

WARM CHAMPAGNE #3

This is, as the title above suggests, WARM CHAMPAGNE, the third issue of a fanzine published for Anzapa by Susan Wood-- who lives at 2236 Allison Rd., Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1T6, but who prefers to receive mail larger than letter-size in the Department of English, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1W5 where Ingrid will keep it safe for her in return for the pretty wombats on the pretty Oz postage stamps. There, a sentence even longer than my address, just for you... first draft and vaguely coherent.

For the information of John Bangsund, Leigh Edmonds, and anyone else out there in Selectric II fandom (stop whimpering, Brian Thurogood! Though I admit \$4,000 NZ is totally ridiculous for this machine. I thought the traditional "slightly higher in Canada" surcharge of \$200 was bad enough) ... as I was inscribing, for typewriter freaks, the title was typed in 10-pitch Courier, this face is Light Italic 12-pitch, and the body of the text will be Prestige Elite. The Selectric selection of typefaces is reduced by the fact that I wanted elements with French characters on them (funny little men in berets, old women selling violets and the like, all prancing around on top of the golfball-half here...)

Other typefaces will be added when I can afford them. Or when someone gives me a birthday present. Or whenever.

It's now 8:45 on July 20, 1976; and this is about to be Lion's Gate Publication 5.

Goodness, but don't stars look funny typed in italics.

That might even make a good lino some day.

Hello, Anzapa. Hello, especially, to John Ham, Kristin (to whom I owe at least 25 pages of letter; congratulations on getting onto the teaching course!) Bruce Gillespie of the umpty-ump pages of microelite erudition, Mike Horvat who brings the North American contingent up to 5, and Peter House and Anthony Joseph, whom I will meet sometime after August 10 when mailing #51 arrives.

Yes, oh Official Bloody Editor, I have my excuses. I haven't contributed to the last two mailings because my mind is still somewhere back in October, and I haven't caught up yet. Since I last contributed to this illustrious collection of bits of used paper, I've done a good many things, without really feeling that I've accomplished much. Any fan will share that feeling, I'm sure, as the fanzines mount up and topple over onto the unanswered mail...

I dropped out of FAPA. There, a dubious non-accomplishment for you. In fact, I never got around to resigning officially, much less actually producing 8 pages to save my membership for another year. I considered the latter course, actually, when I noticed how many Anzapans were creeping up the waitlist and into FAPA. For awhile there, I thought I'd join Bill Wright and try to take over the organization. But then what would we do with it? Give it to Gough Whitlam as a consolation prize?: Inspired by dropping out of yet another apa (something I seem to do regularly), here I go, merrily minacing for you people. After all, you were nice enough to comment on what I wrote; I should return the compliment.

Apart from the above burst of proving that I'm more gafiated than Terry Carr, what have I been doing? (Rhetorical question, setting up following paragraph.)

January: school second term started. It rained a good deal, and I marked a good many essays. Several were literate.

February: It rained a good deal. I marked more essays. For variety, it snowed. At some point in there, I made a quick trip to Seattle, and Eli Cohen made a quick trip out here from Regina to see Janis Ian's concert. He figured it was worth flying some 1,600 miles... yes, it was a good concert. Very impressive, in fact. I never liked Ian much in her adolescent-social-comment days, but her recent records had impressed me with both her songwriting ability and performance. And her stage presence is superb. I think she replaced Joni Mitchell as the person I'd like to be when I grow up.

March: It rained some more. I did more marking... Yes, this IS getting boring, isn't it? It wasn't exactly exciting to live through, either. One morning I woke up and realized it was April, already. April 1976. And Spring!

You must understand that I have never lived in a region that had a proper spring. In Ottawa, where I grew up (central Canada, for anyone who went off to dig up an atlas), the 70 or 80 inches of snow would finally melt away in late March and April; a month of soggianness would follow, as a green haze slowly covered the mud. Sometime in mid-May, *zap* the crocii and daffodils and tulips would all bloom in one week of balmy weather. Then the temperature would shoot up to 80°F, all the spring flowers would wilt, and a week of heavy frost would kill off the more venturesome rosebuds. After that, anything could happen, and frequently did: heat, hailstorms, humidity, what-have-you.

Regina, Saskatchewan, was even more extreme; we'd pass from 40 below zero to 95 above (or -40 to plus 40 C) with no apparent resting point.

