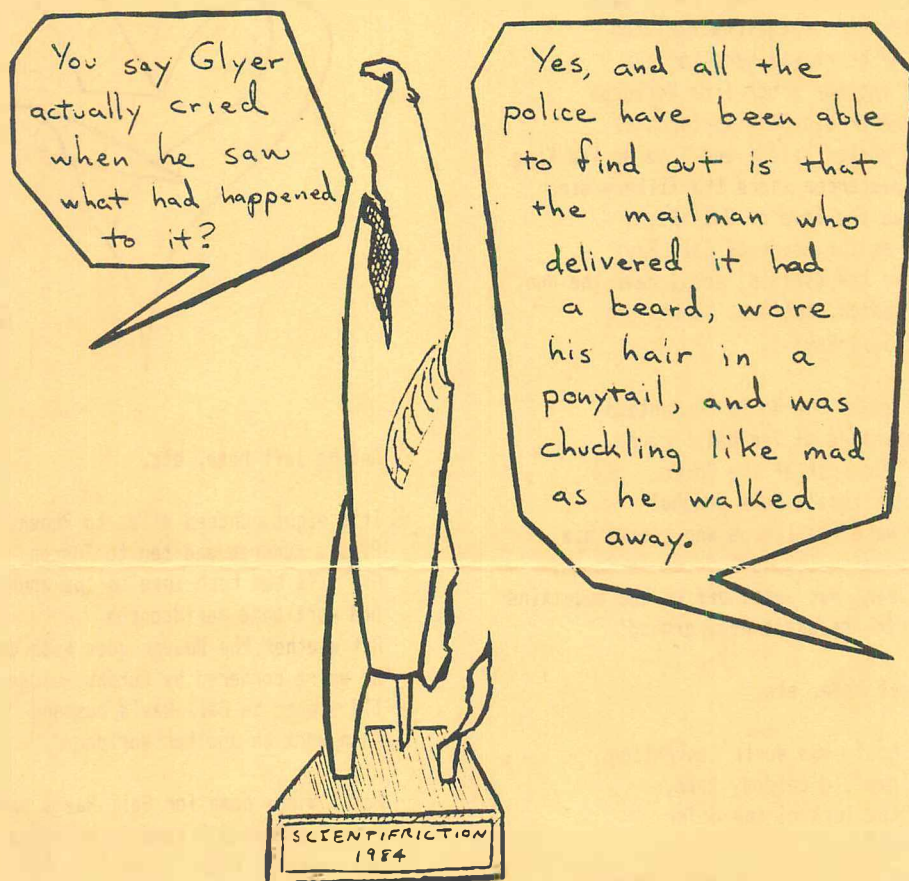


"I have reasons for wanting to win a Hugo...it's the only award in science fiction that the Post Office has not devised a way to destroy." - Mike Glycer,
Scientifriktion 12



UNDULANT FEVER

UNDULANT FEVER #9 is published at irregular intervals about once or twice a year by Bruce D. Arthurs, 3421 W. Poinsettia, Phoenix, AZ 85029-3227 USA. Yes, UNDULANT FEVER, the fanzine that doesn't talk about D. West (praise Ghu); UNDULANT FEVER, the fanzine that does talk about Jerry Pournelle (oh shit). This is the *sigh* 1984 issue. UF is available for trade, letter of comment, editorial whim, or for three outrageous dollars per issue (no long-term subscriptions). A Malacoda Press publication.

ART CREDITS: William Rotsler, 2; Alexis Gilliland, 4; Steven Fox, 4. All other illos by the editor.

Mailing permit courtesy of Leprecon, Inc. Leprecon 11 will be held Easter Weekend, 1985, at the Phoenix Hyatt Regency. Write PO Box 16815, Phoenix, AZ 85011, for details.

Sourdough Jackson's poem below is something I requested publication rights for several years ago when I was having delusions of publishing a big fancy fanzine. When I found I had miscalculated the amount of wordage in this issue, I was finally able to squeeze it in. Sorry for the delay, Sourdough.

Gail Ray

by Sourdough Jackson

(written for the occasion of our fourth wedding anniversary)

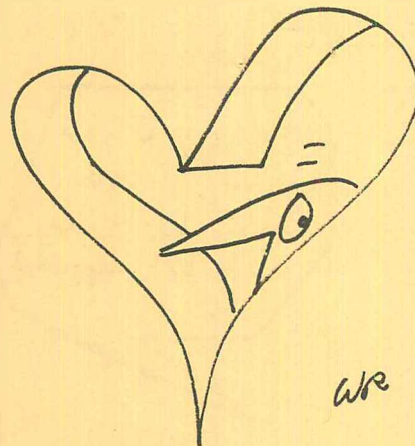
(with apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

When I left home for Gail Ray's sake
By the trufen's road from Worldcon
I vowed my heart was hers to take
With her and her truck from Worldcon--
(when Phoenix blew the Worldcon--)
And I've worked MileHi and I've worked King
And the Westercon where the filkers sing
As rich as the love of Gail Ray
(As warm as the heart of Gail Ray)
And I have the Captain, and I have the Hun
And the Amazon, but best, most fun,
I've got Gail Ray!

When you go to the World Convention
Where thousands of fen hall around,
Remember the luck of the Gofer
Who left Arizona's home ground!
Oh, dear were the ladies who kissed him
And the bheer-drinking buddies he found,
But his heart was swept off to the mountains
And he left Arizona's home ground!

And he left home, etc.

When you go to the World Convention,
Which is one big entropy bomb,
Remember the luck of the Gofer
Who pratfell onto the Conco.
He carried his rules and his paperwork,
He posted his staff in the room,
Till Chaos barged in and took over
And blew the plans of the Conco!



And he left home, etc.

It's eight hundred miles to Phoenix
Plus a nundred-and-ten to Tuscon,
And life has been love in the mountains
And work on a Worldconcom.
But whether the Beaver goes with us,
Or we're cornered by Murphy--alone,
I'd sooner be Gail Ray's husband
Than work on another Worldcon!

For I'm now home for Gail Ray's sake
From the trufan's road to Worldcon.
She knows my heart is hers to take
Anywhere else but Worldcon!
(But we ran one helluva Worldcon!)
My firend's the Captain, my friend's the Hun
And the Amazon from far Tuscon
Where the sun is as bright as Gail Ray
(And warm as the heart of Gail Ray!)
And I have the Captain, and I have the Hun,
And the Amazon, but best, most fun,
I've got Gail Ray!

INCONSEQUENTIA

I mentioned last issue that Hilde was going to go to the IBM PC Faire in San Francisco at the end of August. Since you might also have noticed that this fanzine is now reproduced by dot-matrix printer, you might have gathered that we indeed have gotten our own computer.

The outfit we ended up getting was a Columbia MPC, an IBM-style computer that's supposed to be compatible with almost all IBM software, a Keytronics keyboard, a Taxan amber-colored monitor, and an Epson MX-80 Grafrax Plus dot-matrix printer.

The most frequent purpose the computer is utilized for, of course, is wordprocessing. After several months of struggling with a program called Perfectwriter that came bundled with the machine and that was plagued with vanishing files, frozen keyboards, and randomly appearing glitches, we switched over to the wp program we would have gotten if the "Perfect" program hadn't been included: The Final Word.

FW has a lot of interesting style and format commands. A lot of them seem to be mostly applicable for technical papers and reports, but others are handy for manuscripts and fanzine material. It can number chapters automatically, include headers at the top of each page, put footnotes wherever you want them, generate a table of contents and index, and a variety of other tricks. (Some of the things it can't do include double-column format and display fully formatted material on-screen, but these can be worked around.)

Printing is fairly simple. Something that didn't come along with the software were settings to generate double-strike printing (which gives a darker, closer to letter-quality result) and quadruple-strike (which is basically all boldface, and which will produce a quite usable ditto master). Paul Schauble was able to come up with those settings, however, so I was all set to come out roaring.

