims), fans who don't interact with fanzines (Martha Beck, Ron Bounds, et al), fans who don't attend conventions (Ed Cagle, Bill Danner), fans who don't collect books (names are harder to come up with for this, but they do exist), and fans who never mention sf (ibid). In some regards, fandom is the most mutually contradictory group I've ever encountered, or even heard of. Yet fans, myself included, say we know what makes up a fan. We know who is or is not a fan; implying that we can recognize a species that, at the same time, is undefinable. Damon Knight's definition of sf ("Science Fiction is what I'm pointing to when I say it.") applies equally well here. We all "know"; yet none of us can explain.

One of those awkward moments most fans will recognize comes when someone views all those fringe groups and their activities as being representative of fandom. Mundanes often confuse sf and comix fandoms as being the same. The two groups have been at odds for years, perhaps because of an essentially snobbish viewpoint on the part of sf fen, but is also based on inherent differences between picture-oriented and printed-word-oriented media. Comics attempt to blend the two, but to judge by the material on the mass-market they aim for the absolute lowest common denominator; the under-12 person who can't handle complex issues and who's vocabulary is restricted to the 5th Grade level. There are more mature comics, but they are directed to a group who, more or less, grew up with

comic books and who have been trained to appreciate the mix of words and pictures, and who often come to consider the form as being superior to books--at least on an enjoyment level. There are sf fans who agree that some comics show wit and deep conceptualizing, but most will maintain that Books Are Better, and believe the separation of the two fandoms is complete and irrefutable.

A similar state exists with the newer fandoms. The filming and broadcasting of sf has, while lifting the hearts of sf fans who desire to view their favorite genre as well as read it, brought awareness of galactic adventure stories to the non-reading segment of the population. Stfanal concepts have made their way into music, and that also attracts many non-readers. These media have support among fans, too; but while some fans dote on Star Trek, some will never, ever tire of Star Wars, and some extoll the praises of punk rock, let a fan direct all his/her energies in appreciation of television or films or records and he/she is considered as lost --temporarily or permanently--to sf fandom.

So if neither those within or without the group can adequately define a Universally Acceptable conception of Fans or Fandom, it must be considered a judgemental decision, and therefore in the eye of the beholder. Then what do I see an individual fan to be?

Sf fans, in the main, are people who have been or still are affected by science fiction as literature. (Note, not sf movies, or TV, or music, but the printed word upon a page.) It may not be direct contact--in Sims case, his wife and friends were all involved--and the first encounter with stfanal concepts may have come through other interests, but the meeting must have taken place, and some effect occurred.

Most fans are people who are future-oriented to some degree. Their viewpoints may vary from bleakest pessimism to wildest optimism, but consideration of the Future as an operant factor upon their lifestyles is apparent. Fans think, they wonder, they anticipate. Because they recognize the alternate pathways that the Future could follow, they tend to be less judgemental in matters subject to cultural bias. Cultures change: the concepts of morality inherent in each change with them. Fans don't claim to be Omniscient: the world they view is not Black and White, but consists of varied shades of gray.

This orientation toward the Future inspires discussion of matters and trends which affect us all; weather, technological advances, personal relationships, economics, medical breakthroughs, philosophical concerns. Conclusions drawn from such interchange or musings will vary as much as the individual fans, but the worthiness of these topics for meaningful discussion is recognized.

I consider fans no better or no worse than the mundane who thinks of sf as That Crazy Buck Rogers Stuff, but the awareness of fans encompasses more than just the affairs in their daily lives. The expression of this awareness depends on their interests; it can be oral, or textual, or visual, or any combination. While acknowledging the fact that some mundane people fit similar standards, the percentage of those with this futuristic world/personal/spiritual viewpoint is greater in fandom, and therefore any single fan is more likely to share a commonality of viewpoint than any single mundane. People who restrict the bulk of their socializing to fandom (FIANOLers) are basically lazy; they see no need to search the wider body of people when a partially concentrated pool exists. To those of the FIJAGH persuasion, some of their non-fannish friends fit comfortably about my stated parameters, so they see no need to narrow the search. The size of the oceans they fish may differ, but what's caught is essentially identical.

Muddled in expression as it is, the fact I'm trying to state is that each of us recognizes in others those aspects which have the greatest appeal. While I may say that comix fans or trekkies or Pink Floyd devotees are not "fans", I cannot deny you, also as a fan, the right to view them differently--I merely claim the freedom to say you're wrong.

What all this wordage boils down to, then, is Knight's insufficient and irrefutable description applies to fandom. Fans are what I'm pointing toward when I say: "There's one!" I can only hope that you and I indicate the same people when we make that gesture, but if perchance we do not, well, all I can say is "That's Fandom for you..."

Close Enough For FANWRITING

COLUMN
by
DAVE
LOCKE

I keep telling Jackie that general fanzine fandom is dead, or if not dead it smells bad, but she doesn't accept this as having any bearing on the fact that she needs another column for her genzine. Another time I advised her that we were passing through a section of the country where you could pull in only country music on the radio, which she found interesting but not adequate reason for her to turn the radio back on. These two inci-

dents may appear somehow unrelated, I know, but rest assured that neither has much to do with science fiction.

This time I'm going to invoke some sort of columnist's privilege and wander, themelessly, in and out of three different topics. So let's go ahead and first take a look at --

TABULATED WOMEN

Back in early March I was working on a letter to Ed Cagle, making the Selectric's typing element go spastic as I pecked out various incredible lies, when Jackie interrupted me to read an Ann Landers column. The column contained the results of a poll wherein one-third of the women tabulated wore panties to bed.

Imagine that.

Apparently there were individuals who thought it strange that women did or did not wear panties to bed (regardless of whether or not the women were tabulated), and many readers took their own polls or wrote in individually to state their preference. So now we know. One-third to two-thirds. Another contribution to popular culture.

This much enthusiasm over the trivia and minutia of life immediately suggested the possibility of taking polls on other statistics of the culture. I turned back to the typewriter and shared the thought with Ed, and then I gave him a few examples of the kind of questions that might be posed: how many men sit down to pee, if they're in the bathroom and stark naked anyway? How many people wear their watch to bed? How many women use half a roll of toilet paper in one sitting? How many women like to rake their nails over a man's back while they're screwing? I told Ed that I'd bet if we made a list of a hundred questions and set about taking polls, we could put together a book that would sell like hotcakes.

So far Ed hasn't commented on the idea.

I guess one-half of us are interested and one-half aren't.

GENZINE, GENZINE; WHEREFORE ART THOU, GENZINE?

I mentioned back there that general fanzine fandom was either dead or smelled bad. I know this must be true, because I smoke three packs of Saratoga cigarettes a day and can't smell hardly anything.

Some recent fanzines (VOICE OF THE LOBSTER and Bostick's FAST & LOOSE are two) have chosen to take this subject and drop-kick it around a little. It was interesting to read all the opinionating. Brian Earl Brown believes that fanzine fandom died about six years ago, an opinion which would go far toward explaining why I find it odoriferous. Bostick feels that an apa boom has insidiously corrupted the general quality of fanwriting, an opinion which no doubt will bring shame to such fans as Lon Atkins and David Hulan for publishing some of the best fanwriting of the last ten years in their

apazines. Seattle John Berry believes that brevity and an unflagging frequency of issuance are the overriding criteria for a great fanzine, then explains why his all-time favorite fanzine is LIGHTHOUSE even though it was exceedingly thick and later issues came out about once a year. Harry Warner thinks the average quality of fanwriting is unchanged but believes that since the 60's we're lacking in the amount of first-rate material, which is²⁵ interesting a statistical anomaly as I've run across. Harry also notes his lack of personal enthusiasm for what he views as a shift of subject matter toward the visual media in science fiction and the in-person activities in fandom. Arthur Hlavaty believes that genzines are on the upswing, which is as close as anyone comes to making the point that the genzine had all but disappeared. Don Fitch gets justifiably puzzled as to why Bostick would consider apa writing more ephemeral than genzine writing, but Alan dodges that question with a wiseass remark. Patrick Nielsen Hayden, who needs an operation to have his name shortened, makes the astute point that fanwriting succeeds best where it doesn't attempt to cover the same ground that others trod constantly, as our wordsmithing suffers in the comparison.

Paul Skelton in SMALL FRIENDLY DOG, notes that UK fandom (where the bulk of today's genzines are coming from) is now going through a phase where it sees itself outnumbered by the hordes of convention fandom, and the "prime movers" are increasingly being drawn from the ranks of the new subfandom. The age of convention mania is creeping upon them, and its nearness is viewed as an indicator that the focal point will back away from the fanzine and leave it paler as a consequence. Skel muses that it ought to be possible for the fanzine fans to "gravitate to the smaller regional conventions where the accent is more on the social aspects of fandom," not realizing that the convention fans will wish the same thing for themselves and for the same reason. Fanzine fans may or may not be socially oriented, but the same can be said of convention fans (e.g.: hucksters and smofs aren't necessarily "social" in their orientation). The two subfandoms overlap best where both can enjoy a social setting.

It's my observation (IMHO: In My Humble Opinion; copyright 1952, Dean A. Grennell) that the overview on the recent evolution of general fanzine fandom hasn't yet been captured. It's been pecked away at, with some factors noted, but presented out of proportion because of the limited focus.

It's true that postal rate increases came along and kicked fan publishing out of the reach of many, and caused others to seek it out less frequently. It's true that fanpublishing attracted the artiste enthusiast of printed graphics, and a sudden elevation of attentiveness to giving formal recognition for what could be viewed as boffo performances in a few given areas. It's also true that conventions birthed a giant subfandom of people who were enthused by the convention itself, who loved the travel and the widespread associations, adopted it as a social alternative worthy of a major commitment, and generated a great volume of fanwriting on the subject of conventions and the social soap opera which is attendant to it. Literacy is obviously at a low ebb in this country, and one of its most minor spinoffs is a poor recruitment base for fanzine fandom. Likewise the age of introspection rose up in a great tide and personal writing attracted its own breed of fan.

All of this has an effect on fanzine fandom. The apas are left in sturdy condition because of their capacity to take on the appearance of a party held via the mail. The personalzine, a potentially enjoyable narcissistic wetdream, becomes a province which the wordsmith has to share with the flasher and with the enthusiast for social relevancy.

What got shot down, at least temporarily, is the genzine. Instead of being a focal point for the playings and posturings of amusingly accentric personalities, collectively the genzine has taken on the quaint aroma of the high school newsletter.

It's only fair, I suppose. The importance and positioning of science fiction has ebbed and flowed in fanzine fandom. The fanzine done for the purpose of amusing shticks and

a good play at wordsmithing almost had to be an animal that would go on the Endangered Species List, and then be found only on preserves somewhere (the largest preserve being in the UK). This potentially paves the way for the fanzine about science fiction to take on importance again in fanzine fandom. It would leave the wordplayer to a very small, incestuous, and generally unsatisfying subset which will dry up and blow away, at least until the idea of fanzine fun-and-games appears fresh and reborn with some future generation of fan. General fanzine fandom has a bad smell right now, but that will drift away and the next scent to come wafting along may, in its own way, be reminiscent of pulp paper.

However, with regard to aroma, Jackie has a very interesting hybrid perzine/genzine here. Attractive, pleasant aroma. The deadline for the next blossoming approaches, and a column installment is due. With all dignity and decorum let us move along to the next topic, which logically will be about --

TIMBER RIDGECON

In May, Jackie and I threw everything we owned into the back of a U-Haul truck, drove 2300 miles from LA to Louisville, and dumped all these belongings into an apartment in Timber Ridge. That's what we did. I could make a longer tale out of it, but it's my policy not to write Pain Stories until my adrenalin has ebbed down to bearable proportions.