Vancouver has been a revelation. Three whole months of spring! A proper spring, like in the English children's books I used to read, firmly convinced that rhododendrons were magic, exotic flowers (ever notice how many rhododendron hedges, either hiding decrepit manors or providing refuges and hidey-holes, there are in an average collection of British children's fiction?) There was a misty-green season. And a just-budding season. A distinct crocus season, slightly marred by a late snowfall which killed all my crocuses off the day before my mother came to visit. (Nasty snow. Bad, nasty! It never snows in Vancouver. Uh-huh.) The daffodils, including mine, came into bloom in mid-March, and were bravely gold through the end of April. The plum trees outside my front windows, and the cherry trees all over the city, flowered through April, though we had a violent windstorm at Easter which stripped a good many of the trees. The next morning, under a calm, bright blue, scrubbed-looking sky, the police cars parked outside the RCMP post up the street were all covered in pale pink and white blossoms. The tulips came out, and the rhododendrons, wave after wave, for nearly two months; and finally the dogwood (a white, flowering native tree) and the gorse had their turn. Each type of flower had its own distinct season, as the weather grew slightly warmer. And where I live, each garden had its backdrop of blue sky and greening mountain.

So, Carey, one of my excuses for not contributing to the last mailing was that I was outside, for as much time as I could manage: walking down through the gardens to the beach, and just looking.

I also, against my better judgement, got involved with V-Con 5, the Vancouver regional convention, as publicity-person and general gopher. So much for April (when I relaxed from V-Con work by marking exams) and May. June was mostly taken up by Habitat (the UN conference on HUMAN Settlement), or, rather, by the Habitat theatre festival-- clixiaing in the triumphal opening of "Cruel Tears", the country-and-western opera based on Othello, set in Saskatoon and featuring a

Ukranian truck driver who marries the boss's daughter, written by Ken ("The Moose Jaw Kid") Mitchell and Humphrey and the Dumptrucks.

Yes, really.

After that, I headed south to Seattle and Berkeley and San Francisco and Oakland and exotic places like that, where I once again failed to catnap Grant Canfield's orange cat Roscoe, and got my nose sunburned with Terry Carr, and nearly got Charlie Brown killed when I had an asthma attack as I was driving across the Bay Bridge. And saw Brian and Deb again, as they bought overalls for all of Waiheke Island. (Hiya, again, Brian and Deb. It was very, very good to see you.)

And that's enough fannish incident-dropping for this mailing, I think.

Other activities: I've been getting some writing done, though not as much as I'd hoped-- and not letters, as some of you (notably Kristin, and Eric, and Leigh and Val) may have noticed. Profuse and guilty apologies. Life has been rather full of trivial and Terribly Meaningful incidents; but then, when isn't it?

The major task has been a survey of Ursula Le Guin's work, for a book which Tom Claerson (of EXTRAPOLATION, for you lingering sercon fans) is editing, on modern sf writers, for the Popular Culture press at Bowling Green. I've been thinking about the piece for a year, and writing, now (with many interruptions) for 2 months-- and it still isn't done. The final version is, as far as I can tell, the ninth draft (and I can still pick holes in it, as can my trusty readers.) I'm hoping to finish up the Earthsea section this week, and get the thing in the mail, finally and at last. Why the effort? Well, for me, obviously-- I want to get it right. And for Ursula, I think. I have never before had anything to write about which deserved nine drafts, and the care to get it exactly right. (My thesis took at least that much work-- including throwing it out once completed and starting over, from scratch, after a year's hiatus; but frankly, the books I used didn't even approach the standard of Le Guin's work.)

Besides, would anyone out there care to try surveying LEFT HAND in five pages?

Neat, tidy segue into mailing comments: John, oh burbling Bangsund, I loved every claret-stained word of PHILOSOPHICAL FERRET, and not just because it called me "lovely, wise and wonderful" (though I disagree. That applies to Ursula, yes; me, I'm just trying hard.)

And, in particular, I responded to what you wrote about the Earthsea books. They are truly timeless, and magical, and true-- all those words applied to fantasies so often they've become clichés. (It's like mountains. How do you describe mountains? I spent a couple of days on Vancouver Island before the V-Con, recuperating from asthma and a bad case of con-committee. The Island has a spine of rugged, snowcapped mountains, covered in Douglas firs-- huge trees-- and white dogwood; and the mountains, with their waterfalls and clear streams and trees, plunge straight into the Pacific, where huge green waves break on empty, empty white beaches under an endless clear blue sky. You have to say something; it's in the nature of human beings, or at least this word-oriented one, to want to express how you feel. What do you say? "Beautiful" just isn't big enough. Where is there a word for mountains?)

