



claims the distinction of being the first fanzine to be written and published in Puerto Rico (can any other fanzine boast so solitary a distinction?). #2, Nov. 18, 1982. Art by Lee Hoffman. Interlineation by Walt Willis. And when was the last time those two were in the same colophon?

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Bergeron Never Forgets, (Sometimes), Part II: I wonder how many of you noticed I rewrote the mythos last issue when I referred to Warhoon as "the great blue beast which blunders about in the red desert". Well, I guess in my fantasy world a Wrhn is a great blue beast if I want it to be but in that world of reality (which was once ever so much more vivid than my own) created by Edgar R. Burroughs, a 'Warhoon' is a dilapidated city on the dusty red desert of Mars where John Carter was held prisoner for a while. A race of warriors who apprehended him were called "Tharks" and they were green and it was they on their trusty thoats who blundered about on the wonderous deserts... a glance at the glossary in my crumbling "Thuvia" reminds me.

(I haven't thought about John Carter in years but this chain of thought links me to an adolescent chamber in my mind which on opening emits a rush of ancient undisturbed air. Oh, John, John how could I have forgotten I have forgotten that you were once my best friend -- when I played Robin to your Batman -- and my anguish when our solitary escapades were shared with an egg laying princess. Well, C'est la Vie, as they say as I discovered after going to Paris and finding more earthly delights myself. Anyway, how are things with Dejah and the kids? and take care, please, not to trip over the satellite probes littering the great dead sea beds. Remember me to good old Tars...)

That "wonder" about how many of you noticed is, at best, highly rhetorical since I only mailed the Stateside copies of #1 yesterday (it was printed the day before and written the day before that) and those destined for Britain are still here. This pace is really quite unlike me. I can already see the effects it's having on my writing. At this rate, I'll be peopling the mythos with Perns out of Darkover -- what is in those pills, Vince? Maybe I could use a few myself.

Waiting For Warhoon: Teresa Nielsen Hayden is writing the best letters I've ever recieved and it's all I can do to restrain myself from quoting them promiscuously. At the pace this fanzine is zipping along I have hardly any time to write and ask permission to quote (by the time she could reply this issue will have been sent out) but I'm ever confident if I rely on my own Immaculate Taste (lets have some "**spurious capital letters**", shall we?) and select from only the most banal passages I shant risk offending the lady. P&T got the first look at Wrhn 30 when I sent them my sample approval copy via Express Mail to get the word out in Izzard that it might exist -- the run still hasn't arrived from NY (Nov. 6) and if it goes down at sea or astray their copy could become a collector's item of awesome rarity and more valuable than Dejah's ransom (I'd trade them my set of Spaceways to get it back, for instance). It seems they've been in some sort of state of anticipation. They've expected it since March, 1982. (I specialize in the most exquisite and arcane forms of mental torment -- PNH has a piece in it and I kept telling him the cats had inadvertently used the mss for kitty litter, or it was inexplicably missing, or used the most devious circuitious routes to imply that D. West had dropped a bomb on the issue which through some strange ESP intuition is inextricably wed to Patrick's contribution...weird carryings on, as they say. You get the idea.) For all you voyeurs, then, here's a peek at Teresa in her tub (oops):

(October 31) "And a happy Halloween to you; we had an early spell of cold winter up here and all the leaves turned nicely (not necessarily a usual occurrence in Seattle); the weather has been grey, and so we're having a very autumnal-looking autumn. I was marinating in the bathtub this morning when Patrick came and pounded on the door: I grumped at him, and he innocently caroled, "You mean you don't want to see Warhoon 30?" -- and walked away. The wretch. So I cut short my ritual Sunday-morning soak and came out to look at the blessed artifact, which is very nice if oddly stapled. I understand that it's a sample copy, so that's entirely forgivable. The wonderful thing is that, after those weeks of haunting the mailbox, we got the thing on a morning when we expected no mail at all. In fact, the post person brought it to our door to deliver it."

She goes on to detail many another intimate aspect of her physical existence. I never did find out what she thought of the "blessed artifact" so I assume Patrick knows more karate or he pushed her back into the bathroom (where she keeps her typewriter) and locked the door.

