

# Wild Heirs

XVI

TONER

DOUBLE OR  
NOTHING ON  
YOUR  
MEMBERSHIP?





# Wild Heirs 16

## European Director

Chuch Harris

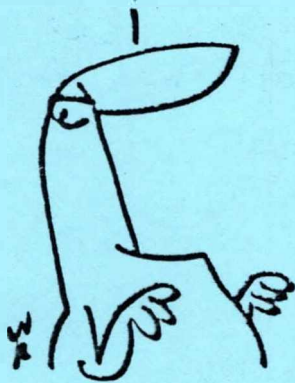
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## Inspiration

Charles Burbee

I'M TYPO  
THE GOD OF  
SLOPPINESS



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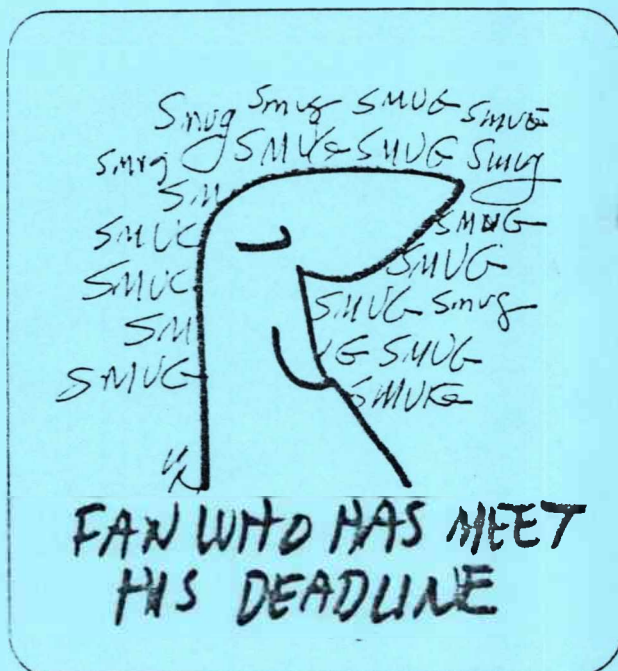
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38(2). 39, 40, 43, Bacover.





Arnie Katz

"Closed!" my companions shrieked in unison. It jolted me upright inside my safety harness. I do not believe choral shrieking will replace rock 'n' roll.

Joyce drove toward our objective as Tom and Ben hunted for telltale signs. "It's dark in there," Tom said dubiously. "Mighty dark."

Brief upsurge of hope when Ben saw a placard advertising 8:00 as the closing time. As we circled our intended destination, it didn't take Tom long to observe a crushingly final negative. "Even the kitchen is dark," he said.

"Is there some kind of festival or big event today?" I asked.

"Yes, Junefest," replied Ben, always a good source for local news.

"That's it, then," I said. "They always close so they can run a stand at them."

"You mean..." said Joyce, a rising note of panic in her voice.

"Yes," I said, "there'll be no Chicago hot dogs today."

What had promised to be a banner meeting of the Chicago Science Fiction League had died a hollow-stomached death at the

# VAGUE

**The Editors Jam  
-- a Little Bit**

# RAMPS





hands of a radio station promotion.

So we decided to give the CSFL a rest for June. My plan to annex MinnSf and the Toronto Derelicts must wait until we have both a quorum and a frankfurter.

Instead of coneys and krautdogs and the like, we ordered three pizzas from the top local pie place. It's the kind of place you know right off is wonderful, because of the authentic ethnic ring of its name — Pay Less.

Despite the low-fi ambience, though, Pay Less has become our first choice when we send out for pizza. I'll stake my reputation that no Bulgarian cook makes a better pizza anywhere in the Southwest. If tonight's pies are good enough, maybe we'll form the Bulgarian Fellowship of Scientific Fiction and demand a cut of convention profits from Euro-fandom.

#### Tom Springer

More evidence that there's nothing a Vagrant would rather do than join a club. In this case I'll pass on the pizza-based science fiction club. Nothing could ever replace, even momentarily, the Chicago Science Fiction League. A club of epic proportions, its history spanning decades, its legacy unresolved and mired in conflict and confusion. A club that's experienced an infusion of new blood on a scale never before witnessed by its midwestern members that's transformed it into an active fannish entity.

Powered by Vagrant fumes the Chicago Science Fiction League continues to uphold the standards and beliefs handed down through the generations: to count on a good frank, stamp that membership card, and never put up with bad service or food. Always campaign for truth, justice, and the money owed to us by those thieving concons that have pocketed our profits from four Worldcons and countless other conventions, many of them held under the unofficial auspices of the CSFL. We've never been recognized, we've never been recompen-

I'M HEKTO,  
THE GOD OF  
FANDOMSPAST



sated, and still pledge to the last wheezing gasp of our onion laden breath to further the cause of the Chicago Science Fiction League.

#### Ken Forman

Hey Tom, I'll always recognize you. You're the one who shot me in the glasses with your plonker. Those stick'em darts had little pictures of your face on them, so I'll never forget your mug.

Alleen and I, even though we arrived a little late, were also thwarted by the Chicago Hot Dog dilemma. Imagine — if you will — we're driving along Las Vegas' major freeways; speeding along at several miles over local speed limit, trying to make it to the hotdog place in time to meet the other Vegrants there. My wife was doing her Mario Andretti imitation, zipping in and out of traffic and scaring the living day-lights out of me. Fortunately I trust her driving implicitly so I relaxed and enjoyed the look of hor-

I'M MIMED,  
ONE OF THE MIDDLE  
GODS





ror on other drivers' faces as we zoomed by their vehicles with enough velocity to peel paint.

"Mmmm, I can taste the hot-dog, even now," I commented to my lovely chauffeur.

"What kind are you going to have?" she asked.

"I haven't decided, yet, but I think I'll have lots of onions."

"No kisses for you, tonight," she advised.

"What if you have extra onions, too? That way neither of us will mind. We'll both have 'sweet' breath," I suggested.

"Flatterer."

Zoom. She exited the freeway. Screech...boom went the old lady in the car next to us. I guess Aileen hadn't had lunch today.

The car slammed to a stop before the restaurant.

"They're closed," we said in unison. We even did a sit-com double take together.

"Looks like burgers at Wendy's," I reasoned.

After a typical western American fast food meal, we popped into the Katz' neighborhood, and thence to the Katz' house.

They were eating pizza.

#### Ben Wilson

Once again Junefest takes its toll on us hot dog lovers here in Vegas. KKLZ, the local classic rock station, pulled out of the late 60's, 70's and early 80's, what they consider instant classics like Don Henly's "Garden of Allah."

For three years now, they've sponsored a classic rock concert lasting 10 to 15 hours. Usually the concert has four bands of fame and fortune past, with a local blues band thrown in for flavor. Bands such as Ted Nugent, REO Speedwagon, Steppenwolf, Doobie Brothers, etc.

To Chicago Hot Dog's credit, it's making a killing today. These concerts average 8,000 people through-out the day. Most stay the whole day. So figure by the end of the day you've got about, oooh, two-hundred or so lobsters walking around.

#### Tom

It's the lobsters you gotta worry about. Not only

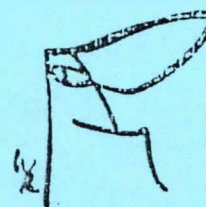
I'M XEROX,  
GOD OF MODERN  
FANDOM."



I'M XEROX,  
GOD OF MODERN  
FANDOM."



I'M XEROX,  
GOD OF MODERN  
FANDOM."



I'M XEROX,  
GOD OF MODERN  
FANDOM."



are they walking around, but in many cases they've spent extensive time in the beer garden sampling its offerings. I've spent many a languorous hour in beer gardens juicing suds and laying in the grass scratching at chiggers. (That's when the lobsters weren't making a scene.)

I think that's one of the best places to stand when at a fair, carnival, concert, or sporting event, anywhere there's a lot of people, no place to sit, and it's hot enough to make you sweat. If it's hot enough for me to sweat I might as well spill some nice cold beer down my front while I anchor a line of beer chugging sportsmen in impromptu crew races. Crew races are beer drinking races. You have the captain with the whistle who signals the beginning of the race and also signals the winner at the end. Two lines of beer drinking stalwarts face each other, their plastic cups of beer sitting on the grass before them.

The shrill whistle blast signals the start of a frantic drinking race. The first man in line picks up the beer at his feet, downs it as quickly as possible (allowing for only a nominal amount of spillage) then signals the next drinker in line by



I'M BLEEP,  
GOD OF FANDOM'S  
FUTURE!

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slamming down the overturned cup on his head. This continues down the line to the last man. So you have two lines of men sucking their beers down and turning their cups over on top of their heads with enthusiasm not seen since their last trip to Tijuana. The last man on the end is called the "anchor" and is usually the fastest and most accomplished beer drinker on the team. It is with the anchor races are won and lost. It is the anchor the entire team watches to the bitter end as he stoops for his beer, swings it to his lips, and up-ends the contents into his gulping maw.

He can be the hero.  
He can be the loser.  
But he's never a lobster.

#### Ross Chamberlain

Beer, beer, Meinbeer. I'm not perceived as a beer (or bbeer) kinda guy these days, but once I did enjoy some brands of that beverage—usually in conjunction with a fan event. Prior is one I haven't seen for a while—Prior Dark was my preference when I could

find it (a European style beer made in America). Rignes Export Bock was a favorite when available—sort of the reverse of the coin with Prior, as it was an imported beer sold (almost) at the price of the standard domestics. That was the first beer I ever bought six-packs of; the only one, come to think of it, since I graduated from Miller (my first—the first I actually liked). I was not the only one among the earliest fans I met who brought beer to fannish conclaves of whatever sort. Dave Van Arnham brought large bottles of—I've forgotten which, but it was one of the major American brands, and poshed them off at Fistsfa and Fanoclast meetings. My memory is hazy on this; Arnie's my source for details.

But bbeer makes me logy, so I don't really dig large convocations of people in the outdoors, at least not in any greater concentration than a picnic setting, where I can sit down. Not to mention finding an uncrowded restroom. As a result, I have perhaps avoided the lobster category in any general way, if maybe skirted it on occasion.

But then, I was never big on rowing.

#### Arnie

Submitted for your approval: co-editors in crisis. They went for a hot dog and found something quite different in... The Oneshot Zone!

A calamity like the cancellation of the CSFL meeting can unhinge tender, vulnerable minds such as we often find in fandom.

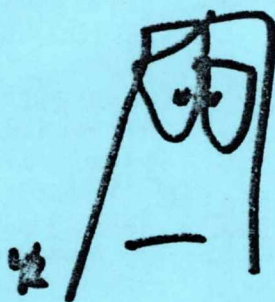
When reading the preceding "Vague Rants," bear in mind that it was written during the first shock. Everyone is back to abnormal and doing well.

And the Chicago Science Fiction League has risen again from defeat to hold two consecutive banner meetings since the unfortunate one that set Las Vegrants reeling.

Since we've got the situation back under control, we can return to the important business of extorting our fair share of past world-con receipts.

Now let's proceed to the painstakingly pre-planned portion of this frequent, friendly fanzine.

BUT DOUBLE O  
LS MY LUCKY  
NUMBER!





# ARNIE KATZEN JAMMER

## A Lesson in Humility

Humility comes hard to most fans. Insecurity fosters the need to proclaim our worth and strive to persuade others of it. There are rare fans who let their achievements shine without play-by-play commentary. Fans like Lee Hoffman and Walt Willis are easier to adulate than emulate. Despite good intentions, most of us occasionally succumb to tooting our own horn and convincing ourselves that we're All That and a tube of Toner.

From time to time, the ever-present Spirit of Trufandom nudges us as a reminder that we're just a link, not the chain. Everyone needs an occasional lesson in humility, except Shelby Vick and Don Fitch. Fortunately, they're too mature to do more than laugh silently when we strut like peacocks and lust after vainglorious awards.

The Spirit of Trufandom teaches us humility so that we can enjoy fanac for its own sake, not as a means to an end. The fannish ghods exalt us; the Spirit of Trufandom keeps us humble. For instance, Ghu created Irish Fandom in his Trufannish Image so mortal fans might know the heights to which we Star-Begotten can ascend. Then the Spirit of Trufandom found others named Walt Willis, John Berry, Bob Shaw and James White so the Wheels of IF would know they aren't unique.

Evidently, the Spirit of Trufandom felt that I needed a lesson in humility. Con Diablo proved an able teacher.

The tutelage started with an honor. Westercon 49 named Joyce and me co-fan Guests of Honor, thanks mostly to Richard Brandt and Michelle Lyons. I grew up in a fandom that had about six

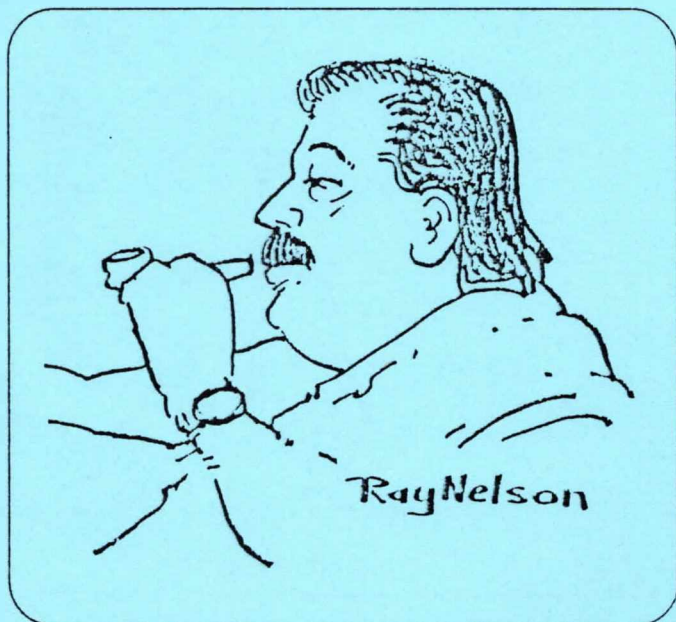
cons a year, so Westercon GoH sounded like pretty hot stuff to me.

I was nervous about it, too. After some discussion, Joyce and I decided to accept. I had fond memories of two Westercons I attended in the mid-1960s, and it was a chance for an expense-paid trip to see Richard and Michelle. (Joyce and I de-gafted a little too late for Corflu Ocho.)

The con committee did everything possible to honor Joyce and me. Even though Richard and Michelle resigned their posts a couple of months before the event, they expended tremendous effort on our behalf. Although the Con Diablo committee hardly knew who we were, they were unfailingly pleasant and helpful, ever anxious to contribute to our good time.

And we did have a good time. There weren't many familiar faces at Westercon, but new and old fan friends were in top form. Charlie Brown kindly invited us to the **Locus Awards Banquet**, Spike Parsons and Tom Becker took us to a belly-busting barbeque dinner at State Line Restaurant, and both John Hertz and Leah Smith promised to turn their excellent program presentations into **Wild Heirs** articles in the next few months.

The concom showed courage in the face of things that would have fried a less hearty group. Whatever factors held attendance to under 400 (with a total registration of approximately 800), no public hand-wringing intruded on the generally upbeat festivities. Attendees enjoyed the spacious facilities, which could have accommodated 2000





without over-crowding, wallowed in eight tracks of programming and shuttled among an unusually large number of open parties.

From the perspective of an ivory tower fanzine fan, the small turn-out produced mixed results. I've never loved big cons, so Con Diablo's low population density was a relief. On the other hand, I didn't know more than a dozen or so fans, and few of the rest knew or cared about us.

Not that they should. Most attendees came to meet fiction and fantasy writers, present in high ratio. Why should they care about some guy who does a little magazine full of self-referential froth, the opinions of strangers and esoteric jokes?

They couldn't think of a reason, either. **Joyce** and I tried to be entertaining on the program and we hit all the open parties, but I think most Westerconners would rather have had some young fan-turned-pro instead.

The only fans who actually introduced themselves labored under the impression that I must be an sf writer. "It's a pleasure to meet you," said the first fan who solicited my handshake at the con. Since it was already Saturday night, his attention was as welcome as a letter from Willis after a tough issue.

I shook his hand warmly. John Hertz's magnificent romantic vision of one harmonious, well-integrated fandom filled my soul. "It's wonderful to be here and meet you," I managed. I'm a little shy around strangers, but I smiled my best smile.

Then my bubble burst. "I always look for your name in anthologies and magazines," he said, earnestly.

"I hope you're not too disappointed when you don't find it," I said. "I'm not a science fiction writer. I'm the co-fan Guest of Honor. Mostly, I publish fanzines." His visible disappointment made it hard not to sound apologetic. "It's really nice to meet you, though."

The word "fanzine" had a magical effect on him.

He took two steps back, executed a smart left face and plunged into another conversation.

My greatest lesson in humility, however, occurred earlier that same Saturday. That's when Andy Hooper was scheduled to interview Joyce and me as fan guests. After a delicious lunch, Andy, Joyce, Michelle Lyons and I strolled to the meeting room a conscientious 15 minutes before the planned start of the 90-minute session.

I knew we were in trouble the minute I walked into the huge hall. Theatre-style seating for at least 500 faced an enormous raised wooden stage. Considering the fact that we were opposite three or four other program items, a pseudo-medieval demo and a book auction, I didn't think we'd seriously dent the room's enormous capacity.

I refused to sit on the lofty, remote stage. We moved three chairs to the floor in front of the stage and repositioned one of the microphones.

"At least we'll be close to the audience," I thought. It made me feel better. I settled in my chair to await the inevitable rush of eager fans.

The clock crept up to the appointed time. I surveyed the rows of empty seats. Michelle sat in the front row, poised to learn less than she already knows about us.

I scanned the seats in vain until I spotted one fan sitting about half-way back, reading a newspaper.

That was it.

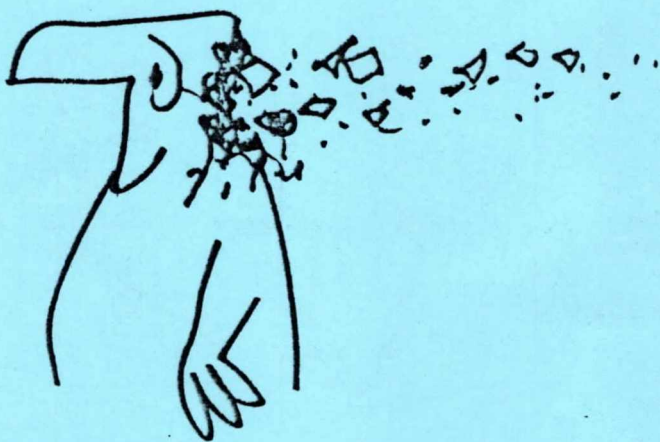
One guy, plus the irresistible Michelle Lyons.

Instantly, I loved him. To judge by what happened next, Joyce and Andy had a similar reaction.

"Hello," Joyce called cheerily.

"Thank you for coming to our panel item!" The fan looked up from his paper.

"Yes, we're so glad you're here," Andy and I chorused. A little unctuous, maybe, but friendly. I, personally, would have stood up and done a little dance, if our new friend has asked.



PUTTING A GOOD FACE ON FAILURE



The man folded up his paper. We were winning him over! Joy suffused me. Perhaps he would become a letterhack.... or a columnist for one of the better fanzines! Why, he might be an artist, even a cartoonist. This man could be the editor of the next Focal Point of Fandom!

"Excuse me," he said. "I was just reading the paper."

Then he got up and left.