How do you summarize the Earthsea Trilogy, and lay out its Meaning, and make people who haven't read it want to do so, all in the course of wrapping-up a reasonably literate and not-too-esoteric (I hope) survey of one writer's whole career to date, while keeping somewhere (like 5,000 words over) a 10,000 word maximum? Grotch.

I know exactly what you mean by "I am never, ever, satisfied with the job I have

have done." (I also agree that the recognitions are nice.) I'm a compulsive re-writer; for the information of anyone who cares about such things, the Aussiecon report in ALGOL (and chopped up in AMAZING, a story too long to detail here-- the double-printing was an unfortunate accident) went through several drafts in my head, in the months before it went onto paper; and went through at least 4 drafts on paper; and I still wince when I read parts of it (it seems awfully maudlin-sentimental. John at least has the excuse of good, bad or indifferent claret for his more emotional moments. I can't even find the keys if I drink anything stronger than coffee, and I can't proofread even then, as you may have noticed.)

Doing apazines and the like straight onto stencil is a form of experiment for me, maybe a form of therapy. But can you imagine me, rough-drafting an anzapazine? (I can imagine it-- but then you'd never see a line!) Anyway, John, as far as I'm concerned your experiment, maybe therapy, maybe relaxation after editing, maybe confession-- worked. For me anyway. It spread love.

It was almost as good as talking to you. Now, finish up with editing fatuous Frank, so you can cut down on the claret and save the heavy dollars for airfare over here. Right.

Thank you for telling me what you're doing in Adelaide. And love to Sally.

Oh, just one more thing. I had a phonecall last month from Robin Johnson. Leigh Edmonds may be used to that sort of thing; I'm not (especially when I'd just had a letter from Rob Jackson saying Robin was in Newcastle.) "Urrrr" I said, brightly as Denny Lien handed the phone over to Robin (I was a little relieved he was calling from Minneapolis, not Melbourne; the rates are a trifle more reasonable). "Ah-- hello Robin!" (Think of something fannish and appropriate, Susan!) "When're you having your next worldcon?" And the disembodied voice floated back: "1983."

John, what HAVE you started?

SOME EXTREMELY RANDOM THOUGHTS ON MAILING #49, if any of you can remember what you wrote.... another reason why I should contribute to every mailing, of course...

ANDREW BROWN: Yes, John and I had both noticed that "Thirsty Boots" and "Warm Champagne" were "almost facets of each other." Using the same typewriter (and on occasion the same paper and the BC club mimeo) all helps. The resemblance of John's HITCHHIKE to certain impeccably-reproed, blue-papered, witty, brilliant Canadian zines (at least one other published by an American gentleman who's just been given Canadian landed immigrant status for putting up with two winters in Regina, Saskatchewan) is also notable (ha! you wondered when I was going to get a verb in there, didn't you?) Of course, the resemblance among Australian fanzines, especially those of the (now-defunct) Magic Pudding Axis, is pretty striking to us outsiders. And I've just finished a column, for Andy Porter's ALGOL, on British fanzines, in the course of which I think I managed to sort out all the Ians. The real problem for a non-Australian, of course, is keeping all the Johns straight. Sensible of you to ship John Brosnan off to be rude to the British fans.

You are probably tired of comments like "I'm sorry, but fan fiction leaves me cold." Guardian beetles? That's a new one.

CAREY HANDFIELD: I can just see it now, as I approach Australian Immigration in my clever tweedsuited, briefcase-clutching disguise as LadyProf. "Purpose of visit?" "Oh, Handfield invited me over for some noodles." Sure.

I loved the quotation from the woman who climbed Everest: "I don't have to climb any more." That applies to all sorts of endeavours (and fits nicely back to what

Bangsund was saying. There are always more mountains! Personally, I thought that when I finished my thesis and got my degree, I could relax. Well, I proceeded to move 1,600 miles, travel for 3 months, clean out and paint most of a 2-story, 2-bedroom house, and try to cope with a much heavier workload than I'd had in my previous 2 years to teaching. I'm also supposed to finish 3 academic papers, several smaller reviews, a couple of fan columns and maybe a fanzine of my own before worldcon in 6 weeks, after which classes start again.

I may take up mountain climbing. It might be easier on the nerves.