Hmm. Does he know she wrote me this scandalous letter? -- which I dast repeat only the most fragmentary glimpse of. It was mailed separate from Patrick's: although both are postmarked the same day. Is Wrhn about to be cited as correspondent in a Nielsen Hayden *estrangement*? Stay tuned for the inside story.

Memory Lane & The Question Of Class Spirit: In Epsilon #10 Rob Hansen touts the concept of an annual anthology of the best writing to appear in British fanzines in the preceding year and mentions that a look at the contents of Patrick Nielsen Hayden's Fanthology 1981 would lead one to think Patrick had had the same idea. This mild (to put it mildly) little joke overlooks a fundamental difference of outlook between Patrick and himself. Rob's approach is chauvinistic. Patrick views fandom as a world phenomenon and his Fanthology is only limited to the English speaking countries as can be seen by the list of nations its writers live in. Presumably one of the aims of such a project is to encourage the raising of standards worldwide by exposing a cross section of the best of the preceding year's work. Insofar as such an undertaking does

2 raise standards: my own sentiment is that context is crucial and I recall communicating a vague disappointment that Patrick was getting involved in one of these things which present a grab bag of fish out of water flopping about desperately in strange surroundings. What I thought he should have been doing was giving us 3 or 4 Teloses instead. Of course, it was his business and the Fanthology is a beautiful and, perhaps, valuable work because it does indicate the high water mark recent fanwriting has reached (impressive). But the feeling of fish out of water applies to reprints in general and even toward so recent an example as that fine bit from Hyphen by William F. Temple in Space Junk #5 which, I told Rich Coad, "blazed through the issue like a laser at the Mudd Club" but really did little or nothing for Space Junk.

However, I'm glad the idea of preserving or making available the best of the past in some form is continuing to be a concern in the microcosm -- even if apparently hip and with it types like Coad and Hansen come up with such obvious jokes as Rich's suggestion (in Space Junk) that a "consortium" is needed "with a rotating body of officials or elected officials as in the Faan awards committee". Lets cut it right there. "As in the Faan awards committee" was a concept I attacked in my Rip Fan Winkle awakening column in Fast & Loose, lo, these many moons ago: it only takes one fan to build a mountain but a half dozen (by doing nothing) can destroy one quite easily. Organization in such efforts is usually the kiss of death...and what the hell happened to those Faan Award ballots anyway, Gary? Yah, I know, the other guy... The only projects of this type which have a chance of surviving are those which somehow detach themselves from the hands of individual groups and achieve a life of their own: staggering about fandom like crazed Frankensteins (eg. the Hugos and N3F) which are capable in some way of feeding their parasitic believers and end up being a disgrace to us all. In the course of things I can easily concieve such a reprint house (or organization) being managed for a given year by someone whose dream it is to produce a facsimile edition of Gemzine (have I said enough?). Actually, to give you an idea of how crazy this could get even on the level which would be workable I should let fandom know that PatrickNH and I have come to an informal arrangement to produce a volume (expected to be less than 100 pages) containing all the essays, articles, and fanzine reviews of D. West. I've tentatively titled it "Western Thought". (How's that for a "theme" issue, Vince?) The only thing holding us back are strange waves of sanity which overcome me from time to time and an ominous silence on the Western front (partially explained by news which has just reached me that Tappen #5 is scheduled to feature a 33 page article by the normally taciturn West). The thing that tempts me about the project is that I don't think fandom would ever be the same again after. But I'm not entirely sure if that would be good or bad.

But I digress. What I started out to belabor was this chauvenistic attitude on the part of cool, logical, sensible Rob Hansen which I find nearly as incomprehensible as the idea of a fanzine titled New Canadian Fandom. We're citizens of the world (don't you know) and if work is good it's good because it's good; not because it's Australian, English, Irish, or whatever. It's good first and that's the important aspect of it. The reverse leads to the insular and people writing to Hansen to tell him there are too many Americans in his letter column. This is about as tiresome as "school spirit": I recall my high school principal being shocked when in the course of conversation I innocently confessed I'd never seen a basketball game played by the school I attended. She was aghast and said "Richard, you have no school spirit!" As one who battled for survival on the surface of Mars with John Carter and had fascinating correspondents in such places as Minneapolis and Belfast the idea had never occurred to me. I looked her dead in the eye and said, "None." (This was a pun since she was a Sister of the Sacred Heart. Yes, a very parochial school.)

