



UNDULANT FEVER UNDULANT FEVER

UNDULANT FEVER #10, which might better be called INDOLENT FEVER, is published by Bruce D. Arthurs, of (new address) 5316 W. Port au Prince, Glendale, AZ 85306 USA, ph: (602) 843-1379 (THE 1 FRY). This is, hopefully, the May 1986 issue. UF is published, he said forcefully, three or four times a year from now on. Circulation, beginning with next issue, will be limited to 150 or less; available for editorial whim, which is strongly encouraged by letters of comment, trades, or other form of response. This issue will also be distributed thru FAPA and FLAP. All letters of comment are considered publishable; if you can't say it in public, don't say it to me. This fanzine dedicated to Townley's Law ("All the neat people in fandom are named Bruce"). A Malacoda Press publication.

***** INCONSEQUENTIA *****

It's been a year and a half, plus a bit, since the last issue of UF. Ready for the traditional list of excuses?

What we've been doing since last year:

We have, as noted above, moved. This contributed to our lack of fanac, since most of our books and all of the fanzines went into storage to make the house on Poinsettia look less crowded and more attractive to prospective customers.

One finally bit, eight months after the house went on market. This freed us, finally, to do some serious searching for a house of our own. The primary reason we needed a new house was for more room. Hilde's mother, Edna, came to live with us after her husband died. In addition, Paul Schauble, local fan friend, prevailed upon us for living space after a money crunch caused by rebuilding and remodeling several properties he

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owned and a disagreement with the people he had previously been living with left him without quarters or funds to obtain new ones. (He's since slowed down on the reconstruction efforts and gone back to making fabulous money as one of the better bug-hunters computer-type in the Phoenix area.)

We also wanted a larger room to use as the library, plus room to have Edna's accounting office and a better layout for our own desks and computers.

This left us needing five bedrooms (four for people, one for the accounting office), a large family room for the desks and stereo and such, and an enclosed double-car garage to be converted into library.

There aren't too many of those, at least not in our price range. We finally settled on this \$90,000 property in northern Glendale (I never thought I'd be living in glamorous Glendale; gads...), despite the sunken living room (ramps to be installed until we can raise the whole floor level with the rest of the house), narrow kitchen, and Chris's annoyance with the smaller bedrooms. (That's another noteworthy change: Our son, Aric Brown, decided to start using his middle name and the last name of *blush* Arthurs.)

It also has a pool, which a lot of people might consider an asset. I'd prefer not to have the time and expense of upkeep, though. Oddly enough, all the satisfactory houses that lacked a pool were up in the \$120,000 range.

We're still digging out from the move, and still customizing the house to our own needs. There are ceiling fans and lights in almost every room now, and several closets have been converted into pantry and shelved storage. I'm presently working on a foundation for a large storage shed to go in the back yard, so the yard equipment, toolboxes and other stuff presently in the garage can be cleared out. Once that's done, we can start serious conversion work for the library, and finally get the books out of their hundred-plus boxes.

Despite the time and money being sunk into the house, however, we haven't been totally inactive in fanac. It just hasn't been in written fanac, outside the occasional apazine for FLAP and FAPA.

What we have been doing is earning our room and board at several larger conventions by running a feeding room for gofers. We were asked by Alice and Marty Massoglia to do such for LACon II, and did a good enough job that we were asked to do the same for LoneStarCon, the 1985 NASFIC in Austin, Texas. We also ran a lounge room for staff and pros at the 1985 World Fantasy Con in Tucson.

What seems to have most impressed people about our efforts is that-- rather than the usual munchies, chips and snacks -- we serve the gofers solid nutritious stuff like homemade soups, and sandwiches with home-smoked beef and turkey. (The stock for the soups was frozen in 5-gallon containers and wrapped in sleeping bags for the journeys to California and Texas.) The room for WFC was a bit fancier, with fresh croissants and sweet pastry from a local bakery, pate's, exotic sodas (kiwi and prickly pear, among others), and such.