Right.

The most wondrous thing about using a word processor is its ability to revise and manipulate and change text with incredible relative ease.

The worst thing about using a word processor is its ability to revise and manipulate and change text with incredible relative ease.

This is about the fifth or sixth time over the past eight months that I've done major revisions on this issue of UF. Some of these have been updates on things mentioned in previous drafts. Others have been corrections. Some have been changes in subject. Some have been modifications in layout commands (at one point I was seriously thinking of putting in a quadruple-strike command at the beginning of the file and running UF off on ditto masters). Some have changed references to forthcoming events from future tense to present tense to past tense.

Revision, even if made easier, still takes a certain amount of time to do, sheerly in going thru the pages of the document and making the necessary insertions or deletions or commands. In fact, the very ease that the machine makes possible can mean that you spend more time revising your fanzine than you would have if done on an ordinary typewriter. The drudgery involved with revising on a typewriter is such that one simply tends not to do it, to simply be satisfied with what you've got, get it reproed, and get it into the mail. The word processor removes much of the drudgery, but the savings in time are minimal

or nonexistent when you find yourself revising not only once, but half a dozen times.

This is not to say that the word processor alone is to blame for the length of time between this issue and last. Part of it was finances (the engine on our car blew, to the tune of \$1300, and that was the point when I was thinking of going to ditto), part personal crisis (Edna, Hilde's mother, fell and broke her hip, which kept us going back and forth to the hospital for a while), part my putting the occasional apazine for FLAP or FAPA, with their brutal deadlines, ahead of this fanzine's priority, and a lot of simply failing to fit time for fanac into the cracks between job, housework, and the six-hours-average sleep per night I manage to stagger along on.

And another activity that's been using a lot of my time, including a lot of time on the computer, has been the writers' group.

This isn't the first time I've been in or tried to organize a writers' group, but this is the first one that really seems to be doing well. A working combination of people seems to have gotten together, all of whom want to write, rather than to be writers.

Of the six people presently in the group, at least three (Jennifer Roberson, Tom Watson, and Mike Stackpole) seem to fit into the category of compulsive writers, people who would be writing whether or not the writers' group existed. Liz Danforth has submitted some very good, Zelaznyesque material, and we keep encouraging her to try and find more time from the (paying) artwork she does to work on it.

Hilde, especially, has found the group beneficial. The word processor makes it possible for her to write, without being beaten into discouragement and surrender by the drudgery of revision (especially since she tends to do fairly major rewrites) or the tedium of typo correction. But the group has provided a forum where she knows she can get an honest reaction to her work from the other members, painful as it might be, and receive frequently helpful comments from them.

Back around the beginning of February, Jennifer brought along to a meeting an announcement from the SFWA Bulletin saying that Marion Zimmer Bradley was open to submissions for *Sword and Sorceress* #2, an original fantasy anthology series she was doing for DAW. We decided that everyone in the writers' group would try to get a story done for submission to the anthology.

Five of us did, and the results were, to say the least, encouraging. Jennifer's story sold right away. Although Hilde's story was bounced fairly quickly, it came back with a letter from Marion saying that the story was nicely written and enjoyable to read, but not quite right for the anthology; considering it was the first story Hilde had ever submitted to anyone, the letter was almost as egoboosting as an acceptance, and the story is now making the rounds of other markets.

Tom Watson and Mike Stackpole both had their stories held by MZB, pending the final shape of the anthology. Tom's finally got rejected, but it was the first time any of his stories had been held for consideration like that, so he felt encouraged.

Mike had submitted two stories, separately, and both had been held. Then he got one of them back, along with a note from MZB saying that it was being returned because she didn't want two stories from the same author in the book. That certainly made him feel good.

Which made it even more of a letdown when the second story was returned a week or so later. At the last moment, MZB had been told that the anthology would have to be trimmed by 15,000 words, and Mike's story had been one of the casualties. Everyone in the writers' group felt bad about it: an experience like that must qualify as some sort of literary *coitus interruptus*.

Still and all, the group obviously ain't doing too bad. Well enough, in fact, that one of the major topics of discussion at the last several meetings has been how to handle other people who've shown an interest in joining. We're not a closed group, but we're also aware that with too many people, or the wrong people, the group could collapse or become ineffective. So we're being very cautious about letting new people in.

What's that? You say I never mentioned how my own submission to MZB's anthology did? Oh. Well, it, uhh, *koff koff*, sold. It's only been ten years since I sold that other story to Ted White for FANTASTIC, so I guess I'll just rush out and quit my job tomorrow. Sure.

Actually, I have a hard time ever envisioning myself as other than an occasional fiction author. I don't have the compulsion to write like Jennifer or Tom does, or the willingness to sweat and revise like Hilde does. I enjoy the challenge of writing a well-done piece of fiction, but it's not something that would really appeal to me as a full-time profession.

As it is, I expect I'll continue doing the occasional piece of fiction. The sequel to "Unicorn's Blood" (the story that sold to MZB) is already written, and I've got some notes written down for yet a third story featuring the same character. Someday I may even get back to one of the unfinished novels sitting in my filing cabinet and complete it.

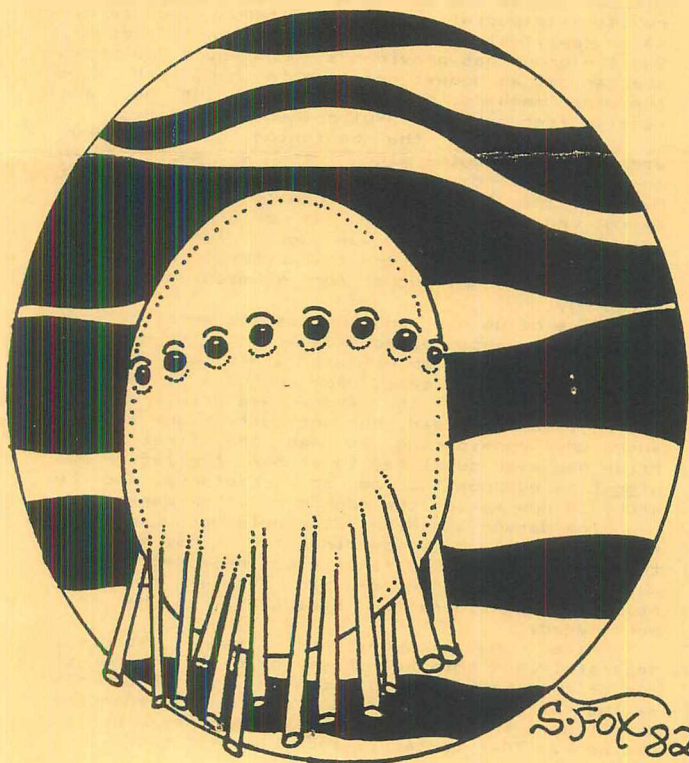
In the meantime, however, I've got a fanzine to produce.

THE EDITORS OF OMNI
FELT YOUR MANUSCRIPT
DESERVED MORE THAN A
LETTER OF REJECTION.

I'M GOING TO
BITE YOUR
NECK.



READIN'



I find, on skimming over the list of books I have here in my notes, that a lot of a science fiction I've read since the last issue of UF has disappointed me. The common factor in all the disappointing books seem to be that previous books by each particular writer have led me to expect better.

Michael Shaara's The Herald is the most telling example. Shaara's previous book was The Killer Angels, a retelling of the Battle of Gettysburg with emphasis on the inner thoughts and feelings of the officers involved; it won a Pulitzer Prize, and deservedly so. The characters in that book came across as extremely vivid and real.