As I sat in that big empty (except for Michelle) hall, I reflected on my share of the vanities that bedevil all of us. It came to me that even if 499 guys like the one with the newspaper had filled every chair, that the only important person to me would still have been Michelle. I'd have felt the same gratitude and hope as I did about the white-haired stranger, but only Michelle belongs to my tribe.

Fanzine fandom is about friendship, not numbers. There will never be as many people who want to write, draw and publish their own magazines as

enjoy a good science fiction movie or this week's *Babylon 5*.

And I love fanzine fandom precisely because it is small and intimate, instead of large and anonymous. My profession lets me address millions, but fanzine fandom allows me to write for people with whom I feel a personal connection.

I don't care whether anyone beyond our tribe understands my fanwriting if it pleases those within it. The gates of our virtual Fanzine Town should always be wide open, but newcomers must learn the traditions, history and personalities of their new home to become true citizens.

At 1:15, I said something about the number of people in the audience having to out-number the panel. The four of us walked out of that room.

I looked back one more time when I reached the doorway and saw the remnants of my pride, broken on the wheel of big-time fandom, lying at the foot of that imposing stage.

No one understood why I was smiling.

# ROB VIRTUAL LOVE VEGGRANT

## Secret Origin of Rob Hansen

"Who are you?" asked Arnie.

"It's me, Arnie" I replied, "Rob Hansen."

"Who is Rob Hansen," he responded, "and how did he get here?"

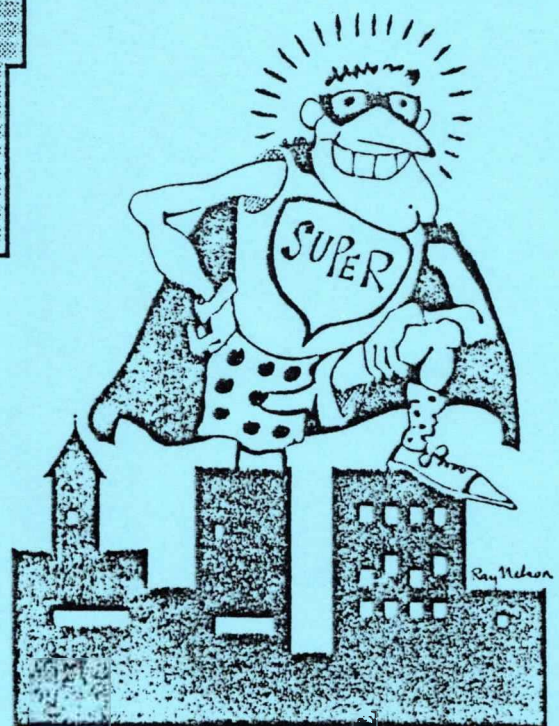
"Are you feeling OK?" I asked, concernedly. "Are you sure you haven't been working too hard searching for those Cosmic Circle love-camps in the Ozarks?"

"I'm fine. What I meant is: how did you get where you are today? I think our readers would like to know a bit more about your personal fannish history, Rob.

Well, OK, I guess. Maybe it is time to come clean

and tell the true story of my beginnings.

The first thing you need to know about me, is that I am the last survivor of a doomed planet, and that I was sent here as a baby by my scientist father, who warned of our world's imminent destruction but couldn't





get anyone to listen. Arriving on Earth, I was found and raised as their own son by Ma and Pa Hansen, a kindly couple who instilled in me the sturdy Midwestern values of a Kansas farm family...which was a little odd as they were Welsh. As I grew older, they were astonished to discover that I had powers and abilities no greater than those of mortal men. No faster than a speeding ballot, unable to leap tall dupers at a single bound, no stronger than a loco neo, being mild-mannered was not a pose with me. And I needed the glasses for real.

One day, in my teens, I was sitting on the beach with my then girlfriend, Jane, when a large guy ran by, kicking sand in our faces.

"Hey!" I yelled, "Quit kicking sand in our faces!"

"That man is the worst fakefan on the beach," said Jane.

"You got a problem, pal?" asked the jerk, pulling me to my feet. "Listen here, I'd smash your face...only you're such a neo you might dry up and blow away." With that he pushed me flat on my backside.

"Ha, ha," he laughed as he walked away. "What

a scrawny runt."

"That big bully," I fumed. "I'll get even with him some day."

"Oh, don't let it bother you, little boy," sneered Jane, contemptuously.

Back home, I kicked a chair over and vowed to change: "Damn it, I'm tired of being a neo." That's when I saw it. There, on the back of an old issue of *Locus*, was an ad for the Charles Burbee Method, which could turn a 98-LoC neo into a robust trufan and give him a manly fanzine, rippling with muscular articles. Eagerly, I filled in the form. Yes, I did want Charles to rush me a copy of his book, *Dynamic Fanning*, so that I too could learn the techniques of the Secret Masters.

The next time I went to the beach, the bully withered in the face of my award winning zine and slunk away.

"Oh, Rob, you are a trufan after all," gushed Jane.

"Gosh what a fanzine," I heard a young woman sitting nearby say.

"Yes," agreed her companion. "He's already famous for it."

Which is how I became 'Trufan of the Beach'.

You can't spend all your time on the beach, however, and not long afterwards I stumbled into a long-abandoned subway tunnel, at the end of which was a cave in which, sitting on a stone throne and wreathed in smoke, was a strange, white-haired man.

"Greetings," said Ted White. "You have been chosen to receive powers far beyond those of mortal fen, to battle mundanity and telepathic alien worms in the guise of Captain Fandom. Saying the magic word 'FIAWOL' will transform you, giving you the calmness of Abi Frost, the layout skills of Dave Ish, the modesty of Forry Ackerman, the cartooning ability of Walt Willis, the aggressiveness of Simon Ounsley, and the tolerance of Francis T. Laney."

"Dave Ish?!!"

"You try coming up with fans whose name starts with 'I,'" he replied, testily. "So, are you going to try saying the magic word or not?"

So I did. Nothing happened, of course. Leaving the old guy to whatever it was he'd been smoking, I left the cave only to have a flyer for that year's Eastercon blow into my hand. So it was that I got to attend my first convention. And I've never looked back.

There are a thousand stories in the naked city. This has been three of them.

-- Rob Hansen





# ZONKED A COLUMN

## A Farewell to Burbee

As we stood there, near the middle of the lava field, Amboy Crater looming large to the South, I sensed Burbee's presence one last time. In between his chuckles, I could feel this persistent pressure.

Looking around I tried to find the cause. There was no one within 30 feet. Burbee's offspring were still spreading the last of his ashes, but yet there it was again. Closing my eyes, I could see Burb standing there in front of me, fanzine in his hand, trying hard to get my attention.

Opening my hand I accepted the fanzine. It was *The Enchanted Duplicator*. It was beat up, falling apart like an old Bible that a preacher has thumbed for decades. The pages pulled away from the rusted staples, and the cover had been folded several different ways, every fold another reading. The ink was smudged, although every word was still legible.

"What's this for?" I wondered to myself.

He must have heard my thoughts. "Pass it on when you're through."

After these words, he walked around saying

good-bye to his family and friends. And with the last of the ashes spread, he took his leave.

I watched him go. Soon he was joined by Boggs and Shaw. As they climbed the side of the crater, I saw them turn and point. They were smiling as if one of them was telling the others a joke. Whatever the cause of their grins, I could feel the warmth as they topped the black mound of ash. Then they were gone.

"You ok, Ben?" Ken asked as he approached.

"It's hot out here. Let's head for the van," I suggested, skirting his question. I turned — and promptly stumbled over a loose rock.

I bent to pick up the rock. Were those ink smudges on it? I noticed Ken had one, too, and he made no move to drop his, either. Was this the Earthly manifestation of the "fanzine" Burb had handed me? I put it in my pocket. I'd think about it later.

Back at Roy's, we enjoyed a decent burger and a Bud. In fact I recall almost everyone had at least one beer in honor of the man of the hour. I'd like to think that Ken and I inspired the round of suds swilling, but I figure that Burbee did it all on his own.

After Ken and I finished sucking down our lunch, which Ed sprang for, thank you, we headed outside. Now, we didn't go outside to soak in the sun. Hell, I don't know anyone that enjoys 116 degree heat, but we had other plans.

### Sidebar.

After a quick stop at the van, we headed off to the back of Roe's. Not much shade, but we did find the only full-size cottonwood in Amboy. Sitting in the shade, we discussed the legal ramifications of the illegal use of a controlled substance.





Enter the Frenchman.

The fact that he could speak no English didn't help when he started asking questions and pointing to the southwest portion of a map of the US.

Neither Ken nor myself were any more familiar with his native language than he was with ours. But we did manage to get out of him his destination and a glimpse at the route outlined on his map. New York City to LA., and then up to San Francisco.

Nice route, no major highways, probably very scenic. I believe he was asking for info on how

long it would take to get to Barstow.

Of course, we had no idea and all we could do is approximate the same as him. We managed to get across to Pierre that we were from Las Vegas and had no idea. Basically, he said "cool" — and that he hadn't been able to make it to our hometown. For some reason he felt a trip through Vegas involved too many hills. For not being able to understand each others language, and in light of our current state, I feel we exchanged quite a bit of information.

Did I mention that he was riding a ten speed?

# ZUN- THE WOUND

## Cruisin' with the Mainspring



"What do you do with a drunken sailor; earl-eye in the mornin'?" Ken Forman reporting here from lovely Sant Maarten, Netherland Antilles."

Or at least that would be true if I'd brought my laptop on our recent cruise. Aileen and I just returned from seven days and nights sailing the southeastern

Caribbean.

Many years ago, Aileen and I decided to celebrate our 10th anniversary with a cruise. Earlier this year, our

10th, we both said, "Screw it, we'll borrow the money and take a good cruise." And that's just what we did.

A quick synopsis of our trip goes as follows. *San Juan, Puerto Rico.* "Now I've been to a third world country," I thought while riding an old bus from the airport to the seaport. New San Juan with its dilapidated newer buildings, is separated from Old San Juan, with its dilapidated older buildings, by a beautiful stone bridge. The only way I could tell the difference between the two was the age of the ruins. It rained a lot, but the rain was body temperature so we didn't really mind.

*The Ship: Monarch of the Seas.* Big, really big. Listed as the largest commercial cruise ship

afloat. Literally a floating city, decked out like an upscale Las Vegas hotel. Even with twenty-six hundred passengers and over eight hundred crew members, the ship never felt crowded. Really big!

Lots of stuff to do, too. Multi-track programming and activities kept just about everybody busy. Everybody, that is, who wanted to be busy. One certainly had the option to relax and do nothing.

Thirteen different, well stocked bars kept everyone well lubricated with their choice of fresh made tropical drinks. Many of the bars featured live music for those wishing to dance. There were two pools (salt water) and two jacuzzis (fresh water) for the people who couldn't get in enough swimming in the beautiful turquoise Caribbean.

Ten meals a day conveniently satisfied our hunger needs. Aileen and I usually started each day with a breakfast buffet on the 12th deck. This afforded us the best view of whatever port we happened to be in that day with easy access to our morning coffee. That also gave us a chance to plan the day's activities.

*Fort de France, Martinique.* We'd heard a lot about the snobbishness of the French people who inhabit Martinique. They appear to resent having to cater to



western tourists, yet they recognize the importance of those tourist dollars. Nevertheless we chose to avoid the shops and the city and, instead, took a snorkeling tour of one of the many reefs surrounding the island.

I felt like I was in a well stocked salt water aquarium store. The abundance of fish was tremendous. Blue damsels, striped butterfly fish, wrasses and hogfish swam around us while we floated along the surface. We even had a chance to swim into a huge crack in the sea cliff beside the beach. The crack was only wide enough to allow one swimmer at a time, but the water was twenty-five feet deep and the crack continued sixty feet or so above our heads. Aileen and I swam all the way in, eighty feet back into the cliff. Too cool.

*Bridgetown, Barbados.* I thought Puerto Rico was third world, but then, that was before I'd been to Barbados. It's a little tiny island (about six miles by four miles) with over a quarter million people living on it. To add to the situation, the Barbadians (yes, that's correct) choose to live an agrarian lifestyle. Every square inch of the island was either sugar cane fields, sweet potato fields, or residences. Cows and goats grazed in the margins between the fields and the roads. The island suffers from 25% unemployment so most of the people we saw were sitting on their porches, looking dejected.

Aileen and I chose to tour a limestone cave located in the center of the island. Harrison's Cave wasn't too bad, but it was evident that they chose to destroy large portions of the formations to improve access to the more beautiful areas of the cave. I tried to overlook the degradation and enjoy the cave for what it was, but I wasn't too successful.

We did spend some time at Saint John's church; one of the oldest structures on the



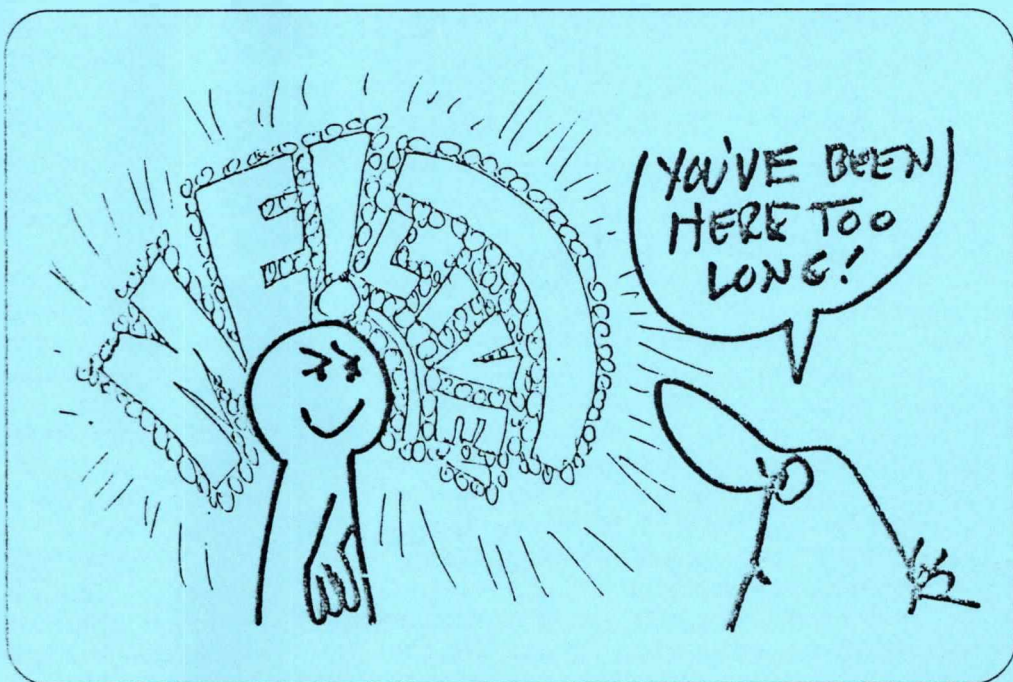
island, built in the mid 1600's, and the highest point on the island.

*Saint Johns, Antigua.* This little island boasts 365 beaches; one for every day of the year. Simply beautiful and well worth anyone's time to visit. We snorkeled and sailed on a catamaran to one of the beaches.

*Philipsburg, Sant Maarten.* The border between the islands that make up the territory of French Antilles and the group known as the Netherland Antilles divides the island of Sant Maarten in two. (The Dutch call it Sant Maarten, the French call it Saint Marten. We were on the Dutch side.)

Beautiful and quaint, we found this island to be delightful. Although we couldn't stay for it, we got to watch lots of people preparing for Carnival (kind of like a South American Mardi Gras). Kids walking with stilts under their arms, and parts of costumes draped over their shoulders made it evident that a big parade was planned for that evening.

We got to try (and buy) a local liqueur called Guavaberry Liqueur. Guavaberries are not related to guavas, but instead, resemble cranberries and make an elixir quite unlike anything we've ever tasted. The berries only grow on two islands in the Caribbean and no where else in the world. (We bought several bottles





so look for them at Toner.)

*Charlotte-Amalie, Saint Thomas.* Part of the U.S. Virgin Islands, this stop was most like visiting another city in America, except it was surrounded by some of the most spectacularly blue water I've ever seen.

Once again we went snorkeling and saw many exotic critters, including a flight of squid. (I don't know if that's proper terminology, but they swam in formation, very reminiscent of a flight of geese.)

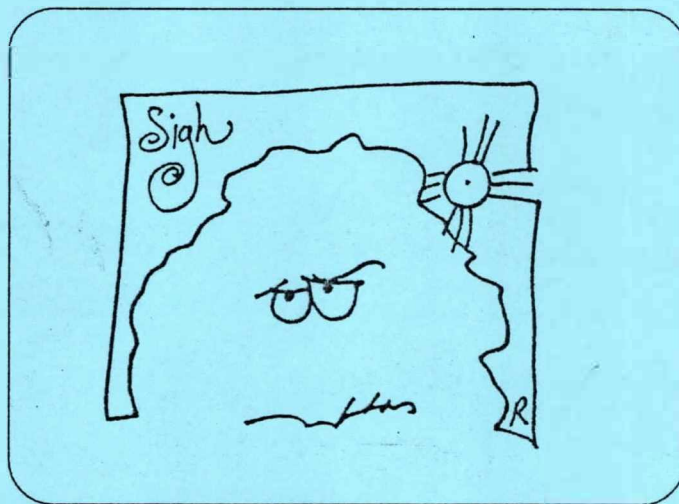
Most of the island is owned by the National Park Service, so perhaps someday my wife and I will find ourselves living there.

St. Thomas is also a shopper's paradise (actually all of the Caribbean islands qualify on this account, but St. Thomas is especially so.) The port city has row after row, narrow block after narrow block of little tiny shops; all stocked with unique things and trinkets. (Tom Springer's voice chirping "Caw, caw" kept going through my mind; lots of colorful sparkly things.)

The final day of the trip consisted primarily of pack-

ing, disembarking, getting through an overcrowded airport, and getting home. All in all, we had a wonderful time.

-- Ken Foman



# MARCY STRAIGHT UP

## A Laughing Matter

Red Rock Recreation Area just west of Las Vegas is enjoyed by thousands of locals and tourists alike. The seventeen mile scenic loop brings you close enough to both the grandeur and danger of nature's "new" mountains, historically speaking. My first couple of times through, I wondered how the government of this great country could allow its people to discover and explore the topography unsupervised. Being from the mid-west, I hadn't experienced mountain driving, even at posted low speed limits.

Even now, I am still in awe of the behemoth structures; the sheer, towering faces and the deep

craggy ravines. Along the route, there are turn offs where people may hop out of the buggy and hoof it. How scary it is for parents to see their kids shoot out of the car, bound up huge boulders and leap to neighboring cliffs, or take the descending route to Mom's breakdown with a half slide, half run around and over the menacing rocks that protrude from the deep, narrow valleys.

Once I remembered to take binocs along, so that I could spy on those brave but oh-so-crazy souls who were serious climbers with ropes and sharp pointy things on their boot toes. Only rarely have I heard of anyone falling to their death. Not to disappoint, but my Red Rock escapade was not as thrilling.

Six or seven years ago, before my knees *really* started to rot, a co-worker and I happened to land the same day off. With spring in the air and adventure in our hearts, we escaped to Red Rock to free our bodies and minds from the grueling, humiliating, year-after-year hell of waiting on tourists. It had been a wet winter, so the desert flowers were in rare abundance, and the shrubs and trees displayed their turgor proudly. I tried to remember the names of various species of foliage, but it was like trying to remember the French lessons I had in third grade. All that came to mind was the Joshua Tree.

