

Origin of the propeller beanie -  
p. 43

H A B A K K U K

CHAPTER 3

VERSE 3



1972



Send trades and locs to:

Bill Donaho  
626 58th St.  
Oakland, CA 94609

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Edited and Published by Bill Donaho  
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Fanzines for review to:

Ted White  
1014 North Tuckahoe St.  
Falls Church, VA 22046

And to trade for BLAT! also send one:

Dan Steffan  
3804 South 9th St.  
Arlington, VA 22204

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# Meanderings

by Bill Donaho

My apologies to all for my poor proof reading last issue. I am a very lousy proof reader. This time I'm using a spelling checker to try to minimize my errors and Dave Rike is kindly doing the proof reading for me. Hopefully, there will be far fewer typos.

Actually, most of the errors are not due to bad typing per se; they are because my fingers rest too heavily on the home keys of my computer keyboard. ";" is my most usual typo with "a" not too far behind. Though why my little fingers should rest heavier on the keys I can't tell you.

I also had a mechanical problem in the breakdown of the printer—or the software—as far as underlining was concerned. And my attempts to do it by hand were not at all consistent and sometimes looked worse that if I had left well enough alone. And I don't quite understand the breakdown. Sometimes the underline command was ignored completely; sometimes one word of a title was underlined; sometimes one letter of a word was not underlined. And underlining was the only command misshandled; all others came thru ok.

And to add to the confusion, the printer underlines perfectly if I have a nylon ribbon on—which doesn't reproduce well—and only acts up with a cloth black ribbon. I've tried several of both kinds and the results are consistent. And obviously it was not a matter of the cloth ribbon requiring more pressure as sometimes it prints the underlining and sometimes it doesn't. It would seem that the software knows what kind of ribbon is on the printer and doesn't approve of cloth. . . .Uppity software!

Of course, I am not the best person to cope with mechanical problems. Back around 1960 Dick Ellington, Dan Curran and I were thinking of setting up a print shop. I thought it might be a good idea for me to take some printing courses, so I applied to Merritt College in Oakland. Among other things they had me take some tests. They told me that my scores were somewhat unusual. On the intellectual and academic questions I had the highest score of anyone who had ever taken the tests, but on the questions measuring mechanical aptitude I had the lowest one.

In any case, no more underlining. I either use quotes or print it in bold.

\*\*\*\*\*

They warned us to be sure to get a flu shot this year, that the strain going around was especially bad. So I got a flu shot. Three weeks later I came down with the worst flu I've ever had. The doctor explained that it was a different strain, one not covered by the shot. Un huh. . .

With it I had a cough worse than any I've had since I had whooping cough as a child. And cough drops or cough syrup had not the slightest effect on it. Fortunately, I had been taking some decongestants and when I

out got of one kind got another with antihistamine. This kind knocked the cough in the head.

It hit me early in December. Fortunately most of the work on the December HABAKKUK was done, but the whole thing delayed it some weeks. And I didn't really observe the holidays. I didn't even go to the December Third Saturday party, but I did listen to The Messiah and a fair amount of Christmas carols. Fortunately, I was feeling well enough to enjoy Pat and Marie Ellington's traditional Christmas Eve party where most of the usual fannish crowd showed up.

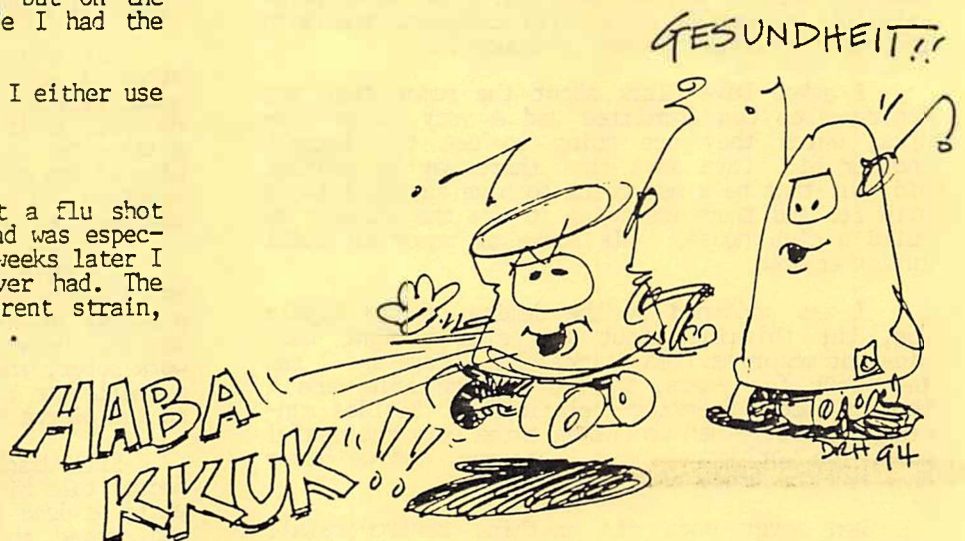
Miriam got a shot too. And it didn't do her any good either. She spent most of Christmas Day in bed and then crept over to some non-fannish friends for a late dinner. Dave Rike and I ate out at a Fancy Expensive Restaurant. And so to bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Art Saha called. First time I heard from him in years. I didn't even have his address and so hadn't sent him HABAKKUK. And he didn't know I was publishing again. Art was writing an article on 50s fandom and wanted to check a few things with me. Naturally said article appears here this issue.

Memory is a sometime thing, and Art remembers things I didn't when writing "Memories of the Dive." I had completely forgotten the party we gave for Larry Shaw and Lee Hoffman when they got married with the surprise drop in from Toronto of Boyd Raeburn, Ron Kidder and Gerald Stewart, but when Art mentioned it I could even remember the expression on Boyd's face when he walked in. And many of the other forgotten things Art mentions flash into my mind, fleshed out with many details.

But in reading about the party that Ted Carnell threw at the Dive, my mind is a complete blank; no memories surface at all. But I had to have been there. The same sort of thing happened upon my rereading "The Coon Goes West." Memory is peculiar.







The Elves, Gnomes and Little Men, Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society is no more. It was a long, lingering death.

For many years they met every Friday night at Ben Stark's, with occasional parties at the Andersons and other homes, and two picnics a year in Tilden Park. After that at Alva Roger's, with parties usually at Alva's, and only one picnic a year. Then, Friday night at The Other Change of Hobbit (one of the two Berkeley sf book stores).

I stopped going to the meetings while they were still at Ben's, but I did attend parties at Alva's. I never made the meetings at The Other Change of Hobbit and I remember hearing that they were down to biweekly. Attendance grew so spotty that they soon stopped having meetings. They did have monthly parties, however, rotating from fan's house to fan's house. But I am told that most of them were down on the peninsula--there always was some crossover with the Little Men and PENSFA. But they finally dwindled away.

And on Sunday, March 6th, Richard Weiss, the guy who had sent out the meeting notices for years and years, and Patricia Davis, gave an Open House house warming. I understand that most of the guests were colleagues from work who had nothing whatever to do with fandom. I certainly knew none of them. There were no Little Men old timers at all. The only people I knew were Dave Rike, Dave Clark, and Spike Parsons and her husband, Tom Becker. Richard confirmed that the club is dead.

But the house is very nice and there was a lot of very good food and drink. I've never cared very much for Merlot, but our Host had a lot of a quite palatable vintage. Along with champagne and both imported and domestic beer of course.

I asked Dave Clark about the rumor that the ConFrancisco Con Committee had a very large surplus, which they are going to use to bankroll another bid. Dave says that there may be another bid, but that he's not going to have anything to do with it. And they are going to use the surplus to build a club house. His sense of humor is still intact anyhow.

I was saddened by the demise of the Little Men, but thinking about the club brought back pleasant memories. Ben Stark, Alva Rogers and I ran the group for years. We had a remarkable--and I suspect record breaking--relationship. Besides running the Little Men we put on three very successful cons, two Worldcons and a Westercon, and we never once had the trace of an argument.

Ben never once did anything controversial; occasionally either Alva or I would wander out into

left field, but we always supported each other and Ben always supported us. And we must have been doing Something Right. The local fans and pros were always available and eager to do the 1001 things necessary to put on a con. And the Little Men throve.

Al Halevy was part of it in the beginning, but as his drinking got heavier and heavier he got flakier and flakier, and by the time Pacificon II rolled around Al had almost no input into matters, much less control of anything, even though he was the nominal Chairman. Unfortunately we couldn't control him at the con itself and he wandered around creating havoc and lurid con reports.

One of his fortunately less-noticed antics was trying to bar Don Fitch from something or other. I don't remember the details, but probably Don does.

But Al kept it well together enough that he was Congressman Ron Dellum's local assistant for years. I think--but I'm not sure--that he was in charge of the local office.

\* \* \* \* \*

Someone asked whatever happened to Bill Rickhardt, a Detroit fan who lived in New York and then the Washington area for awhile and finally settled out here.

When Bill first got out here he was living with Phyllis Scott--an ex-girl friend of mine--and they had very little income. They always shopped at Safeway, not the Co-op. About half their food "purchases" were shoplifted, and they thought it immoral to shoplift from the Co-op. But Bill soon got a job as brakeman on the Southern Pacific and they had an adequate income.

Phyllis later left him and there was enough bad blood between them that he left their son not a penny when he died. (They weren't married so he could get away with it.) He later married Mary Alice Muse--an ex-girl friend of Dan Curran's. They had a stormy few years and then got divorced. But they couldn't stay away from each other. People said, "Bill and Mary Alice's divorce is as big a failure as their marriage."

Bill also had a daughter, by a girlfriend who had the baby deliberately, wanted it all to herself, and never approached Bill either for support or for fathering of the child. This was certainly ok with Bill. The daughter got nothing from Bill's estate either.

His second marriage with Sayre Hamilton, another of Dan's ex-girl-friends, went smoother for some years but their breakup was pretty stormy too. However, their son got his legal due of half of the estate. Dan lived with them, almost from the beginning of the marriage and stayed with Bill after the break-up. He got about 1/10 of it. (Mary Alice was the Executor and Trustee.)

The estate wasn't too shabby because Bill had an accident on the job--not his fault--and he lost a couple of toes, and got a large settlement from the SP. He said that fortunately he had gone to work sober, the first time in months. So he bought a small farm about 30 miles east of Sacramento, up in the Sierra foothills.

Bill drank quite a bit and at one point his doctor told him that if he didn't stop drinking he would be dead in six months. He quit and joined AA and stayed the course for three months. Then he made his will and went back to drinking. He lasted



two years, dying in September 1978.

Bill and Sayre's son, Nathan, turned out to be very much a dooper and drinker and the last I heard Sayre had kicked him out about age 18 or so.

Bill and Phyllis's son, Will, turned out reasonably well and is now a computer programmer in his early thirties. I don't know about the daughter.

\*\*\*\*\*

The March Third Saturday was at Terry Floyd and Pam Davis's place in San Leandro. I was surprised to see the usual San Francisco regulars there since the Bay Bridge usually seems a complete barrier to most San Franciscans. Many others too. Even Jeanne Bowman and Don Heron showed up. Terry had a lot of home brew to lubricate the proceedings. He called it stout. It was a little heavy on the malt, but not quite that heavy. It took me several bottles to find this out of course.

The beer somehow lead to a discussion of drinking patterns. Don Heron mentioned that when Robert Lichtman was on his TAFF trip one night in Leeds he nursed half-a-pint of beer all evening. 5 or 6 British fans came up to Don. "Is Robert sick?" "What's the matter with Robert?" and so forth.

And someone brought up Samuel R. (Chip) Delaney's autobiography. Spike Parsons said that in Wisconsin a group of strongly feminist straight women and one straight man sat around discussing the book, trying to be open and accepting, but not understanding how any guy could have sex 15 times in one night. Greek passive, that's how. French active is theoretically possible, but that many times would be a trifle exhausting one would think.

This lead to a discussion of Slash Fandom. Someone said that every TV show that has anything resembling male buddies has its slash fandom. It seems weird to me that slash fandom with its gay males and explicit gay male sex is almost entirely a creation of straight females, but in the 60s Lesbian novels read by straight men was a big thing



and I guess this is the other side of the coin. Live and learn.

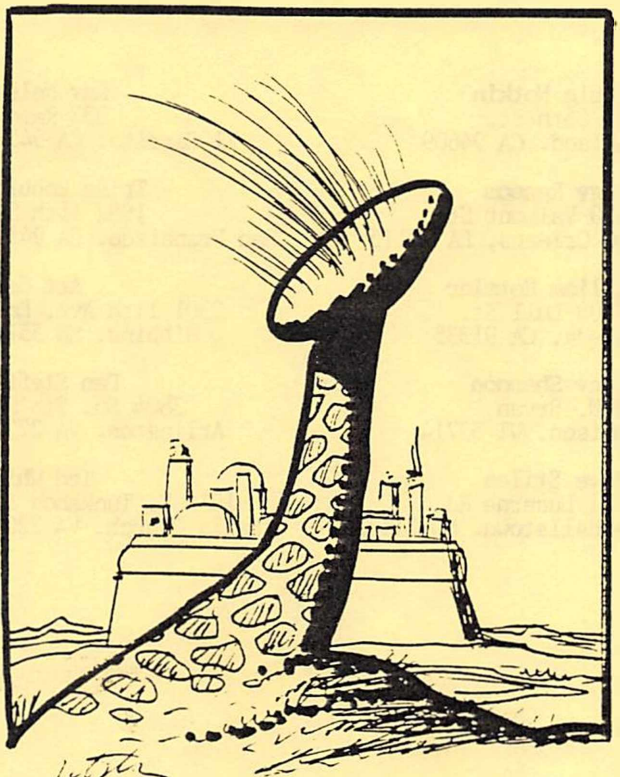
Out of curocity I read a couple of the things. I could accept Kirk and McCoy as bisexuals, skimming the sex scenes, but I had a great difficulty in visualizing Spock as Kirk's boy. And without the sex, the stories were boring, boring, boring. Of course all pornography tends to be that way, but these stories were especially so. Fortunately I don't have to read them.

Don said that in England many of the TV shows now were catering to slash fandom, not by having gay sex on the screen, but by having the plots and characters compatible with that sort of off screen activity. I suppose that if its commercially successful over there, we'll get it here too sooner or later. And maybe we won't even be able to tell the difference with nothing overt happening on the screen. . .

\*\*\*\*\*

Elinor Busby recently used the phrase "dull as ditchwater." Now it's perfectly obvious what ditchwater means, this is the first time I ever remember seeing the word. Yet of course I am familiar with the cliché. But I always read it as "dull as dishwater." Maybe "dishwater" is what I've always seen, but I suspect I've been translating.

I'm a very fast reader and sometimes what my brain "sees" has more to do with its preconceptions that with what is actually on the page. When I was a teenager I was very fond of a Texas imitation of "Gone With the Wind" called "And Tell of Time." It is just about as long as GWTW, but I was reading it for the third time before I realized that the hero's name was Cavin, not Calvin. I had never encountered the name "Cavin" before and so was translating it into something familiar.



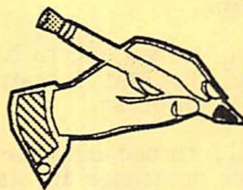


And I suspect all these years I have been translating "Dull as ditchwater" into "Dull as dishwater."

I haven't smoked for years and have never been concerned about second-hand smoke, but I just learned something interesting about the second-hand smoke research. It seems that there were 11 epistemological (Sp?) studies done on the question of whether or not it was harmful. ALL of them found that it wasn't. Then they did some sort of fancy correlation of the data and it came out that second-hand smoke was harmful to approximately .01% of the population. They multiplied this percentage by some death rate figure to get the deaths from second-hand smoke. Pretty iffv.

In one of her fanzines Avedon Carol says that she looked up all the research on direct smoking damage, and that those conclusions were pretty iffv, too iffv enough so that she was no longer concerned about quitting.

Sexual harassment has been getting a lot of press recently. I more or less accept the prevalent view that it is alive and kicking in our society, but nevertheless I think many of the things claimed as harassment aren't. But it had never occurred to me for a moment that Anita Hill might be living. However, after reading the discussion in FOSFAX I'm substantially convinced that she was.



## Contributors

**Lenny Bailes**  
504 Bartlett St.  
San Francisco, CA 94110

**Sheryl Birkhead**  
23629 Woodfield Road  
Gaithersburg, MD 20882

**Brad Foster**  
PO Box 165246  
Irving, TX 75016

**Linda Hardy**  
20190 Milburn  
Livonia, MI 48152

**Bill Kunkel**  
805 Spvglass Lane  
Las Vegas, NV 89197

**Greg Benford**  
1105 Skvline Dr.  
Laguna Beach, CA 92651

**Leigh Edmonds**  
6 Elvira St.  
Palmyra, WA 6157  
Australia

**Nola Frame-Gray**  
PO Box 465  
Inglewood, CA 90307

**David Haugh**  
556 N. 3rd St.  
Woodburn, OR 97071

**Catherine Mintz**  
Apt #1708  
1810 S. Rittenhouse Sq.  
Philadelphia, PA 19103



Ted has strong opinions and expresses them strongly. I don't always agree with him, but I am very pleased with his and Debbie's reviews this issue and with the articles by Art and Greg and Leigh and with Lenny's account of Aeberg's career.

And of course many thanks to Sheryl Birkhead, Brad Foster, Nola Frame-Gray, Linda Hardy, Dave Haugh, Bill Kunkel, Catherine Mintz, Ray Nelson, Peggy Ransom, Trina Robbins, William Rotsler, Tracy Shannon, Dan Steffan and Steve Stiles who are responsible for much of the appeal of this issue.

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I would like some feedback about The Arena. Like a lot of fans I like a long and lively letter column, so I try to edit it to encourage and stimulate discussion, controversy and high jinks. I even request things I think will add to this.

I've got many compliments on The Arena, but also a couple of requests that I do tighter editing. I got a lot of letters this time and essentially edited so as to stimulate more. This made for a long Arena. Maybe longer than most fans want to read... Should I edit tighter and shorter?

**Debbie Notkin**  
680 66th St.  
Oakland, CA 94609

**Peggy Ransom**  
1420 Valmont St.  
New Orleans, LA 70115

**William Rotsler**  
17909 Lull St.  
Reseda, CA 91335

**Tracy Shannon**  
53 N. Brvan  
Madison, WI 53714

**Steve Stiles**  
8631 Lucerne Rd.  
Randallstown, MD 21133

**Ray Nelson**  
333 Ramona  
El Cerrito, CA 94530

**Trina Robbins**  
1982 15th St.  
San Francisco, CA 94114

**Art Saha**  
2301 11th Ave. East  
Hibbing, MN 55746

**Dan Steffan**  
3804 So. 9th St.  
Arlington, VA 22204

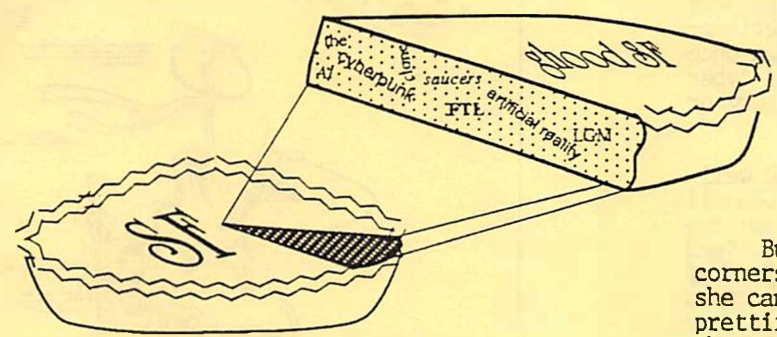
**Ted White**  
1014 N. Tuckahoe St.  
Falls Church, VA 22046



# The Other Ten Per Cent

## Book Reviews

by  
Debbie Notkin



Okay, so now you've been completely converted back to science fiction from mysteries and non-fiction; you've read all the books I recommended last time; you agreed completely with everything I said, and you're patiently waiting for more recommendations, right? And you want to buy a slightly-used bridge, too? (If you wrote Bill a letter asking why he bothered to put book reviews in his fanzine, then why are you reading the second column?)

Quickly, for those without perfect memories, the ground rules: only books in print, only books I liked, only books I didn't work on in manuscript. Fortunately, despite all the books this eliminates, it still leaves a lot of books.

"Mirror Dance" by Lois McMaster Bujold (Paen, \$20.00) is her newest entry in the saga of Miles Vorkosigan and his family and friends. Lots of people consider Bujold a pretty low taste: I've heard an astonishing number of nasty comments about her awards and her following. Her first award was the Nebula for "Falling Free". I completely agreed with the prevailing wisdom. The book was clunky and uninteresting, trying unsuccessfully to say important things.

But when you work in a bookstore, your customers keep you honest. They kept buying her books and they kept recommending them in ways that interested me. So I read "Ethan of Athos", a side-stream book off of the Vorkosigan main line, about an all-male society...and I hated it! Much worse than "Falling Free". Gender is one of my top three interesting issues, so I often dislike bad books about gender more than other bad books. No more Bujold for me.

But the interesting recommendations didn't stop, and the awards didn't stop, and finally I picked up "Shards of Honor". I saved you a lot of trouble; just start there. "Shards of Honor" is the real thing: captivating people in exciting situations, facing complex moral dilemmas, with the technology skillfully interwoven into very alien cultures and very human reactions. I got hooked. I've read every Vorkosigan book (there are now seven, including "Mirror Dance") with pleasure.

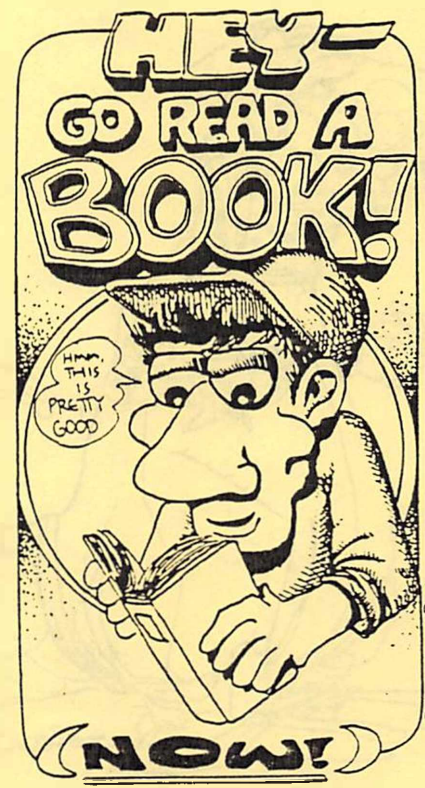
And "Mirror Dance" is a quantum leap better than the previous ones. Miles Vorkosigan, hero of most of the series, is the invisible man of this book. He's lost and probably dead, and his hapless clone-brother, Mark, whose story began in "Brothers in Arms", takes center stage. Mark might once have been a good kid, but he's been scarred by a hell of a nasty history. His obsessive search for Miles is inextricably interwoven with his desperate attempt to come to terms with his darker side.

Bujold doesn't mince words and she doesn't cut corners. She can take you inside Mark's head, and she can make you sympathize with him, but she won't prettify him. She performs this tour-de-force of characterization while maintaining the plot at a level of suspense that Alfred Hitchcock would admire and embedding the future technology deftly into the story.

"Mirror Dance" is not a stand-alone. You must read "Brother In Arms" first, and preferably the whole Vorkosigan series. A six-book build-up for one recommended book? Yes. It's worth it.

\*\*\*

Jean Mark Gawron checked into science fiction in the late '70s with a Delany pastiche called "Algorithm" (and one other novel I never read), and promptly disappeared. More than a decade later he's back, this time with "Dream of Glass", from the already defunct literary hardcover line edited by Michael Kandel and published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Requiesat in pace. "Dream of Glass" may not have a paperback, which would be too damned bad, because the book isn't only good, it's good for you (especially if, like me, you're well over thirty.)





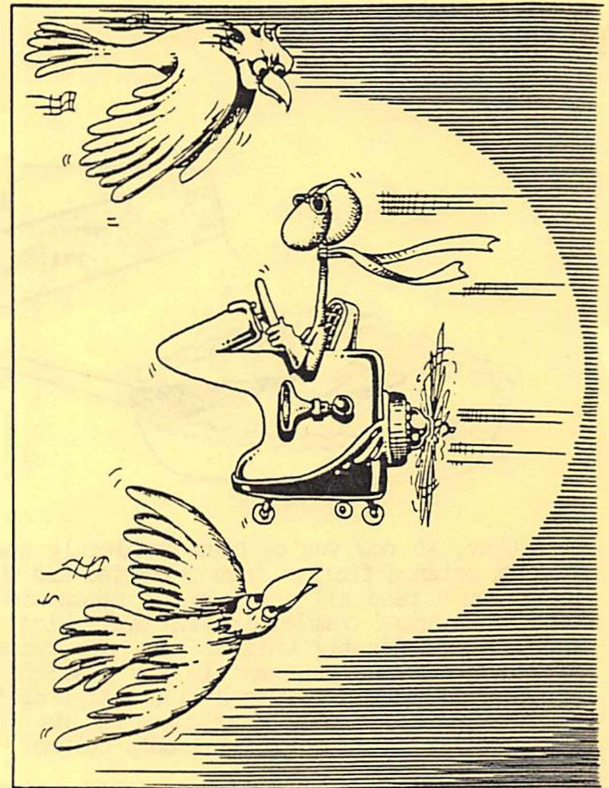
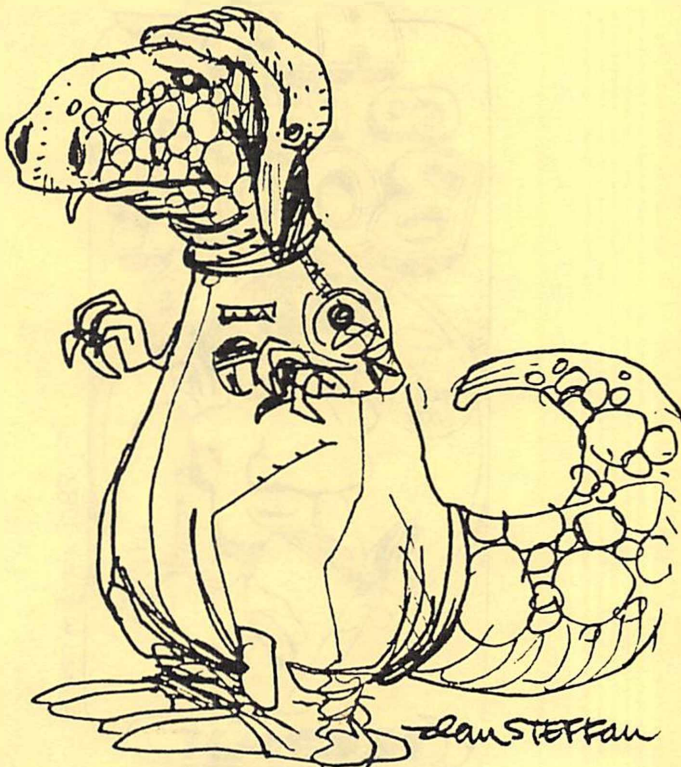
Gawron is among the first science fiction writers to create a world in which "cyberpunk" isn't the topic, it's the background. Cyberspace is the air that Alexa Augustine breathes, and Gawron never stops for a moment to explain or expound on it; he just describes it in the same even and no-sense-of-wonder tone you might use to describe your breakfast table or your commute to work. Experienced SF reader though I am, I got lost more than once in the commonplace everydayness of Gawron's cyber wonderland, but I never lost track of the story or the world in which it takes place.