The whole concept of New Canadian Fandom, New British Fandom, or New New Zealand Fandom, all strike me as much the same. Why make such an open call to limit one's horizons? Open your minds! There's a big world out here full of astonishing possibilities and it's all what we make of it -- why begin by crawling into a hole and labeling it Cave #384 when Planet: Earth is already the best address on the block?

Can't we break out of these silly divisions and learn freely from each other and produce work we're proud of because it's an individualistic part of a vigorous total entity rather than of a claustrophobic fragment? Too many Americans in Epsilon? What does that mean? That I should cut down on the number of the British in Warhoon (which I would never think of as an American fanzine, per se, much less a Puerto Rican one) and go out into the streets in search of local colour?

John D. Berry: checks in with the first reaction to Wiz. John says he's "just full of dangerous generalizations". I'll omit the dangerous and quote the following:

"Your remarks on Vince Clarke's ideas of what a fanzine is seem to take up more space than your point merits. You know, I've noticed you doing that sometimes in the past: taking a fairly flimsy point, or even a question that could be easily answered by simply asking, and inflating it with digression and a host of references into a long section of a Wrhn editorial or a column. Doing that puts an awful lot of pressure on the original point; /or the reader's patience? -rb/ it has to support too much, sometimes. Of course a piece like that succeeds or fails on the strength of the digressions, but there has to be a feeling of balance and proportion. (I used to get exactly the same sense that Teresa did from some issues of Pong, usually in the editorial dialogs, which hardly ever justified their own length. It was because it broke this mold that I liked so much Dan's bit in one of the last issues, about teaching Steve Brown to fly: it was a light piece, sure, but it was exactly the right length

3 for its point, and its tone was appropriate all the way. :: /In another part of his letter not related to Wiz:/ My interest in fan history is much less than it was when I was younger, but still I'm interested. But I don't expect new fans, or even reasonably active fans who haven't had access to many old fanzines, to have any special attachment to fan history's greats. (They ought to pay some attention to finding out about their subculture's history, though). The way to share all that good stuff that we know about in fandom's past is to republish it (as you have), to write about it -- sparingly -- in ways that put it into context, to loan or copy old fanzines when appropriate, and, most important, to do it again. More good new stuff, more future greats. The best of all possible fandoms will integrate the past into the present." (525 19th Ave E, Seattle, 98112)

That last sentence is a splendid generalization which says it all. :: Lets see. In recent letters Bruce Arthurs and PNH both remark on the density of my writing: by which they meant that so much is packed in that it makes great demands on the reader. Or perhaps by "density" they meant "obtuseness"? Surely, not... Ted White calls it "positively baroque" (or should that read 'neo-Nicholasian'?). In a letter to Patrick about this topic I was saying "one of the functions of exciting prose is to open trap doors under the reader; ie, to make a point in an unexpected way well before the reader has a chance to realize what's coming." I always try to aim higher than I can possibly hit: with such pretensions it's rare I find out if the reader has noticed what I'm up to or if I've failed. Usually I'm up to very little. My piece on marijuana in Pong drew virtually no reaction at all -- I might well have deposited it in the Conchado Lagoon -- and then nine months later Bill Gibson (before whose literary talents I stand in awe) startled me by saying he "considered that piece on pot dysphoria to be the best piece of writing I'd run across in a fanzine, well, pretty well ever." Subjecting that remark to my handy little Egoboo Discounter I hastily conclude that Mr. Gibson, while having lovely taste, must be singularly poorly read (which is why I just suggested you Xerox a copy of Start Breaking Up for the deprived puss). How is one to know? When there's so little feedback, when virtually all fan 'criticism' is of the "that reminds me of the time I..." sort, when one is practically writing only for oneself and feeling increasingly masturbatory: what is the measure of success? If anyone wonders, right now I think the Nielsen Haydens, Bill Gibson, John D. Berry, Dave Langford, D. West, and sometimes, Avedon Carol (when she's in the mood) are at the very top of the pile of fanwriters in this best of all possible... :: By the way, the bit on NotSFN was really about 3 or 4 subjects all relating to the initial point (and not just restatements of it). :: Add Eric Mayer to that list of names above. :: I do want to argue that most fan writing is the sheerest self-indulgence. Weighted against the 'important' concerns of our times what is the worth of this paragraph? And practically all writing is really embroidery: "The Enchanted Duplicator" could probably be reduced to 10 lines; all of Tarzan is only a basic notion which could be stated in half a page, and the Bible is an elaborate version of "Big Brother is watching you, so toe the line, Buster" -- rather more elegantly put. I'm not always so verbose: The line "Let us now pray to Saint Bostick" last issue was a condensation of a 10 page history of this kind of fanzine (albeit in the form of a cryptic allusion).