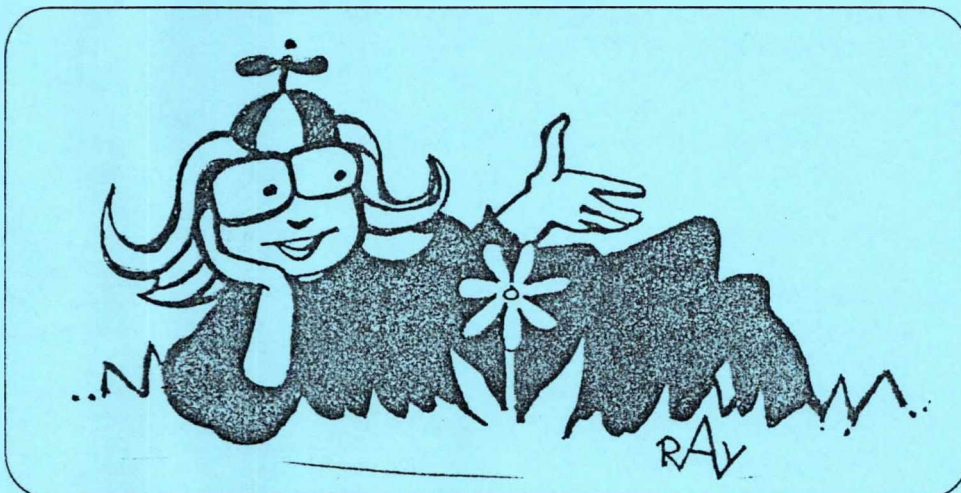
Swaying with the graded road, we drove the scenic loop at a leisurely speed, leading a parade.



but we didn't care. This was our day. We took in the clean, cool air to a depth that had to ventilate every lobe in our lungs. We felt so alive.

But just looking wasn't enough; we were ready to frolick, but with dignity as Bugs Bunny did in a cartoon I recall. We pulled off the road onto an "aside" and decided to walk for about a half mile on a path across the "flatlands." Of course we wore our trekking shoes, but in truth, we were klutzes from birth, and no hip attire could camouflage that fact for very long.

Although the path was worn and relatively smooth, it was extremely narrow. Since I had started to experience a noticeable lack of lateral stability at that stage of knee rot, I found that I concentrated more on staying on the path than appreciating my surroundings. Then I got pissed. If I didn't know how to walk after forty-some years, I shouldn't do it. So I didn't. I veered to the right, the knees gave out and down I went onto a couple of rocks that hadn't felt the full effects of erosion. Well, what's new? It certainly wasn't the first time



that this had happened, but it was the first time it happened at Red Rock, on stones that nature thought would be cool to place there for me to fall onto and bleed. So, there I was, sitting in the high desert with gashes in my legs and blood adding to the colors of spring.

As I attempted to stop the bleeding with direct pressure, hysterical laughter nearly burst my eardrums. My friend couldn't stop laughing. She doubled over with tears running down her face and her legs tightly crossed in hopes of preventing a physiological accident.

"What do you find so amusing?" I inquired.

Between gasps she blurted, "This is how...I always...react to...something bad. No offense. Can't...help it."

"When will you be able to help me?"

"Give me...five...minutes."

During that time she had attracted several ignorant tourists who came over to see what was so funny. (A couple of them thought that she was putting on some kind of free show for the visitors.) I guess that I had turned invisible, as all eyes were on Lisa. She didn't tick me off, the ignorant tourists did. I understood that everyone reacts to adversity in different ways. Hers was to make sounds like a hyena; the tourists simply became moronic.

Suddenly, her laughter turned to screams. She looked like she was doing some sort of voodoo dance as she stomped, leaped and shook all over.

"Get them off!" she screamed.

I didn't see anything. Maybe I had gone into shock from loss of blood.

"Marcy, help me!" she pleaded.

From my ground level seat, I looked carefully at the small mound on which she was dancing. It



*Laugh, dear, I think it's supposed to be funny.*



seemed that in her helplessness over my situation, she had disturbed a nest of a few hundred cute, little, harmless spiders.

"I hate spiders!" she cried.

"Lisa, come over here by me," I said calmly.

She continued to leap and flail.

"Lisa, wake up!" I shouted as I launched my water bottle at her midsection. At least I still had my throwing arm.

As the bottle made an impact on her solar plexus, she snapped out of her hysteria. She plopped down next to me and tore strips from her shirt to tie around my knees.

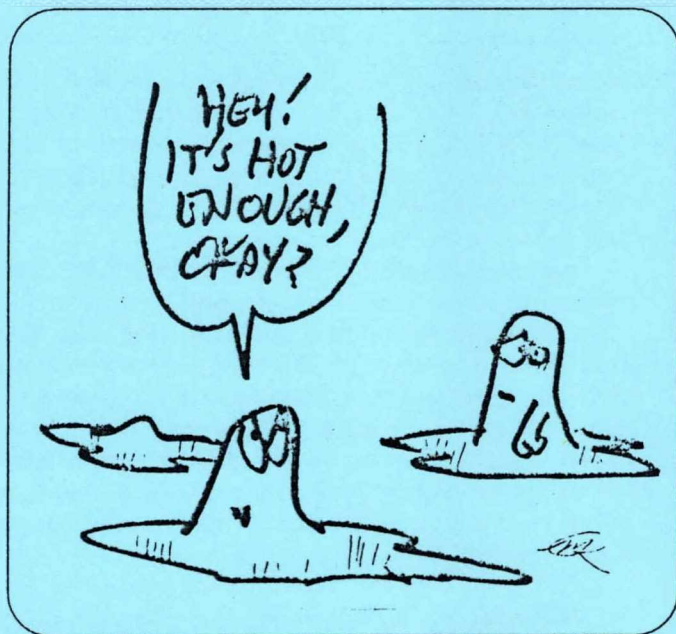
"You looked pretty silly," I whispered, then

started to laugh at that lifelong vision I'd have of her dancing the voodoo on a spider nest. She laughed, too - at the gashes, blood and dirt that had become my legs.

She did assist, well, practically carry, me back to the car. We were still laughing, and as we passed the tourists, they applauded. What would they have done after witnessing a violent death - thrown money?

So that's the way it was. And that's what friends do - understand each other and accept as is.

The scenery was just as beautiful on the ride home. And my friend was still just that.



Clouds Over Hilltop

As the official representative of SNAFFU, Ken Forman felt it his duty and privilege to be the first member to arrive at the Hilltop Campground for the Sixth Annual Summer Party. It was the first time that we've had the picnic at Mt. Charleston, since we had previously gone to Lake Mead. We decided to try the mountain in the hopes that the temperature would be more welcoming. Well, it wasn't too warm. Quite the opposite in fact.

As we arrived at the bottom of Mt. Charleston, clouds were gathering and it looked unfriendly up above. Ken and I glanced back at the camping equipment lying exposed in the truck bed, and hustled out to cover what we could with the top of the canopy shade, since we were lacking a tarp. Then we got back in and intrepidly started the climb.

Sure enough, by the time we got to Hilltop Campground it was raining buckets. As we came to our campsite, Ken and I looked at each other and settled back into the cab with books. Lightning flashed and thunder boomed around us, but we stoically read on, seeming to believe that if we ignored it, it might go away.

An hour and a half later, I gave up. "Ken, why don't we go home, call everyone and have them come over to our house for a consolation party. Maybe if it's clear tomorrow we can come back up here for a barbecue." He agreed and we headed back down the mountain, first stopping by the camp hostess to let her know what we'd decided. "If anyone comes by for our site, just let them know what's happening and maybe we'll see you tomorrow." She gave us the sticker that said we were paid up and we headed back down the mountain, keeping an eye out for any SNAFFU members that might pass by.

ALICE COMMAND PERFORMANCE





Sure enough, one did. Ben Wilson and his family whipped past us, not noticing our attempts to stop him, probably because the rain was too heavy. We turned around and followed him but our old truck was no match for his new car and we didn't catch him until we'd reached Hilltop again. Miraculously, it had stopped raining. Ken dropped me off at the entrance to catch them if they came out before he caught up to them. I stood there morosely, expecting to get drenched at any minute. The longer I stood, however, the clearer it became, until eventually I was standing in sunshine. Ken pulled up and I could tell we were going to stay and see what happened. "Let's stay and see what happens," he said. So we did.

We set up our tents and eventually other people began to arrive. By the time it was dark, Su Williams, Heather Grant, April and Lee Reckling, Theresa Avance, Don Miller and his friend Joanne (whose last name I didn't catch) had arrived. We all glanced up at the skies from time to time, but the clouds stayed away, distant rumbles the only evidence of possible impending doom.

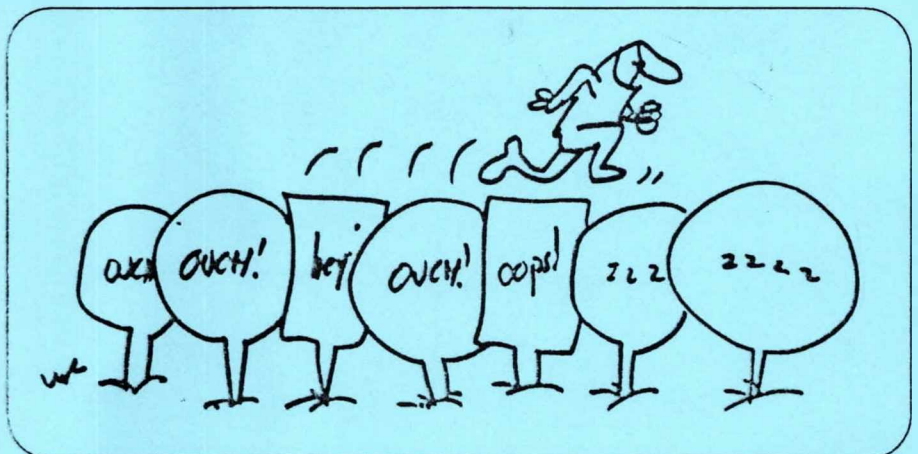
Meanwhile, we blithely fixed dinner, lit a roaring fire, explored the region, laughed, chatted, and roasted marshmallows. We saw nothing more threatening than an overly friendly camp host, which was a welcome break from the parties of the past at Lake Mead, where we've been threatened by everything from hideous underwater weeds to aggressive maniacs calling us "intellectual fucks." The only disappointment was that Don forgot his telescope, so we had to sky gaze with bare eyes. It was still worth it.

The following morning dawned

much too early and after Ken woke up and left the tent, I waited patiently in the warm sleeping bag just enough time for him to have made coffee. Alas, I mistimed it and had to wait around in the chill air. Damn him! Eventually, all of the intrepid campers awoke and joined us around the campstove. I passed around fat free coffee cake and declined Theresa's blueberry pancakes. We all wandered around, gazing at the lovely scenery and talking about how much better this was than Vegas.

Around 10am we started noticing the thunderheads poised on the mountain tops. "Maybe we should pack up the tents," Ken said and most of us did. Su was under the shade canopy and waited to see what would happen. What happened was rain. A few sprinkles at first, then a rip-roaring deluge. We sprinted toward Su's dry area, where she was attempting to give us room by taking down her tent. Of course, by then there were too many people crowded next to her for her to work. She snarled at us and we melted out into the wet to seek different refuge. I ended up in the truck, reading my book. Eventually she finished putting away her tent and we all gathered around in a cozy circle, talking about nothing much and wondering if any other SNAFFU member would bother coming up for the day since they were sure to have noticed the clouds over Mt. Charleston.

Well, it only rained for about two hours and just as the ground started drying up, Arnie and Joyce Katz arrived, chauffeured by Tom Springer and accompanied by Tammy Funk. We lit up the gas barbecue and started cooking. After an extremely pleasant lunch, we started packing everything up and just as we were leaving the campground, the rain took over the campsite yet again, proving that it was the winner and still champeeeen...





# THE GAFIATE

BY JOYCE KATZ



We were all sitting around the campfire one night, huddling close to warm our bones, when we got to talking about people we'd known. There was about the normal amount of ribaldry, a few outré scandals, and some big fish stories no one could swallow. It came my turn to say something; I guess it was Ken who said, "Who's the funniest fellow you ever knew?" I didn't have much to offer; just repeated the old saw about Tucker's first meeting of Hoffman. But it got me thinking about the old days, how it used to be, and the ones who are already gone, so I decided to tell them about Joe.

I guess I knew Joe Bob Patterson all my life. His family had the square frame house just around the corner from ours; one of the first things I remember is Joe and me playing under the yard sprinklers while the two families sat around watching us. We grew up together, you see...wasn't but six months difference in our age.

After we'd outgrown the yard sprinkler, we moved on to tree-climbing and softball; I guess we were in the 8th or 9th grade when we discovered science fiction. We'd ride our bikes to the convenience store at the junction every week, to pick up the new prozines. I'd buy Analog and he'd get F&SF; then we'd trade.

We'd been doing this every week for about two months, when we got a notion to join fandom. We'd read about it, you see, in the magazines, and there was this ad inviting us to join the National Fantasy Fan Federation, so we both sent in a buck.

I don't guess I ever got so much for a dollar in my life. Pretty soon, the mail box was full of TightBeam, and letters from the Welcome Committee. Joe and I really took to it. I joined one of the Bureaus, and he got on a couple of Committees.



We joined N'APA, and started our own zines.

About that time, Joe met another guy in town who read science fiction. Jackie Dean Clark had a friend, Bill Jacobs, and Bill had a brother Don. Nothing would do Joe but that we start a club. We kept dredging up people, meeting them at bookstores, or on the bus, and pretty soon we had a thriving club, and of course Joe was the president. I still remember him standing up in the middle of a meeting and giving this fiery talk about the destiny of fandom, and how it was our duty to embrace the great brotherhood of science fiction.

I thought we were having a pretty good time in fandom, but all of a sudden one day Joe started prattling on about how there was a world outside of the NFFF. He didn't make much sense. He ranted on about how the N3F was a dead end.

I didn't put much stock in anything he said. I mean, I was really busy by this time, writing to a couple dozen Neffers every week, putting out my contribution to the apazine. I was getting along fine, too; I'd already had letters published in the TightBeam, and the editor of **The National Fantasy Fan** had just asked me to do a column. I sure wasn't going to give that up!

Next thing I knew, Joe said he was going to a worldcon; spent all his savings from his summer job on the trip. When he got back, all he could talk about was the people he'd met. He lost interest in the local club; one day he told me he'd got all he could out of it, and he had better ways to spend his time.

That was when Joe and I started kinda going our separate ways. I was dating; started studying a little harder in school, too. I don't know what Joe was doing during this time; he always seemed rushed and slightly disheveled when we met, with a wild look in his eye. I was making the honor roll every quarter, but Joe's grades were falling; when I asked him why, he said, "That mundane stuff's not important."

Well, after that, we really moved in different directions. I was getting A's; got elected President of the Writers' Club, and that's about when I met MaryJane, my first girlfriend. She was a Neffer, too; in fact, I wrote her the first welcome message she got when she joined the club. She always said she loved me from that first letter....

Meanwhile, Joe was putting out a fanzine of his



own, **TimeTracks**. I didn't care much for it; though it had a few good things, like Sam Moskowitz's article about Golden Age Science Fiction. But there weren't any book reviews, and it was stuffed with letters from people I never heard of. I looked up every name in the N3F directory, but they must not have been fans, cause they sure weren't there.

He also was in apas; in fact, he told me he was in seven of them. He might have been lying. He sure wasn't in N'APA anymore.

He was starting and folding fanzines at a furious rate, too. I never changed the name of my own fanzine, **The Journal of Science Fiction and Fantasy Literature**, but he kept churning out new ones, and letting the old ones go without a backward glance. He got pretty deep into Tolkien Fandom with one of 'em, but ended up giving that one away to some California kid; Joe said he was tired of it. He used to preach on about things like Fan Funds. There was one to buy some guy a typer; I never saw the sense of it myself.

He tried to get me to donate cash to something called a trip fund too. But the idea of raising money to bring somebody who wasn't even a member of the N3F to a worldcon was pretty stupid. I said so, too; I even wrote an editorial about it in **The Journal of Science Fiction and Fantasy Literature**. Like I said there, I'd rather spend my money on something real, like the N3F, than



donate it to someone I never heard of.

After graduation, I got ready for college, but Joe decided he'd give it a pass. He got a job at the Public Library; I don't guess he ever did much else but library work his whole life.

Sometimes, when I came home on weekends, I'd stop by the library to see old Joe. He was always preoccupied with one thing or another. Oh, he was friendly enough. But it was clear his mind was elsewhere. He was all the time talking about Willis and Hoffman and Tucker, or some dumb zine he just got, or some letter he just wrote.

One weekend, I guess it was over the Thanksgiving holiday, I stopped in to see Joe, and he waved a copy of **F&SF** in my face. He'd sent in a short story, and they actually printed it. Paid him \$60 for it, too.

Joe set out to be a pro just the way he'd gone about becoming a fan, at a breakneck, never-look-back pace. Writing science fiction was his life, his whole life.

This seemed to coincide with his drift away from fandom. He dropped out of all the apas, folded his zine, and sent a form letter to all his old friends, something about being kicked by dogs in fandom, and goodbye forever.

He even got rid of his fanzine collection; sold it all to me for 20 bucks. Said he didn't want the trash around anymore, that he'd done everything he ever wanted to do in fandom, had learned as

much from it as he could. Said he'd conquered the medium, and he was moving on.

Actually, that was a real break for me. I read through the fanzines he sold me, and I had to admit some of them were great. That was my first exposure to fandom outside of the N3F.

After that, we'd only see him once in awhile. Sometimes he'd stick his head into the N3F room at the worldcons...that's where I liked to hang out at conventions; stay there long enough and everybody comes by. But I think he was more hunting someone who'd ask for his autograph than looking to speak to me. Make no mistake, he wasn't a fan anymore; if some poor neofan said something that didn't hit him just right, Joe'd tear into him, cut him up and leave him a crying quivering mess. He'd always end these temper tantrums by saying something nasty about fans, like they were all dumb, and fandom was a stupid waste of time.

Professionally I guess he was doing ok. He got elected president of the Science Fiction Writers of America, and was invited to speak at most conventions. But Joe couldn't leave well enough alone; he feuded and fought with everyone. He had a set-to with Harlan that made all the newszines, and another with Ted that burned up the pages of **Psychotic**, until he finally ended it all by stomping away from a convention saying science fiction fans and pros were all a bunch of stupid jerks and he never wanted to see any of them again.