Timber Ridge is the name of this apartment complex. It sprawls alone on top of a wooded hill, part of which is collapsing (not one of the better features which might be deemed reminiscent of Southern California), and can be accessed by two roads so steep as to disprove the belief that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points (the distance may become even longer when these roads get iced up).

There are 144 apartments up on the hill. Each one has a story. This is not one of them, as basically I suspect they may be uninspiring.

It would make a hell of a place for a convention, though.

Jackie and I have been discussing this, but only when we're drinking. Until this point we've been developing the idea, nurturing it gently, in anticipation of the day when it got healthy and we could show it to you. Find out what you thought about it. Listen to your enthusiastic response.

Well, here we are.

The plan is to shoot for a co-op convention. Co-op is necessary because we can't figure a way to throw all these people out or somehow entice them to go away for a weekend so we could have the place all to ourselves. We should let them stay. Basically they seem like fannish types. Timber Ridge people like to stand or sit around, in anteways and on steps and against walls and railings, and talk and laugh and hoot while holding glasses and cans, and many do this throughout the night. Many also keep beer in their refrigerators, and do so in impressive quantities, to judge by the fresh empties that each new sunrise reveals. Additionally, they can be divided into their own classifications of fan and pro: there are at least four working girls here, as well as their agent who wears beautifully tailored pink suits which might liven a masquerade if we hold one.

All of these people have second bedrooms and lots of floor space. Sleeping accommodations would be no problem. Those few of us who sleep at night could be assigned to the working girls' apartments, as these are never used on weekends during the midnight shift.

Some of the folks at Timber Ridge work Saturdays at jobs where they don't smell too good when they get home at night. This might conceivably be a hardship if they aren't adequately prepared to deal with finding that their bathtubs are filled with beer and ice-cubes. We must prepare them by explaining the phenomenon of the skinny dipping party and pointing out the practicalities of their joining us.

We have a clubhouse with wet bar which will be perfect as a con suite, and there's a nice long table in there in case someone wants to organize a panel. Right below is a laundromat, and the dryers operate at an efficiency low enough that we could utilize them for keeping pizzas warm.

Spring or Autumn would be ideal for Timber RidgeCon from the standpoint of good weather to stand or wander around in. In Autumn you'll see much color in the surrounding woods, which would be an added fillip, not to mention that we could cut costs by using leaves for badges. In the Summer you would melt, and in the Winter you'd never get up the hill with a gallon of beer.

We will await your response.

[illegible]

Filling up those last few idle moments between the close of the day's activities and the time to actually trundle off to bed generally doesn't lead to anything worth remembering in the harsh light of the next dawn. Exceptions sometimes occur to that rule, and one happened the other day as I idly flipped through the file cards (rather dog-eared and shabby from handling) that form Resolution's mailing list. It seemed to me that a hefty proportion of that stack was filled from margin to margin with densely-packed lines of notes and jottings. How many, I began to wonder, of those 136 cards left in the newly-winnowed stack, displayed an entry for every non-apa fanzine I'd published? It was but the work of a moment (*cough*) to check, and now I know that 20 of you have somehow managed to get copies of the 14 Dilemmas and soon-to-be-5 Resolutions. A good-sized chunk of the remaining 116 cards were begun with issue 3 through 5 of Dilemma. Considering that I'd begun with a print run of 50 copies, the longevity of readership on the part of so many surprised me. It reassured me, though I'll be darned if I can see or say why, and I went off to bed that night feeling somehow happier.

During later days I reinforced my resolve to somehow reduce the number of copies I run but recalling the warm glow of that earlier evening, I got stuck in a quandary that I still cannot get clear of. Having ruthlessly chopped off some 17 names from the mailing list (and added another four *sigh*), I still find myself with Too Many copies to mail. Passing out issues at conventions, as I'll be able to do more frequently now, helps on that score, but still and all, no one in their right mind can look at a postage bill of some sixty dollars, after expending an equal amount on paper, ink, and stencils, and see any sense to it. In that light, there is simply no way I can remotely hope to keep to any sort of schedule: publication will have to depend on exactly how much spare cash I have on hand at any given time. I can only hope that situation will arrive often enough that Resolution doesn't become one of those "Formerly published" titles in indexes.

in lieu of LoC...

BOONFARK 3

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Arlington, VA 22203

Nov. '79 Available for articles, drawings, ****Old Fanzines****, or \$1.00. Mimeo, 33 pp. Infrequent schedule.

Like most died-in-the-Twiltone fanzine fans, Dan appreciates wit and intelligence in the zines he reads -- "Give me anything to keep from getting bored." -- and is also a part of the growing segment which decries the current state of fanzines. Ergo BOONFARK, his attempt to keep alive the traditions and trends that he likes. While I may disagree with his statement that only one U.S. fanzine is of any worth (MOTA, which I assume is the one he refers to since its editor is the only one I can think of who puts out a quality zine and is also Dan's "neighbor and can come over and beat [him] up.") -- and it's the number of U.S. zines I quibble over, not his choice of MOTA as best--he rightfully lauds British faneditors for putting out the best of the fannish writing seen today, in zines such as NABU, EGG, and the late MAYA.

So how does BOONFARK match up against the lofty goals that Dan sets for it? In some areas very well, in others--pretty poorly. First off, Dan makes a basic error in judgement by stating how familiar he is with fanzine publishing, the Great Zines of Yesteryear, and the proper techniques he must use in order to achieve similar results. It's sorta like the kid who puts a chip on his shoulder and dares you to knock it off. For all I know, Dan's correct. He does know what's what in fanzines and can produce top calibre stuff at will; but he's daring his readers to find fault with the zine he's placed before them. That's a challenge few fans can resist.

For faults there are in BOONFARK's pages. Not many, not serious, but still they exist, and to heed the tone of Dan's editorial, this fanzine should be the Epitome of Fannish Zines. Good try, Dan; but you didn't quite make it.

Dan lined up an impressive list of contributors: Terry Carr (who writes an early 60's history of Fanoclastic happenings in "Towner Hall"--Ted White's basement mimeo shop in New York City--and which consists mainly of excerpts from a couple of zines of that era, with a mere 7 paragraphs added of original, introductory material. The excerpts were excellent, as Terry well knew (he wrote a third of it), but insufficient to stand solidly as History with such skeletally minimal support. Future installments are promised, and I do hope they will contain a bit more original wordage.); richard m. brown (with his 14th Anniversary column, in which he discusses its history, his first encounters with fans and fandom, the formation of Coventry among LASFSians and its history, runs through his parting from West Coast fandom, and develops into a touching tribute to Ted (Dave McDaniel) Johnstone--perhaps one of the best fan eulogies I've ever read.); and Ted White (who waxes furious at Phil Foglio, his ~~lack~~ of talent, and repeated Hugo nominations--an article severely dated in subject matter and age itself (some 2 years passed before publication). Ted then lays out a history of fan awards (Pongs and Hugos) before ending on a despairing note about the Worth of It All. A short update commends Foglio for removing his name from further consideration for the Fan Hugos, but otherwise reaffirms the tone of the piece.)

Also included is a tightly edited lettercolumn which goes even further into the Fan Hugo discussion before veering into a less-dated topic (meaning more enduring, since it was pertinent in '77 and is equally so nowadays); the woeful state of egoboo for fan artists.

The overall theme of this issue--nostalgia for the dead, fannish past--belies the atmosphere of the very zines Dan wanted to emulate. Fannish fanzines from the 50's and 60's celebrated the immediate past; events of the last year, last month, last week--not 20 year old anecdotes.

There's nothing wrong with fan history--heck, I dote on items like JoeD Siclari's FAN HISTORICA or Gary Farber's musings in DRIFT and articles/letters to other fanzines. I even re-read Harry Warner's ALL OUR YESTERDAYS every 5 years or so, not as a fannish obligation but because I enjoy the book and its subject; but Dan gave the distinct impression in his editorial that what he was intending to present in these pages was something much different from the museum piece we were given. Damn it, I wish he had done what he promised he would...

ANSIBLE 6 Feb '80 Available for news, trades, 4/60p (Europe), 3/\$1 (N.A. and Africa), and 5/\$1 (Australia). I suspect the "usual" may also be welcomed. Offset and mineo, 4pp with a copy of a TAFF ballot included. No announced schedule.

Dave Langford
22 Northumberland Ave.
Reading, Berks. RG2 7PW
ENGLAND

While this zine smacks of Pandering to The Public (Dave was a TAFF candidate when this zine arrived; he has since won and will be attending Noreascon this Labor Day weekend in Boston), it contains such well-done wordage that it succeeds in its aim of creating favorable feelings about TAFF and the two candidates for the '80 race. Actually, being basically a newszine, Ansible contains little Langford material, but the quality of the writing (and punning) by both himself and his contributors--some of which was obviously ~~heavily~~ heavily edited by Dave) is so high that one cannot help but think well of this Jim Barker...er Langford chap.

ANSIBLE contains news, letters of comment (though I use the term advisedly), and mini-articles in reduced-offset, with more up-to-date material in standard mimeo format. Though the news has a heavily British slant (which is to be expected), it's still of value to the overseas fan who wants to have a more direct source of data on English fandom and events. The rates make it a bargain, indeed.

MAINSTREAM 5 MAY '80 Available for the Usual, or 75¢ each, 3/\$2. Mimeo with offset covers, 38pp. No announced schedule.

Suzle Tompkins & Jerry Kaufman
4326 Winslow Place North
Seattle, WA 98103

The last zine I'd seen from the Dynamic Duo of fannish genzines was the last SPANISH INQUISITION. I was quite ~~very~~ surprised to find this zine in its 5th ap-

pearance before a copy came my way--but not overly so when the slowdown in my level of fanac over the past 3 years is considered.

Save for the change in name, I see little difference between SPANINQ and MAINSTREAM. Suzle and Jerry continue to display a mellow, laid-back form of writing that neither overtly espouses a particular life style nor a set pattern of "fannishness". They simply pub their ish and let the readers enjoy what's set before them.

This issue has much to enjoy. Terry Garey --who dat? Dunno, but he writes short, pithy whatchamacallits entitled "Trickle", which remind me of the throwaway ideas often heard in the midst of fan parties. More polished and complete, perhaps, in single-paragraph form, they--as reported by Jerry (who does not Lie) in his opening commentary--are part of a greater whole when one reads them together. How one manages that is not explained.

"Technocrat at the Breakfast Table" is another installment of Jon Singer's column. Among the most eclectic of fen, Jon's scribings never fail to tweak my curiosity (sometimes by making me wonder how such a daffy person copes in dealing with a semi-rational world) and he hits on a wide range of topics (this issue: sourdough bread; horticulture; MES--Mind Expanding Substance--production techniques, a guest appearance by Teresa Nielsen-Hayden; chocolate; and octupii. That's not too many, is it?) which croggle one by their variety.

There's no way to describe Don Simpson's short contribution without destroying its effect. Calling it a dialogue won't give away too much, nor will stating that it's funny--but how much of an aid are those comments in giving an idea of how you'd like to read it?

Patrick Nielsen Hayden presents a study of Alan Bostik, "Ineffable Insurgent", which by covering Alan's zine "Fast & Loose" and his reactions to a hoax-zine that Teresa and Patrick perpetrated, ends up revealing more about the writer and Seattle fandom than it does

about its supposed subject. Solid fannish writing, in other words.