Health has been another reason for the lack of an UF for so long. Hilde's left hip has been getting steadily worse for about the last year. She's been using her wheelchair for most trips outside the house for several months now, and has needed more assistance even inside the house.

She is, in fact, presently in the hospital as I type this (16 March 1986), recovering from the surgery three days ago that gave her an artificial hip joint. She's doing well, and is already feeling less pain

than before the operation. She'll be in the hospital about another ten days, then have to spend three more months at home mostly restricted to bed. Her surgeon is very careful about having the surgery as well-healed as possible before letting his patients back on active duty. Hilde doesn't want to have the artificial joint go bad like her mother's did, so she will obey the doctor's instructions.

(Edna had her hip joint replaced two years ago after a fall fractured the original badly. Her surgeon had her up on her feet a couple of days after the operation; within six months, she started developing increasing pain as the joint started shifting as a result of the surgical glue being stressed before totally set. We've also found out that this isn't the first hip operation that particular surgeon has screwed up. Edna has consulted a lawyer, and is scheduled to have the bad joint replaced by Hilde's surgeon in about two more months, after tax season is over.)

But probably the most important reason UF hasn't been seen for twenty months is that, when I've found time to sit down at the word processor, I've tended to work on my fiction writing, rather than fanzines.

The "Inconsequentia" section of the previous UF ended with the news that I had sold a story to Marion Zimmer Bradley for publication in Sword and Sorceress II. That story, "Unicorn's Blood", saw print last May, to moderate acclaim. (It appears that I will probably have another story, "Death and the Ugly Woman", in S&S IV next year as well, although I won't hear for absolute certain until mid-June.)

Orson Scott Card has a review column in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, covering most of the short fiction published over the previous quarter year. He liked "Unicorn's Blood" quite a bit. Not only did he give a nice review of the story itself, but he also included it in a list of fourteen outstanding stories for the quarter-year under review, and he included my name on a list of new writers to watch out for. (People have been told to watch out for me before, but not in a complimentary sense.)

I also heard from a few friends who had read the story, like Steve Tymon --who I hadn't heard from in years --and who had enjoyed it. In fact, the story was such a hit in Payson, Arizona, that if you ever find yourself seriously ill there, you'll have to read the story before they'll let you into the hospital. (My mother is the admitting clerk.)

Three SFWA members liked the story enough that they recommended it for Nebula consideration. This was enough to get it listed on the elimination ballot that determined the final nominees, of which it was not one. Still, goshwow.

I also found myself being asked to serve on pro writing panels at conventions on several occasions. I first got the mark of the beast at Bubonicon, with a bit of colored tape applied to my nametag to indicate I'd sold professionally, but my first pro panel had been at Leprecon several months previously.

That panel went fairly well. The "Youngish Turks" panel I was on at LoneStarCon, though, did not. Besides misremembering the starting time and showing up twenty minutes late instead of forty minutes early, I really didn't have much to contribute to the panel. Does a two-story sold writer really belong on a panel with much more experienced writers like Connie Willis and Suzie Charnas? Even Jennifer Roberson, the second-most neophyte author on the panel, had had three books published.

(As a side note, I was puzzled somewhat when I compared the makeup of the Youngish Turks panel to that of the "Young Turks" panel held the previous day. George Martin a young turk? Well, maybe. Lucius Sheperd?

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No problem. But Norman Spinrad? Ke-e-e-rist, I wasn't even driving when I read my first Spinrad story. I had zero, zip, gray hairs before reading Spinrad. Let's face it, Norman Spinrad is an Old Fart!)

The good thing about the Youngish Turks panel, though, was that one of the people in the audience was Linda Blanchard, who introduced herself afterwards. I probably labeled myself as gauche or sexist or both by saying "You're prettier than I expected" to her. (The weight problem she's discussed in her fanzines wasn't there anymore.)

Linda was a very charming person to meet, and I hope I have other opportunities someday to continue our talk. We talked about a variety of beginning-pro and fannish subjects, including a short digression into the *fnord* Taff Wars.