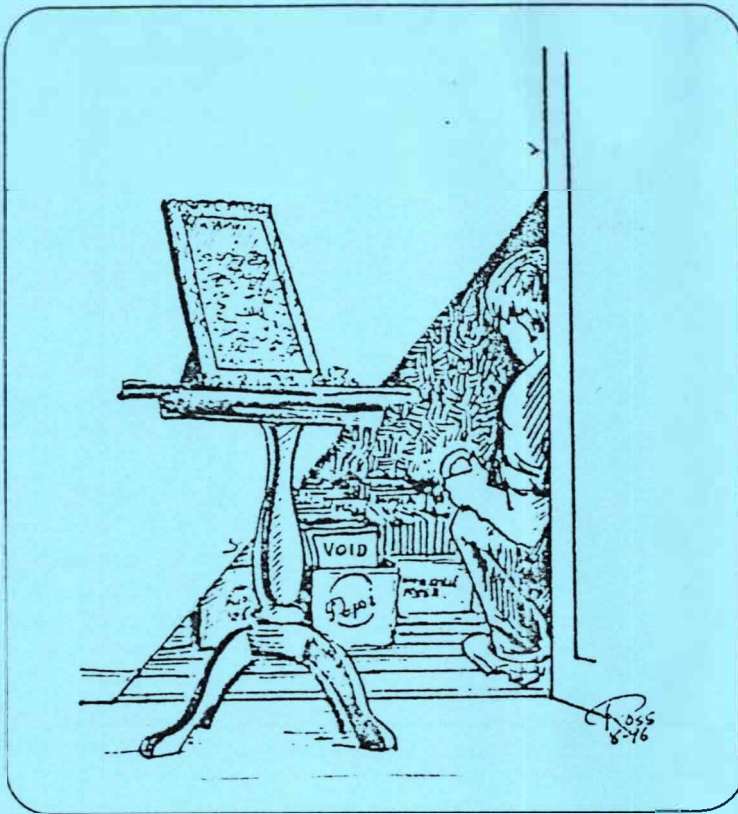
I kinda lost track of him for several years. He had long since dropped out of the N3F, and even stopped going to the worldcons. I'd see his name now and then in some magazine; once I tuned in and he was on a radio talk show. But, mostly, he was gaffiated.

Anyhow, time passed, and one day, I got a call from Joe's brother. Told me old Joe was dead, and that there was some stuff in his house that Joe wanted me to have.

It took a couple of days, and when I got over there, the place had already been ransacked. The photographs and books, even his clothes, his piano...everything of any possible value was gone. But, Joe had asked, so I hunted around trying to figure what it was he had wanted me to do. I went through the rooms on the ground floor, then walked upstairs. The same disordermess met me







there; not much left but dust and scattered rags to show the place had ever been lived in.

As I moved to the end of the hallway, I found a remarkable thing. A small table against one wall held an elaborately framed picture. Underneath were some dried flowers; I could see marks in the dust where candles must have stood, like an altar.

I couldn't quite make out the picture; it was faded and really dusty. I blew off some of the cobwebs, then lifted it off the shelf to look closer.

It was a mimeo'd copy of the map from **The Enchanted Duplicator**. I could see faint marks of staple holes; it was the one drawn by Ross Chamberlain back in the 70's.

Behind the picture, I saw an opening in the wall; I slid the table away and exposed the crawlway. I couldn't see much, so I went to my car to get a flashlight.

When I went into the storage area under the eaves, I saw envelopes...dozens and dozens, perhaps hundreds of 9 by 12 envelopes. Each was carefully closed with its metal fastener, then lettered on the front. **Void, Lighthouse, Hyphen, Oopsla, FanVariety, Guandry, TrapDoor, Psychotic...** The lettering was elaborate, hand-stencilled, with gold highlights, and little red ornaments on the edges.

He must have bought them one by one, through

the mail auctions. He probably spent a fortune on them; it must have taken years to accumulate them, and days to decorate each illuminated nametag.

I opened a few of the envelopes. Each held an individual issue. My guess about the mail auctions was right: here was a zine that belonged to Boggs, and another that belonged to Dick Ellington; I even saw a couple that were originally sent to Burbee.

Each fanzine was hand wrapped, carefully folded inside white tissue paper, then stored in its own embellished envelope. The envelope flaps were soft from being opened and closed.

As I stacked them up to carry away, I noticed some small white edged stains on some of the zines.

I'm pretty sure they were teardrops.

After I finished, there were several minutes of silence, as if the guys were thinking it over. Then Ken stood up, stretched, and said "I'm going to put more wood on the fire." Ben said, "I'll go with you," and they both slipped away into the dark to gather up something to

burn.

"But what does it mean?" Tom asked.

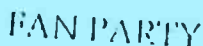
"Hell, I don't know. But it's a pretty funny story, don't you think?"

No body said anything. Tom poked the fire for a few minutes, then went out to join Ken and Ben in their search for burnable wood.

I just sat there, watching the flames dance.







## 22

There are program items involved here but I'm not altogether sure which ones. Something peculiar has happened to the passage of time. It's no longer linear. There are things happening, there are people I'm meeting, people I'm watching and drinks I'm drinking but they are all as one. Does my arrival at the hotel happen



before or after my departure?

<Jim shrugs>

The program items I remember seeing that weekend include an Ian Sorensen production called 'Fandom of the Opera' where a neo blunders into fandom, makes a complete prat of himself but eventually muddles through to become Trufan or BNF or whatever it was. It was fun anyway and many good old songs were murdered unmercifully by the cast.

There was Paul and Maureen's fan guest of honour spot. Greg Pickersgill interviewed them for what seemed like an eternity. I sat and gritted my teeth determined to stick it out until the bitter end but it was too long, rambling and I was too tired so I ducked out and went back to the bar.

I was really pleased for Paul and Maureen. They thoroughly deserved the recognition they received at this con for their efforts over the years and from what I saw they seemed to have a really marvelous time. I popped along to Maureen Speller Kincaid's apa workshop and scooped up another member for the 'Organisation'. Joanna is a complete apa virgin but seems to have a great deal of enthusiasm so should make an excellent addition to the group.

Eventually tiredness overwhelmed me and I crawled off upstairs to my room. I lay in bed, quite exhausted from the exertions of the day but sleep hovered for some time just out of reach.

There were strange noises in the night. A hideous roaring and what sounded like scratching at the window. I pulled the covers up over my head and shut my eyes tight trying to blot out the fear through sheer will power alone.

Much time passed and I had almost succumbed to my overwhelming drowsiness when a blood curdling scream rent the air. I sat bolt upright to see a hunched, hairy creature in strange flapping garb hopping madly around my



room making the most unearthly screeching noises. I shuffled back in my terror attempting to become one with the pillow and headboard behind me. The creature sensed my movement and looked up. I froze but it was too late, I had been seen. It opened its mouth and raising a claw skywards it spake these words,

"Oh sorry, did I wake you?" It was Julie returned from her revels. She had smashed her toe into one of the many carefully placed obstacles whilst attempting to navigate in the dark.

"Yes," I replied. "You did," and returned to my under-cover haven eventually to sleep, to dream, to die.

No, no, Jim, you didn't die.

But it would be much more dramatic if I did.

Well, you can't die.

Why not?

You just can't, that's why not.

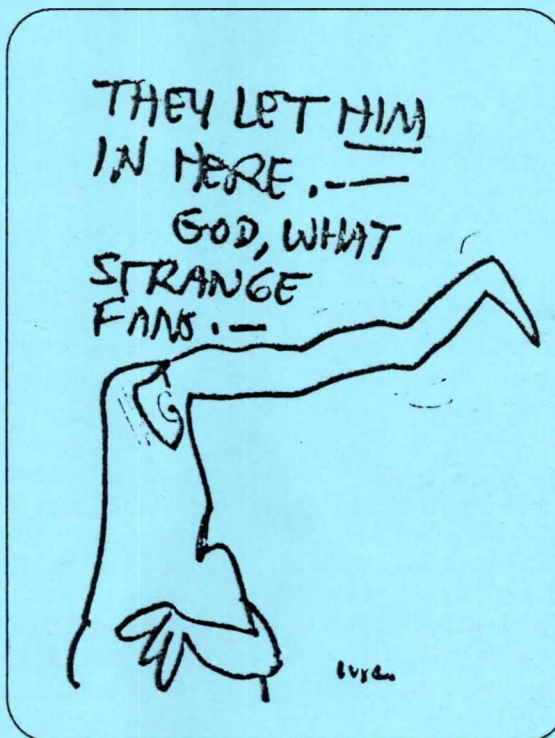
I could get eaten by the Morlocks.

Oh just shut up about Morlocks and dying, go to sleep and then wake up in a few hours time to go down for breakfast and maybe a swim in the hotel pool.

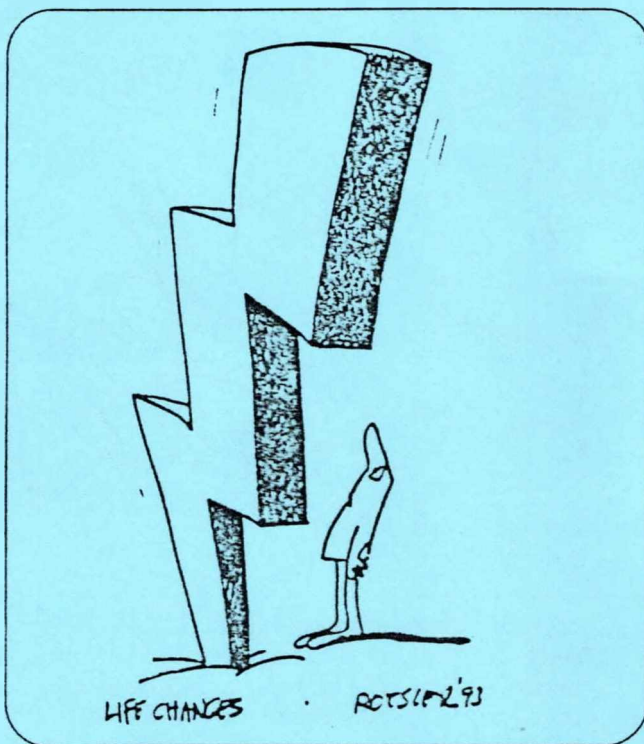
Can I go in the jacuzzi and the sauna too?

Only if you promise not to die in your sleep.

And so it came to pass that







Jim didn't die in his sleep but ate a hearty breakfast of sausages, eggs bacon and stuff and spent much time cavorting in the pool.

The jacuzzi was an intriguing experience. I'm not sure it was altogether enjoyable. Those jets of water seemed extremely violent and depending upon where you sat could certainly bring tears to your eyes.

My first sauna was also an experience I wasn't too sure about. At first it was quite delicious sitting there soaking up the heat but then the chap by the coals started ladling on the water and I staggered out feeling quite dizzy to plunge into the cold water.

This was one of the instances which gave rise to my suspicion that not all the conventionists were pure Eloi. There were other clues, too, such as the time when an over enthusiastic dancer stamped upon Julie's foot and gave me a vicious dig with his elbow. There was the scowling Anders who seemed to spend the entire convention giving me dirty looks. There was the machine in the exercise room which started arguing with me about how fast I should do arm lifts and eventually locked in position to prevent me doing any more.

"Too fast, too fast, you must stop," it said. Did I hear it chortle in glee as I continued trying to shove against what had now become an immovable object?

Who can say.

Despite these few isolated instances I felt warm and safe inside the hotel and became so confident of the gentility of my fellow creatures that I actually suggested going out to a Chinese restaurant in a little place down the road called Hayes. I should have spotted the signs immediately, I was never fated to actually make it to the restaurant and should have retreated back to the hotel at the first sign of trouble. To escape from the car park at the Radisson you must have your car parking card validated and pay for the time you've already spent there. I went to the concierge and he did the business with his machine and so validated my card. I got the car and motored up to the exit.

The card was inserted in the slot and a message flashed across the screen 'incorrectly inserted, please try again.' I fiddled with it a bit and tried again only to get the message, 'card invalid.' I tried every combination I could think of but none would persuade the barrier to go up so I could attain my freedom.

That damn concierge must have cocked it up on his machine I thought. So I parked the car again and stomped off to the reception.

"See this card?" I said. "I got it validated only a few minutes ago and now the machine in the car park says it's no good." He smiled a confident and superior smile. Oh oh, I thought, what have I done wrong. "Were you using that card to get out of the car park?" he asked. I replied in the affirmative.

"Well that's your problem then sir, that's actually your room key." "Ooops," said I and ran away back to the car. Sorted through my cards, discovered the correct one and was soon on my way.

Hayes was a very scary looking place. Everything seemed run down and dilapidated. I parked in a covered car park and was immediately aware of a group of youths staring at us. One of them was even wearing a balaclava. Hmmm, thought I, can't see much chance of the car still being here when we come back to it. We crossed the street and found the restaurant almost immediately.

We entered and found ourselves in the middle of what looked like a tribal dispute. "You out, NOW, I want that bastard out." Waiters and owners were pushing against a giant who had obviously taken exception to someone. He brushed them off like flies and lunged at another giant, caught ahold of him by the collar and smote him across the face with his fist. Several bodies seemed to hit the floor, something was thrown and everyone seemed to be screaming. We turned and left, quickly, considering that they would perhaps be too distracted



to get us food for some time.

We walked up and down the precinct whilst fierce looking Morlocks prowled around sniffing the air.

Our disguises were wearing thin, they'd caught the scent of Eloi flesh and were closing in fast. We ran back to the car and sped out of the car park. Everywhere there were teeth showing and savage growls rent the air. We got caught up in the one way system and blind panic completely removed any sense of direction I may have had. For what seemed like hours I wandered in circles 'til eventually I spotted a road which seemed familiar and this led me back to the hotel. I parked the car and ran back inside the hotel. As soon as I passed the main doors I felt the feeling of warmth and safety return.

I took a long drink and stared out into the blackness. I'm sure I saw shapes out there. I'm sure I can hear snuffles and grunts. I wonder what's stopping them getting in. Possibly it was something to do with electricity. I know I kept getting electric shocks from the lifts as did many other people.

Use your knuckles, I was advised, they have fewer nerves in. Fair advice but I went for the climbing stairs option instead.

There was a room party that night right at the top of the hotel. It grew incredibly stuffy and we had to call in a hotel flunky to open a window for us. This let in air but unfortunately ushered in the roar of the air machines from Heathrow airport.

This inspired a peculiar stop/start style of conversation which took some following amidst the almost inevitable alcohol haze. It was a very pleasant and civilised party although I must admit to feeling a little out of place.

It was all dreadfully sercon, full of writers, agents and a large variety of fealthy pros. We fan-nish types girded up our diversionary tactics lest our ignorance of the publishing industry should be revealed for all to see.

Colin Greenland ensured we didn't feel uncomfortable for long, plying us with drink and geniality. I'm completely baffled by Colin. I'm sure no one can really be that nice all the time.

I'm convinced that every 24 hours he has 20 minutes where he turns into a deranged psychopath who prowls hotel corridors tearing apart young fen with teeth and claws so that he can exude gentleness and love for the rest of the time.

Maybe he's a high level android who has no capacity for hate and viciousness. Whenever I've

suggested to anyone that Colin must have a cruel and dark side to his character to counteract the side we see, people have stared at me shocked and aghast. "NOT COLIN !" they exclaim.

More fans arrive later as the masquerade finishes and Bridgett bashes her way through in the attack wheelchair in a manner which would leave most daleks gasping in admiration.

She's armed with sink plunger, isn't going to take any nonsense and wants A DRINK. She's pacified, fed alcohol and persuaded to back up against the wall where she is less likely to exterminate the other guests.

A girl to my right asks if I've come far. "From Leeds," I reply. "It took me 3 and a half hours to get here." "Goodness, it took me 80 minutes," she said, "and that was from Holland."

Distance is relative it seems.

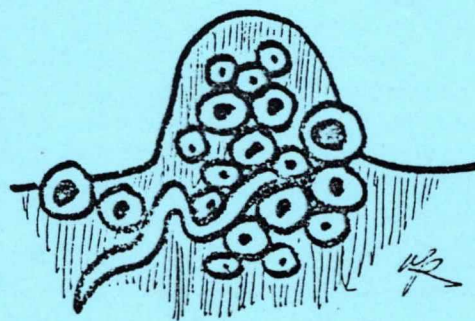
Leaving the con was a most disorienting experience. I got out of the car park OK this time but the M25 seemed to have moved further away and I drove for miles before finding it again. It seemed to dodge out of the way every time I got close.

I popped into a petrol station to fill up the car and handed over my debit card. I then forgot I'd given her it and was rifling through my cards wondering where it had gone. There was no debit card there so I gave her a credit card.

Perhaps she was a secret Eloi sympathiser as she made no comment but handed both cards back with a smile and a pleasant goodbye.

During the drive back I could feel my extra skin growing back and the teeth grow longer. I was no longer Eloi myself. The time for play has passed, now I go back to work.

-- Jim Trash



STRANGE BULGE IN AN ODD PLACE



I AM A HARD  
SCIENCE WRITER

# KOLLAPSE

## By GREG BENFORD

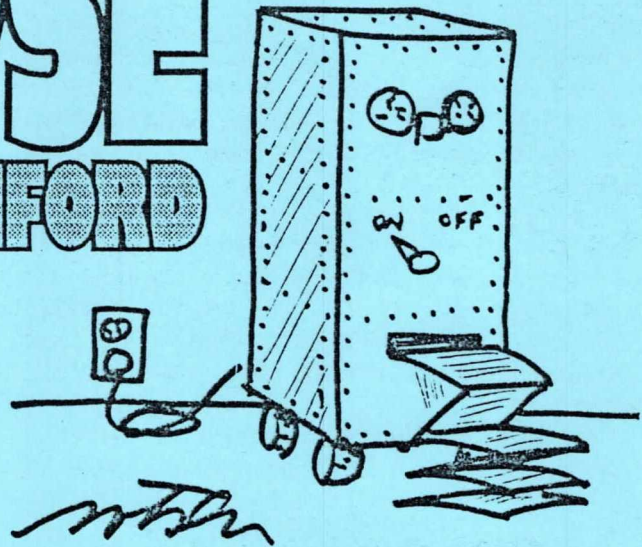
When the Kollapse came Wirehead jumped to his feet, knocking over his stand of compact disks with a clatter. He picked up his Kollapse Kit 2.4, his own design, and slung it over his back. It weighed over twenty kilos—nobody on the Net used old fashioned English units—and he waddled heavily as he started directly for the front door of his family home.

In the street people were looking around in wonder, trying to figure out what to do. They murmured to each other, mere gossip and speculation, no real data.

He avoided their questions. If they had not prepared for this day, if they did not have the database to fathom how the threads of complexity in modern society could warp and buckle under the sheer stress of the modernity of it all, that was their problem.

He had said this many times on polisci.talk.com, one of the Net bulletin boards devoted to earnest and insightful discussions of just such possibilities—no, certainties, Wirehead reminded himself—as the Collapse. Or the Kollapse, as some of the more hip and aware guys on the Net called it.

He went back inside and took the extra set of keys to the family car from the secret place he had hidden them, right beside the car itself in the garage. He hit the button for the automatic garage



door opener and nothing happened.

So the electrical grid had gone out already. Very well; that just verified one of his predictions in "Overture to the Krunch," a piece he had written for Apocalypse.online.net over two years ago. It had even been excerpted on HotWired, the online magazine.

He pulled the release cord on the door opener and grunted as he heaved upward on the door handle. It slid up with a reverberating metallic clatter that sounded to Wirehead like the death rattle of civilization itself. He could hear his parents calling his name in the house but he ignored them, because of course they had no application now to the problems of this wholly new and transformed world.

Wirehead got into his father's car and backed out into the street. There was a change in the tenor of the background noises. People were shouting angrily, others were simply alarmed, their cozy routines disturbed, the infinite buffet of services at an end. Pathetic voices, unable to deal

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with even so predictable a phenomenon as a power failure. Nineteenth century tech, yet most people did not understand even the rudiments of it.

He drove toward the East, which he had decided in his careful plans of several years before afforded the best escape route. In his rearview mirror—more exactly, in his father's, since Wirehead spent all his money on computer gear and Net online costs and had nothing left for lesser hardware like cars—he saw his parents come out of the house and begin to run after him.