Which is unfortunately not the case in The Herald. A town of 70,000 people dies from an unknown source of radiation overnight. A private pilot is one of the few people immune (!) to the radiation. A Federal agent wants his help to find the source and destroy it. As things move along, the radiation begins to spread. Is this the end of civilization as we know it, with only the few immunes left to start over?

Yes, and you don't really care. The characters don't involve your sympathy or attention, and the situation has been presented better by other writers. (Stephen King's The Stand, for instance, which was itself badly flawed.) All in all, a major disappointment. (The Herald by Michael Shaara, McGraw-Hill, 1981, 229 pages, \$11.95)

Next in line is William Goldman's Control. The one this suffers in comparison to is, of course, The Princess Bride. I enjoyed sections of Control very much; Goldman can create interesting characters, can write scenes that haul you in by the adrenalin gland, but I was left with an overall feeling of dissatisfaction.

I think one of the reasons for this is that the various literary tricks and cliches he uses

are visible as various literary tricks. Some of these are the same ones he used in TPB, like the scattered repetitions of a phrase; but "My name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to die." worked in TPB, whereas "He made a fist of his hand and a club of his arm" in Control doesn't. Part of this may be that TPB was in part a satire of the very literary clichés Goldman was using, whereas in a "straight" novel like Control those clichés and stylistic tricks are more obvious and intrusive.

Another disgruntling similarity between Control and TPB is the sudden, inconclusive ending. TPB ends with the bad guys still in pursuit of the good guys, but this, again, is Goldman satirizing a literary convention. In Control, one of the plot twists (and there are some doozies!) in the later chapters opens up a whole new world of complications and potentialities. And nothing gets done with it, and I'm left wondering "NOW what happens, dammit?" as I face the blankness of the inside back cover. (Control by William Goldman, Dell, 1983, 305 pages, \$3.95)

Jack Williamson's The Humanoid Touch is the sequel to his classic sf book, The Humanoids. A double planetary system in the far reaches of space was settled by refugees fleeing from the advances of the humanoids. Now, the humanoids are starting to catch up....

The disappointment I had in this book lies in the ambiguity Williamson seems to feel towards his creation. The humanoids are the ultimate dictators; they're everywhere, see everything, control your every move. Yet, I keep getting the feeling that Williamson believes that basically the humanoids are right, that humanity can't be trusted to preserve themselves against their own baser instincts. The humanoids may be evil, but only because of an excess of good intentions.

How does Williamson resolve this dilemma? On the two planets, two different types of societies have evolved. On Kai, a hostile, icy world, humanity is technologically oriented and aggressive. On Malili, a mysterious "native" society, the Leleyo, have arisen, able to survive despite the bloodrot and rockrust that attacks normal people and machinery. As it turns out, the protagonist of THT is actually a Leleyo half-breed, rather than the pure Kaian he had thought himself, thus able to survive on the surface of Malili.

Not only is the rockrust on Malili able to attack and destroy humanoids, but it turns out that the humanoids don't want to exert any control over the Leleyo as they've done over the rest of the human galaxy. Why? Because the Leleyo are the result of a mutation, one that eliminates the aggression and capacity for interspecies cruelty of humans. They don't need humanoids.

While this may be an acceptable way to wrap up loose ends and finish the book, I found it personally objectionable. Is the aggressive instinct really so formidable, so dangerous that it has to be forcibly repressed from outside? Is humanity really so lacking in self-control? Does the future of free men really belong to a race of wormboys? (The Humanoid Touch by Jack Williamson, Bantam, 1981, 210 pages, \$2.25)

The book to compare with George R.R. Martin's Fevre Dream is his earlier Dying of the Light. Fevre Dream is a vampire novel set in the heyday of the Mississippi steamboat era, whereas DOTL was a straight science fiction novel set in Martin's baroque, far-flung universe.

Compared with the other horror and vampire books crowding the racks at the grocery stores, Fevre Dream is a very good book. Martin brings out the era very nicely, his vampires are rationally thought out (they're not supernatural beings, but a race of ultimate predators that prey on human beings), and his characters are interesting and well-developed. (I couldn't help noticing that the main human protagonist never got laid in the course of the book; this is pretty unusual nowadays, when it seems fairly obligatory, but natural considering the character's personality and appearance.)

Where it fails in comparison to DOTL is in the matter of vividness. Do other people out there turn books into movies as they read them? I usually do, casting the characters, decorating the sets, picking the camera angles and lighting effects. The movies I really enjoy tend to have scenes that knock you back in your seat and leave you with your mouth hanging open; THE BLACK STALLION, Lester's THE THREE MUSKETEERS, and some of the scenes in BLADERUNNER come to mind immediately.

In Dying of the Light, I could easily have picked a dozen scenes of that caliber. I recall thinking at the time that if Martin was ever GoH at a Worldcon, the program book would have an extraordinary portfolio of art based on his stories. In Fevre Dream, however, I didn't come anywhere near being that impressed. Perhaps it's because Dream, despite its subject matter, is based on a real era, real locations, in history. While I enjoyed reading the book, I wasn't as impressed as I'd hoped I would be. (Fevre Dream by George R.R. Martin, Pocket Books, 1983, 390 pages, \$3.95.)

Moving on to some of the more satisfying books, Jack Chalker's The Identity Matrix contains a lot of elements common to other Chalker books: the "outsider" hero, a paranoid and amoral government, graphic violence, the theme of bodily and mental transformation.

Victor Gonser, socially flawed and contemplating suicide, finds himself inadvertently involved in a war between the government and a race of aliens with the ability to shift their minds between human bodies...and to shift human minds to other human bodies. Gonser finds himself mindshifted, his former body destroyed, and his mind now in the body of a beautiful woman. But are the aliens the real menace...or the government trying to defeat them?

Writing in his FAFazine a few years back, Chalker predicted that the book would go over like poisoned pancakes with feminists. Perhaps so. All I can say is that Gonser's adjustment to his new body and the reactions of others to his change seem to be well thought out and reasonable. One might argue whether Chalker's development would be an accurate one in real life, but he does make it a believable one in the context of a book of fiction. (The Identity Matrix by Jack L. Chalker, Timescape, 1982, 254 pages, \$2.95)

Pamela Sargent's The Golden Space is a pseudo-novel built from several previously published novelettes and new material. Like a lot of books of this type, this results in a rather disjointed narrative, with characters from one section not being continued into the next or being reduced to minor characters.

The novel's subject is the effect of immortality on mankind. Sargent refers obliquely to the years of conflict and misery the discovery of the immortalizing treatment caused, and is mainly concerned with the emotional attitudes of the individuals who live in the new society that has developed. This society tends to be indrawn, uncreative, unwilling to take risks, crippled by a paralyzing fear of dying in an accident, the only way left to die.

The first section deals with an attempt by a brilliant geneticist to produce new blood, to reinvigorate human society by developing a genetically engineered group of children free from sexual and emotional handicaps. In later sections, however, this plot idea is pushed into the background to deal with other facets of the society.

The book has a lot of interesting ideas, a lot of carefully crafted characters. But the structure of the book makes it a disconcerting and slow read. (The Golden Space by Pamela Sargent, Timescape, 1983, 246 pages, \$2.95)

A couple of short story collections are up for review next. George R.R. Martin's Sandkings. The stories in Sandkings reemphasized the point I made discussing Fevre Dream above, that Martin is capable of creating extremely powerful and vivid scenes and stories. Here are splendid sights.

exotic aliens, conflicts between well-detailed and interesting characters. "In the House of the Worm", I think, is the best story in the book, exploring one of the strangest (and grimmest) societies I've ever encountered. "The Way of Cross and Dragon" and "The Stone City" are other stories that particularly impressed me, and none of the remaining stories are less than good. (I don't think "Sandkings" deserved a Hugo nomination, being basically a sfinal version of a 1950's horror movie, but it was an interesting and well-written story nevertheless.) (Sandkings by George R.R. Martin, Timescape, 1981, 238 pages, \$2.75)

The stories in Edward Bryant's Particle Theory are greatly different from Martin's stories. In some respects, Bryant is a better, if less popular, writer than Martin. It is precisely because of those most skilled aspects of his writing, I suspect, that he is less popular.