But the bit of discussion pertinent to this particular fanzine was about the conflict between trying to write salesworthy fiction and trying to remain an at least semi-active fanzine publisher.

I get a lot of...well, no, "enjoyment" isn't the right word to describe what I feel from writing fiction. Sweating over everything from the broad outline to the choice of each individual word isn't enjoyable. Trying to get a character to act naturally and believably isn't enjoyable. Running into a dead, no use to go on, end after pages and pages of scribbling isn't enjoyable.

"Satisfaction," however.... I definitely get an immense amount of satisfaction out of having written. When things have gone right, and the story is not only actually finished, but finished -- you feel -- well, it gives one an immense kick.

Rejection slips? As long as I feel the story is up to standards, the rejection slips -- and I've gotten quite a few by now -- don't really hurt me. At least not to the quick. (I will admit to a moment of panic, however, when George Scithers returned a manuscript with nothing attached to it. "Oh my god," the thought flashed thru my mind, "I've sent him so many lousy stories that he's stopped looking any further than the name at the top of the first page." Fortunately, I found out a week later about Scithers having been let go from AMAZING; he apparently had just sealed up all the manuscripts on hand for return. One wishes he had shown as much thoughtfulness as H.L. Gold did upon leaving QUESTAR a few years ago, and included a short xeroxed note explaining the circumstances.)

Finishing a story is in many ways similar to the feeling described by many fanzine editors when they collate the first complete copy of their latest fanzine. It's something special, it's something you've created, it's got parts of you in it.

But fanzines, beyond the self-satisfaction of the creative act, have another purpose. They are a social creation. It's thru fanzines that I've made many of my friends, and it's thru fanzines that I've kept in touch. Irregularly, infrequently, scantily, sometimes even with hostility, but the contact, the sense of belonging, is there.

When that contact has been lacking, for the most part, for a year and a half, however, people somehow get the impression that one has gafiated. One's limited circulation apazines are restricted in scope; one's rare letters of comment aren't enough to keep one's name active in other fanzine editors' eyes. The number of fanzines arriving dwindles, and more and more, the ones that do arrive bear the dreaded X-in-a-box.

So. At last, the old fan is compelled to haul out the dusty letters commenting on the previous issue, forces himself to the drudgery of updating his mailing list, and sets aside -- temporarily -- the latest

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story effort in favor of the electronic bits of yet another issue of his hoary old fanzine.

With some changes. I've gone thru my mailing list with a critical eye, and will be dropping off many of the people who received UF #9. This will continue with next issue, which will be limited to 150 copies. With a new print run limit of 150, I can produce UF via long-run ditto masters and keep all the production in-house again. This also avoids the intimidating expense of offset printing, and will hopefully help coerce me into semi-regular publication again. (A few people with vision difficulties will receive hard copies of the material instead of dittoed reproduction.)

I really do want to start producing UNDULANT FEVER every three or four months. Whether I will actually be able to manage this remains to be seen.

* * * * * KICKBACKS -- the letter column * * * * *

TERRY CARR

I was struck, in this issue of UF, by your remark on page 4 that when it comes to fiction writing you don't have the "willingness to sweat and revise", whereas on the previous page you'd been writing about how your computer has led you to do revisions half a dozen times on this fanzine. Do you actually allow yourself to become a perfectionist in fanpublishing while resisting it in professional writing? Seems odd to me. (Not that I don't think perfectionism is appropriate in both areas of endeavor.)

Gotta quit and get to work; you wouldn't believe the number of unanswered letters and such I have cluttering up my desk.

✶ Many of the zine revisions I mentioned involved updating material originally written weeks or months before the final draft of UF #9, and which was simply out of date. And yes, I'm afraid I would believe the clutter on your desk, since part of the "such" for the last year and a half has been one of my manuscripts, *hint hint*.✶

WALT WILLIS

Interesting that about the word processor; I can see how it would be like that. Though I think I remember reading that Beethoven had as many as 30 revisions in his

manuscripts, sometimes the 30th was the same as the original.