"Dream of Glass" is set in a complex and well-realized future, where the autocratic Rose Council controls the cities and has a tenuous hold on the countryside as well. The Council distrusts (and disempowers) anyone likely to cause political trouble, but it does need its interfacers (surfers in the cyber sea). So when brilliant interfacer Alexa dies by accident, she is rebuilt as Augustine, half-woman, half-cyber.

Alas, the construct Augustine adjusts poorly to the world around her and becomes unstable; she is hospitalized rather than neutralized. Through Augustine's eyes, Gawron us on a tour of a future dictatorship from its seamy underbelly. The politics and the characterization are just fine; the material from the world of the interface will stretch your mind, and maybe even change how you see.

\*\*\*

Terry Carr always used to say that he wanted to see the stories about the transitions: These new worlds were fine, but how do we get there from here? I thought of him while I was reading "The Parable of the Sower", Octavia Butler's new novel (Four Walls, Eight Windows, \$20.00). Butler is attempting something virtually impossible: to write the story between "if this goes on..." and "what if..."



Teenager Lauren Olamina is growing up in a very bleak near-future Southern California, where small groups of people can be relatively safe in walled enclaves, if the community takes extreme protective measures. Going to work is a danger, though, and growing up is a pretty joyless process. Lauren is determined that things don't have to be this bad—and she sets out to begin the changes that will make her right.

Butler writes of perilous times with a detailed realism that is unmistakably reminiscent of Heinlein, from the "teach the kids to shoot" field trips to the careful analysis of the economics of trading posts for the pedestrian emigration from Los Angeles. I felt that her depiction of all strangers as dangerous potential murderers and thieves is a bit overdone, but it's certainly in accord with the common wisdom of our times. In any case, Lauren develops in a climate of minimal safety and extreme fear, constantly constructing the possibility of a different kind of world inside her head.

When the troubles come to Lauren's doorstep and she is forced to take off on her own, she begins to build a new community of people she can at least try to trust—and to teach them her new ways of thinking about the world. The epigraphs to the chapters are from Lauren's religion cum philosophy, obviously codified and become scripture. So what Butler is showing us is the birth of a new worldview, the transition between this time and that time, and the (extra)ordinary people who make big changes happen, in an atmosphere so real it's sometimes almost unreadable.

Many science fiction writers say about their dystopias, "It's not depressing; it's cautionary." The "Parable of the Sower", taken all in all, is not depressing; it's the Pandora's Box myth come true, with the tiny Hope carefully stowed at the bottom of the chest of troubles.



# BTRENCHMENT BLUDGEON

B · Y · T · E · D · W · H · I · T · E

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY  
vol 9, no 2  
August 1993  
Leland Sapiro  
Box 958  
Big Sandy, TX 75755

readv known about—and an aspect of Frank Sinatra's that you may not know about... I'd appreciate your dropping me a card—not necessarily a loc to acknowledge this."

The lead article (by Sapiro of course) is a two-page review of the 1987 "Smiling through the Apocalypse," a collection of pieces originally published in ESCUTRE in the sixties. The one which commands Sapiro's attention is "Frank Sinatra Has a Cold" by Gav Talese. Sapiro seems to have some kind of a grudge against Talese, but he quotes extensively from Talese's description of Sinatra's encounter with Harlan Ellison.

Frankly, I have no idea why Sapiro wrote this piece nor why he thought it important for me to read it. (I did acknowledge receipt directly to Leland, just to put his mind at ease.) I think it was at Tricon—in 1966—that I heard Harlan's version of this encounter. Talese adds nothing to it, nor does Sapiro for that matter. In two more years this will be thirty-year-old news. What is Sapiro's point?

(Or is it just that I am being foisted into some sort of role as Overseer of Ellison stories? Harlan himself called me last week to give me his side of a lot of recent goings-on in which he was involved. "I just want you to hear my side, Ted." is how he put it. The next day a correspondent in England sent me a xerox of a three-page piece on Harlan in the December COMICS JOURNAL. In the same mail was a printout of one of the GENIE topics on Harlan from last summer—including his letter to GENIE which covered much the same ground as his hour-long phone call. Why me. I wonder? But I digress....)

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY has been around a long time. It began life as Ron & Cindy Smith's INSIDE, published in New York in the mid-fifties. When the Smiths emigrated to Australia, they belatedly passed what was left of the zine (the Smiths had themselves picked over the remains of Ellison's DIMENSIONS before what was left of that ended up in my hands) on to Jon White (no relation, but by now an old friend), who then lived on Riverside Drive in New York City. Jon renamed it RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, but had barely done so before passing it—in 1962 or thereabouts—to Leland Sapiro. Sapiro has run with it ever since.

Sapiro's original claim to fame—dating to long before he acquired RO—was that upon reading a letter from a southern-bigot fan (Edwin Siegler, I think his name was). Sapiro took a plane to the bigot's

home city, a cab to his door, and upon meeting him punched him out, after which he returned to the airport and a flight home. This story endeared Sapiro to many fans of the day, bigotry being as unpopular in fandom then as it is now. But as the editor of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY Sapiro was less feisty than academic. RO lost the pizzazz of INSIDE and took on a more sober, serious mien.

It doesn't seem to have changed much, but I note that in addition to Redd Boggs as fiction editor (!), Sheryl Birkhead has signed on as the art director, and cleaned things up a bit. \*

There is, pace Boggs, no fiction in this issue. It consists mostly of book reviews and poetry (which I didn't attempt to read: I have a tin ear for poetry), with the leavening of a column by Jim Harmon and an article—rather academic—on "Blade Runner." Sheryl has prodded Leland into adding an Artist Showcase, which in this issue presents three pages of art by Allen Koszowski. (He's not bad: his style seems a cross between Alan Hunter and Steve Fabian, with Fabian dominating.)

I remember Jim Harmon as one of the up-and-coming fans of early fifties (6th Fandom) fandom, and he was of course the guy who broke down Harlan's door at the 1954 Midwestcon, creating the Door Incident of song and story.

Somewhere in the fifties Harmon took a left turn into the already disappearing world of Radio, and he has apparently successfully mined the growing nostalgia for radio in a series of books, the latest being "Radio Mystery and Adventure" (Sapiro says it's a bestseller). His column this time describes an encounter with Orson Welles, cut from his book. It was interesting, but I could understand its being cut: it was not an encounter of much consequence: Welles never spoke to him.

It is not until we reach the final part of the issue, the "Selected Letters," that RO comes alive as a fanzine. Suddenly fans rear their heads. Here is Ben Indick, Ned Brooks, Brian Earl Brown, Dick Lynch, Steve Brown, Sid Bonds and Sheryl Birkhead, along with less familiar names—indications that RO has not slipped entirely beyond the pale of fandom.

Otherwise, RO, with its saddle-stapled, half-lettersize, photo-offset format, thick black borders on every page, is less a fanzine than a rather stuffy, academically-oriented zine, pitched at \$2.50 a copy to anyone who will buy it. Frankly, I don't think its meagre contents warrant that price, but these days \$2.50 is barely more than the price of a candy-bar at the multiplex, so maybe it doesn't matter.



ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY  
vol II. no 4  
November 1993  
Joe Maraglino, editor  
Niagra Falls SF Assn  
PO Box 500  
Bridge Station  
Niagra Falls. NY 14305

I don't know what it is with Joe Maraglino. He sent me every issue of AO without any acknowledgement on my part until about a year ago. I succumbed to a fit of guilt and wrote him a loc. He published it, and flushed

with enthusiasm from seeing my name in print. I wrote him locs on the next two issues, and those he ignored. Not even a mention in the WAHFs. Whv. I wondered. was he ignoring my letters?

When I loc a fanzine I do so with the expectation of seeing at least a portion of my letter published, and I try to write publishable letters, not hasty tossoffs. And a quick scan of those letters which he did publish indicates to me that my letters did not go unpublished because they failed to meet the high standards applied to those letters. So whv did he toss them?

I was able to come up with only one hypothesis: In April Dan Steffan and I published BLAT! #1. The last letter in the letter column is from George Flynn, who comments on a passage from D. West's DIASNAID #7. He contrasts the way the same passage was quoted in both PONG #41 and an issue of ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY. In AO it was bowdlerized. After he received that issue of BLAT! Joe Maraglino stopped publishing my locs. Was he offended by Flynn's observation? Did he blame us?

I began to make queries. Sheryl Birkhead had not received my answers to her questions about artists like Grant Canfield or Johnny Chambers. Not only had Maraglino not published my letters, he'd not forwarded their contents directly to the people they commented on and to—as other faneds, like the Lynches, say, do (sending contributors all the unpublished responses to their pieces). (The practice is called "an egoboo exoress:" the first faned I'm aware of who did this was Dick Geis.)

I made further queries. One fan told me that when my name was mentioned, Joe Maraglino made a face and an unpleasant noise. Another fan told me that Joe had told him that he regarded my letters as "hurtful" and unpleasant, and that he had destroyed them, not allowing even his wife (Linda Michaels) to read them.

Does that strike you as absurd? Me too. But I get the feeling that Joe Maraglino does not operate in the same fandom I do, and the motives I've hypothesized and the behavior I've encountered only serve to underscore that point. But let me tell you about AO.

Physically, the zine is impressively produced by multilith. This means the use of color (a variety of colors, some of them pastel), and indeed blends of color (different inks mix to a spectrum running from top to bottom of the page), but no multicolor (separate runs for each color: "processed," or "full-color" work). The format is legal length folded in half and saddle-stapled. The interior is printed on a cream (or pale canary) stock that is heavier than normal (24#?), while the covers are on a vet stiffer stock. The text is your "dto" standard, with an affectation for tiny print (in the colophon and various footnotes scattered throughout the issue) and vaguely antique display type. All titles are in boxes.

Earlier issues tended to look cluttered and jammed together, but Joe (or "edt. asst." Linda Michaels) has gotten a bit better at putting an issue together by now. The basic problem is the art.



When Alicia Austin began decorating the pages of fanzines in the early seventies with work done in the style of Aubrey Beardsley, it was novel and she did it well. But the artists who dominate AO—the aforementioned Linda Michaels, Margaret Organ-Kean, and Diana Harlan Stein—all draw in an affected style derived of Beardsley and his peers. Their subject matter is almost always nude, semi-nude, or elaborately costumed women. There is the occasional unicorn as well.

This is not "fan art," and when it dominates a fanzine I am reminded of a few ANRA (George Scithers' sixties fanzine, also multilithed in half-legal length, which sported a great deal of Thornged Warriors—Conan and others—Art by Roy Krenkel and George Barr, among others). ANRA wasn't really a fanzine in the conventional sense: it was the quasi-official organ of a subfandom, and had more in common with "little magazines."

AO isn't really sure whether it is a fanzine. As a quasi-clubzine, it feels more like a small magazine devoted to its own semi-private coterie. Fandom intrudes on it in many ways, but does not own it.

Maraglino writes, on the strength of his editorial, better than most of his contributors, but his writing is essentially mundane in nature and subject matter. His editorial does not address AO or his readers, but is instead a self-contained little—one page—mood piece. It might have worked better as part of an editorial, or as a separate piece. But as an editorial, it turns its back on the reader. Don't bother me. I'm self-absorbed.

The letter column ("Letterbox") follows immediately, opening with a set of corrections to the photos (all by Jay Kay Klein) in the previous issue, several of which were captioned with misidentifications. Naturally, one of these corrections is wrong as well. Harry Andrushak figures

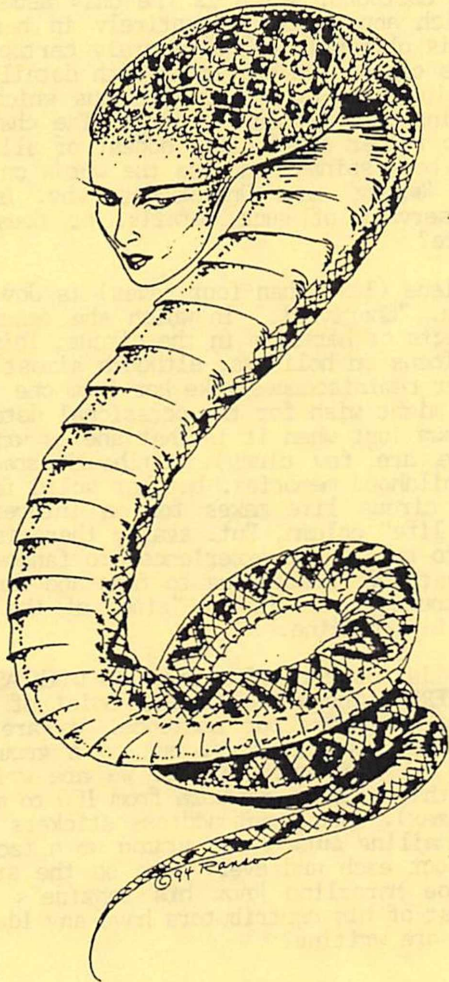


prominantly in this lettercol. but with one of his less inane letters. Vicki Rosenzweig suggests that AO publish the address of its contributors, and this sets Joe off on a rant which says much about where he's coming from and how he sees his fanzine:

"Letterhacks. for the most part prefer to have their addresses printed. Writers. on the other hand are all too often inundated by mail. and find that unsolicited material. either in the form of letters. fanzines and cetera <sic>. is clearly just more to wade through. Any editor who would consciously violate a contributor's right to privacy. be he/she the editor of the largest. most respected periodical. or editor of the the poorest and most humble of zines such as this one. should be (and in most cases. would be) run out of the publishing business/hobby on a rail. if for no other reason than that the publication in question would be hard-pressed to continually find contributors who were unaware of the unprofessionalism of its guidelines and ethical posturing." In other words. AS-TROMANCER QUARTERLY ain't no fanzine. Vicki. and don't you forget it!

Of course Joe hasn't a clue here. It isn't just that here in the World of Fandom we get to know the addresses of a fanzine's contributors because they are essentially the same people who write the letters of comment anyway. Joe has got "writers" all wrong. even if he's speaking of dirty pros and not most fanwriters. I have never met a professional writer who did not want to hear from his/her readers.

Most writers are in fact desperate for intelligent feedback. and this is a complaint that goes back to James Blish thirty or more years ago. Why would



such writers not want to receive fanzines as well? I suppose the answer to that might lie in the quality of the fanzines offered. Moronic crudzines would be enjoyed by such recipients no more than any of us. of course.

But the real key to Joe Maraglino and his fannishness or lack thereof is to be found in the "pseudo-Cambellism" (to use a fine old Redd Boggs term) of his nonsense about the "unprofessionalism" of allowing his readers and contributors to mix. Joe thinks his contributors are better than AO's readers. \*Sigh\*....

"A Faned's Ruminations on SF" by Tom Sadler gives the lie to that. I gather. from reading the piece closely. that Tom puts out a fanzine called THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS. although that's conjecture on my part. I've never seen the fanzine and never heard of Sadler. and apparently I haven't missed much. This piece is the kind of thing that would work much better as an editorial in its author's fanzine I suspect. It's all about how Tom was on a panel at a con. hev. make that two panels. and he tried hard to be thoughtful and maybe controversial. and no one argued with him.

The two panels asked what sf you'd use to introduce a new reader to the field. and whether sf is better or worse now than in the past. two Heavy Tonics. to be sure. Sadler uses these two topics to fuel his "ruminations." but although he wanders widely he offers up no new ideas or insights. and writes in a kind of burbling good humor: "Wow! This has gotten really serious. Serious to the max!" Vallevfan. anyone?

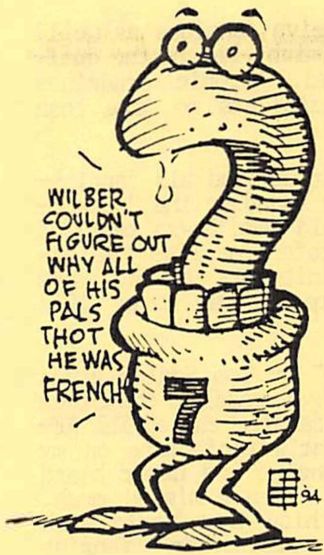
Jav Kav Klein's "Photolog" is a continuing feature. Here is another supposed "fan" who has devoted himself for more than thirty years to kissing up the pros as obsequiously as he could; naturally his photo feature is devoted exclusively to pros. The fans sometimes glimpsed in his photos are there by accident and could not easily be deleted in the darkroom. But Jav's eyes—or memory—appear to be fading: last issue he identified a picture of Joe Haldeman as that of Alexis Gilliland. although the two look nothing alike.

At least Klein's pictures have a connection with sf. "The Quince Quorner" and "Asparagus Aftermath" have none. Like Furry Animal Fandoms past. this stuff is the sort of cutesy crap that is more commonly found as filler in PTA bulletins and that sort of thing: verse (to put it kindly in most cases) or doggerel devoted to fruit and vegetables on two pages. back to back. The editor and some of his readers prize this sort of "creativity."

Immediately following (and decorated with a drawing of A Cute Bunny With Trumpet) is "Book Views" by Marv Louise Hewitt. She takes a page to recommend The Twelve Cats of Christmas. The Dragons are Singing Tonight and a jigsaw puzzle (just in time for Christmas!). in short one-paragraph reviews. I was trying to figure out why these reviews were so familiar to me. and then I realized that they were remarkably similar to those printed in our local weekly paper that exists otherwise as a vehicle for ads.

"Sounds Views" by Cindy Birrel is the antithesis of "Book Views." Cindy likes hardcore. and reviews the album "Undertow" by Tool. This is a whole different sensibility than you'll find anywhere else in AO. and it stands out like a sore thumb. I liked it (although I'm no fan of that particular kind of music) because it was intelligent. sensible within its purview. and represented something of an antedote to the pages immediately preceding it.





And finally, on page 27 (out of a total of 8), we get to the meat of the issue: articles and columns with some substance. We begin with Jeanne Mealv's ConFrancisco report, which runs for five pages. It is unfortunately not very good. The problems begin with the fact that the report ignores most of the convention, focussing instead on the meals and snacks Jeanne had. This is compounded by the fact that she drops a variety of first names (no last names at all) of her friends, but if you don't know who they are already, nothing in this report will tell you.

There are no good anecdotes, and little sense of the convention itself: it's a self-indulgent "And-then-I-ate-this" report of the sort more often found informally in apazines. (Jeanne isn't sure her audience knows what an apa is: "amateur press associations—informal writing publications." Yeah, that should explain it.) I honestly don't know why this was written for and published in a zenzine: the lack of full names, the absence of any details of character or event, makes this an almost totally generic conreport, and one which is worthless for those not named in it.

George Zebrowski has a short (two page) piece, "Klaatu Still Speaks to us," in which he relates the message of The Day The Earth Stood Still (and the story, "Farwell to the Master," which inspired it) to present-day world politics. There's nothing wrong with the piece, as such, but there's not much right with it, either.

This is the kind of article which could easily be published in a magazine aimed at high school science students. "Is there something about us that refuses to internalize the rule of ethics and law? Must we have the deterrence of a God or a nuclear holocaust to keep us in line? Must we believe that laws are not what we make for ourselves out of common social needs but are handed down by divine providence? Can we ever restrain ourselves?" Do we need to be asked such questions in a fanzine?

"Scattered Images" (two pages) by Sheryl Birkhead is a useful and needed column, but I could wish it were written by someone a little hipper to fanart, since it is all about fanart, usually that published in fanzines, which venues Birkhead views from the artist's point of view. I'd love to see someone like Taral writing this kind of column, because he could do it justice.

Birkhead can't. She can't even correctly spell Virgil Finlav's name, despite having a variety of Finlav collections at hand—throughout and every time she calls him "Findlav." There was a time when Finlav was regarded by most as the premier artist in the sf/pulp field—and misspelling his name would have been not only unthinkable, but impossible to do without editorial correction. Not now. Not here.

Leah Zeldes Smith's "The Fanzine Fancier," is much better, one of the two best items in the issue. Leah puts some genuine thought into her fanzine reviews, and she has come to be the Voice of Fannish Reason in AO. I think she should send copies of her

columns in AO to Amazing (and, if unsuccessful there, the other prozines in turn) and urge they hire her to revive "The Clubhouse." These columns take on the difficult task of addressing two audiences simultaneously, the fannishly aware, and the fannishly disadvantaged (or most of the AO readership, as Maraglino has assembled it), and Leah does it well.

She echoes in this column a common complaint: "I think most of the fanzines I've received in the past year or so are pretty damned dull—worthy of a few moments' attention, perhaps, but nothing to leap around the mailbox with, shouting "goshwowobovobov!" I'm sorry she did not recall BIAT!—or enjoy it more, whichever. Leah's column occupies more than six pages, and one could wish for more (more zines reviewed).

In "The Eraser's Edge," Linda Michaels provides in her first two paragraphs more (and better) images from ConFrancisco than Jeanne Mealv managed in all her pages—and goes on to fill the remainder of her two pages with an interesting report on Necronomicon, a small convention in Tampa this October. Although I know none of the people described, I enjoyed reading about them. They don't charge dues, don't have "legitimate business meetings," at their monthly get togethers, and seem to get along well together.

Linda thinks them "an oddity" in fandom, but I'm reminded of the Fanoclasts of the sixties. We met twice a month, organized two cross-country trips (in 1965 and 1966), and put on a Worldcon (in 1967), but we were a "club" without any officers, dues or business meetings. But I guess we too were an oddity in fandom.

Linda decorates her column with one of her (rare in this issue) cartoons, which is the only aspect of her art which appears to be entirely in her own style. She is obviously not a naturally cartoonist: her style is clumsy and overladen with detail, and she crowds in extra-large word-balloons which add to the feeling of extraneous clutter. The characters are also rather stiff. But, oddest of all, she shows a few book spines, and has the words on them running the "wrong" way. One wonders why. Is she simply unobservant of such details, or does she just not care?

The final piece (less than four pages) is Jov Moreau's column, "Charivari," in which she describes various aspects of her life in the circus. This one appears to focus on holidays, although almost randomly, as her reminiscences take her from one to another. One might wish for the occasional date, so as to pin down just when it is that she is writing about (there are few clues), although some of these are childhood memories, but her solid familiarity with circus life makes for an interesting "inside the life" column. But, again, there is nothing here to relate her experiences to fandom, no awareness that she is speaking to fans and fandom. The column could appear in any "zine" of the day, rather than in a fanzine.

I think this is the core of my problem with ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY. The whole fucking point of fanzines is that **we know our audience**. We are not writing to faceless strangers, but to a group of people whom we know; our friends. We are writing for a group that numbers anywhere from 100 to maybe 300 or 400 (max). When I put address stickers on a fanzine I'm mailing out, I can summon up a face or **something** about each and every name on the stickers. Does Joe Maraglino know his fanzine's audience? Do most of his contributors have any idea of to whom they are writing?



Joe wants to have fun with AQ: that's obvious, and that's good—and that's what fanzines are all about. But does he consider AO a fanzine? Or something more pretentious? Given all that blather about "unprofessionalism," and "ethical posturing," and his unwillingness to allow his contributors to be pestered by, ugh, fans, I'm left with the feeling that if Joe Maraglino considers AO a fanzine, he's working with a definition that drastically differs from mine.

And, definitions aside, entirely too much of AO isn't worth the bother of reading.

YHOS 53  
October 1993  
Art Widner  
PO Box 677  
Gualala, CA 95445

I like Art Widner. He's been around fandom longer than me, but he remains contemporarv. He's still dubbing his ish. I admire that.

YHOS (the letters stand for Your Humble & Obedient Servant) has been around—with a sizable zap that covered over three decades—since the mid-forties, and has always been, nominally, a FAPazine. But, like many another fanzine circulated through FAPA (SKYHOOK, GRUE, WARHOON, LIGHTHOUSE) it is really a genzine, equally available outside that ada.

The modern YHOS has always taken advantage of modern modes of duplication (multilith or xerox) and now approaches "dtp," since Art presently has a computer of some sort to set his type for him. For years Art used xerography to duplicate the letters of comment he published—in most cases straight (but reduced) copies of the original letters, edited (when necessary) with scissors—a concept I liked in principal but the execution of which looked scrappy and disorganized.

Art has abandoned that now, and the letter column is typeset, in double-columns. As is most of the rest of the issue (the two exceptions are rich brown's column and Rav Nelson's column, both of which look like justified typewriter type from some word-processor, or maybe just a daisy-wheel printer)—but Art's choice of typefaces, both a tiny sans-serif and an almost-as-small Roman face, is almost unique. Somehow he manages to make this modern, computer-set fanzine look like a handset printed fanzine of the thirties. (It might also be compared with the grotty post-1/2 printing that came out of Britain, or the typesetting and printing that still comes out of what used to be the Eastern Bloc countries.) It creates a unique atmosphere. (Unlike both TRAP DOOR and ASTROMANCIER QUARTERLY, which it resembles in size and format, YHOS is printed on an odd size of paper—3-1/2 x 12-1/2, longer than letter size but shorter than legal length—which is folded in half and saddle-stapled, as those other two zines are.