Bryant tends towards the highly introspective story, where the primary concern is the characterization rather than the plot line. This does not mean his stories are plotless; far from it, some of the stories in Particle Theory have extremely strong and well-constructed plots. But they often seem to move slowly, and this probably is offputting to many people. But the skill and care Bryant applies to his work, to the development of his characters, more than makes up for a slow pace to any story. In fact, if I had to make up a list of the people I considered the ten best sf writers, Bryant would be one of the

definite inclusions. The most disturbing thing about reading his work, in fact, is the depressing knowledge that I'll never be able to write a story as well done as "The Thermals of August" or "giANTS". (Particle Theory by Edward Bryant, Timescape, 1981, 252 pages, \$2.95)

The last book I'm going to review here was published in paperback nearly ten years ago, and in hardcover nearly ten years before that. Why Michael Ayrton's The Maze Maker is out of print is a mystery, because I found it an extremely vivid and wonderful book.

The Maze Maker is the story of Daedalus, builder of the Labyrinth, maker of wings. Ayrton's story is a combination of the realistic and the fantastic; it reminds me of Evangeline Walton's retellings of the Mabinogion in its attempt to take the varied and contradictory legends and construct as real and self-sustaining a narrative as possible from them. Theseus, for instance, has only a walk-on role in TMM, and never fights the Minotaur. Talos, the man of bronze, is not a creation of Daedalus, but a former friend, maddened and convinced that Daedalus has murdered him, who hunts the mazemaker clothed in a suit of bronze armor.

All this is done in wonderfully rich style, narrated by Daedalus himself, with powerful characters, evocative settings, and engrossing plot advancements. If you can find a used copy of this book, it has my highest recommendation. (The Maze Maker by Michael Ayrton, Bard Books, 1975, 277 pages, \$1.65)



What does Richard
Bergeron look like?
What does Arthur
Hlavaty do for a living?
Why is Ted White?

Kung Fan master pondering
the Three Essential Fannish Questions

KICKBACKS

George Flynn, 27 Sonawsett Ave., Warren, RI 02885

Since the historical record is at stake, I hasten to respond to your "nosy questions" in UNDULANT FEVER #8. Had I known the exact timing was a matter of controversy (I said I didn't understand what was going on), I wouldn't have tossed off that remark about getting a call from Iguanacon "around July." In my memory it seemed a

month or so before the con, but on consulting my diary I find it was in fact the evening of Tuesday, August 8, that I was phoned by Gary Farber. I presume that was after what you call "Black Saturday"; certainly my recollection is that the rumors about the situation were already flying. My apologies to all concerned for any further exacerbation of the situation I may have inadvertently contributed.

((I was aware in asking my "nosy questions" that there was some possibility it was merely confusion over the dates involved, and that your response would, embarrassingly, indicate that my suspicions were unfounded. Nevertheless, the events of that period as I know them all seemed to point to the idea that the Garret had indeed made the decision to force Rusty Hevelin's removal before his arrival in Phoenix. Your statement in your last letter of comment was the first solid opportunity I had had to confirm these suspicions with someone in a position to know for sure.

And oddly enough, despite your own negative reply above, those suspicions do indeed seem to have been confirmed. Larry Carmody, in reviewing UF #8 in NOTHING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION #6, states, "I was contacted by a person in the Garret in late July...to work in operations at the con." So the risk of embarrassment seems to have been worthwhile. -BDA-))

"Runners" is a term I haven't heard used much for the people plaguing cons; mostly we tend to refer to such people as "media freaks," or the even more generic "turkeys." The Eastern cons have pretty generally gone to a near-total ban on weapons. "Fandom" does seem to get more complicated all the time....

Mike Blicksohn, 308 Hindesere Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6S3L6, CANADA

There was a weird sense of time distortion about this UF but eventually I figured out when you'd written most of it. It was the Pournelle incident which threw me, of course, since I'd no way of knowing whether or not something had happened at this year's Westercon as well. It's a shame about Jerry because when he makes the effort he can be interesting, amusing and perfectly easy to get along with. Of course, he doesn't make the effort very often and his drinking problem does indeed frequently render him obnoxious and abrasive. It's to be hoped that some of his friends can eventually make him aware of this but up until now there doesn't seem to have been any progress made.

((I myself have a good deal of respect for Pournelle as a writer. The pro-space non-fiction of his that I've read makes it obvious that he's knowledgeable about and loves the idea, and he is very good at communicating that love and excitement to the reader. Unfortunately, when I've seen him in person, I'm left feeling that the only person I want to see sent into space is Jerry Pournelle. And never bring him back. -BDA-))

Not having been at your Westercon to check out your fanzine room I can't know if it was well run or not but I suspect that in the right crowd any fanzine room would be a success (and I also suspect you're as capable of running a good room as most fans) so I'd guess Westercon just wasn't the right place for one. Marty's room at CHICON was an oasis for fanzine fans in the three-ring circus of the worldcon itself and many of us went there regularly in self-defense against the faceless hordes. With Westercon being so much smaller, perhaps there was less need to get away from the masses and more places where fanzine fans knew where to find each other and so the room wasn't needed as much. I expect to spend quite a bit of time in Marty's room in Baltimore as well, for the same reasons as I went there last year.

You guys must have an unusual calendar down there since it says "Mailing date no later than August 1" immediately above the August 4 postmark but since this is fandom I can understand it. I am at a bit of a loss to imagine what took you twenty three days after you'd finished preparing the issue but I won't ask in case I find out just how close to being tossed off your mailing list I came!

((The outside-the-USA copies of last issue were put in a separate stack and didn't get mailed until August 4th; the in-country copies were mailed August 2nd. As for the twenty three days between last typing and mailing, most of that was at the Price Club printshop: slow but cheap, they'd do 500 double-sided copies for only \$12.50, which I thought a good bargain compared to wrestling with the mimeo any more. Unfortunately, when Price

Club moved to a new building, they also eliminated the printshop, so I'll have to do some shopping around for rates even vaguely comparable now, *sigh*. -BDA-))

David Bratsen, 301 Juanita Way, Los Altos, CA 94022 USA

Having missed Westercon 35, I appreciated the worm's-eye view, Jerry Pournelle, unusual '84 bids, and all. Most interesting was the way the local neos at that convention turned into Runners at the subsequent Coppercon. Persons who want to appropriate the entire hotel hallway space for their games are more and more of a feature at conventions nowadays. I almost wish cons took place on airplane flights, so I could tell them to go play outside.

Norwescon, in Seattle, has been for a couple of years a hotbed of Runners, but at least they're unfailingly polite kids there. The ones playing Sandman dress up in black, which means that the ones playing Runners are apt to walk up to any unsuspecting bystander who wears black, and politely ask, "Are you a Sandman?" Rather an anti-survival trait if you think about it. After a couple of episodes of that, I stopped wearing anything that could be mistaken for black to Norwescons.

You mentioned that your Westercon's fanzine room was poorly attended. Another comparison with Norwescon comes to mind, if only because I don't think Westercon 36 had a fanzine room. This year's Norwescon had a fanzine room located a short two flights of stairs directly above the center of the con lobby. It was very well attended, but, oddly enough, only by the fanzine fans. The Runners, drunks, and crowd-junkies stayed down on the ground floor where they belonged. The room acted as a focal point for the fanzine fans, and not just during the day when it was open. One evening I looked out across the hallway and saw a hall party of maybe thirty people, all of whom I knew. Pretty impressive considering that I could have hopped down two stories and seen three hundred people none of whom I knew.