Interesting that about the pollen in Phoenix. I was there in 1952 and 1962. Where were you? (And have you seen my luggage?)

✶ I was drawing breath in Akron, Ohio on or about the dates of the 1952 Worldcon. In 1962 I was starting second grade; I had read my first sf book -- Space Cat -- two or three years earlier. Have you seen the story I sent to Terry Carr a year and a half ago?✶

GARY DEINDORFER

Someday I hope they'll have actual writing machines which take your barest sketch for a story idea and develop it into a finished composition, with style settings so you can have it come out in Hemingway style, Joyce style, Faulkner style, or even, who knows, Arthurs style. This will be the great democratization of writing, with any dumb guy able to write his own Remembrances of Things Past. I predict that this invention will lead to Abuses, though I need the machine to write the story for me that spells out the Abuses in detail. So I get my writing machine, tap into the input "Writing machine leads to Abuses, Philip K. Dick style", and fifteen minutes later have a 70,000 word novel titled Do Computer Authors

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Believe In Electric Shakespeares?

I have never known of any enemy whatsoever Harry Warner has ever had, so it boggles my mind to find that he is capable of holding a grudge. And yet in spite of getting along so well with so many people, I wouldn't call Harry a nicey nice wimpy guy. He always says what he thinks, but expresses his opinions very tactfully, making him a natural diplomat. I also have the idea that the fans he decides he does not like he ignores rather than feuds with. Speaking for myself, I can hold a grudge when I want to, but I find that if I hold one too long it begins to poison my soul, not to mention the fact that I grow more attached to the person than if I completely ignored them. I spent decades hating Richard Nixon and it sickened me unto death until I realized he is such a ridiculous, crazy fool that he is not worth hatred, so now I hardly ever think of him at all except every once in a while when his face pops up on TV or in the newspaper, when I snort derisively, unable to believe that such an absurd human being even exists.

I think my friend Ted White does untold damage to his own psyche by holding so many fierce grudges for so long. I am not being two-faced, because I recently wrote him a letter telling him various things I didn't like about him. Though there are likeable aspects of TW too. He is a much nicer fellow in person than in print, for example.

✱He must be; he's still alive.✱

HARRY WARNER, JR.

You are very kind to offer a giant screen special edition of UNDULANT FEVER for me. But I was able to read this new ninth issue with only the slightest assistance (in the form of two 200-watt lights

at a distance of eight inches and an angle of 45 degrees on either side of its pages, a large magnifying glass, and a big bottle of Excedrin in my two hands). Instead, I suggest you should produce one of those enlarged copies for yourself, then put it away for the next quarter-century or more. When you are 61 and your eyes are showing the effects of reading too many fanzines, it will come in handy every time you're inclined to re-read the issues of UNDULANT FEVER you produced in your youth.

I've never used a word processor in the strict sense. But the computer terminals I did daily combat with during my last three years of newspapering were essentially the same critters. I reacted differently to the revision and correcting challenge. The terminals weren't bad if I found I'd misspelled a word or if I wanted to delete an adjective from something I'd just written. But I tried it both ways, and I found that any extensive changes could be made faster if I simply deleted the entire section and typed it again from beginning to end the way I had decided would be better. Taking out two sentences, then moving one paragraph before another paragraph which it followed was too tedious and took more time than rewriting for any reasonably rapid typist.

The loc that got lost in the waterbed stirred my imagination. It's probably as close as my writings will ever come to pornography. But it might also be symbolic. Some people claim my prose is sleep-inducing and as dull as dishwater.