They were both nearly fifty and therefore hopelessly mired in the thought patterns of the dead past. He stepped on the gas. The full-throated growl of the engine, another piece of antiquated tech but still useful, filled him with purpose. Soon his parents dwindled away in the rearview mirror even though they had begun running with surprising speed. His father lasted longer, though of course that came from the pointless sports his father had wasted time on instead of sharpening his computer skills. That was the old way and the Kollapse would sweep aside men like his father. His mother was just a woman. Neither would fit the world that was being born today.

As he left town he saw a lot of other people doing the same. How had his Tactic #1, "Escape from the disintegrating infrastructure," leaked out to the rabble? Probably some hacker breaking into his super-secret personal computer files. He mentally tipped his hat—though of course no one he knew wore a hat, and those with caps wore them backwards—to the info-thief who had gotten past his digital snares and protocols.

But then he realized that no one could have gotten to his files because they were all on floppy disks, tucked right into his Kollapse Kit 2.4. No one could access them through the Net.

That meant that these people around him had devised the same tactic. A scowl crossed Wirehead's face, but he then reasoned that these mundanes would soon thin out. They were

probably driving to take shelter with their relatives or some other antique notion.

Time would prove their folly.

He had barely reached a wooded area before the car coughed and glided to a stop. A simple inspection of the car's old fashioned dashboard showed an analog needle which registered gasoline reserve. It read zero. His father's fault, of course, another example among many of lack of foresight, by a generation now completely out of date.

He got out of the car. There were no gas stations nearby. He hefted the Kit pack and set out. When he did pass near a gas station there were a lot of people there. He stood at a distance and watched them bicker with the owner over paying for gasoline and when a fight broke out he wisely turned away into the woods.

Incredible, arguing over the exchange of useful fluids for useless, symbolic paper. He had no money to buy anything, because in the new order about to descend upon the world in the wake of the Kollapse, all value would be digitized.

The masters of that new millennium would be those who had the Net skills to manage the innovative regime.

Shouts. He studied the gas station through binoculars. A man was waving a gun.

How pointless. Power would not come from old methods. That man was mired in the past.

He struck out with the sure, steady gait of one who has the future in his pocket and knows it.

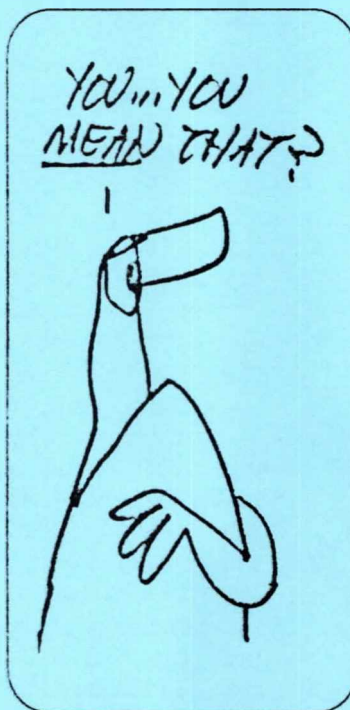
Soon dark came. He had always thought of the Kollapse coming with the morning, representing as it did a new day in human consciousness, so the fall of dusk was a little unsettling.

Already the woods had petered out and he was heading into grasslands. Best to get as far as possible. He had a flashlight with him, a real gem, only thirty grams and surprisingly powerful. In the excitement he had forgotten to take it out of the Kollapse Kit 2.4 and when he did now it gave no light because, of course, it was solar powered.

For weeks he had been meaning to recharge the batteries. Well, he couldn't do everything. He put it away and forged on.

Bushes brushed him in the gathering gloom and then he sprawled headlong into a ditch. He lay there calculating his best move. He was not injured but after a while he decided that perhaps he should stop anyway.

He lay there in the night and watched a satellite skim across the horizon. To be so visible it had to be in low orbit, probably specially launched for





surveillance.

He fell asleep shivering. Kollapse Kit 2.4 had no room for bulky things like blankets, which could be acquired later anyway in exchange for far more valuable data. The thin silvered sheets he had instead helped some, but weren't really comforting.

At dawn he surveyed the terrain ahead. Rugged, just the thing to stop the mindless hordes from following him. He climbed a hill and looked back. Through his pocket binoculars he watched a distant highway, packed to a standstill with traffic, a perfect metaphor.

Time for breakfast. He got out his laptop and set it on its black plastic mat. All the gear in the Kit was black, the only hip color. A black cord led to a solar array.

He powered up and felt the gigabytes surge beneath his fingertips. He accessed his hard disk library and found EDIBLE PLANTS OF NORTH AMERICA. A quick word search found his area and on the screen popped up three-color displays of leaves, berries and roots. No need for geezer-style hardcopy from his printer, a marvel of compactness—the screen had way more pixels than he needed.

He spent the half hour allotted in his schedule searching for these as he hiked along, but the screen colors did not match very well with those in nature. It occurred to Wirehead that maybe he should have done some field research about this. Still, that would have taken valuable time, too, he

reasoned. He could not risk eating anything potentially poisonous so he slogged on.

The few scattered houses he avoided. They had no satellite dishes in view and so were probably not tied into the Net and would be left behind in the New Info Order. Reorganizing the world would be by definition a global problem. How could this point have eluded them?

At lunch time, without any foraged berries or leaves, he kept his strength up with the one can of warm Jolt cola he had brought.

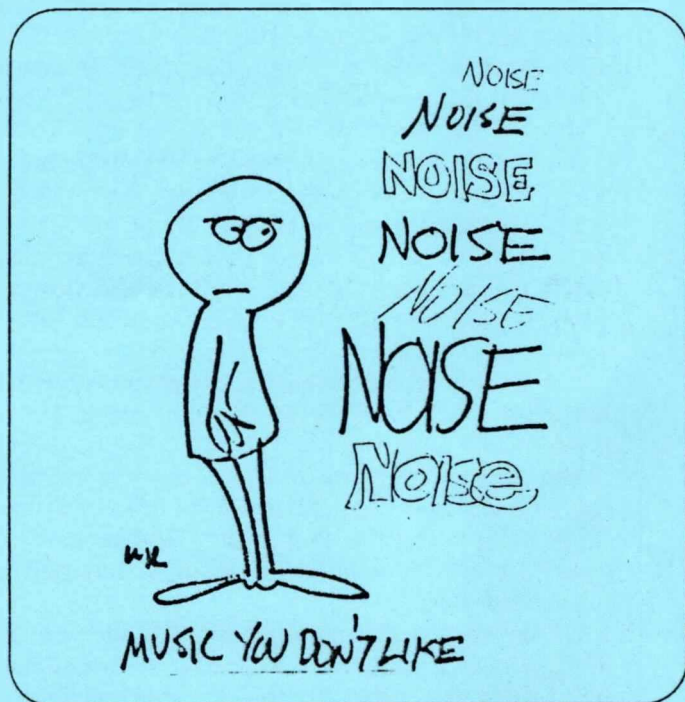
This did not quiet his rumbling stomach so he used his remaining water reserve to dissolve some bouillon cubes. These were beef bouillon and quite salty. When he had planned his Kollapse Kit 2.4 the bouillon was to accompany the chopped berries and roots around a crackling fire. Drinking salty cold water in scrub desert, though, just made him thirsty.

By this time he had gotten a sunburn even though he was wearing a cap. He wore the cap backwards of course, so that he did not look like a dork. It had a team emblem above the bill, but he never wasted his time watching such stuff and did not know what team the emblem represented, or even what sport. The sunburn itched a lot. He spent all his time indoors, on the Net, or else in the virtual reality setup he had built himself, complete with data gloves and spex. He thought about the cool recesses of cyberspace while his tongue rasped on his lips like a file on rock.

He reached Focus Point 3.5 in early afternoon. It was a cave in a folded sandstone ridge. He had picked it himself from a detailed topographical survey, available on [ftp@geosurv.gov](mailto:ftp@geosurv.gov). The survey had not shown that below the cave was a steep drop—the resolution was only five meters—into thick brambles. Wirehead discovered this while inching along the ridgeline. He had chosen to approach Focus Point 3.5 from above so that he could see and assess whoever had already reached it. Planning was paying off. Peering over the edge, he slipped and tumbled down—rolling by the cave, then over the drop. He estimated that it was at least two meters, a clear fall.

Getting out of the brambles and putting bandages on several parts of himself took longer than he had allowed in his plans. It was already late afternoon when he flopped at the entrance of the dusky cave. He lay there panting and noticed that his shoes had worn down considerably, even though they were made of the latest high-impact plastics.

No time to search for firewood. He was tired any-



way. He lay there and thought about ice cream until he heard footsteps.

It was HeavyLink, marching along under an antique Desert Storm field helmet. Wirehead recognized HeavyLink and the helmet from the picture posted on the Kollapse bulletin board. He had never met HeavyLink before, of course, because there was no need to travel in real space when your mind was free in cyberspace.

"Hi," he said.

"Uh, hi." HeavyLink was shorter than Wirehead had expected, somehow, with a big belly.

"Glad ta meecha, Heavy." Wirehead shook hands. HeavyLink's grip was soft.

"We're in the big time, Wired."

Wirehead's real name was Arnold, like Schwarzenegger, but on the Net he was Wirehead@user.web.com. and preferred to stay that way even face to face.

"Dig, that's your own Kit, right?" Heavy always used retro 60s slang.

"Kollapse Kit 2.4, my own design."

"Mine is, too." Heavy grunted as he let his Kit pack thump to the floor of the cave. "Apocalypse Angel '96."

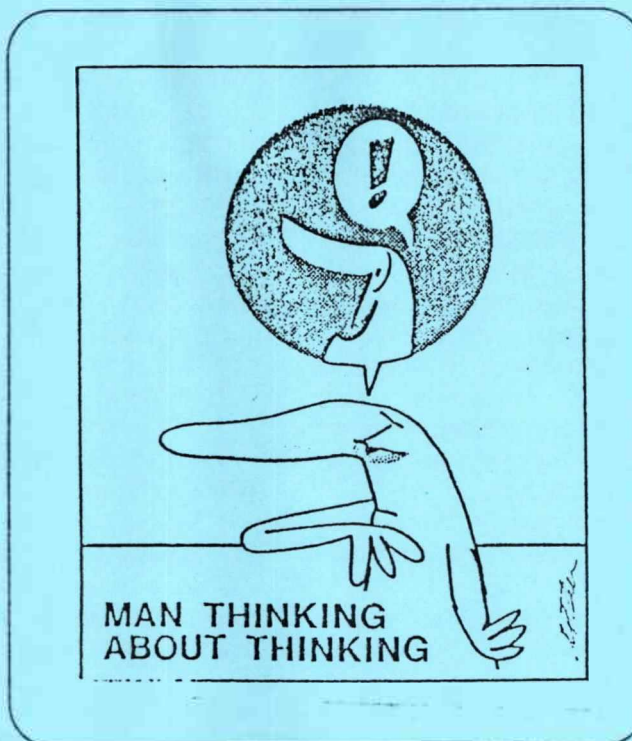
To Wirehead it looked like an ordinary wilderness backpack with APOCA ANGEL stenciled across the back in flaming red. One of the sore spots on the Kollapse bulletin board was that some people just wouldn't agree on a standard terminology for Kits. Some used the clear, orderly number system, just like for software, while others like HeavyLink slapped on the year when they'd conceived the plan of their Kits.

Covering his annoyance, Wirehead started breaking out some of his gear. It was all custom, hard-wired for the Kollapse, high bandwidth. "I figure it was the currency tumble," Wirehead said.

"Huh?" HeavyLink was unpacking, too. "Howzzat?"

"International trading broke down, 'cause somebody finally hacked the Treasury Exchange."

"Total B.S."



Wirehead bit his inner lip but kept calm. HeavyLink was a neo-Netter compared with Wirehead and you had to tolerate some crap from them sometimes. "Most probable cause of all, Syntho said."

"No way." Syntho was a CompuServe megahacker who had broadcast on all the boards an elaborate scheme for breaking into the Exchange. "That was just PR he put out."

"He said he was spreading it so that the proper authorities could prevent any really bad guys from spiking in," Wirehead said.

HeavyLink made an imitation fart sound, pretty authentic. "That was pure

cover. He just wanted credit for the idea, is all."

Okay then, so what did cause the Kollapse?"

"Obvious. Somebody hacked the credit info, all the bank records, the works."

Wirehead frowned. "I heard of that somewhere."

"Sure, in How to Surf the Coming Catastro-phe."

"I've got that on floppy."

"So do I."

"Maybe I'll read it right now."

HeavyLink kept unpacking his gear. "Who's got the time?"

"You mean you didn't read it either?"

HeavyLink shrugged. "Slid my eyes over the abstract in the Squeezed Books CD listing."

"I've got that, too." Wirehead didn't like being down on data, but at least he had it in the two dozen CDs he carried, right next to the built in CD reader on his laptop, cozy as anything.

A big black slab like a huge single wing came shooting over the horizon. To Wirehead it looked a lot like the paper airplanes he had sailed in grade school. "Stealth bomber!" he cried in surprise, his war gaming years coming back in a rush.

The shock wave knocked both of them over. The dark wedge fled over the horizon, leaving a thin white trail that quickly evaporated.

"War!" HeavyLink shouted. "Not some systems hacking—war."

"I would have heard about it on the Net. I was online when the Kollapse started and—"



"It's plain as Unix, man." HeavyLink slapped the last of his setup together. "I'll get online and show you."

Wirehead was not going to be outdone in the field quite so easily. He had his laptop out pronto, and popped the short cable to a disk like an upside-down Frisbee. Its rim flared out rather than turning in, but guys in the biz called them thrower disks anyway, because pointed at the sky they could throw messages clear around the Earth. The disk had an aluminum base with holes punched in the struts to reduce weight. Top of the line.

He powered up. The whine of the hard drive was a comforting song, in the strife of the moment. Up came his operating system. Effortlessly he punched in single-key commands that brought on whole slabs of software, customized for just this moment.

"Way past wicked fast, man," HeavyLink whispered with approval, and then bent to his own setup.

Wirehead loved the warm, blissful rivulets that trickled up his spine, pure cyberpleasure, as his laptop ran five different search programs on true, thirty-two bit, inter-threaded preemptive multi-tasking. Micro macho to the max! Rapt, he watched the entire computing power of western civ, circa 1972, labor in his lap. The flat panel adjusted to full the slanting sunset glare with no problem, sharp and true, full color, high res.

His dish worked the exact microwave frequency of the geosynchronous satellite, with high signal to noise ratio. He got through the usual blocks and soon was aceing the protocols in highly select channels: NorAmComm, WorldNet, ZyncOn. His search pattern covered the whole range.

Only, nothing was coming in. "Blank, nada, zero," he muttered as he slapped three of the search patterns onto the Windows display at once. Not a burble of traffic.

"No pace in the pixels," he muttered, feeling uneasy. He let the patterns run background and resorted to the highest level he had, a program he had gotten on the sly from a pirate bulletin board operation.

Nothing. Here he had the computing power that could have run the whole Apollo moon landing, dedicated to making Donald Duck, in a spitting rage, pop up in icon to tell him there was nothing, nothing at all, frying on any search.

"It's...it's all gone," he muttered.

HeavyLink looked over his own laptop screen. "I can't believe it."

"The whole Net. Down." Wirehead caressed his keyboard, filling the soft green background with yellow type. Meaningless, but reassuring.

"You don't suppose...?"

"That the Net itself...kollapsed?"

"Naw. Can't be."

"Maybe it was the I Squared Conspiracy."

HeavyLink frowned. "What's that?"

Iran-Iraq. I read about it on the Armageddon Age bullboard."

"Huh. Ask me, it was the Japanese."

"Or else an eco-kollapse."

"Or OPEC making a power grab again."

"Or Earth First! monkeywrenching."

"But..." HeavyLink's eyes were plaintive. "How'll we ever know?"

"Let me think about that a moment." Wirehead always said that to gain time.

HeavyLink tapped away at his laptop—a standard item, off the shelf. His setup was a kludge, messy, with cables unnecessarily long. Wirehead looked away in quiet disdain. HeavyLink lacked some bandwidth, for sure. After a while HeavyLink's fingers stilled. Silence fell in the gathering cold of early evening. A dry wind blew through the cave mouth, moaning softly. Wirehead had waited for this dramatic moment, when all hope was lost in his online buddy. He began to speak.

"Do you know what most people are, Heavy?"

"Uh, mundanes?"

This was the usual online term for outsiders, but Wirehead waved away the word. "Amoebas is a better term."

"Huh?"

"All an amoeba knows of its watery world is what it physically bumps into. It has no buffers. If it meets a poison, it learns of it just as it dies. People—ordinary people—are like that."

"And us...?"

HeavyLink was not slow, just younger on the Net. Wirehead smiled enigmatically. "Evolution gave more complex organisms better buffers. In animals, vision and scent. In ordinary people, ideas. To us, the Net."

"Oh, I see. But look, with the Net down—"

"That is temporary. I am talking about the far horizon of this Kollapse, HeavyLink. I am looking beyond the moment."

"Yeah, but—"

"Shall I tell you what I see?"

HeavyLink blinked and nodded. Wirehead had found that people on the Net reacted well to visionary talk. That was in text format, of course. He

was thrilled to find that the same rhetoric worked in person. Maybe dealing with people in the flesh was not as hard as he had thought. He would have to rethink that, sometime, maybe examine the disaster of his high school years.

"I see the obsolete, falling by the wayside in this Kollapse. I see even the young, their thin cries echoing, calling for help. For a savior, a true leader, someone to point the way. For vision, for inspiration, for data, for a plan."

"And that's..."

"Us. We are the future."

"Not without the Net we aren't."

"But the Net is merely down for a moment. HeavyLink, we've planned for this for years. When Chaos stalks the streets and valleys of the world, only the Net can bring Order. And we, as Net veterans, will be the only leaders who can show the way."

"We all thought the Net would make it through."

"It will. And we will rule, those who know how to use it. Think, man! There won't be newspapers, TV will be babbling sensationalism, the politicians won't know zip! Only we'll be able to cope."

"I don't think so." HeavyLink had finished packing up. He stood.

"What you think now doesn't matter." Wirehead kept his voice calm, reasonable. "We'll get things sorted out and soon enough—"

"You've got to live that long first," HeavyLink said.

He took from his Kit pack a pistol. "Mister Smith and Mister Wesson," he said fondly. "Top grade. Chromed, too."

Wirehead blinked, shocked. "What? Physical violence? That's hopelessly twencen!"

"That's what we're still in, y'know—the TwenCen. Now if you'll just hand over your food..."

"All I've got is a few packages of, well, candy bars."

"Let's have 'em, then." HeavyLink crooked a finger.

"But you can't mean this. We're buddies—in the Net—together!"

HeavyLink said softly, almost gently. "It ever occur to you that you never even seen me before today?"

Wirehead opened his mouth but he could think of nothing to

say. HeavyLink stuffed the candy bars into his pack, grunted as he slung it over his shoulder, and started off into the wilderness.

"Stop! You and I, together—we can inherit the whole world!"

HeavyLink looked back and grinned. "You can have my half."