Ed Row, 822 Irvine Ave., Bend, OR 97601 USA

The "Jerry Pournelle Incident" you described is rather disquieting to me. Your description sounds like a rather clinical case of alcoholism: going on a three-day drunk to "celebrate" the publication of a new novel sounds like what an alcoholic would do. It isn't really celebrating -- it's just getting drunk. I suspect that Pournelle would have gotten drunk anyway had he not completed the novel; he would just have used a different excuse. I hope I'm wrong about him, but he sounds a lot like I used to be when I still drank.

You wonder what people get out of getting drunk? I can tell you what it was, in my case. I can't speak for anyone else.

First of all, I used to think that various types of chemical abuse were just plain cool. Considering that some of my formative years (18-25 years old) were spent in the army, that's not surprising. People in the military tend to be into mega-drug-abuse; it's the norm, whether it's the old master sergeant deep in his cups at the NCO Club or the 19-year-old private smoking hash and dropping downers and topping it off with beer.

More importantly, there is the release of tension. If people make you nervous, the sovereign cure for that is a few drinks. Not only does one become less nervous, the alcohol also imparts a sense of grandiosity and power. So if a little bit can do that for a person, then it stands to reason that more is better.

This, of course, is an illusion. All that more does is create an addiction. What makes this complicated is the fact that some people seem to be prone to alcohol addiction while others are not. A lot of people go through a stage of heavy alcohol abuse at one point in their lives, and then return to normal social drinking. But some don't; these are the ones who drink not only for

the reasons given above, but also simply because they crave alcohol. Here's where rationalization comes in. The individual in question drinks to celebrate -- but what kind of celebrating is it that leads people to get hostile and belligerent? It's not celebrating, really; it's the attempted satisfaction of a craving that can't really be satisfied.

I used to think that I had to drink and do dope in order to get crazy, to have a good time. Now I have learned that that is not necessary, that I can do as I please without chemical aid. It's too bad that it took so long. Some people never learn; I just hope that Jerry Pournelle is not in that category.

Perhaps your fanzine room at Westercon did not work well because you did not promote it before the con. I got a short letter before Chicon inviting me to participate in the workings of the fanzine room there; I recall being very flattered by this. Had I been able to attend the con, I certainly would have devoted some time to the fanzine room, because my attention was brought to it before the con. I was made to feel that I would get to be part of something unique, even in fandom.

So what you might do the next time you are in the position of running a fanzine room is to send a bunch of letters to people you feel might be interested, a couple of months before the con, and ask them if they are interested. Tell them exactly what it's all about, and invite them to be part of it. It might make a big difference from what happened the last time.

Costume fans have been around as long as fandom, or as long as sf cons have been held, anyway. I recall listening to a talk by Forry Ackerman on dressing up at a con back in 1940 or something. So costumes are nothing new. But this irritation with them is, evidently; what has changed?

I think it's the emphasis on mass media. I find Star Trek to be a crashing bore, most of the time; ditto for just about anything else that comes across the tube or out of a movie screen. The problem with this stuff (with a few exceptions, like Blade Runner) is that it is generally aimed at a market that is less than mature. So the people who get into it tend to be either really young (in which case they have a decent chance of growing out of it) or congenital fad followers. I personally equate faddism with unintelligence and/or narrowness of mental horizons, so it's not surprising to me that masses of people who are into various media things flock to science fiction conventions to act out their pitiful fantasies (I'm not saying I don't have pitiful fantasies, but at least I don't inflict them on others, who probably aren't interested).

And this is where the hackles of the literary fans get raised! These people who like to dress up like Darth Vaders and whatnot are not like us. They don't read as much as we do, they entertain few notions of doing any writing themselves (unless it has to do with their own fetish), and they spend a lot more time in front of the tube and movie screens than we do; almost as much as people who have no interest in sf or sci-fi. And it shows!

The visual media, I feel, are intrinsically less capable of presenting content than the print medium -- just compare TV news with the newspapers or newsmagazines. They require less involvement than anything that has to be read, and I believe, less intelligence. They thus attract a type of individual who is basically different from the literary fan, someone who is much more mundane. Therefore, it is my contention, most of the modern-day costume freaks are ordinary faddists who have happened to latch onto something with a superficial resemblance to sf as their fad. They are fans who fall much more into the conventional definition of the term "fan" than does the literary sf fan, and as much are extraordinarily irritating to literary fans.

I think the most irritating thing about such people is that they seem like bad parodies of real

sf fans. That could be tolerated without much trouble as long as they behaved decently, but when you have people doing things like pointing toy guns at police cars, it's time to put the foot down. That kind of garbage could wreck it for everybody who attends cons, and it would be a crying shame.

Maybe the trend towards banning weapons at cons will improve the situation by causing the more offensive of the media obnoxious to stay away from sf cons. I hope so -- if they want to go to cons to show off their costumes, they should hold their own. The same goes for running! it sounds idiotic enough, without causing physical damage to the hotel premises!

There's plenty of room for diversity at sf cons; why do some people insist on pushing the tolerance of others to the limit?

Speaking of tolerance, I detected a certain amount of hostility towards the Church of the SubGenius at Minicon. One individual, who is fairly prominent in MnStf, told me he thought that the SubG people ought to be put in the basement and made to use the service elevator. I thought that this attitude was rather narrow, and couldn't really understand why he felt that way. But I'm prejudiced; I have since become a minister in the Church of the SubGenius. It only costs \$20, so what the heck.

Actually, I think I know why certain elements in MnStf feel offended by SubG. SubG is crazier and more fun-loving than they are. There are cliques in MnStf who for years and years have been sitting around and telling each other how cool they are, what wild and crazy guys they are. Trouble is, not all of them are like that; quite a few are downright stodgy. I mean, stodginess is OK -- but stodgy people should not kid themselves that they are anything else. I'm not saying they're dumb, just that many of them are dull.

What torques their jaws about SubG, I feel (intuitively, so I may be wrong), is that SubG came to their con, Minicon, and provided the bulk of the liveliness in the proceedings, without disrupting anything, or really acting like idiots. Strange, yes; stupid, no. And it wasn't MnStf that provided the strangeness and fun. The con would have been deadlier than hell if SubG hadn't shown up and run the "Inverse SubMinicon," and I think some people in MnStf resent the hell out of that fact.

I could be wrong, of course, because I harbor a longstanding resentment over the cliquishness of some parts of MnStf. But I wouldn't bet on it! it stands to reason that an iron-clad clique that prides itself on a non-existent "Boziness" would be affronted by another group that is really strange, and furthermore recruits.

Back Carlson, 7682N - 100N, Hartford City, IN 47348 USA

I think Jerry -- and a lot of other people, pro and fan both -- have succumbed to the myth of the Drinking Writer, or pseudo-Hemingway. A real, he-man, two-fisted writer is required to drink, to keep up the image. (Why? Well, that's just the way it is.) Some very nice people, like Joe Haldeman, perpetuate the image verbally, though I've never seen Joe too drunk to be in control of himself (and if he was, he'd probably be pleasant about it). There's more talk than there is action, but a lot of people feel obliged to provide some action, as well. (Then there is Tucker. Bob makes a big thing out of "Smoo-o-oth!" and going through one or more bottles of Beam's Choice at a con. Yes. But when Tucker is Smoothing, he's passing that bottle around among anywhere from a half-dozen to a score of people; it goes down fast and adds to his drinking reputation without his having imbibed all that much of it.) But Jerry really drinks, presumably to forget whatever it was he was doing. So do a few other authors -- and a lot of fans.

I notice a few schoolteachers have come out in print with the same comment as David's: if the

parents are hostile to the school, so will the kids be. Too many parents believe that their little darlings are superior and can do no wrong; too many school administrators have caved in before this attitude. But we're not going to have a good school system as long as the elementary-education students are notorious for being the dumbest kids in school, either. And they are; ask anyone who went to a teacher's college. (Well, ask anyone except an elementary-education major....) They're regarded as being on an intellectual level with the jocks, and a lot of them are.