Speaking of classes (ours run September-December and January-early April, with the rest of April for marking and such, and a long summer vacation to ~~help/at/home/on/the~~ ~~farm~~ get a job if you can find one at all to pay next year's fees; highschool, and most US schools, run several weeks or even a month or more longer): speaking as I was of classes, I did get approval for a science fiction course this coming term. A mixed blessing: I like to teach sf, and I also like it when worldcon thus becomes a real academic conference, and I get credit for being on the programme. (It is, dammit, just as scholarly as any Canadian literature or other "academic" conference, and you can imagine me saying that in any tone of voice you please.) The drawback is that the English department, faced with declining enrolments, and a need to balance the enrolment of 1 student in something like "Later Middle English Lesser Love Lyrics" intends to pack my class to the rafters. The top limit was 50, but now it's going to be 75-100. That means straight lecture format, no discussion (I add optional discussion groups on my own time) and a hell of a lot of marking, at an hour a paper.

I have also been appointed co-ordinator of the 17 sections of second-year Canadian literature (a year-long survey class), most of which will be taught by people with no experience with the course, and no knowledge of Canadian literature, either. (One man is on a kibbutz in Israel, so he'll see his textbooks first when he arrives here on September 2.)

I'm setting up my minac excuse for the next two mailings, Carey.

I'm also supervising an honours thesis and a Master's thesis.

As to sf: the texts I'm using, assuming they're still in print, include: SF HALL OF FAME (the Silverberg-edited short story volume), which remains the best survey of early sf-- the bad stories are fascinating and discussion-provoking in their badness; WOMEN OF WONDER, edited by Pamela Sargent, for a little balance; THOSE WHO CAN, edited by Robin Scott Wilson, a very scholarly anthology with essays by various authors on "plot" and "theme" and such-- dunno how it will work, but some of the stories like "Sundance" and "Nine Lives" are knockouts, and it will give a university audience, at least, some idea of the ways one can talk about sf, beyond plot summaries. I also included a lot of short stories to introduce people to as many new writers as possible. The novels seem to have worked themselves out to being THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, A CANTICLE FOR LEWIS, BABEL-17 and 1994. Was going to use STAND ON ZANZIBAR, but there's trouble (again) with Canadian rights, so I decided to cut the final novel entirely and spend more time on short stories. Any selection could be replaced by a dozen others (assuming they're in print), and your suggestions will be welcomed. One of the most interesting, and certainly the hardest, aspect--oops, just trapped myself in an ungrammatical sentence-- The interesting and difficult aspect of teaching sf is that no-one knows what will "work". CHILDHOOD'S END would probably be a fine book to teach at the high school level, where you're still dealing with plot and "what do you think of this idea" but when we got to it at University of Regina, the magic was gone, and there really wasn't much to say about it.

If any of you are interested in teaching sf, I have bibliographies and such I could

send over. If you're at school, so much the better. I started a free-school non-credit sf class when I was an undergraduate, after the Carleton U. Department of English turned down a request for a real, credit-type sf class. I still think we had more fun, and learned more, without the apparatus of exams and grading and such. (That's my unregenerate mid-60's educational theorist showing through.)

I'm still working on becoming a Big Name Canadian Literature Expert; you know, so I can apply for a Canada Council grant to fly Down Under and study early Austlit and the ways it's like, or isn't like, Canlit (since both are colonial British literatures.) I'm sure at least 2 other people would be interested... (Actually, Thomas Keneally gave a lecture here last winter, a survey of Austlit and its development, which sounded eerily like my own introductory lectures for my Canlit survey class. Just change our snow to your heat and drought, and we're away.) But I'm not adverse to flying over as a Big Name SF expert, either. Hey, if one or other of you could get a science fiction course set up at, oh, Monash, I could apply for a year's leave, and.... Right after I apply to teach sf at University of California, Berkeley, next summer.

CATHERINE CIRCOSTA, your comments on teaching sf to uncreative creative writing students were fascinating. They went nicely with BILL WRIGHT's comments on education, too. ARE students becoming less literate, in fact, or is it just that each new generation of teachers feels that they are? (Standardized tests in the US do seem to indicate that literacy levels are going down; personally I blame tv-watching for students' inability to comprehend books, even follow a plot that deviates at all from the a-then-b-then-c-a- conclusion format.) You're right, Bill, in fearing a return to "savagery in the schools"; I was educated under a very rigid high school system (and played by the rules and learned to be a good little hypocrite, that's all) and I really don't know which is worse: saying "here is the answer and learn it by rote or I'll beat you" or saying "well, here's some stuff, learn whatever you want- or nothing-- and remember, whatever you think is right is right. Groove on, kidlets." Meantime, I'm trying to teach in an increasingly reactionary environment of rules and standards, with students fresh out of high school who insist that I should only mark "like, the ideas and feelings" that were "inspired" by the work they read. ("I don't care if the woman in this poem doesn't get angry at her husband. When my boyfriend yells at me, I get mad, so that's what this poem is about. It's not fair, you won't even listen to MY ideas!")