The fannish diety, Roscoe, is treated as a Historical Figure by Stu Shiffman, who laces his wordage liberally with his increasingly improving, well-done drawings. If you like this type of parody--done in the form of a scholarly treatise--this is a good one. If you perchance do not, well you can at least chuckle at the illos.

Jerry and Suzle present a lightly edited letter column that contains little interaction between them and the LoCers. When material is substantial enough to allow a letter to stand on its own, as is the case here, the locol takes on an air of being a set of mini-articles rather than the sort of input/feedback arrangement that I use in this zine. It isn't a method that would feel comfortable to me, but it works excellently for Kaufman, Tompkins and the readers. One tiny quibble: I wish whoever it is who writes the editorial interjections within the lettercolumn would be identified. With two people on the masthead, it's difficult to figure out who's making the comments.

Suzle closes out the zine, as was her wont in SpanInq (you are sure this is a different zine, aren't you people?). This time around, she offers the second part of a trip report wherein she describes sightseeing activities prior to (and highlights of) the 1979 Worldcon in Brighton, England. Except for a mild tendency to use first names without at some point using the full names of friends (for easier reader identification), the report flows smoothly and wittily.

Altogether MAINSTREAM is very reminiscent of the genzines produced in the late 60's-early 70's, before Giganticism, crippled by a trend toward over-seriousness as well as skyrocketing postal rates, began to mutate the species. Good writing, good art, and with a tone that says; "Relax, enjoy. We're out to entertain you, not blow your mind." I can't help but wish more were around to keep it company.

UNDULANT FEVER ⁵ May, '80 Available for the usual. Personalzine. Mimeo, 12pp.
Bruce Arthurs No announced schedule.

3421 W. Poinsettia
Phoenix, AZ 85029

Personalzines invariably depend on your reaction to their editors in deciding whether you enjoy them or not. In this issue Bruce describes his new house and

its garden, relates the hassles Phoenix fans dealt with in attempting to put on their local convention, discusses his attitudes on What Is Important in fanac as contrasted with those of his wife, Hilde, and generally covers the full gamut of What He's Been Doing Lately. Solidly-written, fan material that lets you know more about the make-up of another person's life and mindset.

Bruce includes a good-sized lettercolumn (41 of its 12 pages--a hefty ratio by my lights) and briefly lists his Books Read before describing some writing projects being worked on.

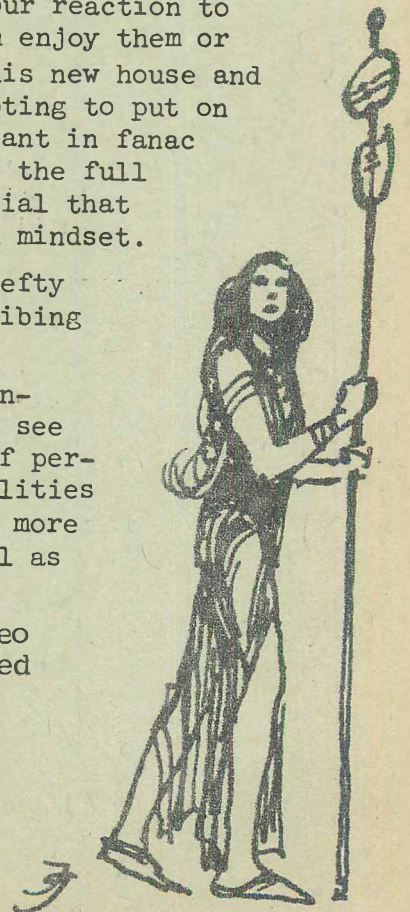
Infrequent as this perzine is, there is such a strong sense of continuity about it that one has to check the file of back issues to see just how long it's been since the previous one. The other type of personal fanzine acts as a vehicle for the editor's wordsmithing abilities while the form Bruce uses--semi-diary, free-flowing style--serves more as a means of keeping friends and acquaintances in touch, as well as a reference of his doings to his future self.

GRAYMALKIN ⁵ May, '80 Available for the Usual, or \$1.00. Mimeo
Denise Parsley Leigh with offset covers. 40 pp. No announced
121 Nansen St. schedule.

Cincinnati, OH 45216

The reverse cover--which isn't included in the page count--is the Table of Con-

tents, and has to rank among the more unique of its kind. Hand-lettered, with graphic touches that give it a definite flair, the ToC, as done by Denise's husband Steve, sets the tone for



what follows. You get the definite impression that each page is being presented to you with tender loving care, despite the spontaneous feeling to the magazine.

I enjoy Denise's writings; she hems and haws as much as I do, yet comes across warmly and far more clearly when she takes a stance on some issue or merely wants to clarify a thought or feeling. For this is, indeed, a thinking/feeling fanzine, centered on her views of fandom, friends, and the world in general. Not properly called a personalzine because of the number of outside contributions, GRAYMALKIN still have a stronger imprint of its editor's personality than most genzines. You feel you somehow know Denise (and Steve as well, for he features prominently in its pages) better, even when it was some other person's piece you had just finished reading. It is most emphatically her zine, make no bones about it.

GRAYMALKIN features poetry by Steven Federle, Art Metzger, and Billy Wolfenbarger which spaces out the other features: Denise's editorial, Steve's column, further continuation of Bill Bowers' "This Is Not a Speech" series, book reviews by "Lee Stevens", and a dynamite apologia by George R.R. Martin that defends authors' traditionally bitter feelings toward critics and their ~~work~~ works so well that I was ready to leap to the barricades. (While further reflection causes me to recognize the fact that the Critics have a side to their case as well, George develops his tirade so logically and tellingly that, for a moment, you forget that he is doing exactly what he says he is: getting revenge.)

The lettercolumn is the meat of this issue and features strong interaction between Denise and her mostly-Midwestern readers, the zine, its previous topics, and with the writers themselves. Fannish and personal and general conversation-in-print--a style of which I approve most heartily--which will rely on your consideration of her opinions and ideas in order to be adjudged as "good" or "so-so". As is the case with most fans who have a set "style", the verdict in each individual's mind will depend on the reaction invoked toward the manner of presentation more than the actual content. In my case, I enjoy the dickens out of Denise's high-spirited, gently loving, open attitude. Some may find it a touch too-saccharine in spots, but others have a taste for sweetness when it's cut with other seasonings, as Denise's personality appears on these pages.

In fact, it's good that Denise comes across so strongly; else her husband might take the zine over. Steve does the headings (by hand-stencilling for most of this issue--not bad for a first try, but certainly not equal in impact to the neatly delineated offset versions in previous issues), I think the layout, sometimes the artwork, and occasionally other items in addition to his column, "Caterwauling", which is practically an editorial that equals Denise's in influence. An up-and-coming neo-pro, Steve practices his craft while exercising a sort of detached viewpoint--The Galactic Observer--in approaching fandom and his reaction to/with it. It works well.

Friendly and cuddly as it is, GRAYMALKIN purringly pleas to be taken up on your lap and be stroked -- an invitation few fans could resist, even confirmed non-catlovers like Mike Glicksohn. It's an exceedingly pleasurable way of whiling away some time.

SMALL FRIENDLY DOG 13 Mar. '80 Available for Ghod-Knows-What, as it's never mentioned. Mimeo. 32 "digest"-sized pages. Schedule announced as clearly as availability...

Paul & Cas Skelton
25 Bowland Close
Offerton, Stockport
Cheshire SK2 5NW
ENGLAND

This is a difficult zine to review. Dependent as it is on the Skeltons' sense of humor (alternately dry/pithy and rude/ribald) you either get into the swing of things and enjoy it, or you take a look, shake your

head and wonder. I happen to like it, as I have all their previous zines and titles, but do know that it's not everyone's "cuppa".

In the main written by Paul (Skel) using a demi-diary format, SFD (this issue optionally entitled SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST, SCIENCE FICTION DISCUSSION, SFD QUARTERLY, AND SERCON FANNISH DIPLOMA; the "real" title was buried in the opening paragraphs) rambles through a host of fannish topics; books, records, films, letters from readers, fannish doings, news, and whatever occurs to the fingers while they're on the typer's keys. There's an

off-the-cuff feel to the zine, belied only by the strong sense of layout. Some readers may find this stream-of-conscious-style to be a bit disconcerting, and others will get into the swim immediately even without knowing the waters fully. I don't believe anyone else is doing quite the same thing currently (although the old Science Fiction Critic could be called similar in some regards) in any other fanzine, but I may just be reacting to the Skeltons' personality: they certainly are unique individuals.

SFD stands out in my mind as a short, cocky, scrappy zine that truly doesn't give a damn whether you like it or not. It just *IS*. That's sufficient excuse for its being in the eyes of its editors and appreciators.

THE MONTHLY MONTHLY 8 May '80
The Gang of Four
c/o Robert Runte
10957 - 88 Avenue
Edmonton, Alberta
T6G 0Y9 CANADA

Available for the Usual (2 copies, if you trade, please) or 75¢, \$9/year. Mimeo and offset, 16pp. I think you can make an informed guess as to its schedule.

Bighod these people meant it! The Gang of Four--actually six fans; Dave Vereschagin (editor of this issue), Michael Hall, Bob Weir, Robert Runte, Rosanne Charest, and Christine Kulyk--rotate editorship of this fanzine

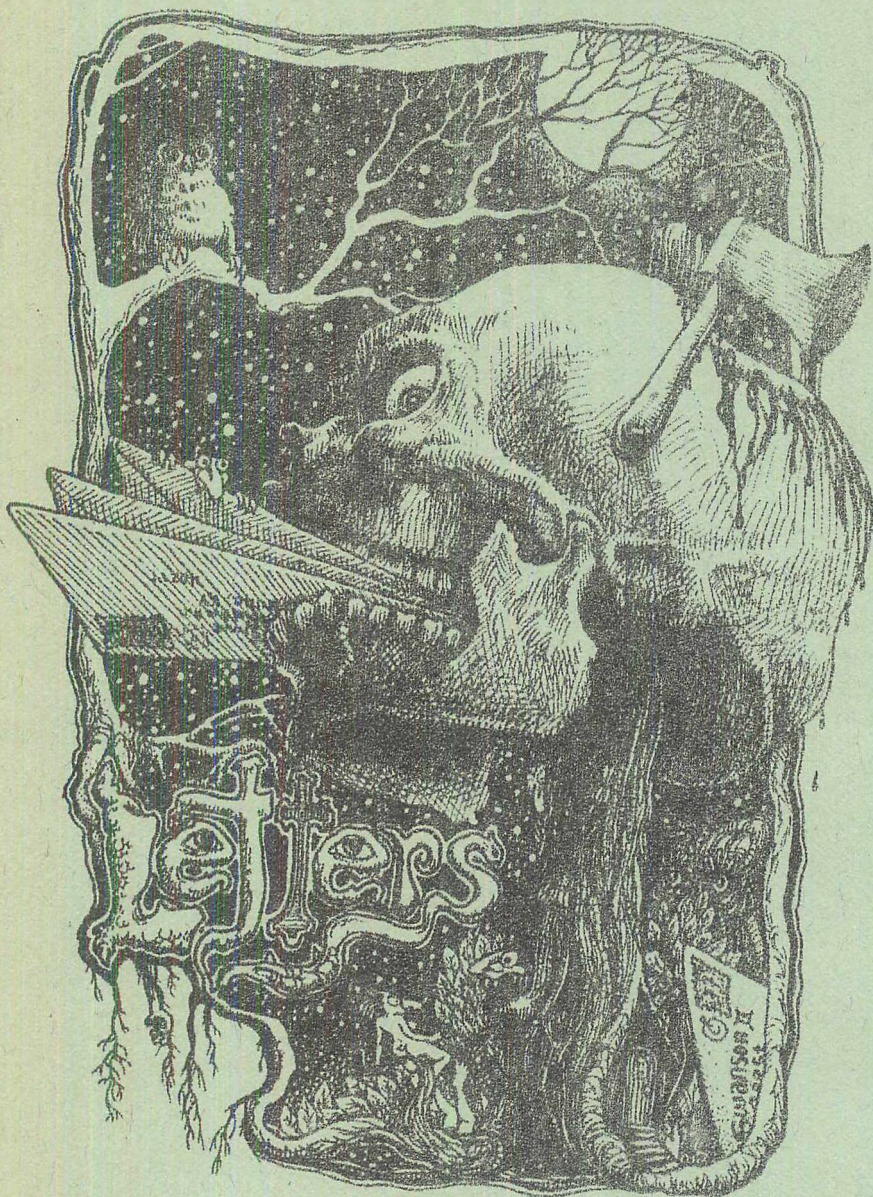
amongst themselves without fracturing its identity too badly, which is a darned good trick when you think about it.