The last time I reviewed YHOS (in WHISTLESTAR, a few years ago) I criticized it as scrappy in appearance and uneven in material. This one is a lot less scrappy and less uneven as well. But YHOS is

nothing if not unpretentious: it's a fanzine in which its editor can take it easy and enjoy himself, with no need to impress anyone. A proponent of simplified spelling. Art is given to lines like this one: "The one bite spot in the whole thing is that my bones are evidently not brittle yet, bcoz the leg shdv broken, but didn't."

He's referring to his latest accident, in which he was lucky not to have broken his leg when it went through a board on his porch and he pitched off the porch, his leg still in the hole. I sometimes wonder if Art is a bit accident-prone: I recall meeting him in Australia in 1985 to hear about how he went bicycling on one of the South Seas islands on a stopover, and had an accident. He was still covered with cuts and bruises and I was amazed he'd made it to the convention. But I think we're damn lucky that he's managed to survive both accidents and health problems, and still dub his ish.

Rich brown's "Totem Pole" leads off the issue. Rich has a tendency to get too verbose in his fanwriting (something I've told him many times to his face), getting sidetracked in digressions on digressions, but he keeps that to a tasteful minimum this time around. Unfortunately, what he does instead is to turn in a weak column.

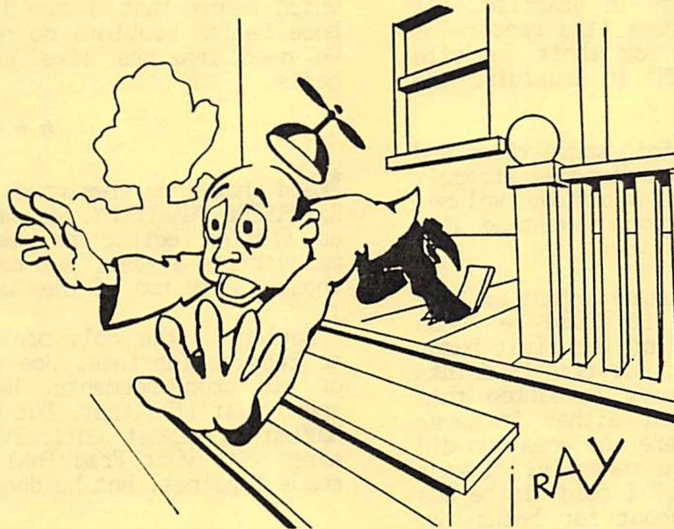
It has two topics. The first is a suggestion with which I agree—that fanzines should talk to and about each other more. There are solid reasons why this should occur—but rich mentions only two: 1. more egoboo and 2. "it would be a simple way to let fans relatively new to the microcosm know... that they (fanzines) form a community."

But that's the long way around. The short reason is that it would make for a better and more solid community, I mean, to the extent that fanzines ig-

nore each other and talk only about themselves, there is not only the appearance of greater isolation between them, there is greater isolation. Fanzines begin to develop private followings, little coteries, and to share readers less and less. The reducto ad absurdum of this is a LAN'S LANTERN, whose readers are largely ignorant of, or hostile to, other fanzines—and who bloc-vote Hugos.

Rich says he believes we should "show rather than tell people how good the microcosm is and can be." I wish he'd show, rather than telling us, how fanzines can talk to or about each other—by talking himself about other fanzines in YHOS's pages. Abstract discussions of what we should do are all very well, but why not put it into practice instead?

(For what it's worth, this is one reason I think more fanzines should review other fanzines—and not brief, one-paragraph "reviews" that just list contents—and exactly why I am doing this column. I might add that this column is not designed to tell the editor what I thought of his fanzine, nor even





to give egoboo or negoboo to the contributors to his fanzine, although this may occur as well. This column is written to discuss fanzines with a large body of fans, some of whom I hope respond in one fashion or another in the letter column here, thus increasing that discussion another notch or two.)

Rich's second topic is to suggest institutionalizing an annual BEST OF FANDOM anthology. I resist this suggestion on principal: I think the least "institutionalizing" is the best, where fandom is concerned. Fans resist being organized for most purposes: fandom is the closest thing to a working anarchy that humanity has ever created, and the reason is the simple one that we're all volunteers here—we can drop out and gaffiate any time we wish (and will, if pushed in directions we don't care for)

And, in any event, it's already occurred: Corflu now traditionally publishes a BEST OF FANDOM volume each year, and has already done so for three years now. (Each Corflu committee grumbles, but shrugs and gives in to the inevitable.) Rich wants to set up a procedure, "a bit like TAFF," in which fans would nominate and vote for the contents. I think this would not only be unwieldy in practice, but certain to go the way of the Hugos (the readers of LAN'S LANTERN would bloc-vote for their favorite book reviews from LAN'S LANTERN) in devaluing the volume.

Better to let an individual solicit suggestions and make the ultimate choices. If you disagree strongly enough, you're free to publish your own volume. (But no one has, even when everyone disagreed with Mike Glycer's choices a couple of years ago.)

Rav Nelson's "Postmod" column suggests that we have our own Special Day, and that it should be "Moon Day," July 20th, in celebration of the first human to set foot on the Moon in 1969. Rav rightly points out that many people have already forgotten this event, some of them certain that either it never happened or that the Russians were the ones who did it. (My six-year old son told me recently, "I want to be the first man on the Moon." I told him he was too late, but that he might shoot for being the first man on Mars.)

Art follows Rav's column with a two-page ersatz letter column centered around a discussion of the origin of the word "gurney." One of the contributors to this discussion is Bill Gibson, who manages to keep at least one foot still inside fandom, despite his worldwide fame and fortune.

Dick Lynch has an article in the form of and titled "A Letter to Roger," written in Helsinki, Finland in May of 1991. He originally expected it to be published by Roger Weddall, whose death made that impossible. I am impressed by how many people regarded Roger as I did—a good friend.

Arnie Katz offers a "Prelude to an Outline of a History of Fandom in the Sixties," which more or less kicks off a pet project of Art's (and one he was talking about in the eighties): a comprehensive fanhistory. When Art discussed it with me he was still thinking in terms of geographical histories (eg. a history of NYC fandom, a history of LASFS, et al), but Arnie tries to identify broad trends in sixties fandom: he has identified three. They are "the Special Fandoms Boom, the Boondoggle, and the Ana Explosion." These are valid points. One might add the Worldcon Attendance Explosion, and concomitantly, the Influx of Trekkies. But I think this is not the best way to do a fanhistory.

The history of fandom is a history of specific individuals, from Tucker to Burbee to Willis to Pickersgill, plus a great many more. I think a proper history of Sixties Fandom should seek to identify the Movers and Shakers of that decade, and chronicle their activities and the events they caused. Only in this fashion can the great stories of fandom be told—and therein lies most of the interest for anyone who was not a fan at the time.

Simple chronologies a la Warner's original history, don't work by the time we get to the sixties: too much was going on simultaneously. That's why his second volume, on the fifties, bogs down. Fandom is not and never was a great faceless mass of people, whose stories are the trends and social shifts so beloved of mundane historians. Fandom—even in the sixties—essentially consisted of less than a thousand people. Statistics mean nothing for such a small sample of people. But we all have stories to tell. Let's tell them and collect them.

Seven pages of letters round out the issue.

Art announces (at the end of Rav's column) that he intends to get YHOS "back on a quarterly sched.," which means that a new issue is imminent, and I hope health problems do not intrude on his plans. We need health problems do not intrude on his plans. We need fanzines like YHOS around on a regular basis.

\* \* \* \*

\*Redd has now resigned as Fiction Editor for RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY. He says that in his ten years as fiction editor he read over 100 fan-fiction manuscripts a year, but out of that 1,000 or so he thought only two of them worth publishing. (BD)

\*\*Harlan is the only pro I know who doesn't want to receive fanzines. Joe may have listened to one of his pronouncements. He has made several that sound just like that. But in this, as in much else, Harlan is almost entirely alone. Most pros would agree with what Fred Pohl says in "The Arena": he reads fanzines, but he doesn't write locs. (BD)





# Fanzine Fandom and Oral Tradition

by Leigh Edmonds

I haven't been so active in fandom over the past decade or so because, in that period, I've gone off and made myself into a historian. That took seven years part time as an undergraduate and four years as a post-graduate. ("graduate student" as they are called in the US). Along the way you pick up a few things that you never knew before and somewhere along the way I woke up one day and realised that I was a historian. While I was a post-graduate I also did a lot of part-time teaching in a whole range of subjects and I learned a lot more about them than the students I was teaching. Somehow I became something of an expert in the field of history and I've got a growing interest in a field called cultural ecology.

These days I'm a filthy pro in the history business. (I'm actually writing this instead of a commissioned history that I'm supposed to be working on.) As a filthy pro in a field which has probably even more amateurs than stf. I find myself trying not to sound condescending to amateurs (and even gifted amateurs).

It's not that people don't mean well when they set out to try their hand at history. It's just that they all make the same mistakes and try to reinvent the wheel. Sometimes the results are worthwhile, but normally they make me wish that they knew what they were doing. I wonder if the filthy pros in stf feel the same way. Or perhaps they avoid fan fiction the same way I generally avoid amateur history.

At history conferences (they're a lot like stf conventions only they are usually smaller and you normally go to most of the programme items) it is sometimes the case that historians will get together over a few beers and mutter about the low standards in much history that is being published. If we are feeling suitably denigratory that terrible word, "antiquarian", will be heard. And if somebody is feeling sarcastic the terrible term "sterile antiquarian" is uttered.

I have not read THEN 4, but Ted's review of it in HABAKKUK 3:2 gives me the impression that Rob Hansen's efforts might have to bear that cross. Of course, there is nothing to stop anybody publishing anything they like and calling it history, but that doesn't mean that it actually is history or that it comes anywhere near being good history.

So what is good history? It's a bit like stf. "what I say when I point at it." But as far as I'm concerned, it has to tell a story, and it has to be enjoyable and informative. Other historians who have spent their lives immersed in universities have a more scholarly definition—I guess I picked up my attitudes from hanging around fandom. Consequently I agree with Ted that histories of fandom need to have the vitality of the people and events they are about.

Recently an Arnie Katz fanzine encouraged me to think about the whole business of history and fandom. I'm not really sure that fandom as we enjoy it actually has any need for the factual reconstruction that most people think history has to be and Rob Hansen seems to have produced. My reading in cultural theory makes me think that fandom is so complex, in some aspects, that it requires more than a simple history. Or at least something better than (sterile) antiquarianism.

Since fandom is about the construction of a shared social reality and since social realities are constructed from shared experience, what fandom is really about is people telling stories about their lives and the lives of their friends. By telling these stories fans construct a shared reality. And as fans are (or were) stf readers, they are more turned on by a good story than they are by the truth of what happened.

However, since stf fans also want some "science" in their stories, they also want their fannish stories to have a foundation of truth upon which the greater stories are constructed.

It occurs to me that fandom makes myths about itself because what things felt like, and how they could be made that little bit more story-like and more lively, is more interesting than being tied down with the antiquarian facts of dates and places and names. If anything has made fannish fandom different from most other leisure activities it is that we know about fiction and we know how to make our lives into

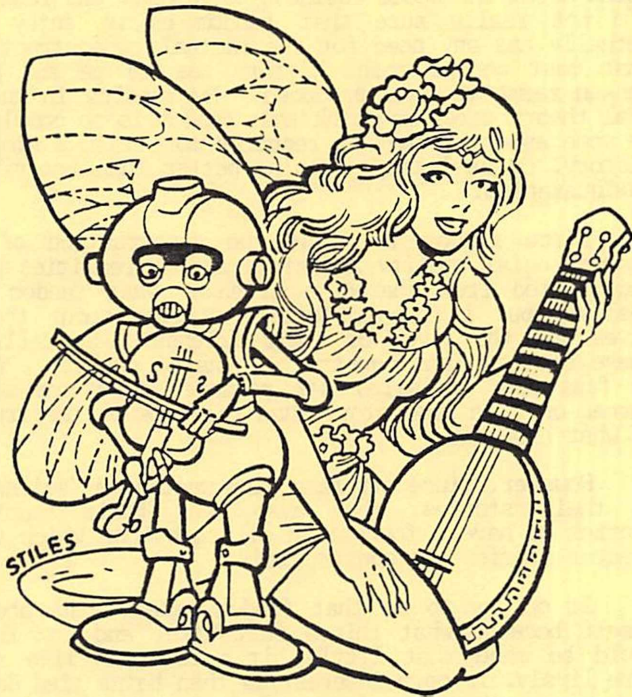




fiction and how to enjoy our lives as though we were writing them. (As in FIAWOL.) If the reality of a situation was not as good a story as it should have been, that is what convention reports and trip reports are for.

But there is more to it than that: there is the business of how these stories are created and transmitted. Back in 1974 Valma and I were in the US on my DUFF trip and we visited FM and Elinor Busby in Seattle. We sat looking at pictures of John Berry who had visited 15 years earlier and they told us about what had happened. It occurred to me that fandom is really a medium of oral transmission.

The interesting thing about fanzine fandom is that it has conventions where people meet and it has fanzines which become a form of "oral transmission" because they create stories about the things that happened in the past.



Last year I had to write a lecture on how the oral traditions of people without written traditions could be used as historical sources so long as you knew some interesting things about how oral transmission works.

For the sake of this article let me mention only three points. One is that oral traditions, in particular the formal ones, are transmitted as a way of legitimizing the dominant culture. This means that the oral transmission of stories about the "insurgents" or "Sixth Fandom" or any other influence signifies that it has become part of the dominant culture of fanzine fandom.

Another is that the meaning of an oral tradition does not have to be its literal meaning, it can be symbolic or metaphorical as well. Walt Willis might not be surprised to learn that many of the things that he and the Irish fans reported that they had done have now become symbolic of the trufannish life. They probably have metaphorical meanings depending on the circumstances in which the stories are told and retold and rhodminton is reinterpreted in modern contexts.

A third (and final) point here is that, since oral traditions reflect current orthodoxy, they have

to change to remain relevant to any change in orthodoxy. This means that if, in the fight between the forces lined up in the TAFF wars, the Bergeron forces had prevailed, the current oral traditions would be quite different from the ones we now have.

Many of the oral traditions in fanzine fandom are about what happened when fans met, usually at conventions, and they are a way of spreading the tradition to those who weren't there and for recreating it for those who were. (For example, it now matters very little what actually happened in Room 770. What matters is that it has become the archetypical room party.)

The ability of fannish fans to create myths about themselves which entertain them and maintain their cohesion is something like the old tribal ways of creating laws and traditions which are passed down from generation to generation. In this ancient way most of us learned what we know of fannish custom and tradition at the feet of BNFs, sometimes literally at convention room parties. (Put on your sociologist's hat when you enter a room party and see what the positioning of the bodies tells you about who are the elders and who are their acolytes.)

Just as the Australian Aboriginals have their concept of the past which we whitefellas call their "dreaming" (a collection of stories about the roots and beliefs of the group) so do fannish fans have their "dreaming" stories. These stories pass on the values and traditions of the group.

When Valma and I listened to Buz and Elinor telling stories about John Berry it did not really matter whether these stories were actually historically accurate (They probably were but specialists in memory would have some things to say about that). What mattered was that these were stories worth telling. What mattered even more was that the process of their transmission was a fannish act in itself.

So, through these and other stories, not only did John Berry become a person of some importance but also a mythical person who did mythical things. He became a name attached to certain fannish attributes which taught me certain fannish values.

Those stories, and other stories which I have read in fanzines, also taught me that one of the best things about the fannish existence is that it helps people to uncover and expose their human natures in a way which is not recorded or cherished in almost every other leisure activity. This is probably because, in fannish fandom, it is the process of being fannish itself which is the goal whereas in most other forms of leisure activity it is the external interest which is the most important part of the activity. By living and interacting as we do, we make fiction of our lives: fiction with which we entertain and educate each other.

The above comments are probably the main reason why I have not been tempted to engage in fan history myself. Unlike Ted, I think a good fannish history could be written, but it would not be the kind of thing that most historians or most fans would write. Historians would leave out the epic quality of fandom in the search for theory and analysis (I'd suggest that the "epic" nature of fandom would be theory enough) and most fans lack the historical expertise to know how to leave things out and how to integrate fact into text without getting bogged down and distracted by the trivial. The other reason for not attempting such an adventure is, of course, that as a filthy pro I'd expect to get paid. (You can't eat egoboo.)

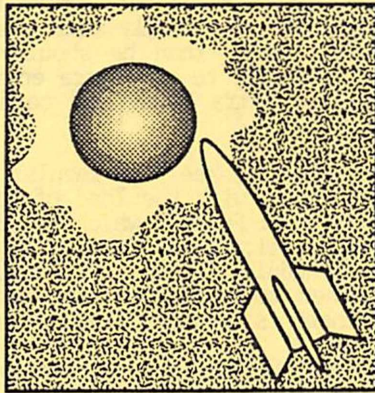


# The View from Titan

by Gregory Benford

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A note written after a visit with Cheslev Bones-tell in 1970. Though we exchanged cards afterward. I never saw him again.



To get to Carmel and avoid the neon jungles that infest the northern and southern California coasts, you must travel on the sheer coastal route, brave the fogs and curves: you must take Route One. Carmel is an appendix to Monterey, an afterthought of summer cottages and organic food stores. There are a lot of writers and artists there and they are to be seen avoiding work in the afternoons, sipping coffee in the Tuck Box or thumbing paperbacks in the small book store.

To reach his house you turn off Route One in the geometrical center of town, the bisection point, and travel but a block up a dead end street. His house is cloaked in pine and wisps of the fog that pursued you down from Santa Cruz. It looks warm, cozy: orange splashes signal to you through the windows. You wonder why reading lamps seen through windows in winter seem to glow with a sun warmth, kindling meaning, while in the summer they are just reading lamps in the distance.

His rug muffles your inward step. A cat melts away at your entrance. His wife makes coffee in the wide kitchen. You and he sit in deck chairs. Feeling of being a movie producer: look for your name on the back. But he has been there, you have not: he worked for Disney and Pal. Just a chapter in a long life.

There was a portrait of him on the cover of FANTASY & SCIENCE-FICTION in the early 1950s, but you do not remember it until an hour later, finding it in an odd corner of his work room. He has not changed from those days. He is over eighty now and his face carries a weight behind it while still retaining its walnut-brown look. A smile crinkles everything.

Here in the house, sipping tea in green Japanese mugs that warm the hands, you see the work for which he is not known. Oriental prints, portraits, beliving the common judgment that he cannot render the human figure and make you feel with it. Delicate pencil work. Architecture, stress and design, massive stones balanced in a fine grid of lines. "I see the patterns first, then the rest. I was an architect, you know, before the first world war. I designed the ceiling of the San Francisco opera house."

After that? "I travelled. I saw the world. I lived in New York and Paris and London and finally Los Angeles. Designing buildings and then movie work, backdrops, special effects. Disney did a lot of innovation in special effects, but it required someone who could draw and paint with such detail that the film viewer wouldn't catch an error. Things had to be real. I learned much that way. We were very well paid: that was Los Angeles."







There are no astronomicals inside the house. To see them you must go outside, up an exposed wooden staircase, into the study. There they crowd the room in the heady smell of fresh paint, rags, stretched canvas. A congress of infinities.

Does he ever read the things he has illustrated? No, he doesn't like science fiction very much. Not enough solidity, perhaps. He rarely if ever willingly puts a human artifact into his work, a space-ship or a pressure dome, or a space-suited figure. He doesn't have any idea of what the future will bring and feels awkward trying to visualize it. But stars and planets, yes, the astronomer friends he has can give him descriptions of how things must be there and he can see it, too, in some closed mind's eye, so that it comes out right. Most science fiction is quickly outdated, anyway. Look at all the fins on space ships, and the cloudless Earths. Better to stay away from it.

Someone in Palo Alto has made prints of two of his oils. One is of an expedition that has landed on a dry, rust-orange Martian desert and is depolishing equipment. It seems oddly out of balance and unconvincing, not his best work. The other is better: Saturn from Titan. His classic signature piece. Wrong, of course, since we now know that the methane atmosphere there blankets everything. But it was right when he painted it, the way any scientific theory is correct as an approximation of the truth which is never fully known, and that it all anybody can ask. He has a few prints left. We should not feel that it is necessary to buy anything, of course. We take the Saturn. There is something awesome in the mass of the planet even at this distance, a cold white with a hard curve to it. Looking at it you believe in your soul that planets are gods and men but pawns.

There are stills from motion pictures he has done. George Pal, worlds colliding, rockets. "The

Dav The Earth Stood Still." a Groucho Marx hanging from a 20th story window against city lights done in oil, but the distant car headlights moving. Stop-motion. Planet-wrecking. It was a lot of fun and a lot of money but his reputation will probably rest on the astronomicals displayed in Boston and New York and San Francisco. Double stars and novae and howling unseen storms in deep atmosphere. A sense of the infinite.

At the center is craft. A view of Saturn at dawn from the Grand Tour probe: it stands dead upright on the easel, half-finished. "Black is very difficult. It is so hard to get the absolute pure black in comparison with the soft color of an atmosphere or a star's envelope. I have seen very few painters who can handle it, even in abstracts."

He shows us a few abstracts he has done and they are very good, though none uses very much black. He has tried everything and mastered many techniques, though he has sold very little of it. Most of the good oils he keeps for himself: he can afford to. For a while there was a rush to buy his astronomical oils and he nearly became a factory, turning them out faster than he should have, but that is past. Most sold to aerospace engineers and now they have less extra money and perhaps it is just as well.

He works hard and keeps a regular schedule, but he cannot keep up with the load of work. Today arrived an offer from PLAYBOY which he will accept for a three-page oil, even though it will mean disturbing his schedule. His agent is trying to get him to do another book of the sort he did with Willv Lev but there is no time. Perhaps next year.

You speak of working together on a book. He thinks "Profiles of the Future" is a good title but you tell him Arthur C. Clarke has already used it. Well something else then, but keep in touch.

(Connections: the book doesn't go through because you are too busy to finish the chapters that year, and then you move to the University and there are years of intense physics after that. But he gives you a name of a friend, just a boy who he knows does good work, but has had few opportunities —after all he is but eighteen yet, give him time. In a few months you hear from him—Don Davis—and then you sell a novel, "Jupiter Project," the first one worth a damn and as true to the Jupiter we know as we can get it. Don Davis does two oils to illustrate it. The next year it is published and prompts a letter from Robert Heinlein, which is as much as anybody could ask for. A friend praises it too, exclaiming that you were so lucky to get someone so like Bonestell to do the cover. The whole set of principles is now a tradition and it came mostly out of this one man. Connections.)

The only science fiction person he sees these days is Heinlein, who lives an hour away on the coast. He likes the Heinlein approach: it seems more honest somehow, closer to the tenuous facts of science. And the Heinlein futures have a lived-in feel.

He does not see many artists. Carmel is a center for them but they are mostly dabblers, amateurs. He does not have much interest in the young: he thinks their technique is poor. The test of learning to draw a cow is not in the fingers but in the eye: you must learn to see the cow. Few do this today. "Once having seen it, you must draw or paint so that others can see it. Not the thing itself, but the way it seems, that is art. What else is there?"



# I Am the Very Model of a STF Tycoon

by Lenny Bailes

Dedicated to Robert Silverberg

I am that clever questioner  
The Master Populationist  
When others drew statistics  
I played poet and conservationist.  
To pay my bills I split into  
the Chief and Young Relationist—  
I knew that data processing  
Would be here soon.

I shuffled cards and plots a bit  
Success proved so appealing.  
While my compeers studied English Lit  
In copy I was dealing  
Of a metaphor exotic that a tour guide  
Was revealing  
For phenomena occuring in a Dark Lagoon.

CHORUS: (He named his villain Kurtz and  
Made the Critics swoon.)  
His muttering and puttering  
Lacked any trace of stuttering.  
He is the very model of a  
STF Tycoon!

In the '60s social schemes  
I drew Hierarchical Locationist:  
I threw a civil service book  
At temporal rotationist—  
Results so gratifying that  
I, too, became Vacationist.  
Discovering archaeology and gold doubloons.

CHORUS: (He expounded quite profifically  
On old typhoons!)

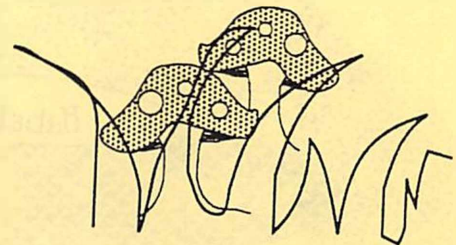
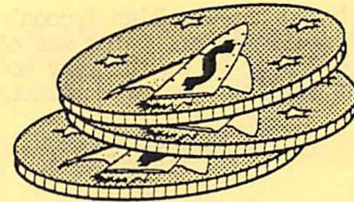
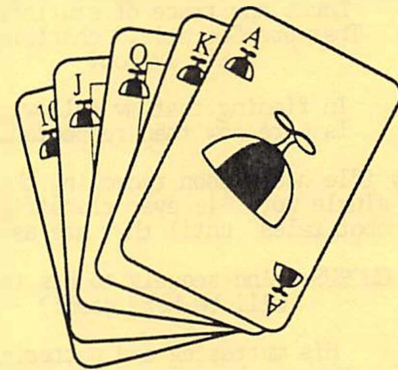
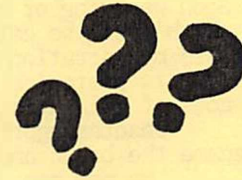
Now, turning in my cushioned years  
To styles of life reclining. I  
took philosophic refuge  
As I lectured the declining:  
Though I seemed Remote and Jaded  
Still my Vision I was mining:  
Of a tower of wealth I dreamed  
To reach the Stars and Moon.

CHORUS: His muttering and puttering  
Lacked any trace of stuttering:  
That theoretic, pro-generic STF Tycoon!

In time the world regaled me  
And my writing turned Occasionist.  
Discovering that Nature  
Could transcend the Ideationist.  
I quested the Unconscious  
In the time of the sensationist.  
And ate archaic mushrooms in the afternoon.

CHORUS: (He ate archaic mushrooms in the afternoon!)