Catherine: interesting to see you get that "sf is a load of rubbish because no-one can prove there is life of any sort anywhere in the Universe except for the planet earth" reaction too. I suppose most people are still terribly afraid of the imagination. (But tv is ok because it's about "real" people and "real" things-- ha!) My Presbyterian grandparents, and a good many people of their generation in this country, quite literally mistrusted fiction because it broke the ninth commandment-- it was lies, 'bearing false witness.' The theatre was even worse. There's still a terrible mistrust of literature: what good is it? Will it make money? (How many of you tried explaining fandom to your parents? My mother, bless her, keeps my fanzines on the coffeetable, and when her friends boast about grandchildren, she boasts about Susan, who went to Australia, and has a PhD, and writes books. My mother is a pretty neat person, all in all. A neat segue to MIKE O'BRIEN, to whom I can say little but -- my sympathy, and I hope things get easier for you. I know it doesn't help much, on a day-to-day basis, to know that the people who do understand your interests, to whom you can talk about what really matters to you, and who don't think you're cdd because you like books, live several thousand miles away. But we are here. And I know from experience that it can become remarkably easy to separate out daily living from Real Life (much of which occurs through the mailbox.)

JAN FINDER: That certainly is an exhaustive trip report you have there. I think

the rest of us just looked at our notes, envisioned the kind of multi-multipaged report you've written, and decided to--well, maybe think about it a little-- real soon now-- maybe. # I must remember to send you the \$2.00 for the Aussie reunion party, since I promised Denny Lien he could have my Fosters.

MERVYN BARRETT: I've moved more times than I care to think about, in the past 5 or 6 years, including 2 separate shippings-of-stuff over 2,000 miles and one move of 1,600 miles-- but the thought of trusting anything precious, like records and a clarinet, to shipping companies between England and New Zealand fills me with horror. I'm glad it all arrived safely. Fans are strange, aren't they? (Not an original remark...) Look at how often we move-- and look at how difficult we make things for ourselves, loading ourselves down with books, fanzines, and other priceless (heavy) memorabilia. (John Berry's system is to pack it all up and leave it in a convenient basement or attic. But now he's trying to figure how to get his belongings in San Francisco together with his belongings in Falls Church, Virginia, and Seattle, Washington. I keep suggesting that he'll have to move to Kansas, or someplace central like that. But then it would be harder for him to borrow my typewriter.)

DAVID GRIGG: Good to see you here. Interesting that you, too, regard stencil-typing as a relaxation from "writing". Sounds as if we're putting fanac down, doesn't it?-- but that's not true. It's the informal pleasure of conversation we're after, in which we can work out our meanings as we go along, without anyone (much) objecting to the odd dangling participle, or "Hopefully, we will..." type-horror. My problem is that I tend to get selfconscious even with my fanac, which is one reason there's been so little of it, lately. Also, when I relax, I try to get out of the house and look at the mountains. The physical setting is partly to blame; my big desk, with the typewriter, is in the living room instead of a room of its own, so that if I sit down with the headphones and a record on, for example, I can still SEE the pile of unanswered mail or, for 8 months of the year, the pile of unmarked term papers! I am trying to take DON FITCH's advice and feel less Hassled by all the Things-to-Be-Done; I have also recognized that my normal working mode is to take on 4 times as many projects as I can hope to finish, and finish 3/4 of them. I just feel so terribly guilty when another long Eric Lindsay letter arrives, or a GEGENSCHNEID 28, which just came.

If you can bear to talk about writing, instead of doing it (something I don't like doing-- I lose the impetus to actually DO the writing, somehow!) I'd like to hear about the children's books. It seems a far harder form to work with than adult fiction.