With six editors, TMM needs time and patience on the part of the readership (and editors) to develop its own personality. While it isn't sharply defined yet, by this issue an entity is beginning to evolve. All those viewpoints keep the edges blurred and already sharp words have been exchanged in the lettercolumn in the editor's efforts to make the readership realize these are six different individuals, not a group mind, who edit the fanzine, but this is easing up as the zine's progress continues. This sort of helmsmanship certainly leads to diversity, and if that's what you like in fanzines, TMM offers directional-thrust-changes aplenty.

This issue, as typical as you could label any, opens with the current editor airing his/her views on a particular topic (Vereschagin in Film). Then Bill Beard, in an on-going series of reviews originally aired on the radio and rewritten for this zine, critiques the movie "MAD MAX". A letter column follows, featuring a "Letter of the Month" and is edited by the editor of the issue 2 months previous (it gets complicated in this area, folks), with additional signed commentary by whichever other editor who wish to make a point in regard to a particular letter/topic. Encapsulated news items finish up the zine, but a bonus has been added by inclusion of THE DOZMO GAZETTE. Stapled upside-down, like the familiar Ace-Double concept, this appendix proves that, despite the air of Seriousness that permeates the previous pages, The Gang of Four can fall victim to frothiness and frivolity.

Even so, the serconishness dominates, overall. Canadian fen sometimes seem to get a mite overly worked-up about the attitude of other countries toward theirs. They insist on being viewed as being wrapped in their National Identity, when Canada--like most of the younger nations on this earth--hasn't fully resolved itself to itself as yet. Add that factor to the youthfullness of the editors (in tenure within fandom as well as age) and you meet expressions of growing pains. Once they settle back and relax, quit being so aggressive and hostile and defensive, The Gang of Four produce some polished material. Though brushed with a touch of humor here and there, the seriousness of their intent is always obvious along with their ability to produce a slickly-done fanzine.

I'd gaped at the gall displayed in the first issue of THE MONTHLY MONTHLY. "They know not what they do," I thought. Eight issues have been churned out so far and they seem to be barely hitting their stride. No slow-down in sight. The strains of such frequent publication, the unavoidable hassles of multi-editorship, the problems in logistics--which should destroy such an audacious undertaking--instead contribute to its growing sense of wholeness. Each issue is different, in scope as well as editorship, yet TMM continues to accelerate forward, defining its own gestalt.



BUCK COULSON
Route 3
Hartford City, IN 47348
Got RESOLUTION one day and promptly came down with an attack of flu; which I trust was coincidental... You haven't really allowed your fanzine to be used for a test of biological warfare, have you?

Our movie going also runs in spurts, albeit the spurts are farther apart and of shorter duration than yours. We saw both BLACK HOLE and STAR TREK while we were visiting the DeWeeses in Milwaukee, and they inspired a Thomas Stratton article (while Gene was absolutely appalled by both of them, I found a few things in them to admire--particularly some of the space footage in BH--but I had to agree that they're both turkeys).

That leads me to mention a sci-fi epic we saw on TV up there: THE DEATH CURSE OF TARTU. If you get a chance to watch it, do. It's one of the most hilariously bad movies I've seen in a long time. Judging from the credits, it was made apparently by this group of Cuban wetbacks in Florida. None of us had heard of anybody in it, and Juanita is fairly knowledgeable about the Crafts people involved in movie-making.

Takes place in the Everglades. There's this Indian witch doctor (not a medicine man or a shaman; a witch doctor) who has placed a curse on the hammock (not hummock--hammock; presumably it's slung between two islands) where he's buried. (In a solid rock tomb, by the way, with this big slab of rock for a door. Door is on hinges; good trick for a primitive to drill holes for hinges in solid rock, not to mention getting hinges strong enough to hold up this giant slab.) Anyway, these alleged arcologists (that's the way they pronounced it) arrive looking for the tomb, find it, and the witch doctor finds them and begins changing himself into things like sharks and anacondas and killing them off. (Just where an Everglades Indian ever had heard of an anaconda he could change into isn't brought up. I suppose he might have seen a shark on some journey to the coast.) Eventually, our hero and his wife get themselves trapped in the tomb. Where he then shakes the

gunpowder out of two cartridges, pours it on the floor in front of the door, stacks a couple of rocks on it, then strikes a match and blows the door open. (I'm certainly glad he didn't try using those cartridges in his rifle; he'd have been picking pieces of steel out of his teeth.) Didn't even budge the fist-sized rocks on top of the powder, either. Really weird movie; we had the time of our lives sitting around and watching it.

Juanita can sympathize with you over the Gestetner's sidebands. Before we disposed of our machine, the dealer in Marion gave her a handful of the things. Evidently figured it was easier than having her bring the machine in at regular intervals. (Juanita here: by the way, in an emergency, unwound and rebent paperclips work pretty well to hold sidebands together. That 120 was run on paperclips & cussing...)

I take umbrage at Dave's divisions of fandom; especially #2: "Those who attend convention programming, and those who drink." He's totally left out the hucksters. I don't drink (no liquor allowed in huckster rooms--also no food or soft drinks). I also don't attend the program (I could lose money doing a ridiculous thing like that.) Yes, hucksters do drink--but not during the programming, because that's when the huckster room is open. (I do sometimes attend the program--especially if I happen to be a part of it--but only when I can get Lori Huff to take over the huckster table while I'm gone.) But these can be exceptions that prove the rule, which is that hucksters are not to be classed with other fans.

I'm dubious about going to Midwestcon this year, no matter when it's held. I really didn't get much fun out of it the last couple of years -- since they moved into the Holidome, in fact. However, it's the only con where we can see Don and Maggie Thompson--which was our only reason for going last year. Maybe this year we'll go visit them in Mentor and avoid the distractions of the con.

Milt Steven's letter depicts FIAWOL with a vengeance, doesn't it? I wonder how serious he was? I don't know him well enough to predict, but well enough to know that he's unpredictable in his humor. Personally, I have much tighter boundaries; people are to be ignored: in and out of fandom (with certain exceptions).

To answer Victoria Vayne's question: I've been basically alone both before, and after, I found fandom, but I don't fit her criterion of being "intensely" alone. In school I had a few friends, joined the Boy Scouts, etc.; at work, before fandom, I had a few friends (went deer hunting with them, played cards regularly in the evenings, went with groups to movies, etc.) and enjoyed it all. In fandom I have a few friends and lots of acquaintances, and enjoy it a lot more. Fandom is a more interesting spare time activity than hunting or target shooting (Grennell won't agree), but it's essentially quite similar, as far as I'm concerned. I have encountered fans who have been intensely alone by Victoria's standards, and in general I try to have as little to do with them as possible because they're too overwhelming to be likeable.

I hope Harry Warner is using a Hollensack instead of a Woolensack--unless the woolensack is being used to carry tapes around in. For home recording I agree that a reel-to-reel is quite adequate and probably superior to a cassette recorder. However, when one desires to carry a taper to convention filksings, a cassette is almost necessary. Our Pentron reel-to-reel is allegedly portable--it has a handle on it. (One could put a handle on a home freezer and make it "portable" in about the same way.)

Too bad the DEATH CURSE people couldn't have afforded a researcher in their budget for the film; sounds like one (say a high school kid from Tulsa?) might have prevented most of those gaffes.⁸⁸ Those bands that Juanita got were pretty expensive gifts. They cost over \$8 apiece nowadays. Do Gestetner dealers have so much demand placed on their time that such giftings make economic sense? If so, where do I sign up for a franchise? Knowing their rates-per-hour to be outrageous, they must make oodles of profit more than I'd thought in order to make the handing out of freebie repair parts a practical thing to do.⁸⁸ Since we didn't make it to Midwestcon this year, I have no idea if you went or not, but I do hope that the

change in location for next year will entice you two to attend. I only get to see you people about once a year, at Midwestcon, too! The Thompsons aren't the only ones you'd miss.⁸⁸ My "aloneness", prior to fandom, was similar to yours. I didn't have a great number of friends, and those I did have were connected to the sorts of activity that interested me in some fashion (skating, drinking, etc.) at the time. Since I have become less athletic as I've aged, fandom's all I need now.⁸⁸ Harry Warner does know the brand of tape recorder he mentioned: it was my typoing fingers that didn't. *Mea Culpa* %% I still recall the "portable" TV that Wally and I had gotten for a wedding gift. Gave one a hernia just to contemplate carrying it across the room...

ARTHUR HLA VATY
250 Coligni Ave.
New Rochelle, NY 10801

On the FIAWOL-FIJAGH controversy: Ed Zdrojewski has a theory that there has been an important change in the sociology of fandom. Where once the (stereo)typical fan was someone who had been utterly wretched in the mundane world until discovering fandom, now there are people who have been happy in other subcultures (hippie, feminists, various causes) and who now wish to relate science fiction to these other interests. I'm part of that group. I went to a college (Swarthmore) that was kind of like a fannish Reservation. I've been part of the counter-culture, libertarianism, and the psi/occult/mgick fringe, and one reason I spend more time in sf fandom than in the others is that they don't have zines and apas. While I do consider the mundane world as boring, trivial, mindless and unwilling to appreciate me, I am sure that fandom is not the only nonmundane group. Thus I approach D & D, Trek, and "Series" fandoms (like Darkover or Pern) as if they may be an elite group like us. Even if they aren't, they will probably include people I'd like to know.

Many thanks for your kind words about DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIPS. One tiny complaint: DR really & truly is quarterly. The second issue appeared 2 months after the first one; ever since then it's been out every 3 months. By admitting this I may destroy my reputation for Disorder, but it's the truth. As to being a disillusioned social activist; well, I don't know. I seem to recall having been a social activist for a few brief spurts of not over 45 minutes each, but memory could be playing me false.