His muttering and puttering  
Still lacked all signs of Stuttering.  
That oft-demanded, mind-expanded STF Tycoon!





Over time I found my keys again  
 Since Space-outs irked my creditors.  
 The written word transcended  
 I went on to join the editors:  
 And left the finer details  
 To my authorized expeditors.  
 Who market my sand-castles  
 While they hum this tune:

CHORUS: His muttering and puttering  
 May yet be free of stuttering.  
 That socializing, notionizing  
 STF Tycoon!

Soon wearying of Readership  
 With taste so categorical  
 I focused my narration on protagonist  
 historical.  
 The gods of all antiquity, with sex  
 phantasmagorical  
 Became the bread and butter of  
 My new cocoon.

CHORUS: His muttering and puttering  
 Lacks any trace of stuttering  
 That pre-Socratic, charismatic  
 STF Tycoon!

In finding that my following  
 Is more now than respectable

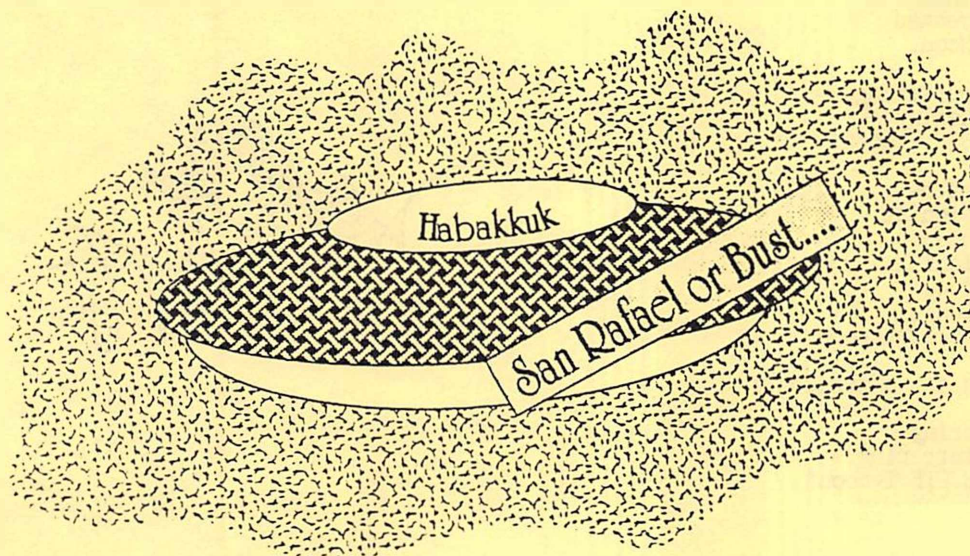
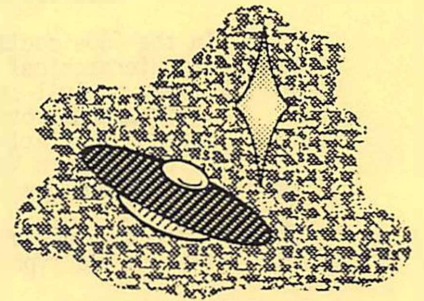
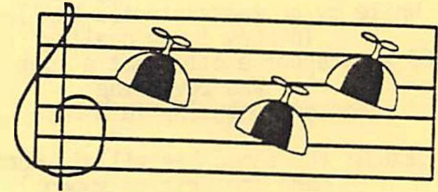
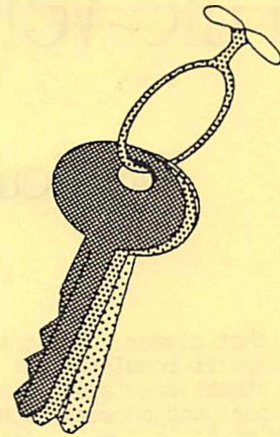
I spend my idle hours upon recycling the collectible—  
 And not a single word is ever classified rejectable—  
 Revising robot tales until they are as thick as Dune.

CHORUS: (And sequels to his trilogy  
 will be here soon!)

His muttering and puttering  
 May yet be free of stuttering  
 He is the very model of a  
 STF Tycoon!

Song based on "The Rich Tycoon" from the album  
 "Anna Russell Sings?" which was of course based on  
 the G & S song "I am the very model of a modern  
 Major General from "The Pirates of Penzance."

Revised in yet another edition like the works of  
 its subject.

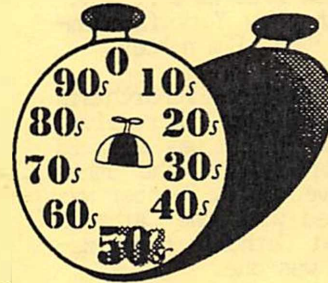




# Remembrance of Times

## Lost

by Art Saha



In the early fifties there were two fan clubs in the metropolitan New York area. They were the Eastern Science Fiction Association (ESFA) which met once a month at the Slovak Sokol Hall in Newark, NJ and the Science Fiction Circle which originally met once a month in Jean Carroll's NYC apartment, but after the 1953 Philcon II started holding its meetings in Werderman's Hall in Manhattan. Also still in existence was the Hydra Club made up of pros.

And there was an informal social group which gathered together in the basement of a small apartment building on Jones Street in Greenwich Village every Friday night. At that time Dave Mason was superintendant of this building and lived there with his then "wife" Frances, better known as Bimba, and their young son Owen. I placed wife in quotation marks because with Dave one never really knew what was fact and what was fiction.

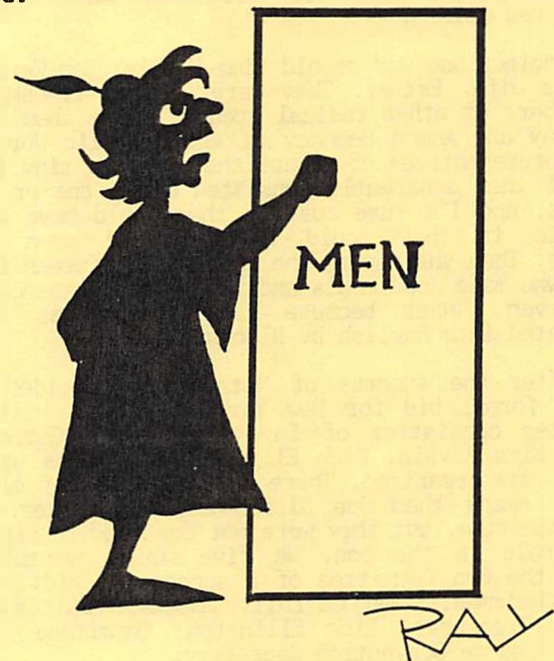
All I know is that one day in early 1955 Bimba and Owen were no longer there and were never mentioned again. We did hear a rumor that there had been some kind of disagreement and Bimba's brothers had come over to bring her and son back to the family home.

After Philcon II the group started calling itself the Fanarchists at Dave's instigation. At this time the term "fanarchist" was intended primarily as defined by Jack Speer in his FANCYCLOPEDIA: fans who had little or no use for national fan organizations. Later some of the members actually became interested in real anarchism. After the session at Dave's we usually adjourned to a bar around the corner on 6th Ave.

Werderman's Hall was well known to fandom in the fifties. It was the venue for Jimmy Taurasi's two Fan Vet Cons as well as a con organized by Sheldon Deretchin and Charles Catania at which Hans Santessan was m.c. The building had a large meeting room on the main floor as well as smaller rooms on the second floor. On the first floor was also a large, square-shaped bar which, despite its age, was generally quite crowded during the conventions.

After Philcon I approached Dave Kyle and suggested that we make a bid for a New York World Con. Some of the discussion became general knowledge, and at a con at Werderman's Hall Cal Beck came into the men's room at the same time that Kyle and I were there. Beck's mother always accompanied him to cons. Beck was not a kid fan, but a grown man. He had letters in prozine letter columns calling himself Reverend Calvin Thomas Beck. I have no idea how he got the title, nor was I ever interested enough to inquire.

Anvhow Cal started to discuss the prospects of a New York Con with Dave and me. Before too long there was a knock on the door, and we heard Mrs. Beck calling out. "Calvin! Calvin, come on out now. You've been in there long enough!" Cal never did become part of the NY bid, but, as I recall, he did organize some kind of counter bid which never went anywhere.



As a preliminary to our worldcon bid we formed a committee to put on a local con which we called Metrocon. Dave Kyle and Sam Moskowitz were co-chairmen and the con was held in the fall of 1954. It was a highly successful two-day affair. Among the attendees was William Sloane, author of "To Walk the Night" and "The Edge of Running Water" and editor of at least two anthologies. He also had his own publishing house, William Sloane Associates. It was the only sf con he ever attended.

Among the other attendees I especially remember Thomas Calvert McClary, who had a very appropriate middle name. The program was presented from a small raised platform. When the introductions were being made I was trying to hold up McClary who had had too much Calverts. Unfortunately he stumbled backward and we both proceeded to fall on our behinds, he more or less on top of me.

At one point during the con I was talking to Cyril Kornbluth when 16-year-old Trina Perlson, accompanied by her friend Carole Ingersoll, also 16,



accompanied by her friend Carole Ingersoll, also 16. came over and asked Cyril. "Are you somebody?" Cyril responded with "No. I'm not. Why don't you talk to Art?"

Trina answered with: "I know him. He's nobody." For sometime the greeting in the New York fan community was "Are you somebody?" "No. I'm nobody."

It was also at this con that the Fanarchists wore red arm bands with black letters. I received only two comments that I remember. One was from Ed Enshwiller who thought they were silly. The other was from Anthony Boucher who loved them. Boucher was a Roman Catholic who sympathized with the Catholic Worker which is a semi-anarchist Catholic organization. an oxymoron if there ever was one.

It was shortly after Metrocon that Dave Mason discovered an organization called the Libertarian League, which should not in any way be confused with the current Libertarian Party or any other group using that adjective. They were really genuine anarchists, but as nearly as I could tell they were mostly talk and very little action. The leadership at that time included a cartographer named Russell Blackwell who had fought in the Spanish Civil War, not with the International Brigade, but with the Catalanian anarchists, the same group which George Orwell had joined.

Another one was an old time Wobbly, Sam Weiner, and his wife, Esther. They were visited frequently by members of other radical groups, among them Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy of the Catholic Workers and representatives of groups that were so tiny that some of them apparently consisted of as one or two members, and I'm sure most of them would have been ecstatic if they could have claimed even ten members. Then there were the anarchist refugees from Spain who made good meals and interminable speeches, made even longer because each speech was then translated into English by Blackwell.

After the success of Metrocon we decided to make a formal bid for New York in '56. A bidding committee consisting of Dave Kyle, Jean Carroll, George Nims Ravbin, Dick Ellington and me as prime movers, was organized. There were a number of other people, among them Joe Gibson and Lin Carter, on that committee, but they were not destined to play a major role in the con. We five would eventually become the Con Committee of a successful bid: Dave Kyle, Chairman, Jean Carroll, Co-chairman, George Ravbin, Treasurer, Dick Ellington, Committee Secretary, and me Convention Secretary.

During the period between Metrocon and Clevention there was a great deal of activity in the NY fan community: theater parties, house parties, club meetings, and in the summer picnics under George Washington Bridge, a ferryboat ride up the Hudson to Bear Mountain State Park, another one from South Ferry to an amusement park in Keansburg, NJ, and at least one night in Coney Island.

Just before Clevention we also played host to Ken and Pam Bulmer, who were TAFF representatives to Clevention and were making an extended trip to the U.S. They also had intended to make a bid for London in '56, but after discussion they decided to defer their bid with the implied understanding that they would pretty much be unopposed for the '57 con. So we in NY knew before we got to Cleveland that we would get the nod for the '56 con.

It was during the summer of '55 that Dan Curran, Dick Ellington, Bill Donaho and I started discussing the possibility of joining together to find an apartment large enough for all of us. At

TRINA



that time I was living in a "cold water flat" on New York's Lower East Side. (For those unacquainted with New York terminology a "cold water flat" did have hot water, but was unheated. Dick was living in a single room in a so-called residential hotel on the West Side. Dan was still living with his mother and sister on the West Side in an area which was ethnically predominately Irish in those days. Bill had an apartment on the East Side where he occasionally had parties.

Clevention has some memorable high points for me. Among them were meeting for the first and only time two prominent members of fandom of the 30's who were active when I as a young teenager first discovered fandom: Richard Frank and J. Chapman Miske. Also it was interesting talking with Loudell Bartlett who had authored a booklet "The Vanguard of Venus" which was published by Gernsback as a promotional item in 1928. Bartlett later wrote to me asking if I could possibly locate a copy of the story for him. Unfortunately I couldn't help him.

On the last day of the con there was an enormous wedding reception going on in the hotel's main ball room. Erle Korshak, Bob Madle, Ollie Saari, I and possibly one or two others decided to crash it. Erle's lead on conversation with people at the reception went something like this: "Great party. Whom are you with?" If the answer was the bride, we of course said, "We're with the groom," and vice versa. The event, however, was so packed that no one even noticed us, so we had our full share of the food and drink that was available.

After Clevention we became really serious about finding an apartment to share. I no longer remember the details, but we almost leased a four-bedroom apartment on Broadway in the '80s. Why we didn't get the place I don't recall, but Bill says it was because we were four unrelated bachelors, so that at that point we developed the Dinglesnaff family tree. I do remember that one of the bedrooms had a large, circular wall safe, and there was a plaque on the building reading "At this site Edgar Allan Poe wrote 'The Black Cat'".



Shortly thereafter we found an apartment at 299 Riverside Drive on the 11th floor of a twelve-story building which we proceeded to lease. This one had five bedrooms so we asked Chuck Freudenthal, who was living in an apartment near the Holland Tunnel if he wanted to join us. He did, and the Dive contingent was complete.

As one entered The Dive there was an entry area which on the right had a doorway which led to a butler pantry and through that into the kitchen. On the left were two small bedrooms and a small bathroom. The entryway—a fairly large room in itself—led to the living room which was large enough to play rhodminton in, and we did. Several years ago when I was Fan Guest of Honor at a Luncheon I described the place in my speech before an audience of perhaps 150 and it became apparent that no one had any idea what I was talking about when I mentioned rhodminton. The story really lost something when I had to explain it.



To the right of the entryway, between the kitchen and the living room was the dining room with panelled walls, a parquet floor and glass doors from both the butler pantry and the living room. At the juncture of the entryway and the living room was a long hallway leading off to the left. In the hallway, first door on the left opened into a large closet, next on the right was the door into Bill's room. Then a door on the left opened into Dick's room. At the end of the hall was a large bathroom, and just before it, on the right, the door into my room. Between my and Bill's rooms was another large bathroom connected to our rooms by a small cover.

Monthly rent for the apartment was \$250 which in those days was quite reasonable for New York. Bill, Dick and I each paid \$60 a month and Dan and Chuck paid \$35 since they got the two small bedrooms which had apparently been servants' quarters. All other expenses were shared equally.

We moved in on the last weekend of October and on Halloween went to the party at the Dave Mason/Katherine MacLean apartment in The Village to unwind and to say goodbye to the Bulmers who were on their way back to England.

I mustn't forget two other inhabitants of the Dive, viz. Dick's two queen cats, Crazy and Shithead. Crazy was a neurotic and unpredictable animal, and Shithead was the only cat, even young kittens, I have known who never learned to use a litter box. She was, however, a very friendly creature. Chuck also brought a cat with him, O'Malley, a tom cat which almost immediately impregnated Crazy. It became obvious that having one tom and two queens would make the Dive a cat-breeding place. Jean Carroll wanted a cat, so she took O'Malley. After they were weaned Crazy's kittens were given to friends; there were plenty of takers.

That area of New York had a minor concentration of sf people at that time. Up the street from the Dive lived Ruth Landis who had attended her first sf con at Clevention and had moved to NY shortly thereafter. She became a member of the NYCon committee as Special Assistant to the Chairman. Just a few blocks away, a various times, lived Bob Silverberg, Harlan Ellison, Randall Garrett, Ron and Cindy Smith, Karl Olsen, Dave Pollard and several others, mostly fringe fans.

The Dive became the headquarters for most fan activities in the city. I was president of the NY SF Circle, Bill was Secretary-Treasurer, and we started holding its meetings in the Dive. We had speakers at our meetings. Among our speakers were Ted Sturgeon, Jim Blish, Phil Ekass and several others. Most of the planning meetings for the NYCon were also held there.

The parties though were what helped make the Dive a fanish legend. In the beginning the parties were mostly laid-back relatively quiet affairs attended primarily by friends, mostly on Saturday evenings, but sometimes also on Friday. We had an almost weekly poker game, but there were always some fans who were present not to play poker, but to enjoy the company.

Our first planned event was our Thanksgiving dinner to which we invited all those fans who didn't have relatives in the city with whom they had to spend the day.

Our next party was our Christmas party. We had a very large Christmas tree which we all helped to decorate. After the ornaments were on Chuck spent hours every day until Christmas placing strands of tinsel "just so" on the tree. Shithead also made her contribution to the space in the corner behind the tree. The tree stayed up for some time after Christmas. Finally about the end of January I decided that it had served its purpose and got rid of it. By that time most of it was on the floor.

Our New Year's Eve party was a really major party. It is memorable to me, however, not so much for who was there, but who wasn't. Charlie Dye was a friend of mine whom I used to run into quite frequently when he and I both lived on the Lower East Side. He had a job as a night watchman, and I'd meet him as he was on his way to work and I was coming home. I ran into him on Times Square a few days before New Year's Eve and invited him to the party. He didn't show.

A few days later I ran into him again and asked him why he didn't come to our party. His response: "Wasn't I there?" I've often wondered where he did wind up. This party also marked the first appearance





at the Dive of two people who would later play a significant role in its history: Pat Werner and Dave van Ronk. Pat moved in with Dick sometime later, and Dave became one of our more frequent visitors.

Parties became pretty much a constant thing after this, but the next organized party was the wedding party we gave for newlyweds Larry Shaw and Lee Hoffman. One's memories of parties does tend to become blurred, but I do recall that we had three surprise and unexpected guests: Boyd Raeburn, Ron Kidder and Gerald Stewart who came down from Toronto for it.

The Dive by now had become a crash pad for both local and out-of-town fans. At times it became difficult to maneuver because of the sleeping bodies in the living room.

Besides Friday and Saturday nights people dropped by at many other times. One Sunday afternoon Fred Pohl and Kyril Kornbluth came for a visit. During our conversation Dan made some reference to "Doc" Lowndes. Cyril got annoyed with Dan and told him "You can't call him 'Doc'; you don't know him. Only Art can call him that since he's known him for years." I really don't know why Cyril was upset, and we didn't pursue the matter any further.

After sitting around for a time several of us adjourned to a local bar on Broadway, a couple of blocks away. The TV was on, and while we didn't pay much attention to it, I did notice the program was the Ed Sullivan Show. Introduced that night was a singer whom I had heard about vaguely. That singer was, of course, Elvis Presley, making his first appearance on national TV.

In the meantime plans for the '56 NYCon were going on apace. Various people were added and subtracted to and from the full committee. Sometime a few months before the con, a young man named Perry Ellis, who I believe was an acquaintance of Jean Carrolls joined the committee to assist with plans for the costume ball. I don't know if he was the same Perry Ellis who later became a big name in fashion design and who died of AIDS a few years ago. The interest in costuming does lead me to believe that it very well might have been him.

One afternoon Randall Garrett and I went to our local Broadway bar for some kind of private conversation. During our discussion I went to the john and when I came out, Randall wasn't there. I went out and found him sitting on the curb. He came back in with me, but a short time later he got off the stool and proceeded to leave the bar. I followed him, but he started running up Broadway. I went back to the bar thinking he would return. After some time it became apparent that he was not going to, at least not soon, so I finished my beer and went back to the Dive. About half an hour later Randall showed up and asked me what had happened to me.

By this time Pat's brother, Fred Werner, had become one of our regulars and he provided one of our more memorable incidents. The roof of the building was walled and one afternoon Fred draped himself over the side of the building, hanging on with his arms. I did not witness this myself, but Dave Pollard, another of the regulars, was on his way to the Dive and did see it. Dave said that he almost had a heart attack. Scared the hell out of me too. Later Fred and several others were talking about a group of them doing the same thing. Fortunately, this time it was just talk and no action.

Finally it was time for NYCon. On the Thursday before Labor Day as I was coming home from work were four individuals whom I had never seen before so we didn't speak. But I did wonder if they might be fans. They showed up later at the Dive and were indeed fans: Ted White, Dick Fney, Larry Stark, and John Hitchcock. A number of others also showed up, and later that evening we all went to the Biltmore, site of the con.

The convention, which did have its problems, was in retrospect a good con. It was at this con that I met and talked to—for the only time—some authors whom I had read in my pre-teen-age years: Ray Cummings, Otto Binder, and Nelson Bond. I remember especially thinking how old Cummings was, and





now I'm probably older than he was then. As I recall he died shortly after the con. Also memorable about the con was the two individuals Ted Sturgeon brought and introduced. They were world citizen, Gary Davis, and Jean Shepherd with whom or for Sturgeon wrote "I, Libertine."

Right after the close of the con we had an enormous party at the Dive with really wall-to-wall people. Among the attendees were Arthur C. Clarke, the pro GOH and E.J. "Ted" Carnell. Arthur showed up at the Dive a number of times after that party.

Ted Carnell was editor of two British mags NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE-FANTASY as well as having his own agency. He wanted to throw a party for his American authors and/or clients and asked us if he could use the Dive for his party. We agreed without any hesitation, only asking that some of our regulars could also attend. So about two weeks later we had another large party. It was at this one that I first met Avram Davidson.

Somewhat later after the con Harlan Ellison was getting married to his first wife, Charlotte in Chester, PA. Since none of us had cars, we were trying to figure out how to get there. Then we remembered that Sandy Cutrell who was in the military and stationed in the vicinity, and who spent a great

deal of time at the Dive, doing some sort of cataloging, had a car. He was available, and so Ruth, Dan, Dick and I rode there with Sandy. Along the way we had car trouble and did not get to the ceremony. We did, however, make the reception.

Harlan's mother came over to talk to us and offered to tell us about kosher food. When she learned that we had come down from New York, she told us we probably knew more about that than she did. I recall her as a very pleasant woman. I don't remember exactly what the travel arrangements back to New York were, but I do recall that I came back as a passenger in a car with Harlan and Charlotte and Charlotte's maid-of-honor.

We were now coming down to the final days of the Dive, but we did have several more parties, some planned, some unplanned. I have always remembered our Halloween party as being almost surrealistic. Some people came in costume. It was at this party that Fred Werner became obstreperous and proceeded to punch out one of the panels in the hallway glass door.

We didn't have a TV set in the Dive, and probably no one would have watched it if we had had one. However, Bill and I—the only ones who voted in the '56 presidential election—decided to rent one in order to watch the election returns. Although the results were not unexpected, we were still disappointed.

There were still several more parties, and we were being inundated by people who were total strangers to all of us, and we wondered where they had come from. Later we found out that someone had placed notices on bulletin boards in coffee shops in the Village publicizing Saturday night parties at 299 Riverside Drive.

We had one final Thanksgiving Day dinner and one final farewell party to which we invited only the regulars. The horde appeared again, and there was a very large crowd milling around in front of our door in the hallway next to the elevator. I finally had to go out there and tell them this was a private party, admittance by invitation only. Some of them got angry and told me that everyone knew that this was the place to come on Saturday night. I had to tell them that this was still a private home, not a public gathering place. Fortunately, we had no real trouble, and the crowd did depart, albeit with some grumbling.

This then was the final gasp of the Dive, and a few days later it was no more. It will, however, remain forever in the memories of those of us who lived it. Sadly, Dick is no longer with us, nor are so many others who at one time or other enjoyed the hospitality of Maison Dingle-snaff.

It had never really happened before. There had been other Slan Shacks, but nothing like the Dive. In those days fandom was still fairly close knit and most fans still knew each other, if not personally, at least by name. I don't think it will ever happen again.

Sic transit. . . .



*stb*





# MEMORIES of the NUNNERY

RAY

**Bill Donaho**

It was time to move from the Dive and all of us were scurrying around, looking for a new place. Dick and Pat Ellington found an apartment on the Lower East Side and Dan Curran moved in with his girl friend, Heather Adams. Heather lived with four woman friends in a large loft in Cooper Square which, naturally enough was called The Nunnery.

Art Saha, Chuck Freudenthal and I discovered a building on W. 46th St. that had recently been remodeled into small apartments, so there were a lot of vacancies. We all moved in there, calling it The Hive. Ian Macauley also moved in.

Jon Stolpa and I shared an apartment for awhile. Jon's record collection consisted mostly of large quantities of Brucker and Mahler. He later decided to move back to the midwest. I said, "I'm of two minds about your leaving, Jon. Personally I'll miss you of course, but I am becoming fond of your records, and I can't afford another period.

(These days I have all of Mahler's symphonies, two and three versions of some of them, but only a couple of Bruckner's.)

Many local fans and some out-of-towners dropped by to visit, but the apartments at The Hive just weren't big enough for large parties, so not a hell of a lot went on there.

One thing I remember though is that every day I walked by the theater where Bernstein's "Candide" was playing, but I never bought a ticket. I was to regret this strongly later. After the show closed Dan discovered the original cast album and brought it over. Once again we were hooked. That record got played several times a day, for months, both at The Hive and The Nunnery. And we mourned the cuts in the album, some of which sounded like they should have been quite good...

Stanley Albaum's friend, Eddie, also became attached to the record...and he had actually seen the show, but found it boring. "It must have been an off night," he said. And it remained one of our favorites, one of the standards played at parties.

In 1971, after we had moved to Berkeley, "Candide" was revised and revived. It played LA and then San Francisco. I got up a theater party for the occasion, Dick, Pat, Chuck and I plus several others. (Dan was up on Rickhardt's farm in the Sierras, in the process of becoming a hermit.)

This was the most boring evening I have ever spent in the theater. If it had been any other show I would have walked out, but I couldn't bring myself to do so. I wasn't alone; no one liked it. And we all loved the record. After San Francisco the production moved to Washington where it was the first musical presented in the Kennedy Center. But it never made it to New York.