There can't be too many all-out Balzac enthusiasts in fandom. Gloria McMillan's inclusion in that select company reminds me of the remarkable man who ran a linotype for the Hagerstown newspapers for many years. Bob Snyder had been a

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nationally famous weightlifter as a young man and in fact late in his life a weightlifter's magazine published an article crediting him with being among the pioneers who helped popularize the sport in the United States. Then this enormously muscular man took up the profession which requires the most delicate, featherweight muscular coordination, because a linotype operator who didn't exercise just the right staccato touch was a failure (every key on the linotype resulted in repeated letters or numerals if not released quickly enough). Moreover, Bob became a Balzac fan, a collector of fine editions of his works, and people talking to him were forced to weigh every word they uttered because any remark that might start him talking about Balzac would mean a two-hour monologue on the most recondite aspects of this or that novel. Weightlifters are often intellectuals, I suppose, but they don't look like it and they don't talk like it when they're interviewed on television.

DAVID PALTER

Since you comment in passing that Stephen King's The Stand is badly flawed, I am curious to know what you consider to be the serious flaw(s) in this novel, which I personally hold in very high regard and did not find to be seriously flawed. I know that it was attacked most severely by Spider Robinson, who considers it to be anti-technological propaganda. Do you belong to the Robinson faction? If so, we can argue about it.

✂ I have nothing against anti-technological propaganda. My main objection to The Stand was that King switched genres partway thru; what started out as a post-catastrophe science fiction novel turned into a religious fantasy, and a rather saccharine one at

that. ✂

RITA PRINCE WINSTON

If you're into philosophy, have you read Martin Gardner's The Whys of a Philosophical Scrivener? It leapt out at me while I was in the B. Dalton's on 8th St. I've read Whys a couple of times already and I enjoy it immensely even tho' I disagree with about 80% of it: for example, Gardner has chapters on "Why I am not a pantheist", "Why I am not a polytheist", and "Why I believe in God". There's something to offend every taste. The chapters I agree with are "Why I am not an anarchist", "Why I am not a Smithian" (as in Adam Smith and the invisible hand) and "Why I am not a Marxist".

The thing is, I'd rather disagree with someone who speaks the same language I do than agree with someone who doesn't. Gardner states his views clearly and literately, and traces them and their alternatives through the history of philosophy, and sometimes even admits that he could be wrong.

DAVID STEVER

The problem with modern fiction is that the editing is just horse shit. I began to notice this in the mid seventies, when even books by my favorite authors began to read like rough drafts. Scenes that should have been tightened up, weren't; scenes that should have been dropped, hadn't been. It continues to this day, where books that shouldn't have even been published, have been.

✂ I would have thrown The Cat Who Walks Through Walls across the room when I finally gave up on it two-thirds of the way thru, if it hadn't been a borrowed copy. ✂

When I finally read Fevre Dream, I was blown away. Living on

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the Mississippi for the last few years, I have become familiar with the myths of the river, and having been on it in a canoe, I am familiar with some of the scenes that Martin painted in the book. I was able to 'realise' many many scenes from it, many quite vividly. From my viewpoint, Fevre Dream is the most successful novel that Martin has yet written.

LESLIE DAVID

I was much more impressed by Fevre Dream than I was by Dying of the Light, maybe because of it's realism. I think Fevre Dream would have made an effective movie, certainly more effective than Salem's Lot. How do you place The Armageddon Rag in this comparison?

✗Rag is the first novel in years that I've felt compelled to finish the same day I began it. ✗

STEVE TYMON

Ed Bryant's Particle Theory is absolutely one fo my favorite collections of all time. 'the Thermals of August' is my favorite story of the entire book, though all are frighteningly well written. Suffice it to say, I believe he's one of the best short story writers ever. It's sad that all too many people still don't know who he is simply because they limit themselves to novels.

Re The Killer Angels --- that is probably one of the most brilliant novels I've ever read. Period. An absolute favorite of mine, I've got two copies, both of which are suffering from having been overread. I love that book, would give my right arm to write such a book with such hauntingly beautiful prose and characterization. It's another one of those books that somehow has never been given the recognition it deserves (I know it got a Pulitzer, but ask the average reader if they've ever

so much as heard of it). If Sheara falls short of this ability in The Herald, however, I'll take your comments to indicate that I'd best spend my time elsewhere.