I can't argue with your points about fandom not being the only nonmundane group in existence, but I do marvel at the amount of time you seem to have to spend on hobby groups. I restrict my activities to fandom not because fandom's the only source of amusement, or diversion, but because, since I have only so much time left to me, I'd rather spend it in association with a group whose enjoyment factor is a known quantity. I know I like being involved with fandom, therefore I continue doing so. If I should expend time in exploring the possibilities of another group, and find that it doesn't suit my needs, then I've wasted a chunk of hours which could've been better spent having fun in fannish surroundings. I hate to waste time...⁸⁸ Perhaps I should have said that DR is "a perpetually tardy bi-monthly fanzine"; would that have made you happier? %% I had to reread that review to recall what you were writing about, and I see I did word it wrongly. I did not mean to imply that you, yourself, were a social activist, or even had been. I meant that you verbalize many of the things that social activists of the late 50's and early 60's would be saying today...if only they were still verbalizing rather than sitting around, shrugging their shoulders, and getting stoned. At the time I wrote the review I didn't have the foggiest idea of the details of your past life. Not that I have all that much at the current moment.

RICH COAD

In your review of SPACE JUNK, I was bemused to find you referring to me as a "punk rock fan". Don't you know that punk is dead? 'Struth. Scouts honor. Ted White told me so at Westercon. Everyone is now into ska, reggae, Motown, R&B, Girl groups or Rockabilly. Anything but the boring shit that gets played on the radio. Seriously though, punk failed in its major goal: to destroy the stranglehold the major record companies

have on rock 'n' roll. Still we dream of bankruptcies as we plunk down our money for the 'acceptable' punk the majors picked up. Do you have punk discos in L.A.?

It's strange to see Dave Hulan (or anyone, for that matter) defending L.A. How can any city where one has to drive for an hour to visit a local friend be considered a fit place to live? I'm glad to note that you have the sense to get out before you become mellow and begin to think that a hot tub is the world's most important political statement.

This con-fan vs fanzine fan thing seems a bit silly. I publish a fanzine; I despise most fanzines. I go to cons; I despise most attendees. The fact is I find the wheat, once separated from the chaff, quite enough justification to continue doing both. I do, however, wish we could have cons without the aegis of Sci-Fi. At best sci-fi is high-brow T.V.: escapism in polysyllables; at worst it's small-brained wishing. The worst of it is much of the crap is considered brilliant by fans merely because an author can string together enough adjectives to give verisimilitude to a fantasy. Can someone please tell me what Ursula LeGuin (to name just one over-praised author) has written that has anything whatsoever to do with anything? But it seems that sci-fi is necessary to draw in that one of a thousand neos who is actually a person worth knowing.

What happened to the originality that music fans used to praise so much? Ska? Reggae? Motown? That stuff was old hat back in the early sixties. So much of what's "in" is created by marketing agencies who seem to grow ever more desperate to be the one who picks the next Tide that will sweep the public before its path. It's the searching for a direction, a trend, a gimmick to which musicians and fans can ally themselves that puzzles me. What was wrong with just Making Music? Who cares what label it's slapped with? Does every action a person can conceivably perform, even when it deals with primarily entertainment or recreational activities, have to be a political statement? I could somewhat understand the decrying that went on years ago, when a lack of relevancy in schools, books, and the work place inspired an upsurge of student/reader/worker rebellion. But now, when so much has changed, why do the declaimers still go on as if everything is the same as it was? It's as if protesting the worthlessness of one's surroundings has become a habit; that a person doesn't feel individualistic unless bitchiness has become reflex. I go on too long, too much, about a subject which doesn't interest me, mostly because of my puzzlement at why others, who seem otherwise rational, expend so much effort in praising or damning.⁸⁸ Hulan, though he owns a hot tub, doesn't consider his possession as a 'political statement'; it's merely a quasi-appliance which makes him and Marcia feel good after a day of tension-producing strain at work. Most people don't think about making statements of any sort when they're tired; they merely ask for mental and/or physical diversion in order to recoup.⁸⁸ Boy, you really come down on Sci-Fi, don't you? Books, like music, speak to the individual, and no one can heed them in precisely the same manner as anyone else. LeGuin is not my favorite writer, but I found some nuggets for thought in THE DISPOSSESSED. Since I don't read sf for its earthshaking ideas, but because the ideas it does espouse coincide with the direction my wishes/fears of the moment, I enjoy it. What's wrong with enjoying something? Has that become a crime lately? Yes, Sturgeon's Law holds true, in sf along with every other pasttime or vocational undertaking. Most of everything that's ever been produced is crap; that shouldn't stop the individual from seeking the 10% that does appeal, does have something meaningful to say, to that person. You seem down.

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Having typed the date, it occurs to me that the rent is four days overdue, but then that's what fandom is all about -- it helps me keep my mind off such petty details.

We have a peculiar mail situation here. Our landlady doesn't want to give a key to the mailman so he can get into the lobby (well, foyer, this being a two-family residence). Consequently the mail gets pushed into the door slot and whoever

comes home first gets to sort through the others mail. I mention this because my landlady (a rather neurotic, middle-aged, spinster bookkeeper) is probably going to have fits sorting my fan mail and trying to figure out just what the hell it is. RESOLUTION was her first dose. It had a lot of writing on the back. I noticed my name there, which should have caught her eye, and a reference to sexual attitudes in fandom. I'm going to have to caution editors like you, who run letters onto the back page, not to place there any excerpts from my letters which may refer to neurotic, spinster bookkeeper landladies. (Rich Coad followed RESOLUTION with a postcard which asked for a copy of GROGGY because he wanted to know if Wendy Williams really masturbated on stage. We're off to a flying start.)

Dave's article is the type of thing that can sink hooks into your brain. I won't regale you with the many lame divisions of fandom I came up with (after all, you have Those Who Write Long Locs, and Those Who Write Lots of Locs, and...and...Those Who Write Lots of Long Locs for a Short Time, and Those Who Write Short Locs for a Long Time).

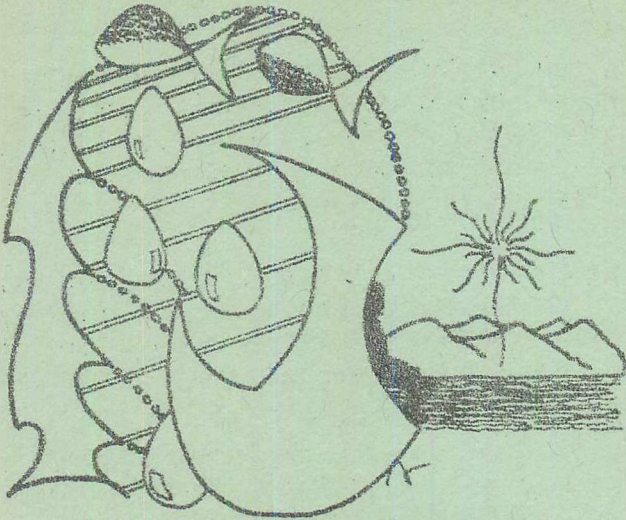
It's interesting that Dave should mention that the very thought of winning an award makes him cringe. This is the peculiar thing about fandom--those with enough sense and maturity to produce really interesting writing, fanzines, artwork, or whatever, also have enough sense to see the relative unimportance of it all. I mean anyone who thinks a fan award is worth discombobulating his life to win has some growing up to do; right?

Victoria's comments on FIANDOLERS and loneliness is probably true. I wonder where I fit in. Until Kathy and I met--all during high school--I was intensely alone, although I'm not sure I was as devastated by that as Victoria seems to have been. To be truthful, I don't have much recollection of those years. I recall what happened in a general sort of way, but as for my emotions, my thoughts--they are pretty much of a blank. I have no trouble remembering my feelings from, say, my gradeschool days. Probably they were simpler feelings. I happen to be a loner. Maybe if I had encountered fandom during those bad years, I would've been sucked in. I doubt it. I like my own company. Aside from Kathy, I am really comfortable only with myself, and don't think I would, at any point, have gotten deeply involved in any social system, fannish or mundane. The few fan meetings I attended in New York made me intensely uncomfortable.

I'm not sure I'm even FIJAGH. Aside from Tim Marion, who we see occasionally, Kathy and I have no in-person fan friends. All my contact is through the mail, and most of what I write is decidedly mundane. I sometimes wonder how I get away with pawning off essays on my mundane existence on an audience of fans. Perhaps it's a bit deceitful on my part--taking advantage of an overly receptive audience. I don't know; I certainly have a lot of fun with it. While my day to day existence seems to drag on uneventfully, without chapter headings or any sense of motion, each issue of GROGGY seems a kind of milestone, an indication that I've accomplished something creative, however slight and inconsequential.

I simply do not get on too well with New York fans--most of whom are city people which I have definitely decided I am not--and many of whom are either younger than I am, or firmly dedicated to clinging to the fringes of the publishing world. Art at any cost. I've certainly found out that you cannot really function in an environment that doesn't suit you. I'm only now beginning to get over the effects of living in Brooklyn. Meewawken is still city, unfortunately, but it's just a rest stop.

Ah, the spectre of Censorship raises its ugly head once again! Just for you, or to be more precise, just for your landlady's sensitive mundane eyes, I will struggle mightily to remember to sandwich any reference to Eric or Kathy Mayer deep within the pages of this zine. I won't go so far as to scan the final page for possibly "suspect" wordage, but will try to keep your name, at least, unconnected with any such meanderings. Okay? People can drive themselves batty by attempting to select the "proper niche" for themselves. I'd rather lay back and relax, letting the niche where I'm at resolve itself if it seems so inclined. (I think I'm getting rather Alfred E. Nuemanish in my old age.)



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I'm not sure
yet how well
our tastes in
fanzines agree,
but I appre-

ciate the quantity of space you devote to reviews of not widely seen fanzines. FILE 770 and DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIPS are probably the most popular of the fanzines you review, but you devote the shortest space to them.

Dave Locke should be informed that there might actually be a fanzine panel run by Garth Danielson at Minicon. If he's been waiting for it all weekend, it's a long way from SoCal (if he hasn't been waiting, he's getting too close to the truth). He should also be informed of the British aversion to such ideas as skinny dipping as conversational topics. Britifens object to the image of themselves skinny dipping,

and respected American fens sometimes do, too. I'm not sure you could consider a pool full of American fens as serious and social types.

The idea of fannish elitism disturbs me. The type of thing where "I only invite good writers to my parties" becomes a mark of self-aggrandizement. It bothers me to see tendencies of this within fandom, when I was happy that it was something fandom didn't have. There are BNF's, true, but how are they classified? Is Harry Warner a bigger one than Charles Burbee, or Forry Ackerman?

Quality seems to depend on personal evaluation, and if I define Mickey as more humorous than Minny, no one really minds in fandom, and I'm happier that way. I dislike the emotional condemnation summarily created by elite groups, especially since it was that type of elite groupism that made the non-fannish social world so uncomfortable for me. I'd hate to be elitist at any level deeper than "I am a friend of Jophan."

Buck's comment, re: Trekker vs Trekkie, "insisting on use of an euphemism does not change the opinion of a writer/speaker," provoked disagreement. I try to ask for "woman" vs "girl" from writers/speakers and think that the consistent semi-conscious/conscious modification of the language can modify a person's thought patterns; redefine their image of the object being talked about. Is SF an euphemism for Sci-Fi?