And in 1973 it was revised and revived yet again. This version was successful, even winning the Tony for the Best Musical of the year. I got the cast album, but I didn't like it either.

However, in 1982 the New York City Opera revised it once again and added it to their repertoire. That version I like. I enjoy watching it. I am somewhat annoyed at the changes in both words and places in the show of some of the show, but then I am used to the original version.

Bela Bartok's son, Peter, said that the first time he heard Beethoven's 5th live he hadn't liked the performance. Bela smiled knowingly and said, "Ah, it wasn't like the record." And Peter realized that even the imperfections of the record had become part of the performance for him.





For some reason our loft did not occupy the entire top floor, so we had a vast expanse of roof on two sides of us and on which I put a number of planters with trees and shrubs, to it was a very attractive terrace. And we had a lot of indoor plants too, tub and otherwise. A Hawaiian tree fern gave the living room a very tropical appearance.

We even had a small barbecue on the terrace, and on one wonderful occasion I barbecued 2" thick prime porterhouses for what HABAKKUK columnist, Eunice Reardon said was a perfect meal, the best steak she had ever had. That was one of the good things about New York; you could get good meat like that at the wholesale meat markets even cheaper than regular meat at the supermarket.

The loft had been divided into rooms. The kitchen and bath were rather small and the bed rooms were of adequate size, but the living room was as large as the one at the Dive though we never played ghoddminton there. I had a LP record no one cared for so we nailed it to the floor as a sort of doormat and fans wiped their feet on it as they entered. Alas, I no longer remember what it was.

Right across the street from us was The Five Spot, the best jazz club in New York. And McSorely's Old Ale House was just a couple of blocks away. McSorely's was the oldest bar in New York "Good Ale, Raw Onions and No Ladies." It also had Liederkrantz cheese, an American cheese kin to Limburger.

We went there quite often. Naturally, the women fans hated it, mostly because the guys frequently went there to get away from their girl friends. But naturally the men-only policy did not survive far into the seventies. It's co-ed now.

St. Mark's baths were also quite near. This was a very good and quite cheap bath house which had steam baths and a masseur. It was mostly straight at the time, but became all gay early in the sixties. The male fans went there fairly often.

All the old Dive dwellers and regulars, fan and pro, far too many to name, came regularly to The Nunnery, as did Ted and Sylvia White when they moved to New York. And it was the place for out-of-town fans to gather to meet the New York fans.

Dave Mason and Katy MacLean lived just a few blocks away and were naturally heavily involved in our social scene, as were a number of proteges that they had acquired after the Fanarchists broke up as a social group.



Otto Von Albensis was the most colorful of these. He wasn't a Nazi himself, but he collected Nazi memorabilia and went around in costume looking like a storm trooper. However, he was no racist or bigot and completely uninterested in politics. He came from money and later inherited several million so he didn't spend much time working.

He got married during the time of The Nunnery in a Buddhist ceremony and his then wife, Barbara Rose, became Dave Pollard's second wife after they divorced.

Otto was also a gun collector. One evening he heard screams across his back way and called the police. The cops came in to talk to him about it. Otto had a machine gun—HIGHLY illegal—lying out in plain sight. No way they could have missed it. They didn't mention it. And he never heard anything about it.

Otto was planning on getting a Chinese Junk when he came into his money. I hope he followed thru on it.

Up to that time I had never ~~owned~~ had a cat. But Dan and I decided we would like to have one. For some reason Art and Trina had to give theirs up, so they gave him to us. He was a very intelligent solid black cat. I don't remember what Art and Trina called him, but I named him Heathcliffe.

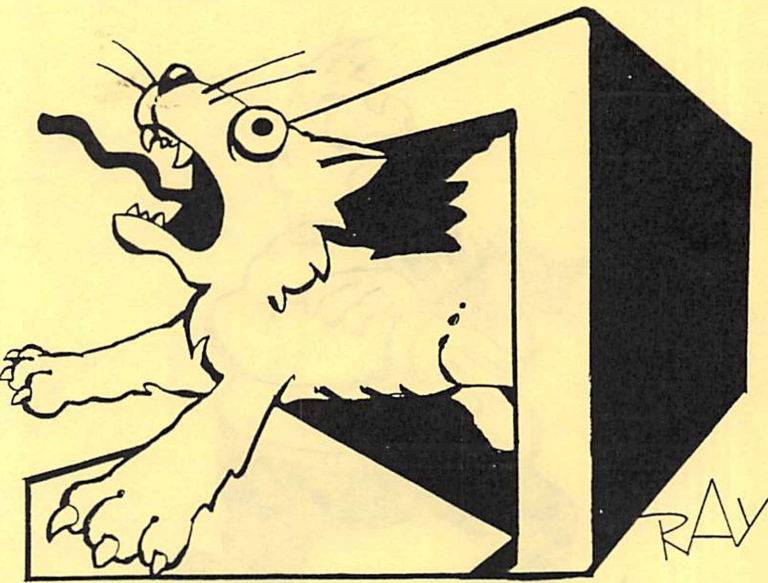
I knew nothing about cats at the time, so I carried him in my arms from Art and Trina's to The Nunnery. By the time I arrived my shirt was in shreds and I had several deep scratches. And Heathcliffe was traumatized. He managed to find a resting place part way up the chimney of our fireplace and holed up there, coming out only to eat. After about 10 days, I managed to block the fireplace while he was out, and forced out into the open he soon became a loving, affectionate cat.

Unfortunately I had always sneared at the message that chicken bones were bad for cats, and I fed Heathcliffe some cooked chicken necks. This killed him. The vet said that one of the bones had pierced his intestines and this led to blood poisoning. He died.

This hit hard. Not only had I come to love Heathcliffe, I was responsible for his death. I







agonized for awhile and then decided to get another cat NOW. I wanted to get one from the shelter, one that would otherwise be put away.

I went to the shelter. Most of the cats were either completely listless and ignoring everything or up at the front of their cages, crying to be noticed. But in one cage there was this large orange and white cat who alertly came up to investigate me. I took him home. His previous name was Mike, but I named him Habakkuk.

Habakkuk was always polite and responsive, but at first he was aloof. (It took him over a year to really warm up to me.) But there was one problem. He was a tomcat; he sprayed. He sprayed so much that it was intolerable. I had him deballed. But he kept spraying for about a month afterwards, and for his last spray he leaped up on my desk and let me have it, right in the face. (How could he know?)

And Habakkuk was extremely intelligent. I've had dumb cats and I've had smart cats, but Heathcliffe and Habakkuk were both extremely intelligent, more so than all the rest. After we became friends I could get Habakkuk to purr up a storm without touching him, just telling him what a great cat he was.

Being deballed seemed to have no effect on him except stopping his spraying. He was still Lord of the Manor and still interested in queens. And when they had kittens he would hunt for them, bringing home the prey.

Pat's brother, Fred Werner, was still one of our regulars, as were his friends, Richie Fox and Eddie Kaplan. Richie and Eddie shared an apartment. They had a cat they were quite fond of, and they were also quite fond of grass. It bothered them that they couldn't share this treat with their cat. And as time went on it bugged them more and more.

One day they became creative and shut the cat in the oven, blowing marijuana smoke into it thru a small pipe that they closed the oven door on. When they let the cat out of the oven he immediately ran out of the apartment and was never seen again.

At that time peyote was completely legal in New York and in most states. Katy spotted an ad in THE VILLAGE VOICE for peyote for sale mail order from Texas. Being curious she sent for some. (It later developed that the people at the VOICE didn't know what it was or they would never have accepted the ad.)

The shipment arrived, inspected by the Department of Agriculture no less, and Katy invited us over. We didn't know what to do with them, so ate the cactus buttons—no thorns—as if they were some sort of fruit. Peyote is EXTREMELY bitter but I managed to get one button down and started on a second, but my body started rebelling, so I stopped. Nothing seemed to be happening to any of us, so I went home.

I was reading a book by Edgar Wallace, so I picked it up and continued reading it. After awhile I noted that I was enjoying the book far more than I had ever enjoyed Edgar Wallace before, but I shrugged and kept reading. I didn't look up until I finished it. Well. I had been transported to some alien universe. All the colors were more intense. The lights had a beautiful haze about them. Everything was much more vivid. I turned on the FM and music was much enhanced.

(If you've had acid, but not peyote, they are very similar. However, peyote has a metaphysical "Whatever Is Right" feeling about it. You can be very critical on acid. I don't find it at all metaphysical. Peyote is.)

Naturally I sent away for some peyote myself. But I processed this either by boiling and diluting or by drying and grinding. We had quite a peyote culture going on there for awhile. We even had contacts with some Mohawk Indians who used it as part of their religion.

The color and light enhancement became especially vivid at Christmas. Our ceiling was some 12 feet high and Otto bought us a large, floor to ceiling tree. (It cost \$30.00 then. I think it would cost several hundred today.) In spite of its size it was not sparsely decorated. We had well over 500 lights (several different circuits) and lots of ornaments. And many fans spent hours handing tinsel on it, strand by strand.

On peyote the tree became a marvelous sight indeed. And many fans still mention it with nostalgia. But even without peyote it was breath taking. Dave and Kathy's young son, Chris, was struck dumb by it.

I remember vividly Trina and Art Castillo, sitting under the tree listening to West Side Story. We had by now added West Side Story and The





tory. We had by now added West Side Story and The Bells Are Ringing to our much-played records, but for some reason this was the first time that Art and Trina had heard it. It really sent them. Of course the peyote may have helped.

I wrote an article about the peyote experience, "Peyote At The Nunnery", which appeared in Dick's FLJAGH. Bob Silverberg is not much given to Golden Words of Praise for fan writing, but he gave me some for that article. And in Fred Pohl's "The Way the Future Was" he said, "The fanzines are the underground press of science fiction. They come in all shapes and sizes, the contents as varied as the format. Some is very good....All that I know about mescaline comes from a fanzine article by Bill Donaho."

We continued our tradition of a lengthy trip to Coney Island at least once a year. It was still going full blast then and the rides were fun, particularly the roller coasters. And we still had picnics in the park under George Washington Bridge.

Naturally we still kept up our practice of lavish parties, especially at holidays. And of course we still had a lot of poker games. And many different meetings took place there. Dick was on the GEB of the IWW and the IWW met at The Nunnery. We revived the Fanarchists as a science fiction club and they met there.

Harry Warner says that on one memorable occasion we had a meeting of of the IWW, a Fanarchist meeting and a Mass of St. Secaire, all at the same time, but in different spots. I don't even remember what a Mass of St. Secaire is, but if Harry says it happened, it happened. And Roger Sims says that at one of our parties I sat on two fans at once to stop a fight. If Roger says it happened, it happened. Oral Tradition must be respected.)

The Spanish Anarchists stopped giving the monthly paella dinner, and the Libertarian League, an anarchist group to which Dan, the Ellingtons and I belonged, took it over as a fund raiser. I had watched how the Spaniards did it, so I took over the cooking. I still cook paella occasionally and it always meets with much praise.

For whatever reason fans flocked to this monthly dinner. Recently Roger told me that at the time there was a rumor that the FBI had a post across the street and took pictures of everyone attending. If so, no one ever got into any trouble from it.

Since 1952 I had become involved with club and con fandom, but not with Fanzine Fandom. That changed early in 1958. Dick gave me Terry Carr's INUENDO to read. I was bowled over. So I sat down and wrote two fannish articles for Terry. He liked them; he published both of them in his next issue and asked for more. I was caught.

Nick and Noreen Falasca had started their anti-WFSF campaign, and I got involved in that too. I had a lot of free time in 1958 so Dan and I attended the Midwestcon and enjoyed the Detroit fans royal hospitality while waiting for the Illwiscon. They were both fun.

I also attended the Solacon which remains my favorite worldcon—even though I didn't run it. But I did highly approve of the way it was run.

So I thought it would be fun if we Fanarchists put on a Regional Con. And I persuaded the others go go along. At first we planned to hold it in Werdermans Hall where a lot of the local fan events

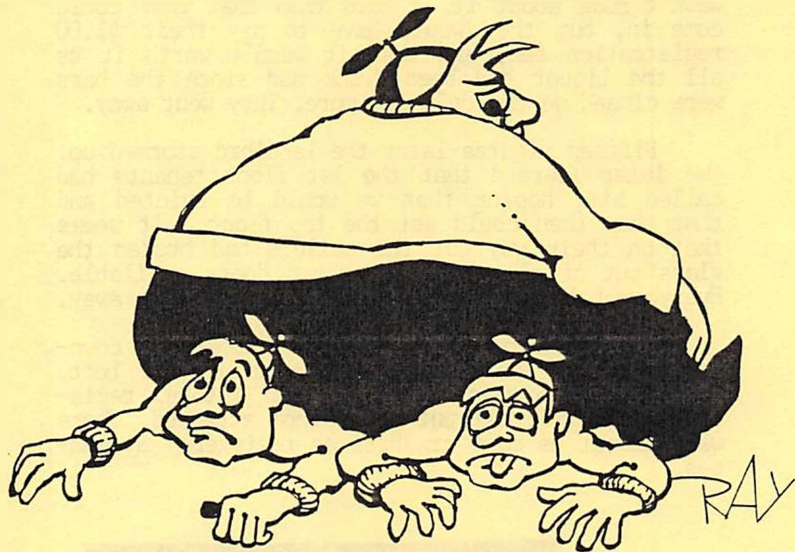
were held. And Tom Condit booked it there for some time in the late Fall.

We thought we would get around 50 fans for our Fanarcon. We had in mind a fan party that would drag in maybe about 15 fans from Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and Cleveland with about 30 to 40 local types. Something basically small and manageable. So we decided to ask out-of-town fans to stay at a nearby hotel and changed the location from Werdermans Hall to the Nunnery. And for some reason we changed the time to the week between Christmas and New Years.

Then Bad News arrived. Tom forgot to cancel our booking at Werdermans Hall and they billed the Fanarchists for \$100.00. There was a good deal of yelling at Tom and the Fanarchists promptly dissolved. Some unorganized fans who just happened to be in the room immediately formed the Futurian Society of New York.

(This fan group kept going until early in the sixties. But Tom Condit is a dedicated radical as well as being a fan. He kept bringing more and more of his radical and beatnik friends to meetings. They did not discuss fannish things.

(Dick Lupoff was very conservative in those days—he and Pat even voted for Nixon in 1960—and he finally had enough of this. He approached Larry and Noreen Shaw and Ted and Sylvia White. They organized the Fanoclasts and the Futurian Society of New York was no more. Ted tells me that the guy to whom Dick objected the most, because of his style of dress, was a quite steady fellow who later married Donald Wolheim's daughter, Betsy.)



I suppose the first danger signal about the Fanarcon was Katy MacLean's remark. She had just seen the brochure we had drawn up (illo by Trina, text by me) and she said, "God, that's good! I can't imagine anyone reading that and not wanting to come." But we weren't warned and went happily on our way.

The con was supposed to get under way Friday night, but we figured that in the then traditions of the Midwestcon and the Disclave there would only be a sprinkling of fans Friday night and that the main events would be Saturday. Falascafandom woke me up Friday morning and various Philadelphians, Washingtonians and Detroitians came trickling in all day. By 6 pm there were some 20 fans present. By 8 pm there were 40. By 10 pm, over 100.



The Nunnery was large, but it wasn't that large. It was packed to the rafters. We had set the registration table right by the door and people were crowding in faster than we could handle them. Many got in without registering. Many of those present were not even fringe fans, no matter how far you stretch the definition. The press at the front door was so great that it was torn off its hinges.

One of the fans, Bruce Cameron Altshiller, came with kilt and bagpipes, but the crowd was so huge and making so much noise that you couldn't even hear the pipes. In disgust he marched over to McSorely's, taking quite a few male fans with him.

This was the night of the robberies. Morris Scott Dollens had consigned some paintings to us for auction. Seven of them were stolen. All of the women's purses were rifled and the cash taken; in addition a suit, an overcoat, a camera and a pair of high-powered binoculars were taken.

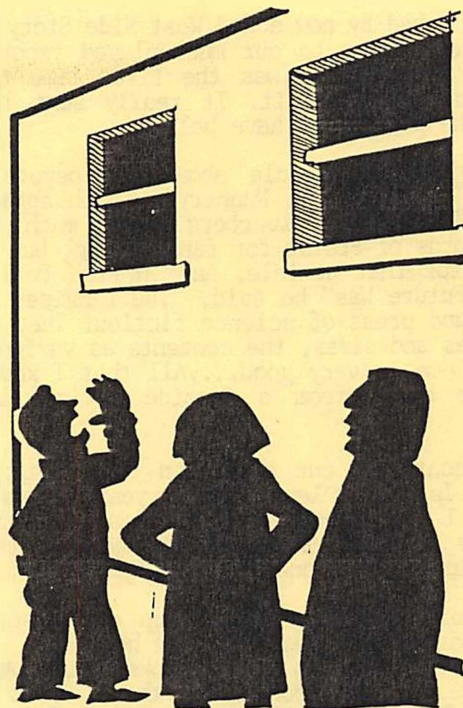
This was far worse than any of the hassles we had had at The Dive. But a different type of people were crashing or trying to crash.

Saturday morning we cleaned up in a rather dazed fashion. I got some new hinges and put the door back up. We set up security measures. The registration desk was moved down into the lower hall. That evening no one was admitted unless they had registered the day before, was known to the registration clerk or at least knew the right names. This worked very well. We only had about 70 people and they were all at least fringe fans.

All went well until about 3:30 am when 7 drunk sailors tried to get in. I discouraged them, but wasn't rude about it. I told them that they could come in, but they would have to pay their \$1.00 registration fee, and that it wasn't worth it as all the liquor had been drunk and since the bars were closed we couldn't get more. They went away.

Fifteen minutes later the landlord stormed up. (We later learned that the 1st floor tenants had called him, hoping that we would be evicted and that they then could get the top floor.) It seems that on their way out the sailors had broken the glass out of all the windows and doors available. Everyone folded their tents and quietly stole away.

There was no third day. We locked the downstairs front door, put a notice on it and left. During the two days there had been a total registration of 156, all but 18 of whom attended. There were almost as many crashers as registered attendees.



The con had been on the weekend before New Years and we had also advertised a big New Years Eve party. We put another notice on the door and took off again. I am told that there were mobs of people screaming under the windows all night. One group of people would come, read the notice, yell up at the windows for about 5 minutes, and then leave, only to be replaced by another group a few minutes later.

Dot Cole came all the way from Washington and couldn't get in and couldn't get in touch with any fans she knew. It was messy all around.

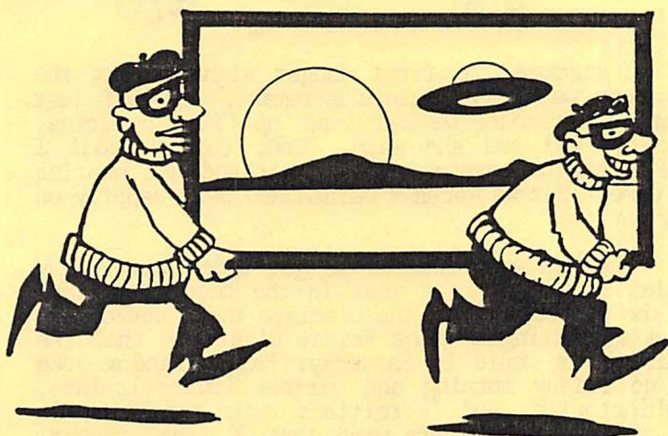
Thus passed the First and Last Fanarcon.

Dollens very nicely refused to take payment for his stolen paintings, saying that it was one of the hazards of the game. Fortunately a couple of years later someone turned them in for a Lunacon auction and they were recognized, so he got them back. But this did leave one to wonder just who had stolen them in the first place; it no longer looked like a non-fan.

But after the Fanarcon 1959 was a New Year and life continued much as before. John Berry came to town—The Goon Goes West—for his Detention trip and we wine and dined him, throwing a big party of course. There was still much bad feeling between us and George Nims Raybin and Frank and Belle Dietz, rising out of the WSFS, Inc. fuss (This was the Big Fan Fuss before the Breendoggle and Topic A), but Dick Ellington said, "Of course we invite them. They're fans; they're entitled to come." We invited them and they came.

Of course we showed John the sights, the Empire State Building, Fifth Ave, the Village and so forth. And we took him on a boat trip around Manhattan Island, complete with lots of beer, and on an expedition to Coney Island. John didn't care much for the roller coaster, but he rode it twice.

By coincidence I installed my second Karlson enclosure while John was there. This improved the sound. There is much more difference between one speaker monoaural and two speakers monoaural than







We freely admit that your sense of wonder is likely to be dulled at the Fanar-Con, New York's own Beatnick Con, to be held Friday, Saturday & Sunday, December 26, 27 & 28, under the auspices of the Futurian Society of N.Y.

Ye old notorious Nunnery will be the convention headquarters and scene of most of the riots. Nunnery: abode of Messrs. Dan Curran and Bill Donaho; loft on top floor of 14 Cooper Square. 14 Cooper Square is roughly 3rd Ave. and 5th St. It is gross calumny to claim that the Nunnery is a Bowery Dive; the Bowery begins 1/4 block away.

Out-of-towners should stay about four blocks away at the Broadway Central, 673 Broadway. ((Broadway and 3rd St.))

Rates are as follows: single rooms \$3.50 and up, doubles: \$6.00 without baths and \$8.00 with baths.

Membership in the FanarCon is \$1.00. Every cent of this will go towards the purchase of alcoholic beverages. Even mix and potato chips will be donated, by the Futurians. Advance membership will be **GREATLY APPRECIATED**.

Festivities will begin Friday night with a quiet, drunken brawl (2nd day of Christmas and St. Stephens day and all that). If guests collapse on floor, they will be allowed to sleep there. Perhaps even kindly dragged to corners.

Both Friday and Saturday nights Groups will make tours of the Village with special reference to the Coffee Houses and Bars.

Saturday the hosts (as soon as roused) will be on hand for socializing. Sometime during the day male fans will troop over to McSorley's Old Ale House, the oldest bar in New York. Established 1854. Very good ale, the original furniture, sawdust on the floor, etc. No women allowed.

At 4 P.M. there will be a showing of the Czech film KRAKATIT made from Karl Capek's novel. The screening will be at 86 E. 10th St. (10 minutes walk from Nunnery) and free to all members of the FanarCon. Saturday night there will be a costume party. All fans not in costume will be fined 25¢ which will be used towards you-know-what.

Sunday will be given over to socializing and recuperation.

If at any time the presence of so many sensitive fannish faces gets too much to endure, right across the street the Five Spot offers some of the best jazz in New York.

Come one, come all, forget the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand at the Fanar-Con.

P.S. There will also be a big New Year's eve brawl at the Nunnery....



there is between two speakers monoaural and two speakers stereo. My then system lead Ted White to say that it was the best sound he had heard in a private home.

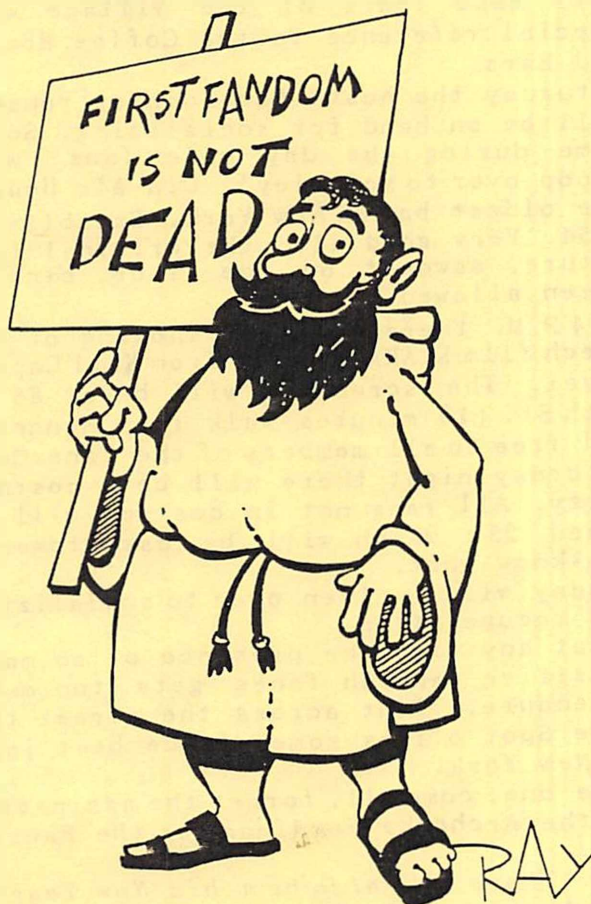
The party for John was a huge success. It was preceded by another quite successful steak dinner. Fans and pros from all over were there. Harry Cameron Altshiller played the pipes again. This time we could hear him. (How is it that all these Scottish fans in kilts have the middle name of Caneron?)

The party went on until well into the next day. About 4:30 am Vince Hickey, a drummer in a New Orleans type jazz band playing in the village brought the group over when the club closed and they played for hours. John finally left to get some sleep before moving on, but the rest of us continued until we fell by the wayside.

I just reread "The Coon Goes West". It really brought back the memories, things I had forgotten completely. Somebody really ought to reprint that. It is a Wonderful Trip Report. Many thanks for all your kind words to me therein, John.

The Detention was a Great Con. And it was the only con at which I wore a costume at the masquerade. I came as Friar Tucker, dressed in sandals, a red monks robe, and a false beard, carrying a sign saying "First Fandom Is Not Dead." I won the First Award for Most Fannish Costume. Larry Shaw, one of the judges, said it was the only unanimous choice they made. Anyhow, I had a great deal of fun.

When I was in the army I was stationed in the Bay Area, first on Angel Island and later at Oakland Army Base. I fell in love with San Francisco and decided to eventually locate there. But I



wanted to go to the University of Chicago and after I left there I decided to at least see what New York was like. But San Francisco kept pulling me.

Actually San Francisco was mecca in those days. Many people I knew in college, and many fans in New York, also wanted to end up here. And a lot of us made it, many of us to Berkeley, and job openings taking others like Larry and Noreen to LA.