"Those who can, do! Those who can't, teach" is becoming fact instead of a smart-ass slogan. Particularly in elementary; high school teachers are regarded as a step up. It's all foreign to me; I went to an elementary school where there were two grades in one room because of small classes, the teachers were there because they wanted to work with children, and a kid who was disrespectful to a teacher got spanked once by the principal and a second time by his parents when he got home. (I don't know which ingredient was the critical one, but together, they worked.) I don't suppose the lower intelligence levels learned any more than they do now, but at least they shut up and let those who could learn, do so.

David Clements, 5726-1/2 16th NE, Seattle, WA 98105 USA

I haven't seen too many fanzine rooms, but I am sorry to hear that the one you were in charge of had poor attendance. Norwescon had a fan room this last year, as was reported in WING WINDOW, and the results at Chicon were quite impressive. I was at those two fan rooms, as well as the one at Constellation, and I don't know if sales were good or not, but it certainly was nice to have a room like that to check out and find fellow fans. I went to some programming events, and so was not in the fan lounge or fan room at all times, but I met lots of people that I have read or heard a lot about at those rooms, some of whom apparently all but slept and showered in the fan room.

Nice piece about the runners. Why do these people go to SF conventions to wreak havoc when they could just as easily meet at Alamogordo and run until they drop? At least they could go to media conventions, where the media inspired looks can go and soak up the latest craze directly from the film studio publicity agent. But I hope this crazy running behavior runs itself out before the only place to hold conventions are racetracks or futuristic shopping malls. The zapgun crowd bothers me a lot, as you can tell. Drop media programming? Horrors! But it sounds more and more attractive as time goes by. Let us all hope that the next big SF movie doesn't feature crazed space androids schlepping bazookas and battle axes down hotel corridors.

((Your mention of shopping malls brings to mind several disturbing rumors about the Running factions in the Phoenix area. As I've heard the rumors, some of the various factions have begun to be dominated by leaders of less responsible orientation. Future Quest, which was an attempt to provide a responsible organization and guidelines for local runners, has reportedly had a political split into three antagonistic groups. During a run between two of those groups at a local shopping mall, a member of one group was reportedly shot at and struck by a pellet pistol. This made for a lot of hostile vibes between runners at Tus-Con last November, which weren't helped any by a teenage psycho who thought it was really keen to tell both factions that the other was plotting to ambush them. The idea of gang wars being held in the facilities of SF conventions is one I don't find very appealing. -RDA-))

Lee Pelton, PO Box 3145, Traffic Station, Minneapolis, MN 55406 USA

The Coppercon story was a sad reminder to me of Minicon a few years back when we had to share the hotel with a pack of unmanageable mini-bikers, termed munchkin bikers by disgusted fans, who felt

it necessary to crowd the four overloaded elevators with not only themselves but their tiny little bikes. They must goddamn sleep with those fuckers! Later, a few of these brilliant lil' tykes thought it would be just fab to water down a hallway with a firehose. Just dandy! Lest one think that they were a wild and wooly bunch, I should point out that these mean, teeny dudes were chaperoned by "understanding" parents. Hah! Fandom may be an overbearing immature lot at times, but we sure came out of that smelling like the proverbial rose.

Runners, though, are another breed of problem. After all, they do look like us, somewhat. And unlike the previously mentioned munchkins, the con they attend is responsible for these cretins' actions (financially, that is.) I wonder if it is a not too far-fetched concept that what exists here in the Runners situation is that of parent-child. After all has any child been a true blessing to it's parents all during that childhood? Oh, I won't sanction the rude and dumb behavior exhibited by these turkeys, or any turkey, to be sure. I often feel the best kid alive is one deaf, mute, and not mine! But some perspective is in order in this regard.

Terry Floyd, 2739 Folsom, San Francisco, CA 94110 USA

Jayzus Chraht (with apologies to Hilde), cons and the running of cons seems to be the dominant topic of this. Those joyous gatherings in strange cities that used to add such a delightful sparkle to the fandom I once knew only through the mail have certainly lost their lustre now that I've also been on the organizing and running (and now, ugh, bidding) sides of a few of them.

I find it a real pisser that there even has to be a branch of a concom dedicated to "Security." Sure, it's essential for art shows and huckster rooms and any other function where badges have to be checked or property looked after, but to keep the con attendees in line? To protect the hotel? To protect the con itself? Disasters such as Coppercon's Runner problem and Drunk Asshole problem have no place at a convention. Fighting, outside of a controlled SCA tournament or something else on that order, is out of line under any circumstances and completely uncalled for at a party. One would think that Runners would not be a genuine problem if the con provides adequate babysitting services, and could be discouraged if activities such as that were confined to those areas designated for babysitting; unfortunately, runners tend to be older children who should know better, but don't.

Like you, I see no reason why convention attendees have to put up with people carrying weapons. I really don't like to have to tell people what they can and cannot do, but I've had enough trouble in crowded elevators when some fool with a saber or an M-16 prompts defensive action on the part of fellow passengers by merely turning around. It doesn't matter whether the weapon is real or just a facsimile, it's going to do what it was designed to do -- hurt someone -- one way or another, intentionally or unintentionally. Peace bonding has proven to be woefully inadequate as a control on this sort of activity, so the only measure left to us is to ban weapons from the con function areas and, if necessary, from the hotel.

Rita Prince Winston, 90 Park Terrace East, #4, New York, NY 10034 USA

I wanted to tell you how distressed I am about this latest Phoenician fan feud: I have friends on both sides (or did; now I fear that all will reject me for not reviling the others). And I had had some idea of moving to Phoenix: if I get out of NYC before it kills me, I'll need to spend some time in a Southwestern desert for the health of my physical body. My sinuses and arthritis and what-all else need to be baked dry. And I'm a city lady, New York and LA, bright lights and action, with no taste for trying life in a small town. Which sort of leaves Phoenix, but who wants to move to the middle of a fan feud?

((The disagreements I alluded to in the last UF have become very low-key. Mainly because the people involved simply don't associate on more than a passing level any more. The situation in Phoenix is still what it has been for years: Lots of little groups of about half a dozen or a dozen people that keep mostly to themselves. Most people in them show up occasionally in one or two of the other groups, but no one is active in all or even most of the fannish groups. In fact, Phoenix fandom is very close to the descriptions I've heard of New York City fandom.

As for moving to Phoenix, while I'd enjoy seeing you here, coming here for health reasons isn't what it's cracked up to be. Thirty or forty years ago, yes. But hundreds of thousands of people have moved into the area since then. And what they brought with them was their landscaping. For a city in the middle of a desert, Phoenix is incredibly green. And all that greenery puts out shitloads of pollen, lots of it year round. And that means that someone like me has a fairly chronic sinus condition, and uses about a week's worth of sick leave each year during the really bad flareups.

And while the smog isn't as bad as in LA, it can come close. I was driving Aric to Sunday school this morning, and Shaw Butte was barely visible at only a little more than a mile away.

And while culture isn't non-existent in Phoenix, it can be a hard search. Actually, I'd have to recommend Tucson over Phoenix on all counts. Tucson is constantly on the edge of water rationing, and as a result is dominated by desert-style landscaping, with a lot less pollen in the air. It's also a lot smaller than Phoenix, with less smog. And despite being smaller, it's generally acknowledged as having more and better access to cultural events like opera and art exhibitions. The only real drawback to Tucson is that in the event of nuclear war, it's gonna get nuked twenty times over when the feefthy commies hit the missile silos around the city. -BDA-))

Ken St. Andre, 3421 E. Yale, Phoenix, AZ 85008 USA

Another copy of UNDULANT FEVER miraculously appeared a few days ago. I can only suppose that I'm in a state of fannish grace (Arizona?) since I've done absolutely nothing to deserve it. Well, it gives me the perfect opportunity to mention how much more intelligent you seem in print than you have ever seemed in person. (Not that you're bad in person, of course.)