Both Denny and I are examples of FIAWOL. Our parties are fannish (though I've been to several for library people) and we party much more than any non-fans I know, though less than some Minnstf people (for example, the Bozo Bus Building is a living party). We both define what we'd like to do in terms of fandom; i.e. "If I had more time I'd write more locs, read some fanzines, get that one-shot done." The house is defined in fannish terms, too. Fanac Room--desk, 2 file cabinets, typer, 2 mimeos, ditto, and fanzines; Library--books and extra bed; Extra Library--more books and another bed; Basement--storage for books and refrigerator for beer, etc. Yet the way we treat FIAWOL is not as anyone has defined it here. Minneapolis has a different life of FIAWOL than most other cities' fandoms that I know. A fan here can spend his daily life between bridge, parties, meetings, madrigal singing, Minneapa, Minnstf, recorder concerts, frisbee playing, Minicon, Anokon, and never, never be known outside the city, much less in the convention circuit or the fanzine one. This place is one of the few I know where fandom has taken on such a private life, or a parochial one. I think there's more to life than even this one city; even fannish life. I'd like to see more people interested in other places and other fandoms.

I like your vision of fandom's anarchic state. It seems much of a piece with mine. There are different fandoms for each person in fandom, and this in itself improves the quality of the fandom I live in by diversifying it.

Minicon is currently struggling with having a convention that the older fen want smaller and the younger fen want larger. (Older-Younger--not in terms of age.) Last year it hit 1000+ people, which was just the size that Hipple's in '73 was planned to become. There were at least two Minicon meetings where people fought over the con size. We don't publicize, and try not to have con notices run in any magazines, but still it grows.

I think Baltimore was silly. They have one of the nicest con hotels I know of, but it only has 160 rooms. Last year they advertized on TV, radio, and such, and then quit registration Saturday at 2500. There were three overflow hotels, at non-walking distances. It makes me wonder what type of a Worldcon they would put on, but then I support Australia.

Thanks for the kind words about the reviews in last issue. Yes, though it was not a deliberate action, I did use less space to discuss the better-known zines. I felt I was writing about a matter familiar enough to my readers that going into great detail just wasn't called for. More room was given to zines I didn't think all that many people who read Resolution had seen. No planning, but it certainly worked out that way.⁸⁸ While I'd never participate (maybe that's the wrong way of putting it...never is one hell of a long time, after all) in a skinnydipping session, I have no particular objection to picturing it as a fannish preoccupation. As is the case with most stereotypical notions, it is an exaggeration; just as is the image of a kid, wearing a propeller beanie and toting a Buck Rogers Ray Gun, typifies "Fan" in mine eyes. It's not a Real and Solid Symbol, it's just a mental stand-in for a diverse group.⁸⁸ Elitism in fandom is a topic that's been kicked around in the pages of my zines for quite some time. The larger fandom gets, or the more numbers of fans that I see during fannish functions, the more "restrictive" my fanning gets. Not due to a feeling of snobbishness, but simply because, being a loner-type, I get very up-tight around masses of people, or even more than a couple of strangers. Just because the stranger wears the label "Fan" is no guarantee we will be sympatico, no more than because a person's mundane it means there are no grounds for commonality. I try to invite my friends to parties, regardless of where they fall in the fannish hierarchy, because I enjoy being with them and hope they enjoy being with each other as much as I do. But my home is only so large, my budget only big enough to buy so many supplies, so a party has to be invitational when one lives in an area where the announcement of one could bring in a hundred people. Common sense, not elitism, is the operant condition.⁸⁸ I tend to agree with your views on modification of thought through modification of language. Where I get yancy is at the idea of forcing others to go along with one's pet causes, whether they see the necessity or not. (And "force" can be applied by other means than physical, in this context.) Guess I'm too firmly in the mold of thinking that yes, certain things would be nice to have, but I'm not about to tolerate the upset it would require in order to achieve them. ⁸⁸ Mpls has always had a unique brand of fan living within its borders, and that attracts more of that ilk to move there. I like Mpls fandom, but I couldn't live there. Like Eric Mayer, I need my space for privacy, and I don't feel I'd get much in Mpls. Not because other fans wouldn't permit it, but because so many things would be going on that I'd feel compelled to join in, and that would be disastrous for everyone. But it's nice knowing that such hotbeds of fannish activity exist, for some odd reason. I like to know that the options exist, if one chooses them.⁸⁸ Put me firmly in the camp of the older fen. There's hardly any con with over 300 attendees that I really want to attend. Too bad the small ones are such a dying breed. What did this year's Minicon have as attendance figures? 1200? *Urk*

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I hope Louisville works out for the two of you; the picture you paint in the opening section of your editorial possibly reads more gloomily than you intended, but it comes across in a very negative fashion, as if you were convinced that the move was doomed to failure from the start. Let's hope Dave doesn't end up going through the same reactions to the Midwest as you had to Southern California (one man's Anaheim is another woman's Anathema?)

Dave, as always, is witty and amusing (amazing what a little cheap scotch can do, isn't it?) but he obviously misses the boat on #6, "Those who drink, and those who play at it." It's self evident that those who drink include those who drink Spayed Gerbils (and martinis, and Bullshots, and Bullfrogs --tequila and pernod, another of my inventions-- and even rough bourbon or, as a last resort, Southern Comfort and diet cola!) The people who turn up their noses at Spayed Gerbils (or any other of God's gifts to the true alcoholic), they're the ones who are merely playing at it.

Some other quickies: 16) Those who write letters of comment and get fanzines for free and those who have to insulate their houses with expensive fibreglass. 17) Those who attend every convention within reasonable reach and those who can still afford to buy gold, except they don't want to part with their Rembrandts. 18) Those who attend conventions for parties, conversation, booze, drugs, sex, or some combination thereof and poker players. And let us not forget that if we consider just the male members of fandom, we can divide them in 19) Those as tall or taller than Mike Glicksohn and Dave Locke.

I've talked quite a bit about my reactions to worldcons and yet, despite the fact that I don't enjoy them as much as smaller regionals, I still keep going. If it were a choice between the Worldcon or three good regionals, I'm pretty sure I'd give up going to worldcons too, but as long as I can afford to do both I'll probably continue to show up, get frustrated because I'm missing three quarters of what's going on, and come away wondering why the hell I keep going; a feeling I'll retain just long enough to write a few locs like this before I make my reservations for the next one. Sigh. I guess I'll never learn.

I think that what you're asking for in your comments to Milt is just what I've always expected fans to show; simple tolerance for the diversity of fans, ways of fanac and reasons for being in fandom. Just because someone is interested in something I consider a waste of time doesn't mean we can't still be friends based on the mutual interests we do have. Dave is a case in point. He makes no bones about thinking that con reports and fanzine reviews are the nadir of fanwriting, yet you and I obviously enjoy reading and writing such material. Yet we like Dave and Dave likes me and lives with you (again I ask, isn't it wonderful what a little cheap scotch can do!)

I think I'm far closer to you in philosophy towards fandom than I am to Victoria, who seems to me to spend too much time worrying about her reasons for doing things and what other people will think about what she does and why she might have done it. Me, I just do whatever I think will make me happy, and if someone else doesn't like it, that's okay with me. I see nothing to be gained from agonizing over why someone else will notice me or what I'm doing or worrying about whether I'm in the forefront or the boondocks of fandom. As long as I'm enjoying myself, that's all that matters.

I've never disagreed with Buck Coulson, so I won't start now, but I think at one time the fan Hugos were quite a bit more meaningful than they became when Geis and Charlie Brown were heralded as the best writers in fandom and their professional magazines were called the best fanzines. Why it seems to me that at one time YANDRO used to get nominated for a fanzine Hugo (and won one in '65), and even though I don't read it, I'd rate those days as having a little more meaning than the present, with its slate of completely professional publications (as far as the winners are concerned, I mean).

I probably come as close to spending all my social life with fans as anyone I know. Apart from a couple of staff parties each year at school, all the social activities I engage in involve fans or friends who are also fans. And I don't have any real "friends" who aren't fans, although I get on well with the people I work with; I just don't socialize with them. None of that particularly bothers me because much of the time I'm not an especially gregarious person. Every few weeks I go to a con, enjoy myself completely, and satisfy the urge to be with other people for awhile. Then I'm quite happy puttering around by myself for a while longer with no one to answer to except me: selfish as all hell, of course, but it's a workable compromise for someone who accepts their inherent selfishness as I do.

I am deeply shocked to see Dave ascribe such base motives to me as a desire to win a FAAN award in order to explain my output of locs. I'd like to point out to Dave that I was writing probably more locs in the years before the FAAN awards were around than I was during the years when I won the things and that the existence of the awards actually had nothing to do with the fact that I continued to write quite a few of them. The reason I've spent so much time as a letterhack is that it's the area of fanzine fandom I feel I'm most qualified to work in. I'm not a particularly prolific or creative writer *per se* and I could never achieve Dave's originality or exceptionally high quality. However, I find letter-writing both fairly easy to do and fairly easy to do pretty well. So I get considerable satisfaction from quite a few of the letters I write and I like to think I've helped maintain the standards of lettercolumns over the last few years. If there'd never been any FAAN awards created, I'd still have typed those millions of words during the last decade because I enjoy doing it, and I get satisfaction, pleasure, and egoboo from it. Not to mention the fact that it's a hell of a lot easier than actually publishing fanzines!

These fifteen month old letters are amusing just because of how old they are and what they tell us about the nature of fandom. As a prime example, try reading Suzi Stefl talking--in November of 1978, for god's sake!--about writing an article for the next OUTWORLDS!! I wonder if she still believes in the Easter Iguana, too?

No one would deny that fans were odd, RoyTac, but that doesn't make them Slans. The Fans-are-Slans people (even if they don't actually use that phrase) are those who seem to actually believe that reading science fiction is an indication of a superior sort of person. Anyone who has been to a few conventions has to know the fallacy of such suggestions.

Apologies if this letter isn't as witty and amusing as I'd like it to be, but put it down to ~~100% fact~~ the fact that ever since I took my name off the FAAN award ballot because I became Official Teller, I just haven't been able to bust my ass the way I used to...(You'll pay for that one, Locke! Mainly for the first round at the next con we're both at and mine'll be a double!!)

When I get depressed, the outlook for a life here with Dave in Louisville does seem gloomy. However Dave simply keeps pointing out the irrefutable fact that he and I are two different people, and our reactions to things are entirely different. In other words, I should quit laying my motives/reactions onto him. When I'm not depressed, this is an eminently sensible notion. When I'm down, though, nothing really makes all that much sense. I don't think Dave would put down the idea of a spayed gerbil; he even inquired about the ingredients after tasting Campari one time (the thought of gin, however, is just as repellant to him as it is to me); it's the idea of "playing around" with your drinks that he seems to object to. Drinker drink, they don't mess around with gamesplaying while doing it! I think I'll let that line about "the male members of fandom" rest untouched--until Suzi Stefl can treat it in the manner it so deserves. Your comments about Milt and Victoria's letters sort of (oops, sorry about that line slippage!) reinforce the very thing being discussed.

Milt and Victoria are both intensely involved in fandom and their various forms of fanac are important to them; yet they aren't remotely similar in attitude or outlook or even what they see fandom as being. I like and enjoy them both, in their own way, for being just what they are. But please don't expect me to agree with either of their views on fandom--at least as I appreciate them to be--because neither fits in with what I see fandom to be. There are times I like to discuss various slants on this thing we participate in, and I try to understand positions which are contrary to mine in the spirit that, in fandom as in the mundane world, it takes all kinds to make things work. Agreement, even approval, is not required from any fan for the actions of another fan--it's only nicer if it occurs, not ruinous if it doesn't.⁸⁸ Didn't I just read a piece by Ted White recently, wherein he discusses the formation of the Fan Hugos (Pongs, as he first called them, to the disgust of fandom at the time). While he seems to feel that they are fairly meaningless now, he, too, seemed to think that they served some sort of honest function in those earlier years. I dunno. Not being award oriented, I have difficulty in seeing "worth" in any sort of recognition of a hobby pasttime, but the FAAN awards have the upper edge, imperfect as they are, in mine jaundiced eyes.⁸⁸ It's nice to see you keep your hand in by producing these locs, Mike. After all, you won't be Official Teller for the FAAN awards forever, and the practice should do you good in future years... (That was mean, and I apologize).