Dan and his girlfriend, Dottie Carter, had already taken off for California, by way of New Orleans. The Ellingtons were talking about Real Soon Now, so after the Detention I decided to make the plunge. The Nunnery was too much of a hassle for one person, so Habakkuk and Ahab (by this time I had another cat) and I moved in with Bob and Joan Adler and Stanley Alboum for a few weeks while getting it together to move to San Francisco.

I left New York in the middle of October and spent some 5 weeks with my mother in Texas. (Dick and Pat kept Habakkuk and Ahab for awhile.) Then I came on out here, arriving in San Francisco December 1, 1959, being met at the plane by Dan and Al Graham and having dinner with Terry and Miriam Carr that evening. Miriam served lamb chops and we drank gin and orange juice. Shortly thereafter we went to a gathering at the IWW hall where Dave Rike was staying and I met him and Sid and Alva Rogers.

I looked for a place in San Francisco, but rents were more than twice what they were in Berkeley, and Dan and Dottie had broken up and he was disenchanted with San Francisco, so we took a house in Berkeley and became members of Berkeley fandom.





**John Berry**  
4 Chilterns  
S. Hatfield  
Herts AL10 5SU  
England

What a wonderful surprise to receive **HABAKKUK** and realize that after all these years you have shaken off the dreaded hanging shrouds of gafia and produced such a beautifully written and illustrated fanzine, as if the

years of non-activity have been a sort of pregnancy, metaphorically speaking, of course, and this wonderful thing has burst out to surprise and amaze the fannish world.

I cannot believe it was thirty-five years ago that you wined and dined me at the Nunnery, and permitted me to experience first hand the combination of gravity and high-G as I sat next to you in the little capsule whizzing all around Coney Island helter skelter. ((Coney Island's highest roller coaster.))

I note in your letter column that fans have given brief summations of their fannish career since you gafiated... I have continued to write for fanzines, although sometimes critics refer to the "mature" Berry, which is a bit of a drag because I was 28 years old when my first fannish article was published in **HYPHEN**.

Anyhow, all my fannish activity and pubbing around a hundred fanzines was really good training for me to become editor of Britain's first fingerprint journal, which I edited from 1975 to 1991, producing 64 issues... I actually wrote over 200 articles about fingerprints and had the great good fortune to lecture at Humboldt University in East Berlin twice, in 1987 and 1989, on fingerprint matters. I retired in August 1991 upon reaching the statutory age of 65. Since then I have written, travelled and had two operations, one of which was rather unfortunate.

I was having a kidney stone removed, and whilst sitting on my pre-operation bed, sweating with fear, a gorgeous nurse swayed towards me, and asked if I'd like to take part in an experiment. "No," I said, ever the great optimist, "I'm just about to have an operation." "That's what I mean," she hissed. She explained that water was sprayed on the tattered kidney whilst it was being probed, and the surgeon wanted to know how much water was imbibed by the body.

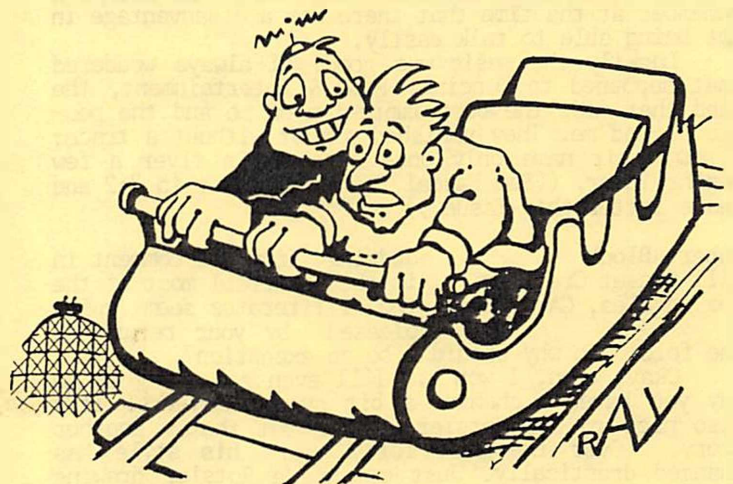
Someone thought it would be a good idea to include a measured amount of alcohol in the water, and after the operation, give the victim a test to see how much alcohol was in the body. I looked into her great, pleading blue eyes and said, "Yes," and she whipped a form in front of me to sign, giving permission.

After the operation I was returned to the ward, and for a long time I didn't know where I was and what I was doing. I vaguely remember a struggle with three nurses. Next day a very severe-looking sister came to my bed and said, "Mr. Berry, in future, please remember that there are lady visitors to this ward between 2 pm and 8 pm.

What had I done? No one ever told me.

Of course I wasn't finished with that blasted kidney stone. The laser which had shattered it was, I presume wrongly calibrated, because for six months afterwards, sometimes in great agony, I passed kidney stone fragments. I was secretly glad that earlier I had learned to play the piccolo.

But enough, I just want to say, Bill, what a pleasure it was to receive **HABAKKUK**, and how much I enjoyed reading the contents.





**John D. Berry** That's a deftly edited lettercolumn. No wonder each incarnation of HABAKKUK has expanded beyond your initial dreams; you edit so

that everyone has to respond, augmenting the conversation in so many ways that it mushrooms overnight. "The Arena" is inclusive but not indiscriminating; even the briefest "thanks for sending me the issue" letter is there for a reason and has a payoff (such as Catherine Mintz's last line: "I am planning to chart the growth rate"). I look forward to the 100-page Verse 3. ((It would be in the old type style!))

And what is it about your writing that draws one in and seems so attractive? I'm not sure. I remember reading, in Chapter 2, your accounts of two mid-sixties Westercons and quite a few Bay Area parties of the time, and you made me wish desperately that I'd been there. (Of course, I was a teenager at the time; wishing desperately was part of my everyday life.) I'm not going back to look up the stuff from HAB's last incarnation, and the writing here isn't that startling and sometimes meanders, yet you've still got the old touch.

"Memories of the Dive" is priceless. Maybe the secret is that you're a great gossip; maybe another secret is that you've got an appreciation for a good scene, and the ability to describe it in telling details, but at the same time you don't take it too seriously. Whatever an analysis of your writing may reveal, it's sure entertaining.

I must admit that the most startling thing in your Dive memories was the juxtaposition of "Three-penny Opera" and "My Fair Lady." I mean, yes, I suppose they're both "show music," technically, but from just about diametrically opposite poles. ((I like them both and so did the Dive crowd.))

Fascinating to see Ray Nelson, after his remarks in BLAT! about adapting his earlier cartooning style to the limitations of mimeo, displaying here in HAB a thoroughly new style that takes advantage of the medium, with big black areas and lines of varying thickness—none of which is obvious unless you're looking for it. I'm not sure I would have noticed it at all except that I'm used to the monoline look of his mimeo cartoons; what he's done here just looks natural and suitable to its environment. He has nicely made it obvious that what's "fannish" can and does change.

I remember the Baycon masquerade. It was much like any other rock concert of the time and place ("concert" seems too formal a word for the free-flowing events I'm thinking of), but that's what put off some of the fans attending: they weren't rock fans and didn't like the style of music or personal interaction. This was the first time, as far as I can recall, that rock music appeared at an sf convention. ((It was.)) It certainly was loud; if you didn't want to participate in the ambience, there wasn't much left for you to do but bitch impotently or leave. I remember at the time that there was a disadvantage in not being able to talk easily.

Luckily the music was good. (I always wondered what happened to Dancing, Food & Entertainment, the band that made the best impression on me and the people around me. They vanished almost without a trace; I saw their name only once more, on a flyer a few months later. ((See Pascal Thomas's letter in 3:2 and Ted's letter this issue.))

**Robert Bloch** Judging from the comment in 2111 Sunset Crest Dr. in the lettercol most of the Los Angeles, CA 90048 the illiterates seem quite pleased by your return to the fold. So why should I be an exception?

Okay, then, I won't. I'll even go so far as to say you haven't changed a bit over the years. It's also nice to see Rotsler return—but that's another story. Over the past forty years his style has changed drastically. Just compare a Rotsler drawing from the 50's with one from the 90's and you'll see a

vast difference. He now uses a pen with a broader point.

Lots to comment on this issue, but I'll limit my remarks to Jenny Glover's letter, in which—referring to the attractions of convention attendance, she asks "What about the programme, the Guests of Honor, the sense of wonder?"

I assume her questions are rhetorical, based largely on attending cons in the United Kingdom. Here in the states we have a "program" which, with rare exceptions, is seen by only a small fraction of the conventioners, further splintered into even smaller audiences because of the multiple-track system of presenting events in simultaneous competition with one another. ((8 tracks at ConFrancisco!))

As a result, even the most avid program attendee can see only about 1/5 of the total events, even if he never sleeps at all except during a talk by Harlan Ellison.

As for Guests of Honor—aside from Ellison, who else is worth seeing? Given the preponderance of media-fan con goers, chances are they have never known the work and/or professional achievements of any other GOH's unless they've toiled in television or film. Let's hear it for Howard Stern!

And the sense of wonder—if it exists—is reserved for the side-show attractions which have now taken over more and more of the main tent. Present day Worldcons aren't focussed on Hugo Awards and banquet speeches; they are designed for the huge proportion of splinter punks who are into gaming, costuming, sword-and-sorcery, film and special effects, Star Trek, Star Wars and assorted cult attractions for fun and profit (fun being optional) and the usual attractions for teen-age convention goers—drinking up, snorting up, shooting up and shacking up.

That's how it is, Jenny; see you at the masquerade.

**E. C. (Ted) Tubb** It was nice to share your trip down memory lane. An opening of 67 Houston Road doors into the past to resurrect London SE23 2RL intriguing scenes; talk of incidents, people, conventions—the England old fannish world which seems no longer to be around.

Big conventions defeat their own end. They are no longer either efficient or fun. Fandom, now, is no longer homogeneous. In a sense it has expanded from a single egg into a mass of spawn. Too many different fandoms are, at big cons, thrust together with a mutual loss. Smaller cons, aimed at and catering only to those of mutual interest, would, I'm sure be more enjoyable.

Gafia is always around and most of us have suffered from it. In my experience it always takes its toll. But in your case you seem to have gained fresh and startling energy. It's good to see—may it never grow less.

**Monika Best** I loved "Memories of the Dossenheimer Landstr 61A Dive." Ghods. I think I 69121 Heidelberg discovered fandom several Germany decades too late and on the wrong continent! I found myself wishing I could've been there because I would've liked your parties (except for the Blog!) ...until I suddenly realized that I hadn't even been born at the time you were describing. What a strange thought!

One of the things I like most about fandom is that I get to meet people with a completely different background (I mean stuff like nationality, age, race, religion, whatever...) with whom I have a lot more in common than with the people I meet in Mundania every day. Isn't fandom great?!

Ted White's fanzine reviews were very interesting, and the very next letter I write will go to Greg Pickersgill to ask for a copy of RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK.



Bill Kunkel  
805 Spyglass Lane  
Las Vegas, NV 89107

I promised myself I wouldn't be the first one to mention the "Abi Incident," but since it has already been misreported in virtually all the particulars, I suppose a first-person account would not be out of line. At least, in my version, Abi is sober.

First, I must explain the truly untarnished good will which Ms. Frost encountered upon her arrival in Las Vegas. A special blowout was held in her honor, with members of Vegas Fandom providing all manner of goodies. She seemed tired and in bad spirits, however, and as it was her first night in, we all wrote off her glum indifference to jetlag.

The next morning, being Sunday, Arnie and Joyce decided to take Abi—along with several others, including myself, Laurie, and Woody Bernardi—for a splendid breakfast at the Rio, our city's most lavish off-the-Strip hotel/casino. Seemed like a great idea to me, but Abi was in a rotten mood, snarling about what an inadequate country we have and complaining bitterly on the lack of smoking facilities.

All I could think was: "Wait till this bitch gets to San Francisco—a virtual non-smoking city!"

In any case while we waited the 15 or so minutes in line for a table Abi inhaled what seemed like half a dozen butts, smoking as furiously as the stacks of a Manchester industrial plant. It happens that several members of our party are allergic, in various degrees, to cigarette smoke.

However, it was obvious that Our Guest would want to smoke, so Arnie decided that when we got to the head of the line, if a smoking table were available, we'd take it. When it came our turn, however, we were told it would be another 20 minutes before a smoking table would kick loose, so we took non-smoking.

I thought Abi was going to explode, and she shuttled over to the table muttering black words about America and its citizens. She then sat and fumed, sulking in an aggressive manner I had not previously experienced by man nor beast. Various attempts were made to placate her—including Woody, who does not smoke, offering to accompany her the 15 or so feet to the nearby smoking section—but she would have none of it. She expressed the wish that we hadn't imposed on her and had merely let her have her coffee and smoke her cigarettes at home in peace.

At some point in her general crabbing, pissing and moaning, I recall a spirit taking control of my body, and I turned to her and remarked: "God, you're obnoxious."

I saw her lip curl in feral fury, spittle flying from her mouth; her eyes narrowed down to tiny dots.

I thought she was going to transform into a werewolf. "Ob-NOX-ious!?" she gasped in raging and horrified disbelief. "I'M ob-NOX-ious!!!!!"

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The Devil made me do it. And I'd do it again.  
-----

Well, there, I'd gone and done it. I affirmed that yes, indeed, I felt she was an incredibly obnoxious specimen of humanity—and courteously suggested that she wouldn't want to poll the table on the subject. The argument that ensued—with Arnie eventually joining in, in spite of himself—had nothing to do with the TAFF elections—or any other TAFF business. My point was: why in god's name had she ever RUN for TAFF? I explained that, like her, I was not much for going to new places and meeting new people and having my habits subject to change. And, for that very reason I would NEVER consider running for TAFF. She obviously felt the same way, so I just wanted to know why she would willingly subject herself to the TAFF Experience. I received no enlightenment on the subject.

Laurie Yates Abi  
Address Above was a disappointment to put it mildly. Having met Rob Hansen, his sidekick Martin, Matthais Hoffman, Eric Lindsey, and many other non-American fans I thot I was prepared for the Frost that arrived in Las Vegas. I was incorrect.

I think what tipped me off was her general inability to say anything nice. Food was sneered at, posters that fans had made were not noted and even the present we offered as a token of friendship was met with indifference. Did anyone who met her get a thank-you for anything?

She had actually started that morning in a foul mood. She was in full temper tantrum mode before we even

left Arnie and Joyce's. Being one of the people allergic to cigarette smoke in the breakfast party, I can honestly say that I would have had the good manners to have not groused and whined like an infant if we'd have sat in the smoking section.

However, one of the best lines of the situation came when we caravanned back to the Katz. Bill and I took Woody with us, while Arnie and Joyce took Abi. When they turned off (to get gas we later learned), Woody gasped in horror: They're taking her out to the desert!

It will be a long time before Vegas forgets Abi.

Frederik Pohl  
855 South Harvard Drive  
Palatine, IL 60067

Hey, welcome back!  
And, yes, I do still read fanzines when I get them; I just don't write LoCs. But I was very pleased to get yours.





**Algis Budrys** I honestly thought you were dead.  
824 Seward St. I see you are not, and am glad of  
Evanston, IL 60202 it. Under separate cover I have  
sent you copies of the magazine I  
publish, TOMORROW SPECULATIVE FICTION. It is nominal-  
ly a prozine, and I guess I have to call it that, be-  
cause if I put that much money into a fanzine, I'd be  
considered crazy. ((Join the club.)) If you like it,  
I will give you, gratis, under the Old Friends Act, a  
subscription. ((Thanks, AJ, I like it a lot.))

I read HABAKKUK 3:2 with great interest. In many  
ways it was like stepping into a time machine. And I  
found that not at all bad. Not dead. Hmm.

**Redd Boggs** Thanks for HABAKKUK. Remark-  
able return to genzine pub-  
lishing! But don't let it TOO  
big too handle. I always re-  
member... No I don't. Somebody

from Marquette, Michigan, who published a supersize  
annish that ended his fannish career after a promis-  
ing first year. But I have forgotten his name. Joel  
something? Joel Nydahl, I think. ((Yes.)) Classic  
case of fannish burnout, in any case.

**Scott L. Spence** The whole argument about wheth-  
er any new fans are taking up  
the standard of traditional fan-  
fannish fandom strikes me as sim-  
ilar to the complaints of people who came of age in  
the late 60's and early 70's. That generation has  
spent the last twenty years telling my generation we  
"missed it all", that history ended in the early  
70's. I think many people my age are interested in  
the traditions of previous generations, we just don't  
want to be beat over the head with them.

**Don Fitch** Yes, I noticed (and regretted)  
that Miriam didn't write/publish  
much in fanzines. but what she  
write was so spontaneous and fil-  
led with delight that it's difficult to believe that  
she didn't enjoy writing it as much as we enjoyed  
reading it. One of the regrettable things about  
fandom is the sad discovery that some people who can  
write superbly simply hardly ever write or publish  
anything.

Good reviews by Debbie—I've found that it's  
always a good idea to read the books she recommends—  
and by Ted, though I do rather often enjoy the  
fanzines he castigates almost as much as the ones he  
praises. It's a bit surprising, though, that Ted  
expects fan historians to "make sense" out of fandom  
during the period he was active, and is disappointed  
when they don't. If Ted White can't make sense out  
of something fannish, who can?

(Personally, I suppose that Fandom in those days  
(and moreso since) was so large that there simply  
isn't Sense to be made from it as a whole, though  
probably a Really Clever Writer could work up some  
theses that would appear to Make Sense. Maybe it's  
better that Fan Historians not have that sort of  
Cleverness.)

I've never been much for recreational drugs, and  
didn't do more than a dozen or so polite tokes now  
and then when joints or pipes were passed during  
Baycon, but certainly shared the Peak Experience at  
that "encounter session" during the final night—  
having gone at least 50 hours without sleep undoubt-  
edly had much to do with my receptivity. It's not  
with pleasure that I realize that I now have to nap  
for at least three hours in the afternoon if I intend  
to party until dawn (and all too often I flake out  
about 4 am). \*Sigh\*.

As far as I can tell, the complainers Joseph  
Major mentions—those who moan about fanzine fandom  
dying, then about being so far behind in their fnz  
reading/loccking/pubbing—are very much like those  
who talk about how dreadful the WorldCon just past  
was and how marvelous the previous ones were... and  
repeat this every year.

It's quite untrue, Bill, that there are no teen-  
age fans; a reasonable percentage of them can be  
found at most cons. None of them, as far as I know  
(and I probably would) are fanzine fans, so they're  
highly unlikely to become part of the fandom we know.  
((But that's what people meant; there are no teen-age  
fans in the fandom we know!))

Add to this fact (as I see it) that teen-agers  
who discover fandom (mostly conventions) today look  
upon it as merely another social outlet; there are  
plenty of other areas in contemporary mundane culture  
where they can be as weird as they want. Fandom is  
no longer the only place they can feel comfortable  
and At Home.

As far as I can figure out the proto-fanzine  
fans who used to (sometimes) find their way into  
fandom are now pubbing their ishes on readily-  
accessible computers and photocopiers and sending  
them to others of their sort who they've contacted  
through FACTSHEET FIVE, and they are not in the least  
interested in learning and adopting Fandom's Traditions  
when they can easily initiate their own.

I see this as a serious (quite possibly fatal,  
within another 20 years or so) loss to Fandom in many  
ways, with the most immediate one being the decline  
in the level of Enthusiasm and Vitality which young  
neo-fans have commonly contributed to the microcosm.

I don't believe I've heard or seen the words  
"Neo" or "Neofan" used more than three or four times  
during the past couple of years. Obviously, there  
are still many newcomers to fandom, every year, but  
the younger ones tend to go into Games-playing or  
Anime fandoms, and most of the rest are anywhere from  
their mid-twenties to their thirties.

Many of the later are pleasant, charming, intel-  
ligent, talented & otherwise good fan material (and  
many also are a bit dull, stodgy, and mundane), but  
by that age almost all have assumed professional,  
family, and social obligations and are not about to  
plunge into fanac with any great intensity. Indeed,  
the majority of them appear quite satisfied with  
doing little more than attending two or three (usual  
local) conventions per year.

Such people may be, technically, "neofans," but  
few bring with them the Charges of Enthusiasm, Energy,  
Hyper-Activity, Intellectual Discovery & Ferment, and  
sense of Iconclasm which are traditionally as-  
sociated with younger Neofans. Admittedly, such  
Vibrancy was sometimes a Pain In The Neck, but at the  
same time it contributed greatly to the Vitality of  
Fandom, and a bunch of old geezers (Why, some of us  
are over forty!) ((No!!!)) trying to recapture the





delights of their youth don't seem to quite manage to create the necessary Atmosphere, and certainly not one that's likely to cause young people to hang around even if they check it out.

Thanks for mentioning that the Bands at the 1968 Baycon were Notes From The Underground, Dancing, Food and Entertainment, and H. P. Lovecraft. I'd heard a rumor that one of them (presumably Notes...) was The Velvet Underground more-or-less in all but name, for contractual reasons, and must confess to have perpetuated it in fanzines.

Among the fans I knew, the feeling was almost universal that Rock, being Popular Music, was far too mundane to have any place in fandom, and few applauded your attempt to drag fandom, kicking and screaming, into the 20th Century. I was not (and, on balance, am still not) among the latter, even though I did enjoy sitting on the floor in front of the Bands, and listening for hours (with my hearing-aid turned off, if memory serves.) ((They were loud enough without it. But that sounds like applause to me!))

Lloyd Penny and Jenny Glover both seem to have excellent ideas for the Fanzine Lounge at the next two WorldCons, though their approaches are distinctly different. I'm not sure that one person can handle, without grave danger of Burn-Cut, both the Con Floor Lounge and the nighttime Party Suite, and I believe the two are of almost equal importance...

Andrew C. Murdoch  
2563 Heron St.  
Victoria, BC V8R 5Z9  
Canada

Yes, there is indeed a fan at home! I don't know how I got on your mailing list, but I'm glad I'm there. Rest assured that you are now on mine, and

the fourth issue of my zine, ZX, will be on its way to you as soon as it's published.

I see that, like its predecessors, this incarnation of HABAKKUK is also growing exponentially. Mostly that's locs though, and that's great. Locs have always been my favorite part of a zine.

But hearing you and everyone in the Arena discussing the '68 Baycon and other fannish legends, institutions, people and cons that were around in the sixties leaves me feeling out of place with nothing to reminisce about. Such is the curse of having been born in 1972.

However, hopefully, that will help put to rest the concern of fandom's elders that there are no teen-age fans to keep fandom going. I, for one, at the conventions I've attended, have had no trouble finding people my age or younger. There is a slow but steady influx of new blood in the form of neofans of all ages.

((There is also a concern that most of the young fans that come around, unlike yourself, seem to be not interested in fanzine fandom, getting, loccing and publishing fanzines, learning the fannish traditions, etc., but are only in Star Trek, gaming and/or some other fringe activity.))

I myself have been an active member of the local Star Trek fan club since I was 16, and have been going to conventions since I was 17. And I have a number of friends from the club who started out at the same age as me or younger. Now, at the tender age of 21, I'm the president of the Trek Club I joined five years ago, I'm reading and locing zines like mad, and I'm publishing my own zine. And the next generation is on its way, as evidenced by my 12-year old sister who's anxiously awaiting the day when I take her to her first con.

((Let's encourage Andrew. Send him fanzines!))

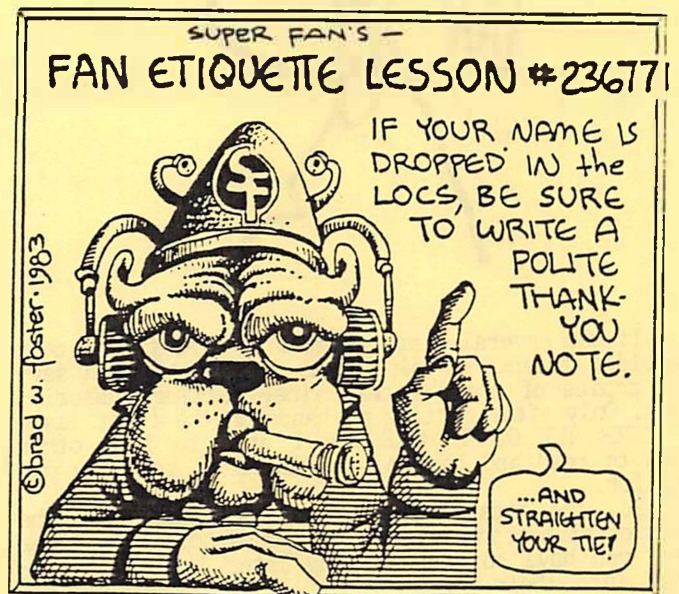
But even though I hadn't been alive to see it, I loved your history of the legendary fannish institution known as "The Dive." I've often heard of Slan Shacks, but never seen one in action. What a tragedy that there has never been one like it since, as they sound like a lot of fun. However, on the slim chance that "Dive II" ever comes into being, try renting a house instead, so you don't get calls from the landlord regarding imminent eviction. Make sure it's

soundproof, and be careful with the Karlson enclosures. (What a pity those are no longer made. With today's stereo systems, I can just imagine what they'd be like. I WANT some!)

I have yet to attend a WorldCon, but that will be rectified this September at ConAdian. I'm intrigued by all the talk about cons getting too big. Personally, I don't think I've been to many cons that were much under a thousand people. (I think the lowest was about 800, not too large. I've never really thought of cons as being anything but large. Granted, meeting people tends to be hard, unless you hang out for most of the time in the hospitality suite or fanzine lounge where you know certain people are likely to show up sooner or later, but I go largely just to meet anybody, just for the sake of meeting them.

If I meet a fannish writer who I'd beed reading for years (like a chance encounter with Harry Andruschak at last year's NorWesCon or Don Fitch at a fanzine panel at WesterCon), so much the better, but largely I let myself wander. Granted, it's hard to sometimes keep track of the people you came with (unless you have everything scheduled out ahead of time, and who does that at a con?), but there's no reason not to make a heap of new friends while you're at it. Still, I'd like to go to a smaller convention one of these days just to see what it's like. I'm almost afraid to, though. What's to say I won't tip the balance?