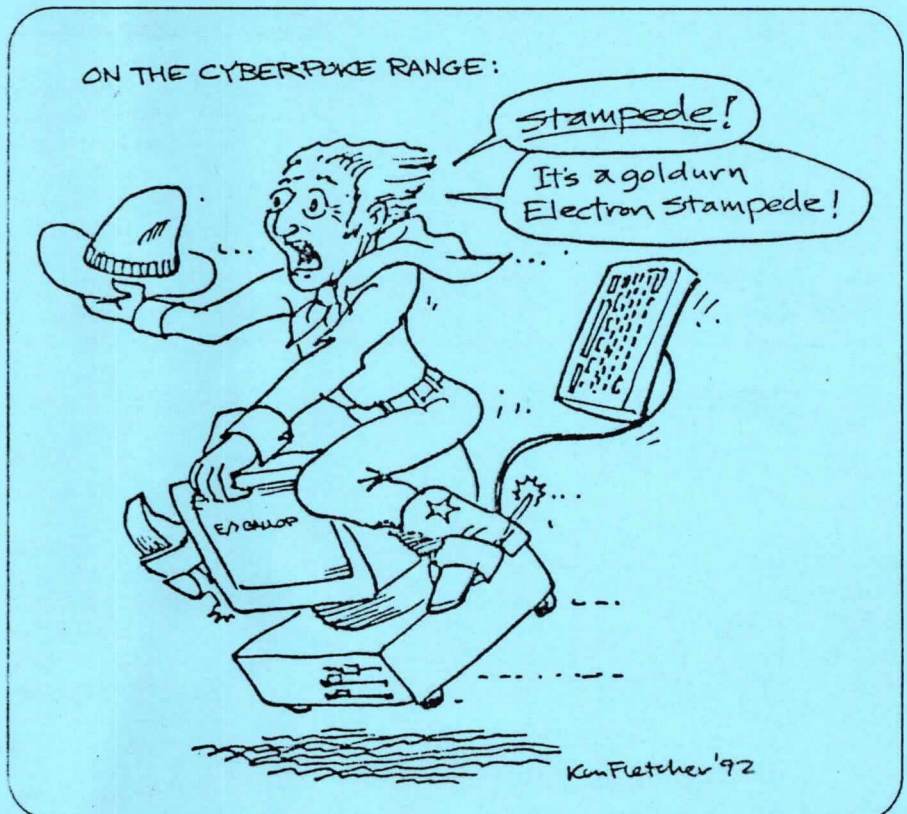
Wirehead shouted his worse curse at the dwindling figure. "You're—you're a flamer!"

They found Wirehead a week later.

The National Guard patrol had already gotten tired of dealing with the Net users who littered the landscape. Hordes of them had rushed out of the cities, in a curious imitation to lemming behavior. They had taken a rumor runaway on the Net, with a dash of mob psychology, as the signal for the demise of all order. Conspiracy enthusiasts were holed up in small canyons, armed to the teeth.

The Net Krash had driven masses of users onto the highways and into the confused countryside. The troops referred to them as "wireweenies" and were weary and resigned when they came upon the body.

Wirehead had died of thirst, apparently, lips and tongue leathery and purple. His arms were wrapped around his laptop and satellite dish, as if to draw energy from them.





# WEIR

The Readers  
and Editors Jam

# MAIL

Conducted by  
**Tom  
Springer**

...and his cast  
of Vagrant friends



**Ted White**

1041 N. Tuckahoe, Falls Church, VA 22046

I'm sorry I didn't (haven't yet) comment in a timely fashion on Arnie's New Theory of fanhistory, which I don't have handy at the moment, but I want to say that I was impressed. It was a genuinely new approach, not a retread using a new vocabulary to say the same tired old things. Kudos. As I recall, I found nothing to argue with until Arnie worked his way up to the fifties...but my argument doesn't invalidate his overall approach, and will have to wait, in any event, until I can make specific references.

I can say that, along with Steve Stiles, but for wholly different reasons, I reject Arnie's idea that the Insurgents and Fabulous Falls Church Fandom dominated (fanzine) fandom of the early 70's. I know those of us in Falls Church — Terry Hughes, John D. Berry, rich brown, Dan Steffan, myself — didn't dominate anything except, maybe, a private apa. My impression is that **Energumen**, **Outworlds**, and a variety of other fanzines (from other areas), like **Title**, **Janus**, et al, really dominated the 70's. Half of fandom was in a multitude of apas and the rest were involved in big, somewhat sercon (many book reviews) genzines. (That's an over-simplification of course; many were participating in both.)

{{**Arnie**: "Dominate" is too strong. What I meant to say is **Egoboo**, **Mota**, **Potlatch**, **Nope**, **Cypher**, **Rats!** and **Focal Point** as a group represented a major nexus of activity. I also believe the philosophical currents that run through these had a perceivable effect on fanzines outside their orbit, most definitely including **Energumen**.}}

I wasn't very active in fandom then, although I was in fact a columnist for both **Outworlds** and



**Energumen** at different times, as well as for **Algol/Starship**, since I was then editing two prozines and also pretty active in that private apa.

Where Steve Stiles and I differ is over what became of the Fanoclasts while he was their host. It's not worth arguing about — Steve was there and I wasn't, and anyway we've talked this point out — but I feel the Apostolic Succession (did I spell that right?) was broken when Steve's eventual first wife, Gail, brought a number of Undesirables into the group.

Prime among these was Brian Burley. Joyce will remember him. I first met him at the 1966 Midwestcon, where, drunkenly, he tried to demolish our bidding-party bar, knocking glasses and bottles smashing to the floor all in an effort to pop the top off a beer bottle by hitting it against the edge of the bar counter. I threw him out, which apparently set him against me. In the much-fabled bidding war between Columbus and St. Louis for the 1969 Worldcon, Burley — a supporter of the Columbus bid — decided that I was their basic problem, and that I had to be "ruined"... apparently via faked pornographic pictures that would "compromise" me and "ruin my credit rating" (which was then non-existent). Later Burley moved to NYC and failed to ingratiate himself with the Fanoclasts, individually or collectively. So I was stunned when he walked up to me at the 1971 Balticon and told me, "Guess what, Ted? I'm a Fanoclast now!" All I could do was to tell him, "No you're not," and walk away. To fully

appreciate the full import of this, you need to have been a Fanoclast — and I'm sure both Arnie and Joyce understand completely.

I was a fantasy fan before I knew about sf — I grew up on Pooh, Oz, and fairy tales (I read all the Lang collections) — but when I hit sf (first with John Keir Cross's Angry Planet in the 3rd grade, then Heinlein's Rocketship Galileo in 4th grade) I knew I'd found what I was looking for, and I never looked back.

I was amused to read Dave Locke's letter. First he argues with me, and then he offers to shake hands. Have I been here before?

Without getting into personalities — hell, I'll shake your hand, Dave — I can't let some of his errors go uncorrected. The biggest is his assumption of what I meant by "the first TAFF war," which is a phrase I think I borrowed from Arnie (there WERE earlier TAFF arguments, notably the year Bob Madle won). Dave applies this to Martha Beck's candidacy and the fuss over that, but I was thinking of the primary and original "war" between Bergeron and Avedon, which was joined on Avedon's side by most of Bergeron's former friends (the Neilsen Haydens, myself, among others) and on Bergeron's side by Dave Locke, Eric Mayer, and a few others. Martha Beck was tossed into these shark-infested waters by her friends, Dave among them. They did her no favors; it was their support of her and the nature of that support (antagonistic, regionally chauvanistic) that aroused opposition to Martha (especially among the British) — not the fact that she might be perceived by some as "a con fan." (I had known Martha since the 50's — she was a fixture at Midwestcons — and I even "got sercon" with her in the 70's; I have never borne her any animosity.) And I can assure Dave that the notion that Martha was the "pawn" of people like himself is one shared by many more fans than "Ted and a few others."

Dave mentions "a cacophony of wounded egos and personal invective" (a good phrase, that), but neglects to mention that he was himself a, if not THE major contributor to that cacophony. He bought into the original TAFF war in order to spout a great deal of invective, much of it aimed at me. "Dishonest" was one of the milder things he called me. I would cite you chapter and verse, but, as he noted, I ripped up his fanzine and mailed it back to him (the only time I've ever done that), so I can't. But I came away from that entire episode convinced that I could not trust Dave or anything he said to me, a conviction I will continue to maintain until it is proven no longer true.

"But hell, Ted, give it up." I think an apology on Dave's part should precede that. Calling people names, gloating over their misfortunes, and then





cheerfully offering a handshake a few years later as though he is innocent of any wrongdoing is spreading things a bit thick, in my opinion. Dave Locke made a deliberate choice to join a fight of which he was not then a part, and to lie about those of us who were defending someone who had been wronged in that fight. He can say "Ted White still has a hard-on....," but I'm far from the only fan whose opinion of Dave's basic honesty plummeted as a result of his activities in that period.

I'm flattered by Steve Jeffery's linking me with "the burgeoning Irish fandom of the 40s," but I think he's confused me with my more famous Irish brother, James White (whom I wish I could write as well as).

**R.L. Smith-Graham**

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93683-4750

I was \*most\* impressed with the cover of WH#14... don't quite know what it is about it... but I just \*love\* it, makes me grin everytime I look at it. Mad trees. What an image!

I'd love to give you a detailed breakdown of my reactions to each article, but I (like yourselves) am \*quite\* busy of late and would rather get this short note off now than risk waking up one morning to discover that I have to leave for Las Vegas that night...! I do promise, however, that I will try to steal some time and give you a more fleshed-out LoC before Toner. (I can tell you this much, I continue to count WH as one of my 2 favorite fanzines, and enjoy reading and re-reading each issue I've received.)

((**Arnie:** It's certainly provident of you to send a letter of comment to WH before showing up in person. We're nice to everyone, but letterhacks get the red carpet treatment. (That's where we wrap them in a red carpet, take them out to the desert and threaten not to bring them back to civilization until they promise to write each and every time.))

**Fred Herman**

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11375 fherman@email.gc.cuny.edu

Yes, I'm still here! The last couple of months have simply been something which, collectively, I had to dig myself out from under. I'm currently burrowing my way through a hundred-book list representative of American novels throughout this century and criticism thereupon, so that at the end of the first week in September I can sit in a room with three Giants In The Field for three hours and somehow con them into thinking I'm one of them. I used to have a button, I \*think\* by Nancy Leibovitz, which stated that "GRAD SCHOOL: It's

not just a job, it's an indenture." You bet. (And I \*really\* wish I hadn't misplaced that button!)

Looking back at Tom's first comment shows just how long it's been, since he talks about the snow and the cold I'd been enduring. Sorry I took so long, Tom! It's the end of June now, and oscillates between 60s and 90s.

((**Tom:** So'kay Fred, temps here are in the low 100s and as long as you send a loc it doesn't matter how long it's been. And if you don't send a loc, well, that's all right, too. It's so hot here. When I throw a roach out the door with a quick flick of my shovel it pops into a white puff of fire like a magnesium flare.))

Ken: I'd consider a Mac for my next machine—which won't be for a while, since this one's only about a year old. And I doubt I would unless I could safely transfer all my WordPerfect files over to it; I'm computer-illiterate enough not to know how easy, difficult, or impossible this would be.

I'm starting to see what both of you mean about faanish articles as a means for getting to know people. In a way, it's basically the same thing as happens when I have my composition students write personal essays—except, of course, that they only do it because I make them do it. Some are happy about it afterwards; others happily write in their last journal entry that they'll never have to write anything again. Grumble.

Agreed with Ross, if I understand you correctly, that no artistic term should ever have "new" or some equivalent word in its title. Hey, I didn't name these periods. Though, Jean-Francois Lyotard has said something to the effect that "modernity" and "postmodernity" don't necessarily refer to just a couple of recent historical periods, but rather that modernity is any time when some old cultural order has been replaced by a new one which is understood to be "right", and that postmodernity is any time when things are in flux and there isn't a single common cultural worldview—in other words, a "modern" period is followed by a "postmodern" period, which then gets followed by another "modern" period, and so on.

So, Joyce, if you're really as dangerous as all that, have you thought about preying upon some of the patrons of that new "Star Trek: The Experience" monstrosity I understand they're building in your neck of the woods? Good hunting.

((**Joyce:** "Star Trek: The Experience" is in mid-build at the Las Vegas Hilton; I attended the ground-breaking ceremonies last Fall. It was impressive; a lot of Hollywood-style special fx, when Riker, the Doctor and the Ferenghi trained their lasers on a spot of sand, and it

caved in to become the first excavation.

As for recruiting people there, now that's a thought! I believe that will have to be Aileen Forman's assignment, since she works at the Hilton as a 21 dealer. (On the other hand, do we really want the typical visitor to the site to join our club?))

((Aileen: Hey! Watch what you say about the Star Trek Experience that's coming to my hotel/casino. I've been practicing my Vulcan curses (Die young and broke) and brushing up on my Klingon compliments (You play like a Ferengi!) for months now. If Joyce wants to prey on somebody, let her kill off the dealers ahead of me in seniority.))

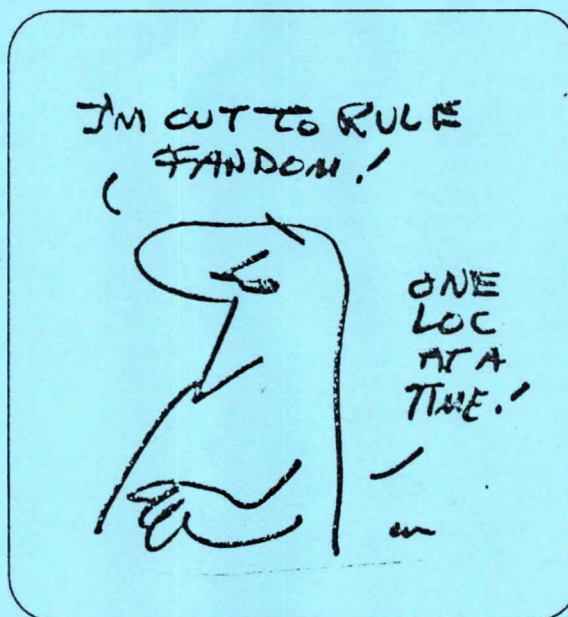
#### Robert Lichtman

P.O. Box 30, Glenn Ellen, CA 95442

Ray Nelson's memory, as reported by Tom Springer in the editorial jam, is faulty. The cover he did for **Brodie #4** is not "the first cover he's done for any fanzine in what may well be decades." Ray did the bacover of **Trap Door #13**, published November 1993. He actually drew it sometime in late 1983 or early '84, following the very first issue of **Trap Door**, but it took me a decade to get it into print. (Actually, I have a Rotsler cover from the same period, but it's being saved for use on the Last Issue, whenever that might be, because it would fit so perfectly there.)

So far as Tom's question about what's more fan-nish, dogs or cats, I have to step aside and leave the discussion to others. Historically, I've had two cats and no dogs, so I guess my prior predilections run towards felines, despite being neither fat, lazy or slothful. But these days I favor no pets. Leaving aside that I couldn't live where I do with an animal, I find I don't lack for affection, and I can definitely do without the care and feeding of another sentient being. I mean, I did my part towards raising four boys; maybe if fans had more kids, they wouldn't feel the need to have pets. Yes, I know some fans have had both kids and pets, but that just shows what a difficult subject this is.

((Tom: Okay, so it has only been one decade since Ray's drawn a 'cover' but I think there's a difference between the first page of a fanzine and the last page. By the by, I meant lazy and slothful in a crifanac sort of way and



definitely was not thinking of you when I wrote that sentence.))

Maybe this is one of those cases of a word meaning something different in English English than in American English, but my dictionary defines prehensile as "adapted for grasping or holding, as the tail of a monkey." Sue, of course, has insider's knowledge, but both Chuch and Sue have been keeping some very salient details from us if Chuchy's "tool" can perform as defined above.

Aileen's article about adoption and offspring/parent tracing reminded me that I recently met an adopted woman. Her

name was Kriti, and she's the

daughter of the late Gretchen Schwenn, wife of the late Redd Boggs. Gretchen had Kristi some fifty years ago and gave her up for adoption when she was several months old. Kristi decided in recent years to try to locate her birth mother. But Gretchen passed away in 1981, and so when Kristi went looking, instead of finding her mother she found Redd Boggs. She and Redd had a correspondence for a year or so, and in fact an 8-page letter from her showed up in Redd's post office box the day after he went into the hospital in April. It was in one of those stiff priority mailers, and accompanying it was a bunch of photos and other family stuff Redd had lent her. He never saw that letter — because of time conflicts, I didn't retrieve it from the post office until the day after his death — and I gave it back to her when she visited Glen Ellen in late May. We had her address and wrote asking her if she was interested in such of her mother's stuff as we'd run across sorting through what Redd left behind. Well, of course she was, and as it happened she and her husband were going to be in the Bay Area. So it was that I met her and her husband, Paul, a genuine Hungarian refugee of the class of '56, at Jeanne Bowman's one spring afternoon.

"Why," I said when I was introduced, "you look just like your mother." And indeed she did. But the interesting thing is that her temperament was entirely unlike Gretchen's which goes to prove something about that old argument: nature vs. nurture. Kristi had a very even-tempered mien, while Gretchen could be quite fiery.

Returning to Aileen's article, I agree with her that it would be good if there was more open sharing of information up and down the adoption



chain, but I feel that there has to be a mechanism whereby someone(s) who gave up a child for adoption could decline to make specific information about him/her available but perhaps make useful general information — important parts of medical history, ethnicity, etc. — obtainable by the child in later years. Anyway, I wish Aileen luck.

(((Aileen: I don't know too many people who are a carbon copy of either of their parents, but it's interesting to note the differences between your adopted parents and yourself. In fact, it's often a relief that you aren't genetically related to those oddballs in your family (like my Uncle Angelo). Thanks for the good wishes.))

I can personally vouch for Joyce's belief that "it takes a fan to make a fan." Via this method I can lay claim to recruiting Jeanne Bowman and Calvin Denmon. I also recruited Jerry Knight, Arv Undermann and Don Durward, but none of them stayed around for the long run. I'm still on the look-out for potential new fans, and occasionally (though rarely) I've handed a copy of a recent **Trap Door** to some acquaintance with an explanation that not everything will make sense on first or even second reading, but that some of its contents should be quite accessible. This hasn't resulted in any new fanzine fans so far, but that doesn't dissuade me from trying in my own, offhand way.

In the lettercol, I'm sorry that Harry Warner Jr. found rereading "FAPA Forever" unpleasant, and it makes me wonder how he'll feel about Charlie's "Memories of Elmer," which will appear in the upcoming **Trap Door**. Some of it is much rawer than the earlier article. But it is, ultimately, a very sympathetic article.

Well, you'll see.

As for "how Las Vegas fans would feel" if someone wrote an article about Burbee's physical limitations in recent years, it seems to me that I did that, to some extent, reporting on visits to the Burbees over the past few years. I mentioned Charlie's strokes and the difficulty they created in his ability to express himself verbally in at least one of my editorial columns in **Trap Door**.

**Buck Coulson**

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Ah, Tom, you missed the glory days when fanzines got reviewed in **PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINES**! Part of the time by Bob

Bloch! Oh well, the promags themselves are dying, these days, so getting reviewed in them wouldn't mean much. I can't say that reviews meant much to me at any time; the letter column response was more important.

[[Tom: I value my letters above all else, they're more personal and most always more entertaining. Letters of comment and fanzine reviews both accomplish different things. Reviews are important in showing the community that is fanzine fandom. From what I understand rich brown is doing fanzine reviews on the Internet, taking the showing of what our hobby is about to another level entirely. Despite lacking an electric leather jacket, I think he's doing a cool thing.]]

I'm strictly a dog person, though a good many of my canines have been pretty weird; comes from getting them out of the animal shelter or having one wander into our garage and have puppies there. Of course, we also have a pair of housecats and at one time were feeding 22 barn cats. (One doesn't "have" a barn cat; they're even more of the "hand over the food and shut up" persuasion than are housecats.)