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Pardon the handwriting, but the typer is on loan to my accountant mother-in-law for the tax season. I feel like some sort of amputee.

You make a remark about "egoboo-starved con committees". What egoboo do they expect? If you get a crummy fanzine in the mail, you toss it on the stack of stuff to be filed and you've wasted maybe five or ten minutes in skimming it through. Go to a poor convention, and you've wasted an entire weekend and your checking account; you'll remember that! Get a superior fanzine, with good writing and/or art, and you've got something you can refer back to, point at, and say "that's how it should be done." But a good convention? You attended a good panel? You'll give egoboo to the panelists. Good art show? Credit goes to the artists. Good parties? You'll remember the people you talked with. Good hotel? Blind luck usually gets the credit for that.

There isn't any egoboo for helping to run a convention. Any you might get is pure gravy, no matter how hard you work for it.

So why do people keep on doing it?

It strikes me that I'd better get off the subject of conventions. I am, after all, very, very bitter about Iggy and all the friends lost there, the bizarre personality changes and loathesome revelations of the inner characters of people involved in it (among whom I count myself). Enough.

Sympathies about your missing typer, but isn't it strange how so many people get these odd feelings of amputation during the tax season?⁸⁸ You're asking the wrong person why people would be mad enough to seek egoboo from running conventions. (The nearest I could approach that masochistic desire is a somewhat wistful wish to hold a small, intimate convention--say 100-130 attendees--at a nice, cheap motel with oodles of fast-food eateries within walking distance and a bunch of first-class ethnic food establishments nearby for the fans who are Aware of the Importance of Such Things. There would be no programming and no panels; a true relaxacon. I call it a Fantasy. What's yours?) The only sort of egoboo I've ever seen a ~~concom~~^{member} receive is negative; although a committee as a whole--like those who put on Minicons--may sometimes be complimented, individuals on it are either ignored or castigated.⁸⁸ Yes, and I can recall when everyone in Chicago fandom used to speak to everyone else...

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Although your style is not my style, I always enjoy your fanzines, and appreciate getting them. They often have something in them to raise my bloodpressure, but perhaps that's one of the marks of a good fanzine.

I enjoyed your fanzine reviews particularly--so few people who know what they're talking about do them. Our tastes don't completely overlap, but I don't know anyone else whose taste *does* completely overlap with mine. I'm tempted to respond that your comment about the Iggy committee being completely true, except for *me*, but that wouldn't be true or fair to the few competent people on the committee (oh yes, they were few, but there was a bare scattered small number). Thankfully, I can say that I had nothing more to do with the committee than any other attendee right up until 6 weeks before the convention. IMHO, though, Iggy's problems were far less those of delusions of grandeur or smoffhood, than delusions of competence that didn't exist. Most of the committee was too ignorant (of fandom, and conrunning; large-size scale) to know how ignorant they were. And the pettiness that went on...

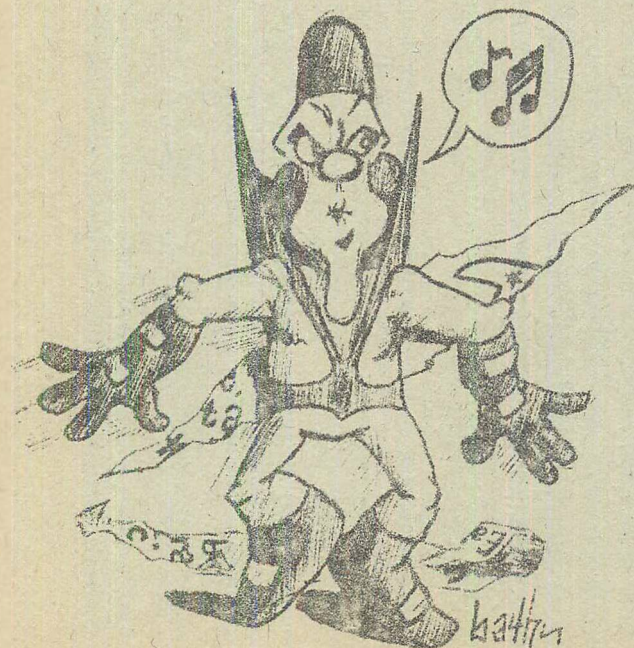
However, I may eventually get around to writing it up, so my more elaborate comments will wait on that.

I think the ideal concom is made up of a mixture approximately 60-40 weighted towards experienced sage-type folk, against the young fresh flood. If you have no young heads full of enthusiasm, you run a risk of a con with just the same old boring ideas. However, better that than a con that falls apart because the people don't know what they are doing. Whenever the choice comes up, between two concons, it's likely I'll end up voting for the experienced one--conventions with budgets of over \$200,000 simply cannot be run by people playing at it. If a Phoenix/LA choice should come up, I'd vote LA faster than Jack Speer can correct a typo.

Anyway, I agree with you that I'd rather attend a nice relaxacon with attendance in 2 figures--maybe the low hundreds.

Dave might have an earlier source for it, but I first ran against that "the world's divided into two kinds of people: those who divide the world into two kinds of people and those who don't" bit from rich brown. Count me as definite "yes", no question about it.

RE: your discussion with Milt Stevens; I agree firmly with your comments about the dangers involved in boundry-defining, yet it does seem to be that in many areas boundry-defining is nonetheless a necessary thing. Without boundries, left is but an indefinable mush, with no good to value as different from the bad. If we did not have foods that we dislike, would we then like all things as foods?



It seems not, to me. If we did not disapprove of, say, Nazism (a tired, but useful standby), how would we then appreciate, say, the freedom to tell someone to go blow? Yet, if we did not dislike rudeness and thoughtlessness, how would we then appreciate kindness and consideration? It seems to me that the most important danger comes from reacting out of proportion to that which we have defined. It is good neither to lynch someone for smoking in a non-smoking room nor to say "I'm all right, Jack," when someone is lynched.

As regards fandom, I certainly have some definitions of fannish territory in my head. If a time ever comes that cons are made up entirely of fuggheads; or fanzines are filled entirely with only book reviews; or entirely with Burbee imitations; or entirely with fan polls; or reprints; or pro interviews; or anything else so singleminded, it will be a time that I will have left fandom. I think that flexibility is obviously the skill that extremeism can be avoided by. SF fandom wasn't killed by the first SF EXPO in 1976, despite predictions. It certainly hasn't *helped* but we stagger along. Even Doug Wright hasn't materially damaged fandom, that I've noticed. In fact, he's been the stimulus for several good fanzine articles...

Though I have certain biases towards what I think of as "fandom", I try mostly to deal with them as merely my own preferences; people can otherwise go to hell in the ways that pleases them, so far as I'm concerned, so long as it's a free choice and they aren't hurting anyone else by it. I hadn't observed that, say, publishing fiction fanzines caused leprosy, or worshipping Mr. Spock's ears caused excessive dandruff. Why, even dressing up in Rocky Horror costumes doesn't cause toenails to fall out, although it is a cause of excessive dryness in the mucous membranes, y'know. Anyway, none of those things "rings my chimes", or "puts my moose in the caboose" as you say in your language, but I try not to lead crusades, rather just settle back and ignore it.

Unless asked.

One way to help different fanzine fan camps become better known to each other would be more sharing of mailing lists. Anybody with a computer want to revive Proxyboo, Ltd.?

I quibble with David Hulan, respected sir. Truly, often the Fan Hugo has gone to an awful choice: by our standards. However, it has also gone to WARHOON, YANDRO, CRY OF THE NAMELESS, ENERGUMEN among others--surely these were worthy of it? I don't know anyone who expects the current Fan Hugos to be sensible or "good" choices, but that does not mean it can't stick in the throats of some that it goes on being so consistently a denial of what it is "supposed" to be.

Fandom is a way of bowling.

Thanks for the compliments, Gary...at least I think they were meant as such...88 The few competents on the Iggy committee (and I won't deny their existence) suffered the fate I mentioned earlier: they were tarred by the brush that was being used to paint the majority of the group to which they belonged. Yes, it is unfair, and there are times I could kick myself for falling into that trap of negligence, but often a commentater has no idea who was responsible for the parts of a bad con that went well. (And, equally often, whoever was responsible was not an actual part of the committee...)88 It was after Big MAC that I firmly resolved never to support a "beginner" group over "older and wiser" heads. As you say, concons need new ideas and fresh insight, but to have a concom made up with that sort in too high a percentage, mistakes that can easily be avoided are apt to occur, merely because of inexperience--simple ignorance at work.88 As Dave said at the beginning of his article, he has no idea who first brought up that phrase--probably someone who was sick-n-tired of hearing "The world is divided...". But I know I heard of it long before I ever came into or heard of fandom.88 Yes, we all have mental boundries that help us recognize the world around us. Your "fandom" most likely is not "my" fandom; yet--because we recognize each other as "fans"--there will be similarities. It's when people insist that because we espouse a similar cause/group, we ipso facto must agree on other positions that my gorge begins to rise.88 LA fans have a strong tendency to foam at the mouth, have their eyes glaze over, and otherwise turn into reactive individuals when Doug Wright's name is mentioned. It's a feeling I don't quite appreciate. So he puts on cons? So what? They're not ones I'd ever attend, so let him pull the trendies, the star-struck kidlets, spend a bundle and a half on Guest Fees--I'll laze around a con suite and talk to the people I want to see while he and his go their own

merry way. As you said; were's the damage? Needless to say, the LA fans see the situation in an utterly different light...88 Gary, let me point out a basic fact of economics: some people can't afford to send their zine to more people than they already do (me, for instance). Sharing mailing lists is something to avoid in that case, not encourage.88 I can work up a pretty good head of steam about the Fan Hugos, and yet admit that I really don't give that much of a damn about them--I only know they mean a lot to other people who I appreciate, and that the idea of their creation/being is being perverted. If you're gonna do something, at least do it right, is the way my thinking goes.88 I have never in my life said, thought, read, or referred to "...moose in the caboose"...Just what sort of foreign language is it you think I speak??? Martian?

HARRY WARNER, JR. I was among the early heretics in the dogma that fans are first-
423 Summit Ave. borns or only-begottens. When the original Earl Kemp survey was
Hagerstown, MD 21740 made, the great bulk of fans had been born during the period of
about 15 years covering the 1930s and the first half of the 1940s,
the Depression and World War II years, when the national birth rate was extremely low.
This increased the probability of any given individual being the first or only child, be-
cause there were fewer siblings being born. Moreover, virtually all fans come from
middle-class families, and it's the low-income families that are most likely to have
large numbers of children. By now, with perhaps half of all marriages ending in divorce,
remarriages occurring so frequently, and the number of illegitimate births rising, there's
a new deterrent to the same parents having more than one or two children.

I hadn't known until I read his loc that Dean Grennell is among fandom's smallest minor-
ity, the fans who rarely or never go to cons. If this tiny enclave doesn't lose many
members in the coming decade or two, I wonder if its members will gradually become down-
right mythical, no longer accepted as real persons by the remainder of fandom? This
assumes, of course, that fans continue their recent shift of interest from fanzines,
collecting, corresponding, and the other traditional forms of fanac, in favor of con-
going. Let's see: besides Dean and myself, there's Dick Bergeron (he went to one con),
Bill Danner (he's never been to one, and he even had an unlisted zip code for awhile to
make visiting difficult), and offhand I can't remember any others. Will we become
ghostlike fans whom the remainder of fandom considers hoaxes, or fans whose existence
is granted but meaningless, like the old scientific concept of ether?