Curtain Up: Wiz was inspired by an occasional publication given unto us from Great Britain. This fanzine, which I will not even mention the name of since its editor doesn't want the publicity, "seems much like a one man apa or, perhaps, an evesdropping into your ongoing correspondence files" I wrote him on 26 Oct. "There's the fascinating awareness that no one knows I'm reading their stuff and maybe it really isn't meant for my eyes. A very different feeling from what we get from Tappen or Gambit where one is very cognizant of the presence of the proscenium arch. It raises tempting thoughts to do my own version titled, say, Wiz. This notion will pass." The notion did pass but Wiz, complete with proscenium arch, remains. I bring this up in this manner to make you aware that in these few and (maybe) frequent pages I want to create some sort of fragmentary record of my current fannish concerns and amusements as I clown about upon this stage and, in the bargain, sketch the picture of fandom as it reaches me in its public and some of its private aspects here in exile. Thus, for example, the fun taken with the quote from Teresa's letter, above. I trust that it is harmless. I don't intend to rattle skeletons, however, and if you're apprehensive about something appearing as a topic it's best you mention it with the time-honored DNQ. As evidence of my discretion I cite a file of letters going back 30 years which have never been read by anyone save the writer and myself and the revelation of which would turn fandom into a scene from "Twilight Of The Gods."

Curtain down.

Terry Carr: "Surely you were joking about planning to throw out copies of Novae Terrae. You of all people must know that one of the most important of WAW's Fen Commandments was "Never throw out any fanzine -- not even crudzines, because you never know when the lowliest crudzine will prove to be of some importance in later years, and there are always too few copies of fanzines to make it certain that any given one will survive till its time of historic importance or whatever comes. For instance, though I've never thrown out a fanzine in my life (I save the crudzines and give them to neofans in exchange for the promise that if they don't keep them they'll see that they're passed on to other fans). /So you're the one who's responsible for new fan's



4

unerring instinct for the crudzine! On the other hand, the crudzine does fill other new fans with confidence: eg. Madeleine Willis' "Surely you could do better than that" to guess who. -rb/ I have sold off batches of fanzines, a few of which I've later regretted parting with. Specifically, Thurban I #3, one of the worst of all fanzines -- but it contained Roger Zelazny's first published story (actually only the first half of it; it was to be serialized, but there was no Thurban I #4), and how was I to appreciate that when I sold it in 1961? :: Other fanzines that I've sold or given away, to my later regret, include the issue of Star Rockets -- another of the definitive crudzines -- that had a short article by Bob Shaw, and the first half-dozen or so issues of Bob Silverberg's Spaceship, which were terrible but are certainly worth Money today. I'm sure a lot of fans, probably most who recieved the fanzine, discarded Ray Bradbury's Futuria Fantasia, a lousy fanzine that was selling for \$25 an issue twenty years ago. :: Novae Terrae was no crudzine, and I'd offer four or five bucks a copy for it (except for the May 1938 issue, which I have). I'd rather offer 50¢ a copy, which I think would be a fairer price, but its rarity suggests a higher market value today. It's true that fanzines won't see you through times of no money better than money will see you, etc, but the fact remains that money is replaceable and small-circulation fanzines aren't. :: I can only guess at whom you mean as being the other fanwriter who excells in the kind of remarks you quote from Teresa Nielsen Hayden, but perhaps it's Harry Warner. We all try to come up with lovely lines and deadly barbs /Ha! -rb/ combined like Teresa's final line, but the condensation of thought in Teresa's paragraph reminds me most of Harry." /And me of Willis -rb/ (11037 B'way Terr., Oakland, Calif. 94611)

Great Minds In The Same Rut, Dept:

"You should encourage this Bergeron chap. He shows promise."