With all this talk about the recent ConFrancisco and WorldCons and so on, I have to ask: Are you going to be at ConCadian in Winnipeg this September? ((Finances being what they are, it's not likely I'll be there; but if I win the Lottery, I'll come.)) For that matter, who is the Arena is planning on attending? I'd love to know so that maybe by bizarre chance we will meet (probably at Lloyd Penney's fanzine lounge). I'm going hell or high water, so who else is?



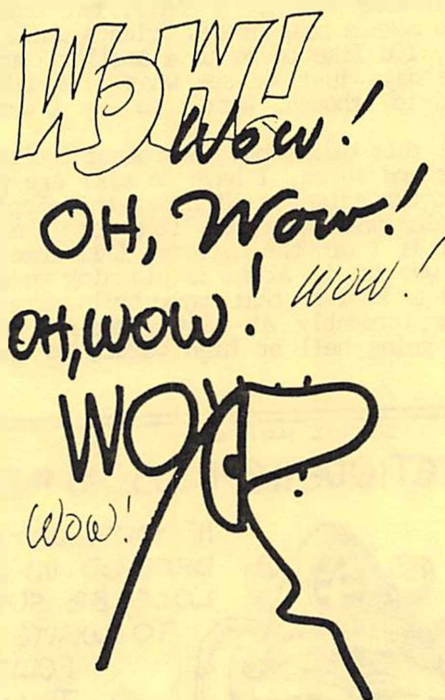
((I was very interested in Andrew's reactions so I sent him some excerpts from Don Fitch's loc and asked him for comments.))

First of all, Don mentions that most young neofans join a specific type of fandom. I certainly can vouch for that. However, I am not so sure this is a Bad Thing. When I joined my first club and entered fandom, I didn't join a science fiction fan club per se. I joined a Star Trek club, because that's the specific area in which my interests lie. I also joined an anime club later on. Certainly, young fans like myself were still brimming with enthusiasm for their new clubs then.



Once I started going to conventions, however, I actually took a look outside the Star Trek programming and saw what else there was at a con. Friends of mine suggested different panels and events to me that I would not otherwise have gone to. My taste in panels has also shifted slightly towards the more serious, scientific discussions (a point also noted by a fan friend of mine who is herself less than two years older than me). I honestly don't see that getting young neofans into mainstream fandom once they join a club is a great problem; nor do I feel that youthful enthusiasm or fandom's traditions are in jeopardy.

As to getting young neos into fanzine fandom, well, that's different. First of all, neofans have to know that fanzines exist. Unless they're produced by and for the clubs they belong to, most neos may not know about fanzines. It seems to me that fanzines have a sort of underground subculture status. Most fanzines produced wind up in the hands of other fanzine publishers, past and present. Once you find one fanzine, however, it's usually easy to find others, because most zines have some sort of zine review column.



It was several years after I entered fandom that two older friends of mine came to a party with several copies of their latest zine, selling subscriptions. Only after getting my hands on the first issue of UNDER THE OZONE HOLE was I able to find other zines to read and loc to, and later to trade my own zine for.

So, the first point is to get zines into the hands of of neofans by whatever means possible. After that, you have to keep putting later issues of fanzines into their hands. After looking over various zines, I've found that the content of the written material rarely stays on the topic of sf or fandom. Hell, I've written pieces on camping trips I've been on that had nothing to do with fandom except that the trip was made by me and my fan friends. However, I'm sure that not everyone would be interested in my experiences with the pastel green latrines...

Personally, it's this eclectic mix of topics that keeps me in fanzine fandom, but it might not be everybody's cup of tea. However, it should be made clear to teen-age neos that that they can do something about the content themselves, such as writing a loc or article. And when they realize that doing something as simple as writing a loc will ensure that they keep getting that zine, then hopefully we'll have more teen-age zine readers.

Unfortunately, just getting a zine into the hands of neos could be a problem in itself. If most zine publishers are as amateur as myself, and are shelling out a good deal of funds to produce a zine, it could be a bit of a drawback to go to a con and hand a zine to every teen-ager there, not knowing if they're going to get a regular contributor or subscriber.

As Don mentioned, fandom for some teen-agers is merely a social outlet, rather than the start of a Way of Life, like for those of us who are still involved in fandom years or decades later. The trick would be to get zines into the hands of a neo who as at the con to have fun with others who shared his interests, and not just there to pick up the girl in the chainmail bikini. Fanzine lounges and pamphlet racks help here, but are not perfect magnets for neos.

As for getting teen-agers, or recent teen-agers, to produce a zine of their own, it seems to come down to the three M's: Means, Materials and Money.

First of all, a neo publisher's first instinct will probably be to produce a zine on a computer with some manner of expensive desktop publishing programs, and they'll stop right there if they don't have access to this sort of technology. Neos need to be shown that zines don't have to be very fancy, and they should see some examples of zines that were done using no more than an electric typewriter and a photocopier.

I was going to hold off publishing my zine until I got a new computer (which would have been real-soonnow), but then decided that I'd do a zine this way until I got one, and another way after, maybe. I didn't let my lack of hi-tech stop me in my tracks.

Now that they have the means to produce a zine, they'll need material. Most may start to wonder how much wordage will need to go into a zine, and how much of it they'll be expected to write themselves. They should know that an eight-page zine that they can mail in a number 10 envelope that contains some of the editor's more interesting thoughts on the State of the World is no less a fanzine than one with a hundred pages of text. And it's enough to get them started; subsequent issues can have locs and hopefully articles by their friends.

And finally, there's the big one: Money. Just using my zine as an example, it costs me about 75 Canadian dollars to print and mail 30 copies of an issue of my zine. A lot of young adults don't have that kind of money to spend on a regular basis. The only reason I do is because I'm still living with my mother. In addition, I consider myself lucky if I get 20 dollars of that 75 back (in either cash or zines). While it may be great fun, a lot of people my age don't have the money to do this sort of thing, and those who are older than I, with careers and families, haven't the time.

However, I'm not saying that older people just coming into fandom have any less potential. I personally have a gold mine in my Star Trek fan club (the same club I joined years ago and am now the president of) in the form of a 30-something man, brand new to fandom, who took out a family membership and brought his two sons with him. I have no lack of neo-enthusiasm in my club, and I've got plenty of old-guard stalwartness as well.

Anyway, there's my views on the state of fandom in general and fanzine fandom in particular. But now that I've said this, I'm curious about a few things. I'm wondering if anyone else, years or decades ago, was as concerned as you or Don is now. When the first fans started disappearing and the next generation took over, was there this sort of discussion then, too? Was there a concern among the very first organized fans about who or what would come after them? About who would put on the next convention or keep up the old rituals? And when I finally gaffiate due to exhaustion, will I wonder the same things? ((Sam? Anyone else?))



Don Herron  
Box 982  
Glen Ellen, CA 95442

I hadn't known that Lord Jim Khermedy came to San Francisco from Tucson, but now that you mention it, he does have that feral Billy-the-Kid-southwest look to him... The back-ground of the 3rd Sat. parties, though, is far more convoluted than your outline suggests, and might some day warrant the steppe-like prose of a fan historian to flatten it out.

In the meantime, legend goes that over the years attempt after failed attempt was made to launch a regular fan gathering in The City, and the initial stab at it by the 3rd Sat. group bombed too. The earliest such meeting my notes refer to is for June 9, 1978 (pre Phoenix worldcon) at 540 Clayton, below Haight Street, the flat of Lord Jim and (I guess) Shay, Barsabe, Bill Breiding, Patty Peters. I first met Texas fan Bill Kostura there; a regular at this initial series, Bill mentioned that he was off to one of these parties on September 23, 1978. But soon enough they stopped.

Bill kept in touch with the party dudes, however, and we both dropped in on the premier meeting of the Lounge Lizards in the Travel Lounge, 4 Valencia St. (currently Lilli's, something of a drag queen hang-out, although the drag queen hookers working the track seem to prefer the Motherlode).

The newsletter/novel as by "Rhumba Goodkitty" (i.e. Lord Jim and various authors) for many years was titled DESPERATE IN THE DADABASE - DADABASE BLUES is a fairly recent change.

I was an infrequent Lounge Lizardeer, but for the historic record that's where I first met Jeanne Bowman, who was off in the backroom shooting pool with Patty Peters, and now young Bill Breiding keeps calling me "Mr. Jeanne Bowman."

(Also for the record, I have almost no memory of Jeanne from that encounter—only a vague recollection of someone cute—what PKD usually refers to as "a foxy chick"—who couldn't play pool for shit; the meeting that stuck was in a separate, short-lived, quasi-fan venue, the Thursday Night Series at Canessa Park.)

When the group's favorite bartender left the Travel Lounge, the meetings began to rotate from apartment to apartment as the "3rd Sat." Surviving that critical juncture, they now stand as you picture them, dripping with a decade of fan history.

((Dave Rike says that during the mid-80s the Lounge Lizards and the 3rd Saturday parties were both happening with lots of overlap.))

Ethel Lindsay  
69 Barry Road  
Canoustie Angus  
DD7 7QQ  
Scotland

I was pleased with Debbie's book recommendations and made a note of them. As I am one of the ones who have almost deserted sf for mystery this was very useful. It is hard now to find good sf in such a welter of fantasy.

I was very interested in Ted White's review of THEN as I felt that, while critical, he did do justice to Rob's intention of providing historical facts on fandom. Critics of him should reflect that "fleshing out the bones" has its dangers. Walt Willis stopped his "I Remember Me"—I think—because he was approaching some tricky situations. After all most of the fans being written about are still alive, and there are laws of libel.

One could also be constrained in writing by not wanting to hurt someone's feelings. I know that is what swayed me when I once started to write my memoirs.

I hope Harry Warner does not retire although I can appreciate his complaint about the physical ability for typing. I keep fit with my weekly Scottish dancing—mebbe he should try that!

I am still smoking so I liked Ray Nelson's letter. Yes, still smoking, and if I live to 2001 (my ambition) it will surely disappoint my many non-smoking and dire-warning friends.

Pamela Boal  
4 Westfield Way  
Charlton Heights  
Wantage Oxon OX12 7EW  
England

In addition to fans I have pen friends from other interests that I rarely get to meet in the body. I am not too startled by friends aging when we meet after many years, perhaps because their conversation and their minds continue to be part of my life through letters.

What does throw me though is when an attractive young woman or pleasant young man speaks to me, obviously knowing who I am when I am thoroughly certain I have never met them. When I realize that they are the offspring of those friends and I call to mind the tantrums of the toddler going through the terrible twos or the rudeness of the seven year old who had not learnt to cover precociousness with social grace, I tend to be surprised that my friends' children have grown up since we last met.

A talented young artist painted a portrait of me when I was 18 years old, people tell me that it is an excellent likeness but that it is a work of art. As that portrait hangs in the living room I know what I look like, and inside...well, perhaps not as ardent or intolerant as a person in their twenties, but no different to myself in my thirties. I seldom wear make up and I don't need a mirror to comb my hairstyle, so when I do catch sight of my reflection, I just know that mirrors lie.



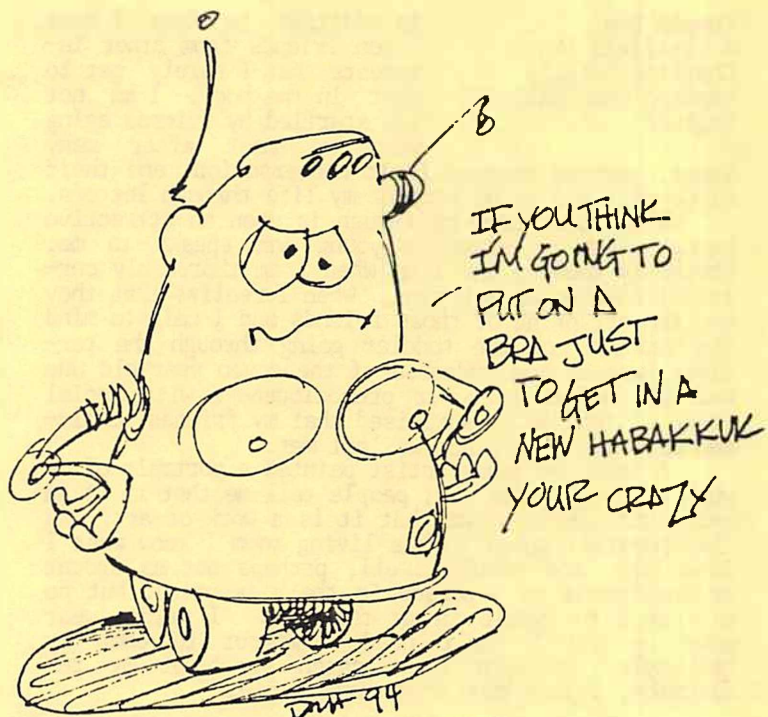
I think all your illos are well drawn and well placed, but my favorite is the one by Dan Steffan on page 14. It is the root of sf, what if? Given this or that development, different flora and fauna and different physical structure, how would it be reflected in the language? Well, gimme four instead of five may hardly be a sophisticated example, but it is sf type thinking.

Debbie Notkin's reviews are interesting to read and really make me want to read the books reviewed. Considering I'm indebted to Ted White for my inclusion on your mailing list, I hate to be nit picking about his article, but frankly I thought it could have been edited down a bit.

The Dive sounds like a Fun Place to have visited, but I'm not sure I would have liked playing psychology. I suspect there more hurt feelings than you were aware of. ((Possibly. But no one had to play who didn't want to and almost everyone kept playing game after game.))

Yes, this divided by a common language is ever a problem. When I first met my Geordie mother-in-law (to be at that time) I was careful not to let slip my Cockney "bloody" an expletive I occasionally used





when the word "extremely" did not convey just how good or bad I felt something to be. When suddenly she exclaimed, "Well you bugger!" I was to put it mildly, shocked. I was soon to learn that "bugger" was a commonly used Geordie term of affectionate exasperation. Naming a cat Shithead would I think strike most people as affectionate exasperation.

On the other hand I would rather zines were not littered with excreta and sexual intercourse terms as a matter of common practice. There are many different cultures even within each of the English-speaking countries and fans are drawn from a wide variety of cultures. When many so-called Anglo-Saxon words are known to be offensive to some cultures, why risk offending? That is particularly so when most fanzine fans pride themselves on a grasp of the English language that should render obsolete the need for offensive (to some) terms.

**Rodney Leighton**  
R.R. #3  
Pugwash, NS, BOK ILO  
Canada

Thanks for answering my questions. I hope that I did not offend anyone; it's just my curiosity. The terminology may suggest lack of respect, but

was not intended as such... "ugly dog who will screw any willing guy" and respect are not oxymoronic in my mind. Three fourths of the ladies who have done me the honor of allowing me inside their bodies fit that category.

A woman I know told me once that: "screwing is the ultimate sign of friendship." Didn't quite understand her, but thinking about it, any woman who willingly allows a male to insert various portions of his anatomy into portions of her body is demonstrating (usually) great affection. In that particular case, both of us being condom haters and apparently not "slan" (whatever in the galaxy that might mean!), we were each exhibiting considerable trust.

Anyway, I have great respect and admiration for (insert whatever the politically correct term for the feminine human is these days). And I thought I would use a term which I always thought ridiculous but which seemed to be a favored one. But Mr. White says it's considered offensive. Sigh.

My old wrestling persona, known as "Hot Rod," would say to any any gals who were offended at that line: "Hey, babe, if you don't like it, prove me wrong." But, that persona being a nasty little bugger which I normally try to not even acknowledge, much less allow to speak, I shall offer a sincere apology to any person who was offended by my questions and/or terminology.

I wonder why Ms. Boal feels being a grandmother equates with being "a little on the ripe side?" I know a grandmother who is, if memory serves, 42, not ancient. Then again, I'm 45 and sometimes feel like 85.

**Rob Hansen**  
144 Plashet Grove  
East Ham  
London E6 1AB  
England

I enjoyed the latest issue of the revived HABAKKUK, just as I did the first one, but I'm a little worried. With the previous kssue weighing in at eight pages and this one tipping the scales at 60 pages, you could be up toe 450 pages by the issue that gives this loc pride of place in its letter-column.

I understand how this has happened, Bill, and I sympathise, truly I do, but when you unveiled your pride and joy you should have ignored those who laughed when they saw how small it was. Yes, size is important to a guy, but I fear you could find yourself getting increasingly light-headed and delirious as this organ gets ever more engorged, your very essence sapped as it draws more and more from another vital part of you: your wallet. So think, Bill. Take some deep breaths, and maybe a few cold showers. I'd hate for HABAKKUK to succumb to pri-apic nydahlism.

Though I've never actually attempted it myself, I can appreciate the attraction of slipping a letter from an imaginary fan into the lettercolumn in order to generate outrage and spice things up a little, but I think you overdid things with "Rodney Leighton". I know you've been away from fandom for a while, and you might not realise that few still call female fans "femfens" and that among these I doubt you'd find anyone such an obnoxious jerk as to write "is it that femfens are ugly dogs who are well known to screw any guy who's willing?" Sorry, Bill, you made "Rodney Leighton" too much of a neanderthal to make an even marginally plausible hoax.

((Rodney does seem a little difficult to believe. But if he is a hoax, it's not by me. And he has had letters in both OPUNTIA and THE FROZEN FROG that I have seen. And I have heard that he had a letter in STET.))

**Peter Brodie**  
15/16 Waratah St.  
Cronulla NSW 2230  
Australia

Nice to get sum stuff from an-uder old timer. I'm now in my 40s and started reading sf when I was ten (duzz this make me a member of First Fandom now?).

I did all the fannish stuff re cons, zines, clubs and so on until I got sick of all the mindless, shit-faced arseholes who infest Lit Fandom so gaffiated, sort of, by getting involved in media fandom. Unfortunately, fuckarse maroons infest this area of interest too, so while I still write material for both Lit fandom and Media fandom I rarely go to club meetings or cons now.

I'm now heavily involved in vid gaming (console-wise) and am trying to start up vid gaming fandom out here via a possible zine, but so far no takers. Sob! I so lonely. Play that ermine violin!

Anhoo, many ta's for the stuff. Aha, Ted White, this now explains why I've been getting strange comic, media and sf stuff from Septicland the last few years. Pass on me regards to the ol' thing next time you see him, eh?

**Dale Spiers**  
Box 6830  
Calgary, Alberta  
T2P 2E7  
Canada

Chuck Connor's asking how do you sex a goldfish caught my attention it being one area of my expertise. I am quite active in the aquarium hobby, and among many species used to keep blue oranda goldfish. I switched to koi (Japanese coloured carp) because I could never see the blue orandas against the dark bottom of the pond. Blue orandas are a variety of goldfish that are egg-shaped, about the size of a clenched fist at maturity, and a beautiful steel blue. But when viewed in an algae-lined pond, they



are close to invisible. You can see them if you know what to look for, but the average visitor....

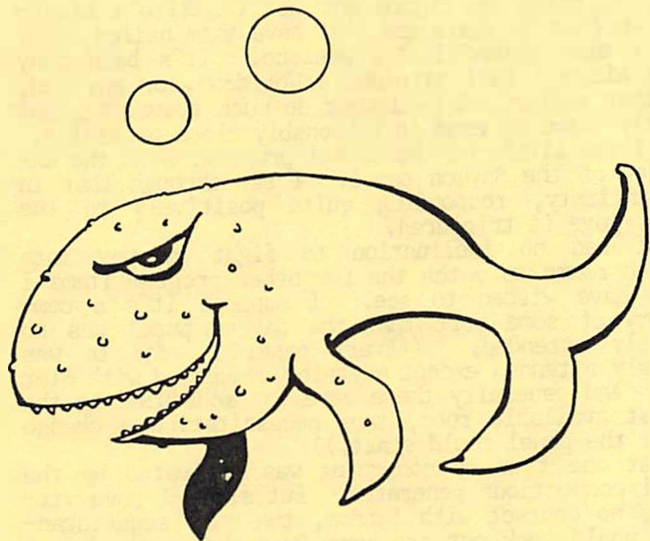
Dale: (impressively) And these are my blue orandas!

Visitor: Where?

Dale: Over these. See that ripple in the water? (Quick glimpse of oranda dorsal fin breaking the water's surface.)

Visitor: (Dubiously and unconvinced) How nice. And what's in this pond over here?

But getting back to sexing a goldfish... In groups, the males are the ones that consistently chase the other fish. The females of course are the chasees. ((How politically incorrect!)) Males will drive others around the pond all year long, but get really serious in breeding season. At this time, the male's forehead and pectoral fins will become covered with breeding tubercles, hard white pimples used to roughen the surface of the skin and make it easier to clasp the female.



RAY

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All knowledge is contained in fanzines —Burbee  
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Re Jean Young's and your comments on coyotes. They are doing very well everywhere. In Calgary they roam the city through the network of parks and riverbanks, picking off cats and small dogs. Because the price of coyote pelts is so low (partly due to anti-fur activists), trappers no longer bother with them. As a result the coyote population has increased and is seriously reducing the wildlife population. Environmentalists don't think about these things. Other than indignant pet owners who lost Fluffy to a coyote, most people aren't aware of the coyote problem because they only come out at night.

((A couple of things puzzle the hell out of me: is this lack of trapping enough to account for the coyote population explosion? If not, why is it taking place now and not before? Has anything else changed? And what food supply is supporting the expansion? If they were eating enough of our pets and food animals to account for it, I would think that the protests and screams would have long ago led to War On the Coyote. And wild life has to be much scarcer than it used to be due to urbanization. What are they eating?))

Ned Brooks  
713 Paul St.  
Newport News, VA 23005

Much thanks for HABAKKUK—62 pages, that's a lot for a letter substitute! Great art too. Speaking of which,

do you have any idea where Alpajpuri is these days? He did the layout and calligraphy for the Harnes Bok Index I published in 1970, and now that I am updating it and plan to reuse the cover, I would like to send him one.

((I don't know where he is. Gentle Readers? Send his address to me in your loc if you have it and I'll send it on to Ned. Or to him direct if you are willing to write two letters.))

I have encountered rock bands at conventions and all in all I think it is a bad idea. Why rock bands particularly, rather than jazz or string quartets or barbershop quartets? I go to cons to talk to fans; why would I want to have to bellow over the racket of a band? The chance that it would be a band I would actually enjoy hearing is vanishingly small.

((Well, people don't usually dance to most string or barbershop quartets, or for that matter to most jazz groups nowadays. I have not heard of any rock groups at a con except as a dance band. And most people don't talk much on the dance floor except to their partners. Have you really encountered rock bands at cons other than at dances? That does seem weird and unappropriate.))

Milt Stevens  
Apt #90  
5384 Rainwood St.  
Simi Valley, CA 93063

Wherever you got my address, I doubt it was from Ted White I haven't spoken to him in about as long as Andy Porter hasn't spoken to Dick Eney.

However, this issue of HABAKKUK gives me my first chance to try out my new computer for the purposes of fanac. During the past four years I haven't been very much more active than you have in fandom. In the same period I've become accustomed to using word processing at work, and typing now seems like utter drudgery. Now that I can word process at home who knows what I may do?

I can be counted as one of the people who considers Baycon as their favorite worldcon. It may be very much a matter of my state of mind at the time of the convention. I was in the army going overseas the week after the convention. It's amazing how movie cliches like getting killed the last time you're going to do something can influence your thinking. I was entirely in the mood to enjoy myself NOW, because I was more than a little uncertain as to what might be coming next.

I couldn't understand a word of Farmer's guest of honor speech. This caused me to bail out after five or ten minutes. ((Thank your lucky stars.)) I read the speech later in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW and it seemed to be fairly reasonable material.

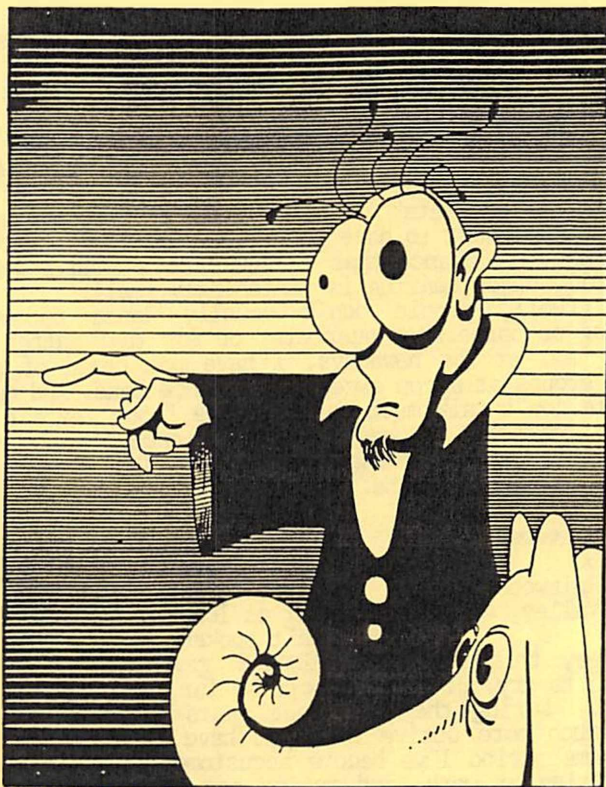
Other memories of the con include taking a stairway a couple of flights too far down and finding what appeared to be the tunnel under the world beneath the Clairmont Hotel. Oh yes, because of the cramped conditions at the hotel, I ended up sharing a room with a St. Louis fan who spread the news all over the Midwest that I snored. I probably still snore, but I've been more careful about sleeping with St. Louis fans since then.

Like yourself, I was an English major who had no intentions of teaching English. I always knew that Literature was just a goddamn hobby. Why try to convince kids that reading Literature is going to somehow improve their souls when it isn't? Reading Literature may give you the opportunity to steal some good quotes, but it's still just an amusement. But, it is better for your digestion than bungee jumping.

As little as some fans may like it, Star Trek seems well on the way to becoming the Lingua Franca of science fiction. At worst, the shows are tolerable and most everybody can spare a couple of hours a week for television. On the other hand LOCUS informs me there were 1173 new sf and fantasy books published in 1993. I thank Ghu I'm not a completist collector (anymore). With that much publishing activity, it's difficult to find common ground even with people who read a lot of science fiction. We could try establishing a canon of some sort, but I don't know who would establish it or why we would trust them.