So you've quit CASFS. As a longtime non-member, I congratulate you on your good sense. I have never really believed that CASFS had a valid reason for existing.

((I'd have to disagree with that last statement. There are advantages to having an organization like CASFS. It provided a cover corporation to protect committees in the case of convention financial losses. I used its bulk-rate permit to mail out UF #7. And there were a number of other ideas being tossed around that would have been nice to see brought to fruition. One of those was something for which I actually had a formal proposal written up. That idea was for CASFS to sponsor and underwrite an anthology of Arizona science fiction and fantasy, including stories either set in Arizona or written by Arizona authors, to be published in conjunction with the 1985 World Fantasy Con to be held in Phoenix.

So it's a damn shame that the personality conflicts in CASFS eventually got to the point where, from what I hear, it's barely able to maintain its own corporate existence. The thing is that all the things I wanted to do in CASFS are things I can do by myself as well; it might cost me more money, and it might take more time, but it's worth it not to have to deal with those personality conflicts. [And Copper Star, the title I'd envisioned for my projected anthology, is something I'd still like to do someday.] -BDA-))

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740 USA

I enjoyed this issue, except for the eyestrain involved in the smallest type you utilized. It's selfish for me to mention this problem which must affect only a tiny minority of your readership. But the grim truth is that my eyes are steadily decomposing and in another year or two, if the rest of me remains intact, I'll probably be completely unable to read any fanzine material set in tiny type on colored paper. Of course, I hear all sorts of fantastic tales about what computers can achieve. Maybe in another year or two, they will have evolved to the capability of converting fanzines typed with their aid into braille editions for the superannuated readers.

((What I can do already. Harry, is simply run off an extra hard copy of this zine's material, before I have it reduced and pasted up, and send it to you normally sized. I have another person on my mailing list with severe visual handicaps, and will do the same for her. -BDA-))

The brief blackout you experienced when you intervened in the Snake commotion is a syndrome that has happened to me on several occasions. Most recently, it hit me when I was driving down a local street toward an intersection with another street which joins it in a V angle. I had the right of way, an auto on the other street halted at its yield sign, then spurted forward directly into my path. I lost contact with the universe when I was perhaps ten feet away from what seemed to be an inevitable collision, and when I resumed functioning I was neatly parked at the right side of the road just where the two streets met, there was no sign of the other vehicle, and there wasn't a mark on mine. I haven't any idea how I avoided the collision, how I got stopped at that point past which my momentum should have taken me, or why I couldn't even see any skid marks on the street. Maybe I was shifted into a different space-time continuum in which I remain to this day for the sole purpose of permitting me to write a loc on UNDULANT FEVER as compensation for previous failure.

I try to hold a grudge as long as this serves a useful function. Thus, my celebrated persistence in reprinting Ed Martin material in FAPA: it seems to most members like a uselessly prolonged expression of the grudge I hold over his expulsion, but it seems to me it keeps memory of that event alive and may be a factor in preventing someone else from suffering the same fate. On the other hand, I've made up with a few fans with whom I've had spats in the past, feeling it would be silly to harbor ill feelings when no useful good would come of it.

Jim Meadows, 1605 N. Main, Apt. #4, Peoria, IL 61606 USA

The long section that opened the Summer issue of UNDULANT FEVER did not, as you might suspect, make me eager to be involved in club and convention fandom. I'll just sit back here and write these letters to these here far-away fanzines, thankie. I assume that you've gotten a lot of positive Good Times from putting up with in-the-flesh fandom, but, well, it didn't show much in this segment.

((As I mentioned a few issues back -- UF #3, I think -- a well written con report can give me almost as much pleasure as having been there myself, with the possible exception of getting laid. And I recall mentioning in a loc a few months back that I sometimes find myself feeling envious of fans like Harry Warner and Dick Bergeron, who've been successful in making their fanac almost totally on paper. Despite this, however, yes, I have had Good Times with in-the-flesh fandom. The thought of what my life would be like if I hadn't met Hilde is downright scary. -BDA-))

I picked up the issue of prejudice against Christianity in fanzines a little late, so I may be ignorant of some of the points of discussion. But, I'd have to concur in saying that, yes, fandom is a secular humanist type of subculture,

and religion, at least western Christianity, usually gets the short shrift. People are ready to qualify their prejudices against religion when asked to really think about specifics, but the generalities remain. A lot of us hold a pre-set picture of organized Christianity, just like we hold a pre-set picture of a lot of things... media fandom, for instance. Both pictures constitute the Guys We Love To Hate. We're human, and like a lot of humans I've known and been, we don't react well to cultural differences. You think a bunch of people whose common interest was reading science fiction would try to understand people who were different from us instead of pushing them away. But we're human, and the people we dislike aren't cute little elves or furry ewoks, just people.

Marc Ortlieb, PO Box 46, Marden, SA 5070 AUSTRALIA

Okay. I give up. How did you do it? UNDULANT FEVER #8 is postmarked August 4th 1983. It has one solitary thirty cent stamp on it; and yet it reached me on the twelfth of August 1983. Mumble. If I could work a deal like that, I'd be the happiest fane'd ever be likely to see. (Instead, copies of Q36 get left in post office equipment "presumed empty.")

I know what you mean about Arthur Hlavaty. Sigh. I have a reputation for being a demon stencil typer, but my speed pales into insignificance when faced by Arthur and his ilk. (Whether or not you like the zine, you have to admire Ron Clarke, whose bi-monthly THE MENTOR regularly exceeds fifty pages, albeit small imperial quarto pages.)

Mind you, my fanac has been slowed by moving into a share house. Life is more fun, and more socially orientated, but I literally have to tear myself away from the rest of the household and barricade my study doors if I am to get any typing done at all. The rest of the household is out boozing at the moment. That's why I've had time to type up the Australian mailing labels for Q36, and to start this LoC.

Thanks for the Eric Lindsay story. The existence of Eric's double who is only ever seen in the US has been a long-standing Australian tradition, though it is rumoured that, after the last trip, he brought the double back to Australia, because someone looking very much like Eric Lindsay has been doing all sorts of things that the Australian Eric just doesn't do, and he's been doing them at Australian conventions.

Gloria Ptacek McMillan, 428 E. Adams St., Tucson, AZ 85705 USA

That lead article about time-wasting and not fulfilling one's quota of productivity sounds very much similar to my life at present. For awhile I thought everything was going down the tubes due to the baby, but with honest reflection I had to admit I'd always done things in the same way (could hide it better when I had spare time). I keep resolving not to waste time on TV (even the educational stuff) and other passive enjoyments, but it does not sink into my behavior control centers. But take heart, even being aware of where the time all goes to is the "first step towards more effective time management", as they say -- somewhere -- must have been something I read in some junk mailings.

It is about SAM and one of my main free times to read before Chris awakes and wants breakfast. I used to be a regular fannish "night person"; now I find more and more of my friends tend to be farmers. Anyway, I am working my way through Balzac in these off moments. What started this interest was that I happened upon a copy of Franz Werfel's terrific 1930's biography of Balzac for 40 cents at a thrift store. If you want to read about an author with PRODUCTIVITY, read this! I was surprised to find that *La Comedie Humaine* ran to 30 volumes! He also engaged in the most witty and clinical analysis of Parisian society (particularly the Fauborg St. Germain set). I enjoy the deflation of social pretensions these days. At an earlier stage of my life, I would have dismissed Balzac as a "salon fop" for whom I had nothing but bored indifference. He didn't

change, but I did.