--John Bangsund in Fast & Loose #7, May 1980.

"We can praise Warhoon 28, of course (and should -- we ought to encourage this chap Bergeron)..."

--Creath Thorne in Telos #3, November 1980.

Yes, yes. Don't stop now!

The Secrets Of Wiz Revealed (much simpler than you thought, really): I'll readily concede that some of the references in Wiz are positively arcane. For those who suspect the Nielsen Haydens have a twin sister named "Patricia" because of my reference to her last issue I probably should quote this from the happily befuddled world of Chuck Harris in his letter in NotSFN #2: "...the trouble was that I couldn't think of a word to say to Patricia Nielsen Hayden (a lovely name like a flag as Jas Thurber said...and only ten years before I thought of it), and Telos really deserved some encouragement... If it hadn't been for her I would never have known that 'Episcopal' was an anagram of 'Pepsicola'. So I chatted about a bit, praised her excellent bit about Mormons, told her that "Spiro Agnew" is an anagram for 'Grow a penis' and thus cleared the decks to answer your letter." Now you know.

Just Among Friends: It was only last night while doing remedial reading in the Nielsen Hayden canon that I came across something in Zed #3 (the Fapazine) which gave me a sardonic chuckle. In my remarks on Bob Leman's letter in Wrhn 30 I made a cryptic aside that Montaigne and Thoreau might have been barred from Oasis -- an invitational apa started by PNH (according to Avedon Carol who knows about such things).

On the subject of apas with blackball provisions I tend to see red. The entire Fapa waiting list once found itself barred from membership by the votes of less Fapa members than you have fingers (I was one of two, I think, who admitted casting such a vote but apparently the rest of my fellow voters agreed with the premise that the whole point of the blackball isn't to be courageous). The kind of foolishness the blackball leads to (and which people like Boggs and myself were predicting with disgust back in those dear dead days) actually came to roost in Oasis when Dave Langford (only the most talented, intelligent, and interesting person to have discovered us in the last ten years) was barred. The perfect picture for the perfect frame (up).

Not long ago a charming letter arrived from Elinor Busby inviting me to membership in an un-named apa. I thought at the time that this was rather nice and didn't think too much more about it other than to send a cordial note back declining the invitation, thanking her for the thought, and expressing the opinion that fandom in general needed the public activity of talented people like herself and the other members "to show by example how it's supposed to be done". I've been thinking about that invitation and it begins to seem more and more intriguing: I must have been voted on for membership before being invited myself; ie, my name put up for possible shooting down via blackball.

Holy catfish (and fooey)!

Anyway, browsing through Zed turned up the news that P&T themselves had been deemed blackball fodder. There it is: the two most talented, intelligent, and interesting persons to have discovered us in the last ten years were subject to the same hit list: "There are two persons on the Fapa-waiting list I would have objected to had I voted in this year's Egoboo Poll...Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden." Signed: Anders Bellis. Fascinating. But all water under the bridge by now, I trust, and something friends can have a good laugh over -- especially when one deduces the reason for Bellis' attitude (judging from Teresa's comments) was that P&T weren't prompt enough in getting copies of their non-Fapa publications to Bellis. Lawdy. Well, actually I can't think of a better reason for blackballing anyone -- except possibly for the color of their skin or the fact that they live in Sweden. Sure. Oh well, this cautionary tale of daggers and poison vials among friends was just something to while away a few idle moments on this lovely morning before going down to get the mail. Away, little birds

5

and butterflies. Tweet, tweet. I suppose the moral of this is that those who live by the blackball die by the blackball.

Yes, you too, Anders.

The Eagle Has Landed: (Nov. 15) Wrhn 30 is now in Puerto Rico. The two cartons are in the hands of the shipping agent who informs me they were stamped "Taxable" by customs. (Puerto Rico has all kinds of import duties but personal effects of a Printed Matter nature are duty free. So, of course, they stamped the boxes "Taxable".) This will require a day or two to straighten out. A day or so in which these packages could be lost. The agent says I should have them *mañana*.

That sound was Ted White throwing himself on a bed of 1000 up-turned styli.