Your reading spree is a matter for extreme envy. Books, Magazines, and other things con-
tinue to pile up in the spare bedrooms so fast that it's increasingly probable that I'll
never live long enough to read all of them. As I mentioned, the job is taking more time.
It's almost impossible to do my stuff directly on the computer terminals for the column
writing that I do for the local newspapers. It's too hard to remember what I wrote in
the early paragraphs after they have vanished from the screen. The sheer bulk of the
things makes it impossible to spread out several pages of notes, a couple of reference
books, and other materials which may be involved in the creation of a column within easy
eyeshot, and because there are about three times as many writers as terminals, I can't be
sure of getting the use of one when inspiration strikes. So I've been doing all my
writing at home on the typewriter, then revising it when as I put it on the terminal at
the office. Late last year, I wrestled long and hard with the question of whether I
should retire three years ahead of schedule and avoid all the confusion involved in the
changeover and in the occupation of the new newspaper building, and when I finally decid-
ed to stay on the job at least one more year, I immediately switched to a long indecision
over the advisability of announcing my gaffiation for three years until retirement. Since
the first of the year, I think I've managed to work out ways of doing things that will
permit me to stay on in both the job and fandom, but I still can't get out more than 3 or
4 locs a week, after several months in 1979 when I wrote virtually none. One factor which
helps is the sharp decline in the number of fanzines arriving. I'm not sure how much is
due to fanzine editors cutting me off mailing lists for lack of response and how much
represents a dropoff in fanzine output.

I was queried on that topic; of whether fans were first-born/only children, and admit to drawing a blank when it comes to defending my position. I had read a newspaper column where a similar subject was being discussed--another group of some sort wherein the bulk of the members were assumed to be first-born or only children-- and the columnist made a strong case for the fact that it's difficult, if not impossible, to find any group in this country (note the qualification) that is not made up of mostly first-born or only children. The birth rate in this nation does not exceed 5% (and hasn't in the past century, if ever). Taking the population as a base, looking at the birth rate, and considering the fact that families with more than 3 children distort the figures as much as an equal number of families with no children at all, you simply cannot fail to see that most families (and that may be as small as 51%) will have two or fewer children. While each family with six kids has to have a first-born, each family with but one child will have an only child. The numbers used spoke for themselves in my mind, yet, not knowing the paper I was reading at the time, nor the basis for all the statistics he gave (and being too damn lazy to go to the library in any case), there's no way I can stand up on a podium and refute someone who challenges that statement (Nevertheless, I make it....)%% Dean Grennell has gone to more than a few conventions (if my source, Dave Locke, is to be believed) but I would add to that list names such as Ed Cagle (none to my knowledge), Don Brazier (Not more than 2), Cy Condra (while a name more familiar to the more veteran fen among us, Cy simply doesn't care for conventioning), and Names like Charles Burbee (perhaps ??), Howard Lyones, and a score of local fen who just aren't known beyond their respective local-fan boundries. You Are Not Alone, Harry.%% Not knowing the computer program you were working with, I can't suggest anything helpful to you, but I didn't find CRT's that hard to work with. (I've done some Temp work that involve their use, and all incorporated a command that would roll the field of view so you could back up to where you wanted to read from; and would do it as frequently as you desired. It took a couple of hours for me to get used to the seeming lag that occurred between wanting to check back to a certain line and having that line within focus, but once I realized that it was only a seeming lag, I adjusted quite rapidly. The problem of Inspiration is completely beyond me...

LYNN HICKMAN

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Wauseon, OH 43567

Louisville? I just can't imagine anyone wanting to move to Louisville. Perhaps out of some necessity, the only place in the country where you could find work or something, but actually choosing to move there dumbfounds me.

Speaking of towns, did you read where Mole Hill, WV, changed its name to Mountain WV?

I am one of those who doesn't especially care for Midwestcon's Holidome. I stayed there the first year, but stayed at the Sharon Exit Motel the next. I'll stay there again this year if the con isn't held at another place.

I agree with your ideas on fandom. While I have a number of friends that aren't fans, I do find that I tend to become bored with them much easier in the course of an evening. They just don't think and talk like a fannish person will. Most fans are reasonably well-versed in almost anything you wish to talk about, while with many non-fan friends, you find it difficult to keep the conversation rolling because of their inability to think about many other things than their jobs, family, etc.

Geez, I'm tired of defending our choice of this city to live in; when even the employees of firms who should be touting the selection of Louisville as a place of residence come down against their city, I'm left with little to say...%% Even staying in another hotel wouldn't have changed our minds about Midwestcon, since our problems dealt with where we could meet the people--and the Holidome was just too unmanagable for both of us. I'm so happy they've moved next years' site...

The very diversity of fandom almost perforce leads to a diversity of, if not opinion, at least discussability of topics. Mundania makes a person restrict the subject, as a rule, where in fandom a person can talk about anything, and someone else will be around who not only recognizes the subject, but who can be counted as almost an expert on it. By fannish standards I don't talk much, yet in mundanish circles, I hardly speak at all...

DAVE LOCKE

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"I can't seem to find a letter from you in my folder."

"Don't think I did a letter on the last one, Hon."

"What? How can that be?"

"Huh?"

"It's unthinkable."

"---"

"How could you possibly not find the time to LoC my fanzine? I mean, it's been simply ages since I published. I remember, because I came crawling out of the den at two minutes before midnight on New Years Eve to hand you the first copy so I could say I did publish in 1979."

"Yes, I remember that. It was funny watching you come down the stairs that way."

"It was a close call, too. By the time I got downstairs and collapsed, you wouldn't even look at the fanzine I was still waving at you until you fixed fresh drinks."

"I didn't want us to cross into the New Year with empty glasses."

"We almost didn't make it."

"Oh, no. We still had fifteen seconds to spare when I finished pouring."

"And that's when you looked down and took the fanzine I was holding out to you."

"Are you ready to do another issue?"

"YES! That's what I started to say. Where's your L6C?"

"I didn't..."

"I won't need it for another day, really, but if I had it right this minute I could figure out its placement and maybe start typing up the lettercol."

"I'm not sure I could write you anything worth printing this time. I enjoyed the issue, but I didn't run across any comment hooks. I'm afraid my words just wouldn't be equal justice to the pleasure I got from reading your zine."

"Dave?"

"...Yes?"

"Up yours. You couldn't slick-talk a man dying of thirst if you had a jug of Sparlettes. What's happened to creative writing in fandom when Dave Locke can't whip off a letter of comment because he hasn't read anything to comment on?"

"Speaking of slick-talking...."

"And why can't you find anything to comment on?"

"Well, actually, what could I tell you? The cover is neat; I like your artwork. The editorial is a summation of what we've been doing lately, or some of what we've been doing lately, anyway. And I can't think of anything else in particular that's suitable or worth adding, unless you want to add my system for sorting socks."

"Anything but that."

"The fanzine reviews seem to be among the most well-balanced I've read in a long time, and the compliments you've gotten are deserved."

"Well, thanks."

"In between the fanzine reviews and the convention reports you sandwiched my article, probably for comic relief, but thankfully it's not expected of someone to comment on their own material. Otherwise I'd have to say that I didn't let it sit long enough or I'd have seen that the pacing wandered a bit and then dribbled off like a wet fart."

"I wouldn't expect you to admit that. You could just skip over it and comment on the convention reports."

"Right. I thought it was all good, straightforward reporting. You had a nice touch, a good sense of perspective, and the only place I'd differ with you was in your statement that Midwestcon was an excellent convention, but that's all subjective viewpoint."

"You didn't think it was an excellent convention?"

"No convention held in a place where the heat and humidity are reminiscent of a locker room, where the smell of chlorine makes you wonder if there's any water in the pool, and where the acoustics can best be described as "gymnasium effect", can possibly rise up the scale to be what I would call an "excellent convention", no matter how great every other facet of it could possibly be. And to me the rest of it wasn't all that great, though it was classifiable as quite good. Mostly."

"Well, you could say all that."

"I suppose so, but now that Midwestcon is bailing out of there for '81, it would be like beating a dead horse, though the attendance was down so much this year that I imagine there were a couple of hundred who wouldn't be adverse to taking a kick at it in passing."

"The lettercol should have provided some comment hooks."

"I could say that we're all real close to arriving at the conclusion that the purpose of fandom can be defined only in terms of the person who stops to consider the question. But if I said that, the discussion might be ended and we'd all have to go off and find something more amusing to talk about. Hmm, maybe I should say it then. What do you think?"

"Say something. I just want my LoC."

"Well, as you can tell, there really isn't anything to say after I've told you I enjoyed it. Unless you want me to shit you about your quarterly schedule."

"There must be something else."

"I'm open to suggestions."

"How about a pain story? Lots of people get real original and write in about things that haven't been brought up before."

"Luckily I haven't encountered any pain stories. I decided that maybe if I stopped writing about them they would go away, and so far the system is working."

"Nothing? No pain at all? There isn't some pain you haven't already written about?"

"Don't believe so."

"You can't think of any pain story?"

"Wait a minute. I'm beginning to feel one coming on. May I use your typewriter?"

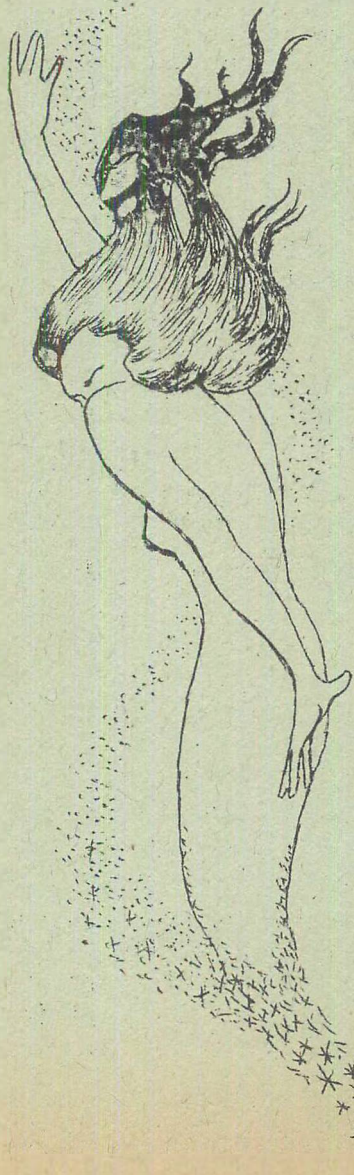
While I don't think it quite sporting of you to put you LoC in such a form as to make it all but impossible to edit, I do thank you for ~~finally~~ writing it. It's not often I get two articles from you for one issue--and this seems more article-like than LoC-like, IMHO. At least I did manage to defeat your nefarious plan to make your LoC impossible to respond to--even if I did have to stretch a point.

And so sinks another local into the vast sea of history. WAHF: Harry Andruschak, Martha Beck, Richard Brandt, Mike Harper, Hank Heath, Barney Neufeld, Jodie Offutt, and Gene Wolfe. Many thanks for the comments, only wish I could run all your letters, but the resources of this zine, sadly, are not infinite, and page count must be kept in mind...

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3RD CLASS MAIL To:
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