MILT STEVENS

With all the comments on drinking, nobody commented on how much drinking had declined in fandom in the last twenty years. The bar at a convention used to really be the best place to meet professional writers. Most of the newer writers don't seem to drink very much if at all. It can't be explained by a shift to doping, because that's declined too since the sixties. I certainly wouldn't be silly enough to suspect that people were getting any smarter. That just can't be.

As an example of how much drinking has declined, we didn't get any complaints on not having beer in the con suite at LACon II. I thought surely we'd be criticized for being cheap even though soft drinks cost us about as much as beer. Only one person even asked me about the subject, and he accepted the explanation that we didn't want the possible problem of underage drinking and that we felt that a relatively endless beer supply encourages overindulgers to really overindulge. Other committee members said they'd received a number of positive comments on the lack of beer. Fannish opinion seems to have been a little bit different than I suspected.

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY

I don't drink, but it occurs to me that it may be less fun to be a fannish drunk these days, now that there are two recovering alcoholics (Ed Rom and Harry Andruschak) to point out how much your behavior resembles their former condition. Ed's letter is interesting; most of it is devoted

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to denouncing substance abuse and running around acting like assholes. The last part is devoted to praising the Church of the Sub-Genius, whose two favorite activities are substance abuse and running around acting like assholes.

JOY HIBBERT

Something a lot of you Americans don't seem to understand: there's nothing wrong with Runners, or any other sort of media fans, as long as they behave like civilized human beings. All this stuff about them being inferior human beings because they don't have exactly the same interests as fanzine fans is pathetic, and strongly reminiscent of the generation gap in the real world. The younger generation is always dressed in silly clothes, less intelligent, not polite to its elders and betters (?), not mature enough...sound familiar? I was about 18 when punk came into fashion, and I remember this attitude well. I guess I just don't want to be a staid, boring old fart. I always find that costume fans give a bit of colour and liveliness to a con hotel. It seems fairly obvious to me that if neos are turning into Runners instead of either fanzine fans or holistic fans, then there's something exciting about running that is missing from the other two. I was originally a Trekkie, now I'm a holistic fan. Unlike some people I could mention, I don't conclude from this that I am superior to present day neos, merely that I found people who welcomed me. Take the last paragraph of Dave Bratman's letter. Delete "Runners, drunks, crowd-junkies" and insert the names of three persecuted groups, and see how fascist that statement looks. And what, in the final analysis, does he say is wrong with these people? Do they wreck hotels? Beat people up?

Threaten people with weapons? No, instead they commit the heinous crime of not being known to him.

BRUCE FARR

I want you to know that you've finally enticed me into breaking a long-standing tradition of not responding to fanzines. I hope you feel guilty and immediately volunteer to work the next ten local cons to assuage your conscience! And you thought I didn't have such viscous thoughts?

✱Dream on.✱

I know that my view of Coppercon is necessarily myopic this year 1984, but I believe that the runner problem has lessened over the past two years. Most comments in UF #9, August 1984, seemed to be about the 1982 Coppercon. This year saw no really organized runner group or run at the con. We still had problems, notably some cretin who thought it would be fun to slice and dice hotel room numbers, costing the con bucks to appease the hotel. Coppercon this year was at a luxury hotel in Scottsdale, Arizona, and so the hotel was especially paranoid about the potential for damage. Fortunately, we left a generally good impression with the hotel, which was mostly amused about "all the weird costumes". That's better an impression than Jaycees or Elks leaving their usual impression of "all the weird drunks".

Regarding Rita Prince Winston's remarks about Phoenix fandoms politics and your rejoinder updating the current situation...that's how I see it, too. However, some of us try to keep a bridge to as many groups open as possible. Thank Ghu that things seem to be settling down, even if it is due partly to the fact that the factions have separated to keep

the exacerbation down. The remarkable thing about local fandom is that everyone always unites to put on what's usually a hell of a good con, though often it then is Night of the Long Knives after the con's over. This is what I'm working to amend lately, with perhaps some success. We've got a lot of good people in local fandom who have to learn to work together if we're to put on the cons that I and others would like to see (NASFIC or Worldcon or Westercons). Lately, a number of people are getting back together again to work cons who got burned out from the 1982 Westercon, which is great. But then I've always been the cockeyed optimist.