Harry Warner: "It's a good thing AE vanVogt publicized Korzybski's general semantics and one of its most exciting features, the thalamic pause. When your single-sheet arrived, the first thing I saw was the 'WARHOON #30' legend above your name on the address section. Even before I opened the folded paper, I felt I should rush immediately to the nearest establishment where I could order a microfiche reader, since you had obviously solved your logistics and financial problems with thick issues of a large fanzine in this futuristic way. But the good old thalamic pause saved me from unnecessary expense, causing me to hesitate before spending all that money and meanwhile my fingers were automatically fumbling with the staple and I unfolded the paper in time to see what you'd actually done. :: Even the concept of Wrhn with microscopic format seems pallid compared with the titanic assault on the imagination which you achieved with a single sentence, obscurely tucked into a paragraph two-thirds of the way down the first page. "If I could have you all over for the evening," you say in reference to your 75 readers. Now, when you take into consideration the fact that my old reputation as the Hermit of Hagerstown has been ruined by your more spectacular ability to stay clear of fannish bodies, the potentialities of such a supposition are endless. You may "doubt you'd all shut up long enough to let me address you at anywhere near this length." On the contrary: I suspect that 75 fans who found themselves in Richard Bergeron's presence at his actual invitation would be so intimidated, disoriented and distrustful of the reality in which they found themselves that you would have time to read the entire Willis issue of Warhoon from cover to cover before any of them recovered sufficiently from the general paralysis to get vocal cords into working order again. In fact, I can't think of anything in the history of fandom quite as dramatic as such a moment would be." (423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md. 21740)

Ted White: got unaccountably shy and DNQ'd most of a fascinating letter. However, I am permitted to use these thoughts on the "ensmalled" fanzine: "It is the nature of "complex topics" that they resist simplification and discussion "at very short lengths." When writing about complex topics at very short lengths, the most one can do is to provide a haiku-like evocation of complexity itself. Short lengths lend themselves to more simple topics, but simplicity (or narrowness of focus) cannot be equated with no content." /I see what you mean. -rb/ (1014 N. Tuckahoe St, Falls Church, Va. 22046)

Worst Foot Forward: Irwin Hirsh's Sikander is at hand and confounds. Trying to figure out what he's up to leads to a digression: it's odd the third largest English speaking fandom never had a true insurgent element -- in the sense that the US and British fandoms were marked by Laney and company and Ratfandom. We who are used to an awareness in our best fanzines that the shit bucket might get kicked over at any moment find in Australian fanzines a sense of earnestness not counter-balanced by irreverence. The voice of third fandom is still alive in Australia.

Perhaps the problem is that Hirsh doesn't know when to take himself seriously -- and vice versa: The cover, for instance, is a nice sercon drawing by Mike McGann containing the lettering "SIKANDER -- a forum for the development of Australasian Science Fiction writing." This attitude has done well in Aussie fanzines but that's possibly the last time the words 'science fiction' appear in the issue and the problems of writing same are the furthest thing imaginable from any of the material in it. If the cover is sardonic it doesn't take itself seriously enough to communicate a cutting edge or perhaps it takes itself too seriously and thereby fails to be funny. It isn't always necessary that the cover of a fanzine dovetail neatly into the style of its interior; however the cover does immediately imply the context and sets up our expectations. All this reminds me of a Puerto Rican milk company which also happens to sell orange juice. One side of its milk carton serves as an advertisement and carries an enlargement of an orange with the words "Breakfast Orange -- *Nuestro Delicioso*". When all the milk cartons in the dairy case happen to be lined up with that face toward the front of the cabinet it's quite easy to select one of them when you're looking for a carton of orange juice. It's disconcerting to get home and find an extra quart of milk and the juice mysteriously vanished. Similarly with Sikander what we end up with is not milk, or orange juice, but information that if you're a man who likes to have his nipples played with during intercourse you're a homosexual and the nearest we get to SF is San Francisco. It's a matter of packaging. My own feelings about fanzine covers is that they should be an exercise in terrorism or funny or both -- see the covers of Start Breaking Up and Gambit for some fine recent examples. When the cover is first seen there should be a minor shock of the unexpected -- "Now, what is this?!" -- to separate the reader from expectations already set up by all other fanzines. You want to put the reader in your context -- not someone else's. The perfect cover for this issue of Sikander would probably have been a drawing of Bruce Townley playing with Gary Peters' tits. It's a matter of packaging, like I said.