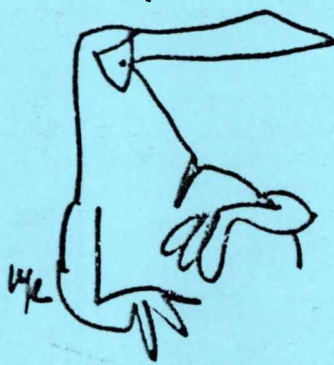
If you had any 12" 78s that lasted 10 minutes per side, you had some exceptional records. The more common 10" ones lasted about 3 minutes per side, and the 12" one 5 minutes. During the last days of the 78s, there might have been a few that lasted a bit longer, but I never heard of any 10-minute ones.

Not having been adopted, I can't empathize with Aileen Forman. If I suddenly found that my parents weren't my real parents, would I care? I don't think so. They'd still be the ones responsible for my attitudes about life and stuff (along with my own personal experiences.) There's no way to know; playing "what if" is fun but unproductive.

I disagree, Joyce. Fanzine fandom was big in the early days because it was the only game in town. When I got it, in 1952, there was one convention in the midwest, Midwestcon; there were a couple on the east coast and one in California, and the circulating worldcons, which hit all the areas except perhaps the Deep South, and did get to New Orleans once.

Damned few people could afford to travel halfway across the county to find a convention, but fanzines arrived at your door. I went to two worldcons before ever getting to a regional

YE EODS!  
IT'S A "YOUR  
FANZINE IS GOOD  
BUT—" LOC!



con (partly because I was refused admittance to the hotel the first time I tried to go to the Midwestcon because I had a black girl with me, but mostly because the worldcons got mentioned in fanzines and I couldn't see driving to either coast to meet fans when it was cheaper to subscribe to fanzines.) When conventions became frequent, fanzines began dying, because over 2000 attendees this year, and all of them seemed to be enjoying themselves. If there's a fanzine that ever had a circulation of 2000, I never heard of it. Fanzines provide international contact, but so do cons; there were a half-dozen or more Australians at Wiscon this year. I hope fanzines will endure through my lifetime, at least, but cons are just as much fun for me and probably more so for city-dwellers.

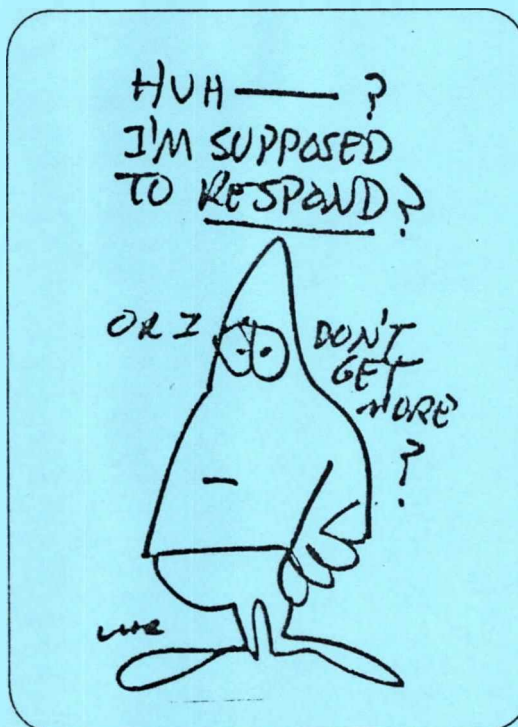
[[Joyce: I used to have 30 or 40 transcription records, 78's. They measured roughly two feet in diameter, and contained 30 minutes of music for radio programs. The ones I had were all classical music.

But, Buck, green lawns are a wonderful alternative to dust storms. Unsodded Nevada soil blows in the wind, more than change.

I love being with my friends at conventions. But I don't think in-person contact with fans substitutes for the pleasures of creating a fanzine, or writing a good article. I wouldn't want to trade one for the other; fortunately, I don't have to.]]

[[Arnie: The number of fanzine fans has increased rather than declined since 1950. Besides, fanzine fandom has never been a number game. It represented a sizable segment of All Known Fandom only as long as there were no other forms of activity which required less commitment and, perhaps, less intellectual/creative investment. All Known Fandom couldn't get Really Big until it eliminated the requirement of loving the written word. Now AKF draws from an audience bounded only by the number of people who watch "Babylon Five" every week.]]

[[Aileen: Actually, I'm not looking for more parents. The two I have are terrific and I don't seek to replace them. I'm looking for my past and my own personal history. If you're not adopted, it's difficult to empathize with a desire to meet someone who shares your genes, your facial features, your past. I'm also a convention fan and I'd rather attend a convention and meet my friends in real life than write a



fanzine, but fanzines are fun too. It's also hard to get a friend in the mailbox every week.]]

**Murray Moore**

377 Marly Street, Midland, Ontario L4R 3E2 Can

Joyce, I was born in 1951, during the period you describe Ray Nelson visiting your father. Mention of Ray Fisher brought from my memory the clear image of **ODD** with a Vaughn Bode cover, one of the first fanzines I received.

I just pulled it from my collection: **ODD 20**, Summer 1969, a fine, fine issue, 106 pages, with Bode covers, and Jack Gaughan and Bode in an artistic Battle of the Titans, and seven-plus pages from

convalescing PFC Joe Haldeman, Dick Lupoff, Mikes Gilbert and Moorcock, and more. The regular crew, including one Arnie Katz, was promised for **ODD 21**. **ODD 20** and **WILD HEIRS 14** have in common Rotsler cartoons and Ray Nelson art and a Harry Warner letter.

Your focusing on club members for new fanzine fans is as reasonable a choice as other suggestions. A recent **Apparatchik** includes a letter from a reader who learned of APAK via a rich brown review posted to the Internet. Letters from Sue Zuege are appearing regularly in many of the fanzines I receive. I believe she comes to fanzines through the National Fantasy Fan Federation.

Tom, the only occasion on which I was an artist's subject I never got to see the finished painting. I sat for 15 minutes in my friend Charles' living room while he painted my likeness. When I next saw him, he told me he had burned it. Charles is a manic depressive.

You want fanzine reviews? The best and the most frequent fanzine reviews of which I know are appearing in **Attitude**. Reviews in the issues that I have received, numbers 4 through 7, were written by Fran Dowd, Ann Green, Steve Brewster, and Andrew Hooper. These one-off reviewers have in common intelligence and an ability to write well. They collectively offer that fanzine review column which you seek.

Body surfing in the fannish sea...

[[Joyce: Although I'm delighted at your casting of me as my own daughter, in fact Ray





Fisher was my husband, and I was the co-editor of that issue of *Odd* you so kindly describe. Thanks for remembering it. Ray Nelson visited Ray Fisher in Poplar Bluff, Missouri, when Ray Fisher was still a teen, in the early 50's, and we had not yet met.

I was an artist's subject quite a few times; Mickey Rhodes (one of the main artists in *Odd*) both sketched and painted portraits of me. Unfortunately, the only survivors are five charcoal sketches, and a faded print of a delicate pen & ink. I'm sorry the oil painting was lost; it was incredibly flattering.))

((**Arnie:** As a long-time science fiction and fantasy reader, I greatly prefer reviewers who bring knowledge and perspective to their critiques. While it can be interesting and instructive to read reviews by someone unfamiliar with SF, their value is limited by the writers' lack of experience.

My feeling about fanzine reviews is even stronger. Fanzines are not aimed at non fanzine fans, which makes their opinions less relevant. Frankly, I don't care if anyone outside the tribe likes my fanzines or not, because I'm not publishing for them. When I want to reach the multitudes with my thoughts and opinions, I've never had any trouble finding someone to pay me for the effort.))

#### **Martin Tudor**

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I was very interested in Joyce's comments and recommendations on the recruitment of new fans in "Seduction of the Cynical" (WH#14).

Back in 1981 Pete Weston had a shot at making the Birmingham SF Group a hot-bed of fannish

fun (again?) and his approach was similar to that recommended by Joyce - he took several BSFG members "under his wing", myself included, and started *APA-B* (later The Organisation, later ...) in an effort to involve us all in the wonderful world of fanzines.

When Pete Weston is "on a roll" like this it is a sight to behold. I'd encountered a few fanzines in my two-year involvement in fandom back then, in fact even before I joined the BSFG I'd received a couple of Dave Bridge's fanzines, but I hadn't been interested. Y'know how it was, I was interested in sf but fanzines just talked about their editors and friends of the editors, what was interesting about that? Still, Pete Weston, as I said, is a sight to behold (and, if you have a sense of self-preservation, avoid!) and he was \*determined\* that we would do fanzines, or at least apazines, and he wouldn't take "No" for an answer.

"But I'm not interested in reading or doing fanzines, I'm just interested in sf..."

"So write about sf."

"But I haven't access to a printer..."

"I'll give you the stencils and you can come over and I'll show you how to use my Gestetner."

"But I don't \*want\* to do a fanzine..."

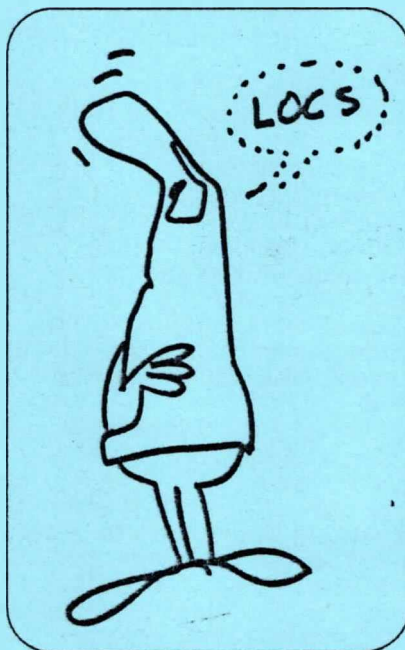
"Of \*course\* you do, have another pint..."

So it was that I started producing *Empties* and, having been conned - sorry - having discovered the delights of fanzine fandom myself I decided to spread the word....

(Actually, Pete's efforts were quite successful, within the year Steve Green, Eunice Pearson, Phill Probert, myself and Paul Vincent, were all producing fanzines - a period later dubbed, only partly tongue-in-cheek, "the

Birmingham Renaissance".)

First I tried doing this through *Empties*, I dished out copies to everyone at the BSFG meetings and cons I attended (or at least to everyone who didn't run fast enough) and mailed copies to names chosen at random from the BSFA membership lists.... Eventually, though I had to stop doing this (and *Empties*) because with a mailing list in excess of 600+ it



was a wee bit expensive. Still the response was good for the most part; mostly from people who weren't part of "fanzine fandom". Fanzine fandom itself wasn't so keen, most seeming to agree with Abigail Frost who accused **Empties** of being "symptomatic of the malaise of British fandom" - love that phrase, ghod only knows what she meant though. (Still, there are a number of people whose first experience of fanzines was **Empties** knocking around, though very few of them were trawled from either the BSFG or BSFA, they're mostly the ones I met at cons.)

Next I tried reviewing fanzines for the BSFG newsletter; for a couple of years I enthused about and listed the addresses of dozens (if not hundreds) of fanzines - but eventually I got too bogged down in running cons to continue the column. (To my knowledge not a \*single\* enquiry was made as a result of all those columns!)

All through this, of course, I was trying my hand at browbeating friends and acquaintances - with limited success. My ex-lodger Richard Standage and his significant other, Helena Bowles, are two successes, I guess. They're still writing for fanzines (mostly **Empties**, got to keep it in the "family") - though still no sign of a fanzine from them, despite frequent mutterings from Ms Bowles.

I'm afraid I'm not in the same league as Pete Weston here; nor even Bernie Evans, who still grabs the collar of every innocent new arrival at the BSFG, Novacon and elsewhere and waxes lyrical about the wonders of fandom and fanzines. She's fairly successful at it despite (or perhaps because of) her, not entirely undeserved, fearsome reputation. One of her successes (!) being, of course, the inimitable, thank ghod, Mike D Siddall!

Still, I haven't given up; never being one to learn from my mistakes I've recently taken over as Chair of the BSFG and I have plans to proselytise....

Having finally convinced everyone that her name was Helena "Gough", not Bowles, Helena took my name at our wedding and is now Helena "Tudor"!

**[[Joyce:** Actually, it sounds to me like you were quite successful. After all, we're not trying to recruit thousands, nor even hundreds. (Such large numbers would overwhelm us.) Success is counted



in the ones and twos.

A really worthy goal would be to revitalize Pete Weston. Personally, I believe he will return to fanzine publishing, eventually. Anyone who is that good at it, and that personable, shouldn't be allowed to get away.}}

**[[Ken:** What a great story. I love hearing how fans got introduced to fandom; particularly fanzine fandom. Would that my own introduction were so amusing, but it does follow (loosely) your own. My wife and I helped start the local science fiction club, but

we were clueless when it came to fanzines; and, more importantly, the history of fandom as it relates to fanzines. Sure, I'd heard of 'fanzines' before, but I'd always thought they were professional magazines specifically targeted at science fiction fans. Fortunately I'm a quick learner. Arnie's patient tutelage brought me out of the dregs of convention fandom (my only contact) into the rarefied air of fanzines. I haven't looked back yet.

I have a plan to compile a fannish genealogy. The project lies somewhere on one of the many back burners of my fannish stove. (Why is it that mine seems to have many back burners, but only one or two front ones?) Real Soon Now I'll write to the fans I know about and ask "Who introduced you to fanzine fandom? Who is your fannish parent?" Once I start receiving responses, I'll be able to generate a fan family tree of who begat whom, etc.}}

#### Jim Trash

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OEW, UK

A limerick for Chuch Harris:

There was an old man from the valleys  
who went by the name of Chuch Harris  
He said, so to speak  
That his style was unique  
For his cock it was Plaster of Paris

**[[Chuch:** Good Golly Miss Molly! I'm surprised it's not Martin Tudor who is immortalizing me in limericks, as revenge for....

At conventions there's nobody lewder,  
Than an ardent young fellow called



Tudor.  
Every fan girl he saw  
He would throw to the floor,  
Where he wooed her, subdued her  
and .....

My lawyer advises me not to finish that last line.

And er, could you make it plain that it's my forearm, ---and only my forearm that is encased in plaster of Paris. It's embarrassing (and certainly more than a little flattering) when awed ladies come up to me in the Wellington bar, touch me intimately, ask when I'll be stripped for action again, and buy me another gin and tonic to help speed the happy day. I mean, well, at my age 23 gins and a plaster cast covered in phone numbers is a little worrying.}}

### Lenny Balles

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Thank you for thinking of me and sending a postcard. You say that there's some debate among the WH editorship as to my letterwriting ability, and actually, I don't blame you for wondering. I was a fanzine editor once upon a time, and I remember:

"Here's this lump on our mailing list. We've been told that it was once an acti-fan — may even have seen a fanzine or two under its name. Yet we dispatch issue after issue into a black hole. Each month we collate and paste on mailing labels, envisioning ourselves as overseeing angels in a mighty enterprise. And as we peel each label and affix it to an envelope, we glance at the name it bears contemplating that name's place in the great Fannish Pantheon. Who knows what tomorrow's mail will bring?"

Then, time passes. Issue after issue goes out and the faithful all reply. We stare at the dormant spots on our label printouts and begin to contemplate the Cold Equations — postage rates, entropy and dead or unmoving organisms in our struggling ecology.

{{Joyce: I loved "The Cold Equation". It was one of the first sf stories I ever read, and it affected me quite a bit. However, I'm one of those tender hearted yoicks who never cuts the lumps from my lists the way I should; (that's why they don't entrust the WH mailing list to me.) I enjoy seeing the names and thinking about them, sort of a psychic visit. And I probably wouldn't have pushed my sister out the airlock, either.}}

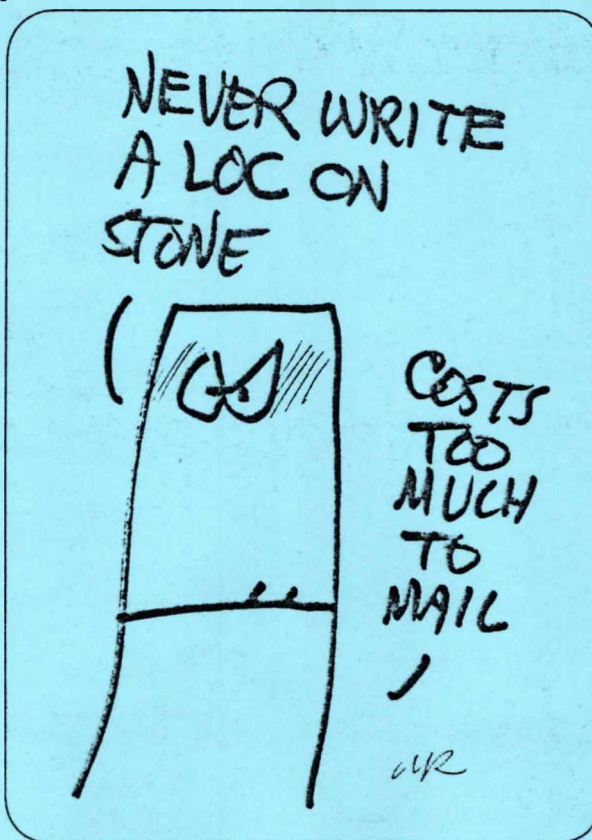
But, alas, although I have to confess that I am aware of these things, I've discovered a certain ossification within myself when it comes to writing letters of comment to fanzines.

I enjoy receiving Wild Heirs, and even read some of each issue. But the last thing that struck a resonant chord in me was Bill Kunkel's little paragraph about getting a life, and what did everyone think about Pulp Fiction?

Truth to tell, I hated *Pulp Fiction*, although I recognized that it was a well-produced, well-directed movie. I found its violence-as-eye-candy, and calousness-is-hip attitudes distasteful. And yet the production values of *Pulp Fiction* made it a force to reckon with in the media — something difficult to ignore without feeling that one was simply drawing one's head into a shell and refusing to take cognisance of contemporary American cultural attitudes.

By contrast, I was very much impressed by *Fargo*, a Coen Brothers movie. *Fargo* covers much the same life territory as PF, but with a much richer and deeper treatment. *Fargo* is truly both funny and sad at the same time. Instead of being peopled with slick caricatures, it is filled with characters and situations that impress you as real. I came away from *Fargo* feeling that a certain seamy side of life in America had been artfully captured — in a truer way than any exploitational gangster-flick has ever managed.

I realize, however, that WH is not a magazine devoted to the discussion of such philosophical ephemera. Instead, its editors are focused on more burning issues: "Can the history of fanzine fandom be derived from an exhumation of the Great Staplers?" (the



famous Perdue stapler passes to Burbee, et al.); or "Why did Andy Hooper stop wearing his Fez?"

I remember conversations like these. I have been to this place. I have 20 appleboxes of fanzines in my closet, accumulated mostly when I was 17-25 years old. So I understand the seductive fascination.

I confess to a certain fond nostalgia when I read of the present-day exploits of Arnie Katz and the Vegrants. I remember the APBA fantasy baseball league we set up when we were each 12 years old.

I remember scouring the neighborhood streets to recruit managers. I can still see Arnie rabinically scribbling down statistics after each roll of the dice, possessively clutching cards representing Dodger expatriots to his bosom as he invented new, improbable franchises and nicknames for his hybrid ballclubs.

The one thing I think it's safe to say after reading recent issues of **Wild Heirs** is that 35 years after that time, Arnie retains his sense of play. If it's not fun, then what is it?