+Our perceptions of the runner problem at Coppercons and Leprecons differ. The 1984 Coppercon may have been tolerable, but the 1985 version at the Sahara was the worst yet. Lots of drunkenness, much of it by underage attendees. Lots of screaming and shouting, and I don't mean party noise. I was amazed that this year's Coppercon will be at the Sahara again; if I had been its manager, I would not have wanted us back. As it is, Hilde and I are uncertain if we will bother to attend the next Coppercon. +

DAVID E. ROMM

Not having gotten UF #8, I don't know quite what is going on, but I am croggled that you are still slinging mud over Iguacon. Even if you're right (which seems unlikely), you damn well better be embarrassed! For the record, I was asked to work operations at the con; no, I don't remember just when I was asked to do so since I was already going to work for it in a different capacity and the request was more of a change of duties than a request out of the blue; I did and operations ran spectacularly

well from my point of view; I had a great time at the con; everyone I know had a great time at the con; I have no idea of what you're trying to accomplish six years after the event. You may stop any time now.

Why do people like Bruce D. Arthurs have to try to convince people that last year's con was a disaster when they enjoyed it? It's useful to discuss problems to avoid them next time; I strongly object to rehashing specific events which cannot possibly matter anymore.

The question remains: why did I get UF #9? If it was a spec copy for a seasoned fan getting back into fanzines, thank you. If it was to a participant in Iguacon who might add fuel to a burning dung heap, I resent it.

+Dave, I never knew until your letter that you were even at Iguacon. I could respond at length, but most of what I'd say, I've already said elsewhere. To keep it short: I think Gary Farber did a very good job heading Iggy Operations; considering that he did it in a very short time period and in the fact of extreme hostility, I can even say he did an excellent job. This unfortunately does not change the fact that he obtained that position by methods I consider dishonorable. What I have tried to determine over the years is why a group of people for whom I mostly had had high regard became a group of people who could use such methods. I fail to comprehend why you think I should be embarrassed for wanting to know the truth. You are also operating under the assumption that my motives are malicious; if that were so, I could have gone to press years ago. As it is, I have no plans to publish the entire story (it exists in a first draft version); it would still cause pain and embarrassment to many of the people involved. +

WE ALSO HEARD FROM

Tony Alsobrook-Renner, Sheryl Birkhead, Mike Bracken, David S. Bratman, Ed Bryant, Ned Brooks, Stven Carlberg, Fred Cleaver, Dave Clements, Buck Coulson, Brett Cox, Janet Fox, Gil Gaier, Jack Herman, Joy Hibbert (again), John Hoffman, Lee Hoffman, Cathy Howard, Ben Indick, Hope Leibowitz, Eric Lindsay, Sam Long, Gloria McMillan, Jim Meadows, Jeanne Mealy, Ed Meskys, Marc Ortlieb, John D. Owen (whose CRYSTAL SHIP is recommended and available from: 4, Highfield Close, Newport Pagnell, Bucks., MK16 9AZ, UNITED KINGDOM), Ken Ozanne, Cristi Simila, Al Sirois (I haven't forgotten your article, Al; next issue, for sure), Garth Spencer, and R. Lauraine Tutihasi. I also have here a neat postcard sent by Alyson Abramowitz from the 1984 Eastercon, signed by such people as Fran Skene, Bill & Mary Burns, Joe Siclari, Harry Bell, (scribble), Paul Kincaid, Marion Bradley, Ron Salomon, Martin Hoare, Roger Obliterated-By-Postmark, John Haney, Scribble Ackroyd, Dave & Hazel (Langford), Jim Baker, Tim Also-Obliterated-By-Postmark, "Amanda's Mum" Rochelle (but where was Amanda?), D. (West), and Alyson herself. Oh yes, and someone who writes "All hail the glorious victory of the proletariat!" and signs himself "Joseph". I wonder who that could be?