I'll skip the contents, which are eclectic to say the least, because Hirsh's editorial stance is the most interesting thing about Sikander. Editing a fanzine is a

6 learn as you go proposition. This process is normally conducted in the editor's head and the results handed to us on paper. Fully half of Sikander's editorial is used to tell us how unsuccessful the previous issue was, in general, and how unpleasant the contribution in it by John Alderson was in particular. This betrays a gnawing insecurity -- an insecurity hinted at by the sprawling range of its contents and the malapropian cover. Alderson's piece resulted in an excellent and well edited letter column full of interesting thoughts on gender specific terminology. Part of a good fanzine's function is to ensnare its readers into its continuity, its dialog. No one assumes the editor agrees with any particular item in its pages and even when the editor choses to make known a disagreement a sense should remain that s/he is grateful for the participation of the writer taken to task. Where would we be without people willing to speak up freely? It's the sackcloth and ashes routine over his perception of the previous issue which is totally unnecessary. I don't have the space to discuss Irwin's reasons for unhappiness -- some of which may be justified; others not -- but a learning process is no reason for unhappiness. We often learn more from our failures, in any event. But the editor has the continuing opportunity to demonstrate that s/he knows better and should: rather than use the space to apologize to the reader. This kind of *mea culpa* is, therefore, doubly self-defeating and only delays the time when the editor will get around to showing that s/he does know better.

Bill Patterson: comments on the fanzine as a replacement for face-to-face communication: "The objections you bring forth are perfectly valid criticisms of "talking", but conversation is another breed of cat entirely. In a conversation, one must enunciate a thesis and develop it a bit, then shut up and listen for awhile as someone agrees and enunciates supporting detail or disagrees and formulates counter-arguments. The process is quite different from the kind of "catching-up" talk or "small talk" most people do routinely, while never conversing. Then, too, there is a major division between talk/conversation which depends on mannerism and inflection for its impact and the *tischgesprache* of people who love the language. I got a strong feel for that last year when I transcribed a few of the IguanaConcom meeting tapes. Some of the people's speeches came out virtually incoherent in print, simply because, not having thought out what they were saying, their speech was naturally agrammatical and elliptical. But others were perfectly coherent at all times, the enclitic insertions clearly marking caesurae in the middle of a coherent grammatical structure as they searched for *le mot juste* or thought out the logic of their argument. And some people tend naturally to think and speak in sparkling prose marred only infrequently by enclitic insertions, pauses, and so forth. Phil Paine rises immediately to mind as one of the most brilliant conversationalists I've known. At times I think (heretic!) that his conversation is much better than his writing. And Teresa's in-print style bears a strong resemblance to her spoken-speech style. /Yes, it must -- judging from the letters she tosses off before breakfast or in a break at the office; both written in the very same effortless voice. Patrick writes fine letters also, I've had frequent reason to notice: the other day I separated the NH letters into their own folder and found a total of 101pgs they've written me since 1978...fascinating and some of it of historical significance as they relate to the fandom of the early 80s.-rb/So much so that I can hear her speaking the words, substituting a clear visual memory of hoisting a coffee cup at one of the Old Usual Places in Tempe, Arizona -- most probably while crowded into a booth at the Howard Johnson's on Apache Boulevard, the most long-lived of our many "Old Usual Places." Teresa's writing is original and sparkling because her personality is original and sparkling, and she has in both print and person a remarkable facility for the language. :: One delightful aspect of the "ensmalled"(a Middle English construction if I ever heard one) fanzine is that, although the genzine format forces one to large-scale, stand-alone items, one can catch in the smaller form the most fleeting items of interest and amusement -- titbits of the kind of information you would pass along to friends as you meet casually on the street -- without disrupting the form or feeling compelled to expand on them, raising the ephemeral to the level of social commentary. Patrick and Teresa caught this possibility, wrung it out, and presented the barest skeleton in an early number of Telos by printing a few items grouped under the heading of "Department of No Comment, No Comment At All." Rather nice, that. Not having to comment, to fit the tiny item into a stand-alone form, allows one perfect leisure in his search for the proper moment to stop. (537 Jones St. #9943, SF CA 94102)

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