David A. Drake, Box 904, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 USA

Many thanks for your review of THE DRAGON LORD. In 1977, Andy Offutt asked me to write him a plot outline for the series of Cormac mac Art pastiches he was then doing for Zebra. Five months later when I had finished the outline, Andy had parted company with Zebra and I was no longer interested in letting anyone else touch my creation.

So I discarded much of the series baggage (the Cormac stories are surely among Howard's worst) and wrote the novel, my first. Dave Hartwell bought the book for Berkley, with the proviso that I rework the conclusion. I did so, and the volume came out as a Putnam hardcover in 1979.

Berkley abandoned the book after Dave (and John Silbersack) left; so I withdrew the paperback rights and sold them to Jim Baen, then at Tor. Jim suggested (didn't require) some changes to the conclusion -- which returned it to my original plan, Epilogue and all. The two versions differ substantially.

((Aaargh.... Time to 'fess up: the review of TDL last issue was actually written several years ago after reading the hardcover edition. For one reason or another, I never got around to publishing it. When the paperback showed up, I figured I could just change the publishing information and run the review as was. I didn't re-read the book, although just now I went and took a look at the Epilogue, which I think does improve the ending. -BDA-))

Because of the novel's genesis, it has a series 'feel' to it; but believe me, I had and have no intention of doing even a sequel. There are too many new projects I want to try.

Rich McAllister, 2369 St. Francis Dr., Palo Alto, CA 94303 USA

Was the computer show Hilde was to attend in San Francisco "at the end of August" the PC Faire? I was there Saturday and Sunday & didn't see her -- of course these things are bigger than Worldcons.

((That was the place. Hilde even recalls saying "Hi" to you, although you apparently didn't recognize her. She was the cute dark-haired woman using the wheelchair. -BDA-))

Joseph Woodard, 521 Menonah Avenue, Oak Park, IL 60304 USA

Your brain-removal scene on page six of UNDULANT FEVER #8 was a superb conceit. I would answer the question you raise, "Is becoming an Uncaring Bastard part of growing up?" Yes, here and now it is. In today's "Western Culture", to be emotionally mature is to be emotionally numb. It is true for both sexes but more true for men. It comes from teaching children to suppress the outward signs of emotion in quest of dignity. When taught thoroughly enough it becomes conditioned reflex. The suppression of the signs of emotion helps to suppress the feeling of the emotion. Test this. Keep yourself from laughing at a joke or an amusing scene and you will not feel the amusement as strongly. Hold back the tears and sobs that may want to come at a time of grief and you will not feel the grief as much. Grief or frustration is less felt by the emotionally mature so this is an advantage for them. Joy is less felt so that this is a disadvantage. Where the balance lies I cannot say. Would it be possible to have only one and not the other? I opine that if dignity were all that were to be gained it would not be worth it.

((You have restored my faith in fandom, Joe. When I wrote the sentence you quoted above, I thought that it was a tremendous comment hook, and that almost every LoC I would get would have some sort of response to it. What I got instead was total silence on that section until your letter arrived at the very tail end of last year, when I was already starting serious work on getting this issue ready. I'm glad that someone can recognize a good comment hook when he sees one, and

appreciate your comments. -BDA-))

Norman Hollyn, 178 Spring Street, New York, NY 10012

I always wanted to write a good con report...no, make that a really good con report. A piece that would be interesting not only for those people who weren't with me at the con but for those people who weren't even at the con.

Examples existed of such reports. They did exist. They had to be writable.

Perhaps -- but not by me.

At first I thought that the key was simply doing interesting things at the con. So I would think back on a convention before doing the report on it. But though I could remember liking my experiences, for the life of me, I couldn't remember anything interesting that I had done. Dropping names wouldn't help either, even if I could bring myself to do such an odious thing, since everyone else, was dropping their own sets of names. Making up tales of fannish extravagance rang a hollow tone. Exaggeration didn't help either.

Then I thought the key was to be a talented writer -- tossing off trenchant quips instead of turgid quotes. "Develop a light, interesting style," I told myself. "Don't write a diary. Write a short story." But that didn't work either. I became all style without either being true to the tale or very interesting.

Finally, I figured out that both of these things were the key. In order to convey interest, it helped to have some unifying point or theme in the con report. If there was a through-line in the report it would make it more comprehensible and literary, and therefore more interesting.

So -- I gave up. I never could figure out how to unify a con experience.

This is not by way of berating you for writing con reports in your "latest" issue of UNDULANT FEVER (number 8). It is merely my attempt to comment on something which is essentially uncommentable to me. Not only wasn't I at Coppercon, but I don't know most of the people mentioned and could care less about Jerry Pournelle's sons.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM -- Harry Andruschak: Don Ayres: Linda Blanchard (who encouraged me to get back to work on the novel I mentioned last issue: I am now up to Chapter 7, and fandom may never forgive Linda if another damned book with another damned dragon in it gets published because of her postcard): Bernadette Bosky: Brett Cox: Leslie David: D. Gary Grady: Arthur Hlavaty ("...it seems

presumptuous to say that Phoenix fandom is the Irish of fandom. Actually, all fandom is the Irish of fandom."); Ben Indick: Neil Kaden; Lee Killough; George (Lan) Laskowski; Ron Salomon; Leigh Strother-Vien; and Robert Whitaker. David Palter and Mike Rogers sent form letters, boo, hiss. I also found a loc from Harry Warner on UFM7 that had gotten lost down the side of the waterbed mattress; sorry, Harry.

I RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING CHANGES AND UPDATES OF ADDRESSES -- Mike Bracken, RR 1, Box 81, Lot 32, Glen Carbon, IL 62034 USA; Buck & Juanita Coulson (see letter above); Garth Danielson, 2832 Park Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55407 USA; CPT Leslie David, ACofS, Services, HQ 19th Sppt Command, APO San Francisco, CA 96212 USA; M.K. Digre, 4629 Columbus Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55407 USA; Kathy Doyle & Kip Williams, 2501 Westridge Rd. 89, Houston, TX 77054 USA; Mike Glicksohn (see letter above); James P. Hogan, 159 S. Barretta, Sonoma, CA 95370 USA; Guy H. Lillian III, 217 Retz Ave., Jefferson, LA 70121 USA; George R.R. Martin, 102 San Salvador, Santa Fe, NM 87501 USA; Jim Meadoms (see letter above); Chris Mills, 8990 19th St., #388, Alta Loma, CA 91701 USA; Lee Pelton, c/o Levin, 4842 N. Hermitage, #1E, Chicago, IL 60640 USA; Ed Rom (see letter above); Randy Reichardt, 1-10250 122 Street, Edmonton, Alberta T5N 1L9 CANADA; Nigel Sellers, 912 Hardin, Norman, OK 73069 USA; Leigh Strother-Vien, MHSB 3-84th FA, Box 337, APO New York, NY 09176 USA; and P. Lauraine Tutihasi, 135 Loyola Ave., Atherton, CA 94025 USA. Numerous other people had changes announced in other fanzines, so I won't bother to list them here (although I wouldn't be at all remiss to see someone publish a fannish newsletter devoted solely to changes of addresses).

THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE HAD THEIR ISSUES RETURNED AS UNDELIVERABLE; UPDATES WOULD BE APPRECIATED -- Steven Carlsberg: P.L. Caruthers: Nancy A. Collins: Jeff Franes: Freff: Mike Gunderloy; Michael Harper; Marty Levine; Jeanne Mealy; Sarah Prince; Jeff Schalles; and Bob & Janet Wilson. The Postal Service also sent me an address correction form for Neil Rest, but the xeroxing on it is so blurry that I am unable to read it.

STILL ANOTHER REMINDER ABOUT "DNQ" -- My policy on letters is that if you can't say it in public, you shouldn't say it to me. If you send me a letter marked DNQ, don't be surprised if it leads off next issue's lettercolumn.

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PO BOX 16815
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* * *

send address corrections to:
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