And I do scan each issue as it arrives in my mailbox, sometimes experiencing a temporary respite from the pressures of being a 40+ yr old adult trying to cope with a complicated world of problems.

As for Toner — I'd like to go. Don't know, yet, whether I'll make it. Depends on what's happening to me as the end of August draws near. Anyway, thanks, again, for thinking of me. I appreciate your energy in reaching out and wanting to keep the community alive.

{{**Arnie:** Sitting like a lump on our mailing list won't release you. You're a permanent recipient. After all, you've known me since I was 4 years old. That's a lot of blackmail ammunition. I've got to keep on your good side.}}

{{**Tom:** Think about it, Lenny. Besides being Arnie's boyhood chum you've been to our Silvercons and Corflu, of course we're going to ask you if you're coming to Toner and of course, amidst asking this, I'm going to say something about you not writing a letter. It's all part of the fun. It's all part of the hobby. (Plus I'm WH's letcol editor and I can say it's part of the job.)}}

And when Bill tells everyone to get a life please don't think we don't have lives already. Between two jobs, my relationship with Tammy, possible employment opportunities out of the country, several life-long mundane friendships, my family, fanzine fandom, and other private ventures my life is mine, no matter what sort of movies I watch or books I read.

So when Bill tells us to get a life, I gotta snort with derision at such an unthinking and stupid comment that's probably pu

forth only because we're not doing in our fanzine the things he wants to do.

We've talked about it and because we're basically intelligent people we came to the mutual and obvious observation that everyone has different ideas regarding what they want in a fanzine, if they want anything specific at all.

So don't worry about that ossification you were talking about, if it clears up we'll still be here.}}

### Steve Jeffery

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Everything Tom argues about the fannish merits and psychology of dogs vs cats is true, but still... At least cats don't demand walkies in the middle of a cliffhanger game on TV or an editing or collating sessions. Cats will, admittedly, want to get in on the act, on the principle that anything humans do must be supervised by the cat, and they will thus walk all over piles of carefully arranged copy sheets and plump down on top of one, watching you with quizzical disdain. There is nothing better than a cat for making you suddenly very self-conscious. At least with a budgie you can put a cloth over the cage.

{{**Tom:** I've been gazed upon en delicto flagrante by both species and prefer dogs over cats anyway. You can tell the dog to go away, and if you raise your voice with the proper inflection he'll obey your command just like you trained him. A cat on the other hand, will continue to stare at the sweaty meat before it as if examining a wounded bird, all the while transferring to you his palpable distaste for the entire proceedings. Being a cat though, he refuses to leave until something is thrown at him. This should be accomplished before he bunches up those hind legs to pounce upon any dangling blood filled appendages that may have caught his attention.}}

Try that with a cat and **Wild Heirs** or **Brodie** will acquire an interesting and highly aesthetic blood-spattered effect, more typical of a Stephen King cover than a fannish fanzine. Are there even more fannish pets than cats and dogs? There is an argument for wombats currently within certain quarters of Brit (or more locally, Croydon) fandom on the basis that they might be the nearest equivalent, after the hairy three-toed sloth, to fans themselves, and that coypus have rather fallen out of favour. And that anything good enough for Dante Gabriel Rossetti must be good enough for us.

Fanzine reviews - there are listings, certainly, in the pages of other fanzines, like Victor's capsule reviews in **Apparatchik**. But currently I can



only think of **Attitude** as carrying a real, across the field, fanzine review column in the absence of, for example, **Habbakuk** or **Rastus Johnson's Cakewalk**.

{{**Arnie:** The scarcity of fanzine review columns has been a recurring topic among the Vegrants, too. Now that Ted White and Barnaby Rappoport aren't writing them, there's hardly a place to read extended, cogent commentary about fanzines. We're trying to get Tom to give it a whirl in the next WH. We shall see....}}

{{**Laurie:** Our little black cat, Punk, who is not so little anymore, btw, loves to perch on the keyboard of my Powerbook. He has also mastered the mouse on my PowerMac. All of them like to experiment with my screen saver, and more than once I have come into the office in the morning and found my hard drive renamed.}}

Arnie: There's a show over here called "Fantasy Football" (read 'soccer') League which follows the spirit of RAMBO and LVBA, although the fictional teams are selected from real players and their progress is, in some arcane way, dependant on the performance of those players through the season.

Joyce's "Cynical Seductions". Perhaps it's a difference between US and UK conventions, or between the sort of conventions I go to and the big celebrity media bashes of a more consumer orientated fandom, but Joyce doesn't surprise me that you plonk down a whole load of fanzines at a big convention and not one reply, let alone a recruit, follows.

These are, to paraphrase Winnie the Pooh, the Wrong Sort of Fans. They're happy in their own way, but they don't understand us and we don't understand them. In media and consumer fandoms 'fanzines' are likely not what we often refer to as fanzines. They are glossy, full colour jobs, offering professional or semi-pro slickness and 'value for money'. If something is judged worth what you pay for it, then what perception of a photocopy or mimeo side-stapled affair with no photographs that is given free?

What is needed is a little more directed marketing and target audience selection. Better to spread those zines round the Green Room and ops table, where people are already into 'doing things'. Unless they're doing it for money (almost unheard of in Britain, but I don't know about media fandom), they are presumably doing it for egoboo, and so you've already got one hook in for them already.

But you can get actifans out of the right convention. Last Eastercon, a concerted recruitment drive by Jenny Glover boosted the membership of **PoE** apa by 10 members. At least two new fanzines were born, or christened or confirmed there. Like-

wise one new apa and the seed for another. Maybe this is Eastercon, but in nearly all cases the driving force was a group thing, and perhaps this is where it shares something with the Vegrant philosophy. By coming into the group, often through one or more of the ongoing projects, you become infected, slowly or otherwise, by the group 'meme' that sparks the idea that perhaps you want to do something of your own within that group, and you can float the idea within an already pretty supportive environment that is likely to turn up a few others who will want to get involved and help.

{{**Joyce:** So \*that's\* why all my cats have liked to lie among the pages. And I thought they were trying to get collated.

If I had said, "they aren't all the Right Kind", I'd be tarred for my elitism. (It would go well with my feather.) But, you absolutely are right. There's a very wide gulf between a convention attendee who's only here for the beer (as the song goes), and a trufan. I wouldn't even want to recruit the former, but if there are any wistful would-be trufen among 'em, I'd hope something happened to show them the way in.}}

As I say, the Vegrants are like that, so that individual fanzines blossom under the umbrella of **Wild Heirs**. But not everybody wants to be a fanzine fan or editor, and it's important that that isn't seen as an exclusive badge of actifandom. Like our Brit group of roughly the same size, the initial nucleus was not so much a fannish fanzine one as sercon, growing around one apa, then two, soon (hopefully) three, the organisation of the BSFA, and individual fanzine projects kicking out from there. Yeah, we get the same carps about perceived insularity, coteries, and self-referentiality, but if you are seen to have that indefinable Right Stuff you can be in so fast that your feet don't touch the ground.

I joke about WH's 23 editors, but one of the most successful recent fan projects currently launched in the UK is a writers' workshop zine, **Visionary Tongue**, which has co-opted some 20 editorial 'associates and consultants' from both sides of the professional fence. This is a slightly different form of fandom, but its energy is both enviable and laudable, and there are a nice number of crossovers between the two. This is fandom building bridges, not fences.

Gosh, that sounded like a rallying cry. Maybe it is. As Joyce says, it's worth a try. And it does seem to be working.

I shall amend my biblical cucumbers citation in favour of Peter Roberts immediately (King James version: Nimbus Information Systems CD-ROM). It does not mention wombats once in the concordance. Truly disappointing.

Jenny Glover, a 'newcomer'? Good grief, there's a novel concept. Jenny had her kids in fandom (they have their own fanzine, Cybrer Bunny, and Web pages now) when I was entering fandom. Fred Herman, Po-mo is definitely a skiffy thing. The whole idea that this is a fiction and that you occasionally turn round and remind the audience of that fact. Which is why Mystery Science Theatre 3000 is such a brilliant concept, as it just places us on the other side of the screen, watching.

{{Tom: I won't explain this any farther than when they first showed up in the letcol they said they were "new", and at 3:30am, without Arnie for fannish references, and because I'm still so bloody new myself, well, I made another mistake. Sorry, Jenny and Fred.}}

But it's meant we can't read with that naive innocent pleasure of our pre-teens anymore without some author nudging us in the ribs about the 'fictiveness' of the fiction we are reading. And that might be why Terry Brooks does have his appeal. There are readers who want and enjoy straightforward fantasy adventure, and not to be dumped out of it every few pages by an obvious cross genre reference, or made to feel inadequate that they can't spot a reference to Dumas or Balzac because they haven't got an English Masters. Sometimes you play the po-mo game because the game is fun.

Sometimes you just want the author to shut the fuck up and get out the way of the story.

Tom (ryct Lloyd Penney). Maybe you misconstrued what I meant to say, or maybe I wasn't intellectually sophisticated to say what I meant. There is no difference - almost certainly in other people's eyes - between SF fans or Trek fans or trainspotters. We can protest till the cows come home (or are allowed into Europe, whichever takes longer) but we won't change that.

A TV or newspaper camera at a con will unerringly always seek out the one fool in an ill-fitting Trek uniform out of 3000 otherwise slightly scruffy and unremarkable fans. Witness Worldcon, pilloried as a "rip-off" and a "con" in a Glasgow local paper because someone took her son along and there were no Star Trek celebrities for him to stand in awe of - just this big, amiable, bushy-bearded academic who writes complex books about lan-

guage and meaning, gender and sexuality. Yes, there is a chasm of intellectual sophistication here, but it's as much to do with age and experience as it is to do with the types of fandom.

{{Tom: No Steve, it's plain from all the great letters you've sent us that I'm the brute, and you're right, there is little difference in other people's eyes, just my own. Sometimes I have trouble saying what I mean and look for a word that might help me and I occasionally end up with words like "sophistication". Blame it on my thesaurus. You're right though, they're just hobbies, no matter how eccentric one might think them to be. Like RC airplanes or scuba diving. Hobbies. You're also right about the age and experience of which I'm a perfect example. Like Scotty says, "I need more time!"}}

{{Ken: I've been trying to stay on the fence when it comes to Tom's great pet debate. I think my wife and I are the only ones in LV fandom that has both cats and a dog (and a snake, and we had a horse, and a ferret, and a tank of fishes). There seems to be a preponderance of cats in fandom, but I don't know if that's because fans tend to be more sedentary, or more cerebral. Perhaps apartment living has more to do with it. Either way, I refuse to play the "my cat's better than your dog" game. I like animals and feel a little sorry for people who are allergic to them. Steve, you say pubbing a fanzine or being a fanzine fan isn't the exclusive badge of actlfandom. I think you're wrong, but I think part of the problem is semantics.

Let's consider what happens if we apply your statement to a different hobby. How about remote control models (RC)? Your statement implies that building or owning an RC model is not necessary to be known as an RC modeler. Obviously that makes no sense, ergo, your statement must be false. If I don't participate (in some menial way) with the activities (i.e., fanac or the actions of an actlfan) of fanzine fandom (we ARE taking about fanzine fandom as opposed to furry fandom or gaming fandom, etc.), then I am NOT a fanzine fan. I may still be an SF fan, but that is of an entirely different mettle.

Besides, the whole point of fanzine fandom (as I choose to interpret it) is friendships, long distance friendships. I can't very well maintain a friendship with someone





who doesn't correspond. Yes, I think fanac IS a bode of an act/fan. I do, however, agree with your statements about wanting a writer to stay out of the way of the story. (A notable exception might be Silverlock by John Meyers Meyers.) Robert Heinlein ruined more stories for me by interjecting his own philosophy into the story. Normally I don't mind some philosophy with my fiction, but he would write 70 or so pages of fiction then 10 pages of philosophy, then another 70 pages of fiction. Either would be fine, but not at the same time.}}

There are fanzine fans whose opinions I respect who have become avid fans of Babylon 5 (though I've never got into it). Maybe B5 is far above ST as an example of media SF, but it's difficult to explain that to someone on the outside, and anyway we always pillory other genres by their worst examples while defending ours by the best. Sturgeon's Law has an inbuilt variable constant (I've seen it quoted anywhere between 90 and 99%). I'm just suggesting it's not as cut and dried a divide as you suggest from the rarefied heights. Either that or my brain falls out when I read a vampire novel (no, hang on, that may be true. It would explain the marks on the back of the chair).

Hang on, wasn't it Marshall McLuan who said "the medium is the message", not Buckminster Fuller. He did the geodesic dome thing. And McLuan never had a molecule named after him.

Why is rich brown a Stormy Petrel? Who is the Great Skua?

#### George Flynn

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Thanks for WH#15 and attachments. Yodeling, hmm. Well, at least you've got all those canyons to do it in. Or across, as the case may be. Might be useful if you need to rescue any lost canoeists (canoers? canoolders? now *there's* an image. . .)

Marcy writes, "After the third try, with dashed spirits we conceded defeat." But I thought the point was that they couldn't *get* any spirits. . .

I have to agree with Steve Stiles on the significance of the post-1970 Fanoclats. In the seventies and later, I had more contact with them than with any other group outside my local area. Of course, a lot of those contacts were in apas or at cons, and thus less visible to fandom at large (whatever that is). But I think Ken's right to dismiss the adage about the victors writing the history books. (Sam Moskowitz and Harry Warner don't work very well as "victors" either.) No, in an anarchy — which fandom is — the history books are simply written by the people who feel like doing so. And what they see isn't necessarily what's most representative, or most important. Though it probably is what will be remembered longest.

To answer Ray Nelson, I imagine that the early fans used "fantasy" in their nomenclature mainly because it was a well-established term, while "science fiction" in its various forms was still a neologism.

A couple of locs on fanhistory allude to Vega. This got me to thinking: Are we expected to believe that the resemblance between Vega and "Vegas" is mere coincidence? Obviously there is a Deep Mystery afoot here, and the 100-page annish was a clue. . .

#### Ed Burbee

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Thanks for sending me "Wild Heirs" #15.5. I certainly enjoyed reading this memorial issue for my Father. Obviously, my Father touched many people in fandom, who will miss him a great deal. Of course I miss my Father greatly as well, but in unexpected ways.

For example, when I read the newspaper, I find myself remembering information or points in an article so I can later discuss these items with my Father. I have done this kind of preparatory reading for years, but never had a defined consciousness of its purpose until my Father passed away. I can no longer talk with him about the newspaper. . . .

I have just brought myself to sobs and tears over the emptiness of this little space in my life which my Father once helped me to fill. A philosopher once said that people do not really die completely so long as we continue to remember them. Odd, but my Father stays alive as I read the newspaper.

((Tom: Thanks to the many written contributions Burbee made to fanzine fandom he will always be with us, **Burbling** along, and now, can never be forgotten.))

#### Ben Indick

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Thank you for WH#15 & 15.5 the covers were amusing. I was touched by the love you all showed for Charlie Burbee. Strange that in my many mostly unfannish years of fandom I never had contact with this well-known man. It was my loss. His penic/gonorrhea story is hilarious and honest, and reminds me of a very old joke I wish I could have told him as a loc in 1973. In his memory I shall tell it here.

This young student is having urinary problems and goes to the college infirmary. The stuffy old receptionist asks what is wrong. He tells her "I have trouble with me penis." She is offended and says, "You must not use such language here!" He is baffled. "What do you want me to say?" he asks. "I don't care," she says, "but keep it proper!"

He goes out and soon returns. She asks him what is wrong. He says, "I have trouble with my ear." "That's better," she says, "what is it?" "I can't piss!" he says.

Sure, corny, but my one and only and belated loc for a man I wish I had known. WH#15 was congenial and very diverting, and chockful of Bill Rotsler's inimitables, which get more so and better as he ripens. I vote he be awarded Fandom's best, for now and forever, and that settles that.

I enjoyed your warm ripostes to my loc in the issue and I swear if I ever revisit Las Vegas in NV, yes, the real article, not a New Mexican spinoff, to look you up. That recent 106 degree heat will, however, discourage my wife.

**Fred Herman**

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I wish I'd known him. Sad to say, while I had, of course, heard of Charles Burbee, my exposure to fanzine fandom is still recent enough that I've remained floating around on the periphery, looking inward; if anything, I'm just aware enough not to make fatheaded claims like that guy Arnie met at the Social, claiming to be "active" and "creative" in fandom. It's like years ago, coming once or twice a year to an extended family get-together in Brooklyn, my grandmother cooking Swedish meatballs (heavenly! Esther Herman's Swedish meatballs, we shall never taste their like again.), cousins I've grown far, far away from, older relatives I either must pretend I know (and, of course, kiss upon greeting and leaving, though few or no words are exchanged between one and the other), like one of the mosquitoes bouncing on the slightly peeling gray paint.

[[Ken: Now this is exactly the kind of response to the Burbee issue that I expected (see Buck Coulson's letter for a different point of view). I felt much the same way after Bob Shaw's death. The glowing memorials I read in fanzines made me rush out and read more of the man's professional work. Makes me wish Shaw had some Slow Glass installed in his home in the 40's and 50's. I know it's a sentimental vote, but I hope Burbee's *Shangri-l'-af-faires* wins the '45 retro-Hugo.]]

This whole tradition I feel I know nothing of, slivers in Wild Heirs supplements notwithstanding. As my students must feel in freshman composition, when a chance historical comment in someone's essay has to be explained to the class, or when one of the assigned readings has cultural references older than a few years. It's sometimes as if they were just decanted, with language skills, dressing skills, often rudimentary thinking skills, all but a few (and thank God for those!).

And I'm only a few years older than most of them, and younger than some, though I try to hide

this when possible. Is that what it's like for (ahem) you older folks? Trying to keep your patience while you slowly, slowly try to work things in to the consciousness of the kids coming up behind you?

[[Arnie: Comments like yours are the best justification for extensive reprinting. I enjoy fanhistorical discussions, obviously, but I think the reasurable experience of actually reading some of the great stuff is the best way to acquaint fans like yourself to the subculture. We've slacked off a little on the reprints lately, but we'll try to get back to exhuming fandom's past on a regular basis.]]

Oh, Tom and Shelby: It's not roaches that are the worst. There's something that seems to breed in this building, which I've been told may be centipedes, but for lack of certainty and a desire for accuracy my SO and I refer to them as "hairy monsters." Gigantic, millions of legs, big enough to be seen in peripheral vision \*in the dark\*, and sometimes they unexpectedly fall down off the ceiling — which I found out one day, leaving me to creep through the apartment looking fearfully upward, waiting for the next one to come parachuting to the attack. So much for being open-minded and finding beauty in all life forms. . .

[[Aileen: Oh, you've creeped me out now! One of the reasons I like Vegas so much is that it doesn't have as many creepy-crawlies as other, more humid areas. Now I'll be watching the ceilings too.]]

**WAHF: Teddy Harvia** mentions "I recently talked to a friend who joined fandom around the time of the Martha Beck/TAFF controversy. He said the vituperation prompted him to avoid fan funds. He added that later meeting Martha and finding her personable reinforced his decision. How much other potential support has fan fund politics driven away?"

**Gary Diendorfer** who adds that "Burb and Redd will always live on in their writings and in the writings of other fans about them, as well as those fans' in-person memories of those two great fans."

**Mike McInerney**, who said he was coming in the middle of July, but not when (that was for you Mike), and

**Joseph T. Major** whose letter you'll read next issue.

And speaking of next issue, we'll be back at you with #17, the Toner Memories issue, in a few weeks.

See you all then.