* * * * * END NOTES * * * * *

A few things that got forgotten or left out of the main portion of the fanzine:

I forgot to mention that Hilde's surgery had originally been scheduled for January of this year, but had to be delayed in order to allow her broken arm to heal. How do ordinary people break their arms? Well, they take a bad fall, or have somebody crunch a car into them or some such thing. How did Hilde break her arm? She scratched the back of her neck one morning. (Years of arthritis had weakened her bone structure enough that the torque of reaching back that far snapped off a bone spur that had been growing on one of the elbow bones.) Six weeks in a fiberglass cast, then a plastic-&-metal brace for a few more months; the brace has actually turned out to be useful, as it redistributes the pressure on her forearm when she uses the walker required for those times when she's out of bed during the hip's recovery period.

I also forgot to mention that we had transferred Chris from the parochial school where we've sent him for the past four years, to the public school nearby. A major reason for this is that Chris has shown a number of classic symptoms of dyslexia (reversing his letters and such). The parochial school, while giving a better grounding in basics and having a somewhat more sedate student body than usually found in public schools, didn't have facilities to serve children with learning disabilities. In the public school, Chris sees the LD teacher for an hour per day, four days per week. He does seem to have shown some progress in reading and writing; we only hope he survives the other public students. (I've already called the cops in once for one particular punk-in-training, and if I catch him on our property again, he will find himself charged with trespassing.)

This issue of UF is being done on a different computer, and with a different wordprocessor, than previous issues. We've had Evangeline Walton visiting several times, letting her try her hand at using a computer wordprocessor. Evangeline's works tend to go thru a great many rewrites and changes, which helps explain why there have tended to be long gaps of

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time between her novels. Using a computer would help avoid the numerous retypings she's had to do in the past, and would help get the books she still wants to write, written. Accordingly, after she decided that she would be able to adapt to using a new type of machine, Paul went scouting for an appropriate machine and software for her. The machine is a generic IBM-clone with a hard disk. The software is Wordperfect, and one of the reasons I'm using it at this moment is so when Evangeline comes up from Tucson next month, I'll be able to help teach the program to her before she takes the machine home.

Wordperfect has a number of advantages. First of all, it's a WYSIWYG system, so what's on the screen is what you'll get on the paper. I've found this particularly helpful in arranging the layout of this fanzine; that's how I got the double-column format of the letter column to end exactly at the bottom of a page. Secondly, it has a very good help system, with almost every command available by use of a function key. I had the rudiments down in one evening, and keep learning more as I continue to use the system.

As I'm finishing up the last page of this UF, one of the things I'm noticing is how many more typos one makes when trying to use the middle finger in place of the index finger. While I was putting the storage shed together in the backyard yesterday (27 Apr 86), I tried to jog one of the sheet-metal roof panels about an eighth of an inch to get two screw holes in alignment; it moved about three inches instead, and I ended up with five stitches in the right index finger, and a bulky dressing on it.

Initial distribution of this issue will be thru FAPA (I need the page credit) Several FAPA members will also receive separate copies; this is a hint that a loc or trade, in addition to any FAPA mailing comments you might make, would be welcome. Some material for the next issue of UF is already decided upon. One item will be an article by Al Sirois that I've left unused for far too long. Another will be some speculation on the effects of Cable TV on the science-fiction genre. I have a number of pieces of artwork in the files suitable for putting onto ditto master (if I do go ditto; I'm having second thoughts), which will help relieve the text-stuffed appearance of this issue. (Art credits for this issue: title lettering by Bruce Arthurs using a FONTRIX program, cartoon on page 1 by same; illo below by Cathy Howard.)

And I think with that I have reached the appropriate stopping point of this issue of UNDULANT FEVER.

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