KITTY VIGO: I'm sorry we didn't get to do more than say hello in the lift-- though I confess I developed a sensory overload from trying to talk with 600 people in 4 days, and do everything else besides. (I remember I did eat, more or less, when Bruce Gillespie kept dragging panellists off to plan panels over food.) You're not "just" a housewife and Mum-- nobody is ever "just" anything. You're Kitty, who is going to have maturity, and a whole range of emotions and experiences to draw on, which your teachers are going to welcome. Believe me! Best of luck with the return-to-school, and don't worry: in my experience, returning students always do better, partly just from experience-of-living ("maturity", what-have-you) and mostly, I think, because they WANT to be there.: The sf club sounds like most sf clubs. Awful.: Don't worry, the deep philosophical discussions over bad coffee (or worse tea) will come. It takes awhile-- everyone is too frightened to talk!

ERIC LINDSAY: Most people are like you, I think-- unfamiliar with poetry, and turned off by it. Well, look. I don't like watching football, and I really cannot comprehend mathematics (though I got A's when forced to take maths classes, by sheer rote memorization of whatever was memorizable.) That's why I dislike compulsory

literature classes I'm supposed to teach-- as a sop to the idea that literature will somehow make everyone enlightened and cultured, in two chunks of 13 weeks. And after that, the student is cultured and never cracks open a book again.... We DO have remedial composition classes, unfortunately, but a) is a university's function to repair the damage left by rotten high schools, and b) what about the 97% of the population who don't make it to university? I teach my first and second year classes, partly at least, as this-is-how-to-look-at-a-poem/play/story classes. What is there besides plot? Why do I enjoy this, that you might like?

MAILING 50, at last: KOSMIC KIWI

Comments to Eric lead neatly to comments to Deb on playing games: it seems to me that "adults" put away the ability to celebrate, to simply enjoy (like the North American penchant for labling "fantasy" as "children's stuff", and "not real" -- not "serious" and "adult") One thing that all the 60's counterculture seemed to do was put some of us back in touch with the need and desire to get together and play. To make music on simple instruments (the opposite of sitting with 30,00 people in a concert hall listening to very cerebral art-rock), to sing, to dance, to feast together. (A poem can't simply sound nice and be lyrical, it has to have a Deep Hidden Meaning.) Adult gamesplaying, scoring points on other people and all that, is a perverted version of this. Some of the most memorable times of my life have come recently when I could just Be Silly. But only with someone I trust, of course. ((It's part of my process of having turned 30-- I'm 27, but I think I turned 30 last winter, and I don't have time to explain--that I now feel Grown Up enough to let the child in me back out, sometimes.))

It was in this spirit that the Disruptors staged our Disruption during the Hugo banquet last year-- to remind people that this was a joyous occasion for a little mutual egoboo. It seems directly counter to this spirit that this year's Hugo form announces that (haven't the ballot so can't quote directly) because of the seriousness and importance of the event, Mr. Heinlein and party will wear black tie to the banquet and awards ceremonies, and will all us plebs please put on our best clothes. Surely the Hugoes are important enough NOT to need the stuffy trappings of phony dignity? And surely the Hugoes are just an enjoyable game, like this whole business of fandom?

BILL WRIGHT: Bill, love, I'll come to dinner and listen to you, and talk with you, gladly, any old time. Your country or mine? Vale, Degraives, indeed. I had long cherished the idea of wangling some sort of quick flight--to a literary conference, perhaps, with UBC paying the fare-- over to Australia. I would tell no-one. I would show up on Wednesday night at Degraives... and either no-one would recognize me, or Val would shriek and there would be lashings of emotional all round to season Henry's meat pie. Well, I may do it yet at the Bib'n' Tucker (really? That's too fannish to be true.) In the next mailing John Berry can tell how he dropped in one Globe night...

The time I had reserved for Anzapa stencils has been rudely cut off. In the two weeks I was away, a slow leak developed in the basement water pipes. I have boxes of my books and fanzines down there, plus 8 huge boxes I'm storing for the previous tenant. I spent the morning on a salvage operation, and am feeling decidedly put-upon and foul tempered. I MUST get in to school to see my honours student; and then I'm having dinner with Doug and Sharon Barbour (doug is teaching here this summer, and has a tale of woe about his thesis that no-one but a graduate student could believe.) I'm booked to run these stencils off tomorrow; if I don't do that, I'll miss the mailing, and the wrath of Carey Bloody Handfield will descend. Besides, I already bought my money order for seven heavy dollars, so I'm committed to saving my membership. I may type the next lot of Anzapa comments while Eric, Carey, Christine, and whoever else comes along are visiting. Or we may ALL go look at the mountains.