As I understand it, the Wesley Crusher character was included in TNG because TV executives think teenagers identify with teenage characters. I did not when I was a teenager. I knew that being a teenager





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wasn't very interesting, and I certainly didn't want to read about characters who were having an uninteresting time. I wouldn't read or watch anything which was directed towards a juvenile market. I didn't even read the Heinlein juveniles until I was in my thirties. Maybe it's similar reactions that cause the intensity of the dislike for the Wesley character.

I recall the discussion of "Dangerous Visions" at PENSFA. In particular, I recall Ed Wood being on the offensive and Harlan referring to him as "The muffin who walks like a man." This many years later I remember stories in the book more for fans' reactions to them than for the stories themselves.

Gordon Eklund did a Cultzine titled FRELKING IN THE WOODSHED. I don't recall the story in DV or who wrote it. Several people thought "Go, Go, Said the Bird" was a funny title, but I don't remember anything about the story. I have only the vaguest recollection of "Gonna Roll Them Bones" even if it did win the Hugo. I have clearer memories of the Niven and Anderson stories, although neither were among their best work. Any other stories in the volume have disappeared entirely from my memory.

Your "Memories of the Dive" reminded me that dumb things used to happen at fan parties. It's not that I'm all that excited about dumb things, but I don't recall anything at all happening at fan parties in Los Angeles in the last 10-15 years. Local fan parties are mostly business discussions with an occasional card game thrown in. Nothing happens at parties that doesn't happen at LASFS meetings (except you might consider the meetings themselves as dumb things). Maybe there is a need for more vitamin supplements in fandom.

Harry Warner should accept that it's too late for him to outgrow fandom. However, he sounds like someone who needs a computer more than most people do. You can enlarge type on a monitor screen as much as you want and word processing only takes about half as much energy as typing.

Sam Moskowitz  
361 Roseville Ave.  
Newark, NJ 07103

The last month has been occupied with experiencing and trying to recoup from three surgical operations so I have just gotten around to reading HABAUKUK, ((I hope everything is OK with you now, Sam.))

I enjoyed it greatly, particularly the piece on The Dive, since I was up there several times. The Dive was a unique establishment, with its luxury-size rooms (it even had servant's quarters) and so many fans living in juxtaposition. I also remember the meetings there. Then, it was perfectly safe to arrive and leave at all hours of the day or night. Now I suspect you would need an armed escort for the same neighborhood.

The entire issue was fanish publication at its best, being highly readable from end to end. Apparently interesting fan magazines can still be produced and apparently age is no barrier to maintaining enthusiasm and interest.

Mike Deckinger  
649 16th Ave.  
San Francisco, CA 94118

It's been about 30 yrs I guess since I last saw HABAUKUK. Hey! Progress has been made. I'm finally beginning to figure out Art Castillo's articles. Another 30 years and I'll have them nailed down.

I also attended Confrancisco. It's been many years since I last attended a Worldcon, or any con, for that matter. I no longer do much traveling, and am only drawn to cons in reasonably close proximity.

I saw little of the formal program, with the exception of the Baycon panel. I sat through that in its entirety, responding quite positively to the memory-jogs it triggered.

I had no inclination to fight my way into crowded rooms to catch the few other program items I might have wished to see. I suppose it's a commentary of some sort that the Baycon panel was so sparsely attended. ((Every panel I went to was sparsely attended except anything connected with Star Trek. And generally these were not scheduled in the largest available room, thus necessitating a change before the panel could start.))

At one time my con-going was motivated by the social connections generated. But since I have virtually no contact with fandom, the only acquaintances I would seek out are ones from the past, whom I probably wouldn't recognize today, just as they would bypass me without a glance.

Had one depressing and sobering moment. While I was standing in line a woman bustled past. I glanced at her face, saw no recognizable features, then spotted her name badge. This was someone I had known in the early 60's, from the East Coast. She had been young, petite and flirtatious. Since at that time femmefans were greatly outnumbered by males (many of whom were feeling their first hormonal stirrings) the gals were subject to pursuit and concentrated, slavish attention.

My memories of this teen-age girl of three decades past clashed sharply with her appearance today: grey-haired, stocky, with all her glamour internalized. She didn't recognize me and I said nothing to call attention to myself.

I felt some regret over the negative impressions the city made on many visitors. Too many dirtied streets, unappealing alleys, and ever-present (and occasionally threatening) panhandlers. This is the city that at one time sold itself on its pristine cleanliness and European charm. Now it's defaced by the same problems affecting every other major city in the country.

((From what I have read, in the 19th Century Europeans considered that there were only three "real" cities in the US, New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco. Also, while showing European visitors around, most of them said that San Francisco was the most beautiful city they had ever seen. And from what I have read even Khrushchev fell in love with it. Since all cities have deteriorated, SF may very well still be up there. For instance, they recently polled travel agents, and San Francisco placed first as the favorite destination.))

Ted White's column intrigued. I noted that he spent as much time reviewing the editors as he did the fanzines. And I am perplexed over who is more



colorful: Guy H. Lillian III or his fanzine? I'd rather see Ted take potshots at Lillian.

((Since most fanzines are showcases for the editor, it is difficult to review a fanzine without reviewing the editor. And when the fanzine isn't a showcase for the editor, the point of the review is usually that it should be, and that is a review of the editor too.))

**Walt Willis** Many thanks and much appreciation for HABAKKUK. I feel like a witness of some epoch-making event and that there's some-significant I might be doing to

recognize its importance other than writing a letter of comment...publishing another HYPHEN for instance. ((Yea!!!) You did get a copy of HYPHEN 37, didn't you? Published 1987. ((No, I'd been gafia for years at that point and you didn't even have my address.))

I know so well your feelings at learning of the death of Larry Shaw. Sometimes I find it difficult to remember which of my old friends are dead and feel the shock of bereavement all over again.

Debbie's reviews are an acquisition. In 1987, at Tropiccon, I gave Amy Thompson some dollars to buy me any good sf on display and came away with what I consider to be a very mixed bag, some of which I haven't even finished yet. I can't imagine I'll be able to find any of Debbie's choices on the shelves of Donaghadee Public Library, but I'll keep looking.

I thought Ted White's fanzine reviews were magnificent. The only reservation I have is his use of the term ass-kissing in relation to Guy Lillian, which seems to me the sort of overkill to which Ted is subject.

"Memories of the Dive" is wonderful stuff. I'm impressed by the vividness of your memories.

In the letters, it's good to see Burbee's name again. I thought it was sixteen-year-old twin brothers that Les and Es Cole were reputed to be, but I wouldn't set my memories against those of Burbee. I have difficulty in remembering accurately details which should stand out clearly. For instance I cannot recall even the watermelon story which I was told by Burbee himself when we visited him in 1962. I didn't note it at the time, and now it's irretrievably gone.

((One of my favorite parts of THE HARP STATESIDE was your being torn between meeting Burbee and seeing the Grand Canyon, not being able to do both.))

I liked Jane Hawkins letter, with its story of the good turn she did for Lenny Bailles. I'm glad she remembered it and retold it.

**John Hertz** Your seamless weaving of text, layout, and illos is a joy. You have sprezzatura, which I'll

take any day over Schadenfreude. But then, as the Rotsler fella says on p. 46, it's practice.

I lived at 5135-1/2 S. Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, within a few blocks of you and the Wombat, while a tadpole at the Lab School. Like others of my web I hung around the rest of the University. In the basement of Judd Hall I got the notion of writing an elaborate computer program in IPL-V, an early list processing language, the only working version of which was on an ancient IBM 704 at Argonne National Laboratory.

That wasn't the oldest computer at Argonne, which still had, and used, a machine called George from the days when computers had names. George filled three rooms and was operated from a Buck Rogers control room with buttons that lit when you pushed them. It read magnetic tape three inches wide, perforated with sprocket holes, and heaped at the bottoms of glass columns.

To use the 704 I punched cards that were transferred to slightly more modern magnetic tape and sent to Argonne by courier. When my turn came, the 704 would try to run my program, choke, dump the entire

contents of its memory onto paper, and send the results to me. This made for an interesting childhood, punctuated by Groff Conklin anthologies and volumes of Pogo lent by the girl next door's father.

All the Ray Nelson cartoons remind me that among my arcane researches for FANCYCLOPEDIA III is the question of where propeller beanie came from. We all credit Ray's drawings with making the beanie a symbol of fannishness. But did he invent them? I asked him a few years ago. It seemed to me there was defiance in them, as if they had some prior mundane connotation of "Here's a bubble-head" which we seized on, like "Whig" and "Tory", which originally meant "Presbyterian cattle thief" and "Papist outlaw" when taken up as British party names in 1679.

Ray was sure of preceding "Beany and Cecil", but further deponent spaketh not. At Lunacon this year, Darrell Schweitzer said he had just interviewed Ray and learned Ray had invented them for some other purpose and then foisted them on us. Perdita Boardman ((an ex-girlfriend of Ray's)) said the story of inventing them was true, except George Young did it, then Ray realized their merit and made them a household word.

The prevalence of rock'n'roll in modern fandom is a puzzlement. I don't mean everyone should do English Regency dancing just because I teach it. I've always felt the natural music for fandom was jazz.

**Ray Nelson**  
333 Ramona  
El Cerrito, CA 94530

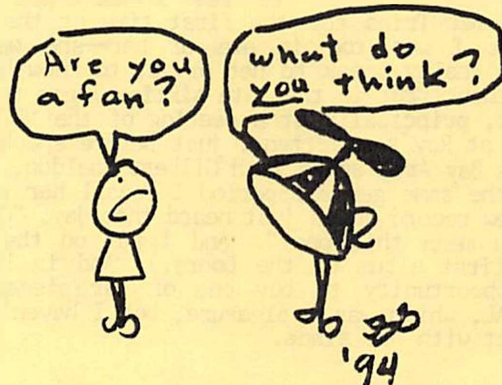
You've asked me about the origin of the beanie, prompted by the many and various stories about it. Up to now I've been aware of the weed-like growth of the beanie mythology but have taken no steps to quench it out of a curiosity to see what would come next and a reluctance to dampen fannish creativity with the cold water of fact.

However, since you may not be the only one who would like to hear the story from the proverbial horse's mouth, rather than from his other end, here it is, to the best of my recollection. But it has been many a long decade.

I think it was the summer of 1947 when I held what was fandom's first Michigan regional convention. I held it in the front room of my home in Cadillac. You could hold regional conventions in front rooms in those days, and nobody had to stand in line to pick up a badge or program book. Ben-inventor Martin Alger was there from up north, and all the gang from Saginaw and Detroit were there in force: beaver-worshipping Art Rapp, athiest Ben Singer (who has become a Canadian university professor), George Young, Big-Hearted Howard DeVore, Agnes Harrok and many more, some of whose names have faded from my aging memory.

After the discussions and magazine trading we decided to end the festivities with a session of taking joke photographs depicting the cleches of current science-fiction magazine covers. We quickly improvised most of the props we needed by raiding the kitchen, but found at last that we lacked one thing, a suitable headgear for the fearless spaceman who was to play a starring role in the snaps.

I leaped upon my bicycle and zoomed down to the nearest hardware store where I bought some strips of





plastic, a length of stiff wire, some beads and a propeller for a flying model airplane. Arriving home, I whipped out my trusty staple gun and stapled these items together in a terrible hurry.

In the photos my friend Tom Kennedy and I took turns wearing it, depending on which of us was playing the role of space hero. When the photo session was over George took the beanie with him back to Detroit. Whether or not he stole it depends on your definition of theft. Suffice it to say that nobody made any great efforts to get it back, since nobody had the faintest notion the thing had any value.

George began wearing it to meetings of the Detroit Science-Fantasy League and I, as a partisan of a rival club called the Wolverine Insurgents, began drawing fanzine cartoons of him with the beanie on. He wore it to small local cons and then to the Worldcon in Toronto.

Other fans began to make similar headgear out of anything that could be stapled, glued or otherwise glued to the human head. It became clear that the beanie was no longer a symbol of George Young as an individual, but of any fan who possessed George's naive enthusiasm and energy, any fan who might reasonably be expected to greet the latest issue of PLANET STORIES with a cry of "Goshwowboyoboy!"

Other fan cartoonists picked up the beanie with this connotation, especially William Rotsler in LA and Arthur "Atom" Thomson in England, not to mention the brilliant Trina Robbins, who produced a female version with a pony tale who went "Squee".

Around 1950 Bruce Sedley, a fannish puppeteer in Oakland, California made a George Young hand puppet and included it in his local television show, Sedley's Medleys, under the name Beanie Boy, teaming him up with a stocking with eyes named Cecil, the Seasick Sea Serpent.

In the early fifties a Disney artist named Bob Clampet began producing an animated version of the show for national distribution entitled Beanie and Cecil. Following the time-honored traditions of the Disney studio, he did his best to conceal the existence of any prior Beanie creators. His version of George Young was, however, clearly recognizable as George, though a younger George than the puppet.

The Clampet show was vastly successful, launching a flood of machine-made beaniecopters, dolls and other licensed products which no doubt greatly enriched him, but did nothing for the standard of living of Bruce Sedley, George Young, Bill Rotsler, Atom, Trina Robbins or me.

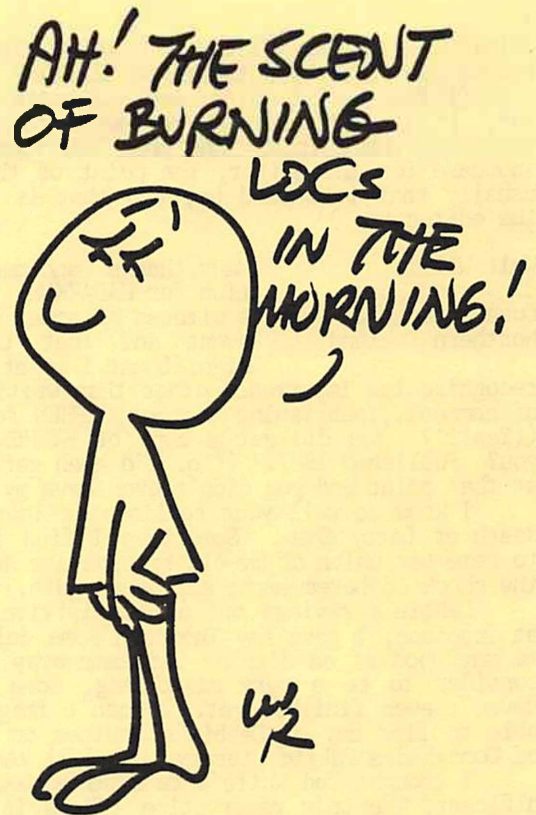
Today several companies continue to manufacture beaniecopters though the fad has long since died away, including one entrepreneur in communist China whose propellers, predictably, do not spin. The one and only producer of genuine, authorized Ray Nelson beaniecopters is: Stacy Samules, Interstellar Propeller, 1600 Woolsey, Berkeley, CA 94703. His selection is awesome, and if you don't like what he has, he'll make one up for you special. Do me a favor and send for his catalog, and tell him I sent you.

Ted White  
1014 N. Tuckahoe St.  
Falls Church, VA 22046

It's great to see HABAKKUK once again (third time's the charm!) And it's great to see a new cover from

Trina. I met Trina for the first time at the 1956 NYCon, but I was too in awe of her—she was so pretty—to really speak to her or get to know her as a person then. But in the late sixties I got to know her better, principally at a meeting of the NY Comic Art Group at Roy's apartment, just before she headed out to the Bay Area again with Gilbert Sheldon.

(In the same general period I recall her raving about a new record she'd just heard that day. "Oh," I said, "you mean this one?" And I put on the just released first album of the Doors.) And in 1980 I had the opportunity to buy one of her pieces for HEAVY METAL, which was a pleasure, but I haven't had any contact with her since.



Trina was one of the essential ingredients of the 60's HABAKKUK; it's good to see she's still part of the mix.

But I should address myself to all the gratuitous egoboo in your lettercol: The simple fact is that those people who got HABAKKUK because they were on the BLAT! mailing list should thank Dan & Lynn Steffan, since they maintain the list. (It is true that Bill asked me for "my" mailing list, but it was Dan to whom I relayed the request, and Dan who dispatched the list to Bill.)

I was awarded the only Hugo I've ever won at the 1968 Baycon, for Best Fanwriter. You may recall that running against me was a Star Trek fanwriter, and at an early point, Harlan Ellison, who withdrew.

Harlan called me up late that summer to inform me that I had won; he had fixed it for me, he said.

"Ted, I told the committee to give all my votes to you—you're gonna win," he told me.

"Uh, Harlan," I said. "It doesn't work like that. You can withdraw, but you can't tell them what to do with any votes you get."

"Ted," Harlan snapped. "You're not listening to me. I told you; I fixed it for you to win. Now, believe me!"

Well, I did win (I'd been sure the Trekkie would win by block vote), and more than once since then Harlan has reminded me that he made it possible. What's the true story?"

((You were right. Nominee can withdraw, but they can't allocate their votes to anyone else. We ignored Harlan's request. So votes for him just weren't counted.))

I remember the Dive. We visited it before the 1956 NYCon on several occasions as I recall. What a vast and wonderful apartment!

I remember Dancing Food & Entertainment—the band I liked best of the three—I got their card from none other than Naomi Eisenberg. And I followed her career as she joined the second incarnation of Dan Hicks & His Hot Licks, replacing Sid Page on violin, and becoming the second of two female backup singers. She's on all the Blue Thumb (now reissued on MCA Cd's) albums by Hicks; his first group and recording (on Epic, now out on CD) remains the best, however. Wonder whatever happened to her after that?



I can't make head nor tails out of Chuck Connor and his "avenues to murky too contemplate"—is he saying something about me with his "I haven't been hooking in Times Square for many a long year" or is it all hyperbole built upon the metaphor of "murky avenues"? But I too doubt you got his address from me since we've never sent him a BLAT! since we seems to regard us (or me) with open antagonism and has never sent us his fanzine.

Connor's description of "the TAFF Wars"—"rabid snapping and spitting ON BOTH SIDES"—falls far wide of the mark, but since he was not at all involved and probably never saw most of what was said on the subject, he speaks from sheerest ignorance. Allow me to assure you that the rabidity was entirely on one side, and embodied in the writings of all people, Richard Bergeron. That Bergeron attacked all his friends in fandom is undeniable.

The responses of those he attacked varied, but all of us were surprised and stunned initially. In the process of the so-called "TAFF Wars," Bergeron cut himself off from Willis, Chuck Harris, Vince Clarke, and people like that, few of whom most of us would characterize as given to "rabid snapping and spitting." Connor stands alone in this regard, as in others.

Comments about the lack of teenagers in current-day fandom got me to thinking. The last "new fans" in their teens whom I encountered were Tom Weber in 1983 and Victor Gonzalez in 1984. That's ten years ago.

The current stock of fanzine fans dates mostly to the 1970s—people like Brian Earl Brown and Leah Zeldes Smith—and they discovered fandom through The Clubhouse in Amazing. I've told Leah that she should try to sell the idea of reviving The Clubhouse to Amazing, and submit her columns from ASTRONANCER QUARTERLY as samples. In those columns she reviews fanzines for two audiences—those who have seen the fanzines and those to whom fanzines are brand-new idea—and does it well, which is the ideal requirement for a prozine column of fanzine reviews. We need to get fanzine reviews back into the prozines.

I mentioned this subject to Dan the other night. He suggested that current teenaged talent may be going into "zines"—the amateur publications that now exist outside fandom. I suppose that's possible, but it seems to me that "zines" are drawing mostly the kind of people who would never get into our fandom anyway. The biggest difference is that "zines" are published for unknown audiences, not for a group of several hundred people of whom you know at least a little bit about them all, and may know the core hundred or so very well.

I wonder if the switch from print sf to media sf isn't what's cutting off our supply of fresh blood. Of those thousands of con-goers, lots don't read much at all, many are essentially mundane in cultural outlook, and most have no interest in fanzines of any kind (except the LOCUS-type newsletters). This is the audience Harlan pitches to with his contempt-for-fandom-laden talks. And they eat it up, little realizing it is them for whom Harlan reserves his deepest contempt.

In the meantime I betcha the median age of current day fanzine fans is somewhere in the thirties or even low forties. Not good. We're dying off. Larry Shaw, Terry Carr, Jerry Jacks, Arthur Thomson, Dick Ellington, Catherine Jackson...new names are added every year. I can't help thinking that each and every one was too young.

Lucy Huntzinger Thank you for including me on 2305 Bernard Ave. your mailing list. I send you Nashville, TN 37212 SOUTHERN GOTHIC in trade. Heck I said to myself, if Bill Don-aho can come back from the grave, then so can I. Though it's only been 4 years since I last published. I enjoyed Ted's reviews which were enthusiastic but reasonable. Sometimes he goes over the top; this

time he was able to justify his conclusions. It was well done.

Sheryl Birkhead 23629 Woodfield Rd. Gaithersburg, MD 20882

Dan Steffan's work reminds me a bit of Steve Stiles, Stiles, but that also may be taken to mean that both are good artists. All of the Ray Nelson work (see entirely too little of his work!) and Rotsler's material is always a pleasure.

I'm surprised to see David Haugh's material already—he sent me two issues of his zine ODD after a quiet time of several years—saying he'd gotten re-charged, and I figured he'd head back into the fray. Catherine Mintz's fillos have been showing up more frequently. I'm not to sure what to call her long-legged creations. Maybe she should run a contest...? (Chocolate Mintz?) Sorry, not pertinent, but too good to pass up.

Your Cover artist is new to me. ((Trina was one of the major fan artists and BNF's of the fifties and sixties and went professional late sixties or so. She is now a Big Name in underground comics and has appeared on several Worldcon panels in that capacity.))

You did manage to get some "elusive" fanartists to provide material! Hope it keeps up.

Your lettercol is quite intimidating—the scope of names and breadth of content is almost unbelievable!

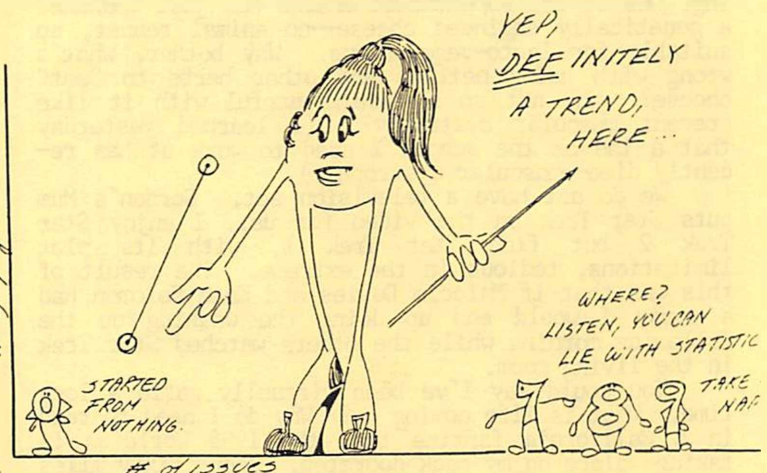
The only zines I've ever personally done were apazines—small and smaller circulation. But, I've helped the Lynchs... They do everything on computer, then electrostat the masters and mimeograph it. Then a bunch of easily-swayed fen show up and spend several hours roaming around two tables. After all that work, the mailing envelopes still have to be done, sorted by country and a few other criteria. THEN Dick has to cough up the \$ (and lots of it) for mailing. Yeah, it ain't a cheap hobby.

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

I can't remember previously reading about the way fans were shooting the chutes at the 1968 worldcon. It only

goes to prove that everything eventually turns up in some fanzine or other, although it may take decades to happen. (Just recently I read for the first time about how Julie Schwartz snuck out of the very first worldcon long enough to attend a ball game at Yankee Stadium that happened to be the historic Lou Gehrig farewell game.) Maybe photographic evidence of the chute phenomenon still exists somewhere. Since that amateur film showing Babe Ruth's called shot in the 1932 came to light recently, I have hopes that everything of interest still exists in picture form somewhere.

HABAKKUK GROWTH RATE —



YEP, DEFINITELY A TREND, HERE...

STARTED FROM NOTHING

WHERE? LISTEN, YOU CAN LIE WITH STATISTIC

TAKE NAB

# of pages

# of ISSUES

Cyk



I wish I'd been able to filch information "from Memories of the Dive" when I wrote "A Wealth of Fable." That is a good address to keep in mind if time travel into the past ever becomes available to fans who want to see the most exciting events with the most fabulous fans.

Jealousy at your having seen Julie Andrews twice in "My Fair Lady" isn't any worse than my remorse over a weekend I spent in New York City while "Came-lot" was running and she was still playing Guinevere. I walked past that theater several times, looked at the posters, and didn't try to buy a ticket. I did not have my Julie Andrews obsession yet and it was my last chance to see her in a stage production.

As for growing old in fandom: when I accidentally spot myself in a mirror, I feel shock for a moment but then I tell myself that my face is my fortune so I shouldn't mind. It saves me the trouble of digging out my driver's license or some other form of ID when I want to get a senior citizen discount in a store where I'm not known. I've found that one sure sign that a fellow has grown old exists in both fandom and mundania. When someone comes up to you and says, "Hey, you're looking great!", you're finally old.

**Gordon Stevenson** HABAKKUK 3:2. It's bright yellow Roan, Roweltown and it brightened my day. Picked Carlisle CA6 6LX it up, didn't put it down till I England finished reading it. Enjoyed the fanzine reviews, but somehow I get

the impression that Ted White doesn't like Guy Lil-  
lian very much. From reading the review I can see why.

"Memories of the Dive." I've been trying to get in touch with Dr. Who or the Time Tunnel. I want to borrow a time machine. I want to go back; I want to be there; it sounded such fun. And the idea of using a kitten for testing the Blog sounds quite interesting. The idea of using Blog for baptising kittens sounds novel. Maybe you could start a new religion—or resurrect that Egyptian one of worshipping cats.

Thought the artwork throughout was great. I mean, I really enjoyed the artwork. Particularly enjoyed Arena. Particularly enjoyed Roy Lavender's memories of Baycon in 1968 and the accompanying illustration. I would just finish that off with, "Great, keep it up!"

**Janet Stevenson** Thank you for the December HABAK-  
Address above KUK which arrived on 21st January. This is the opposite way round from magazines which you pay for, which tend to have a copy date of January and to appear in December.

Gordon spends a lot of time—when not reading HABAKKUK—listening to Radio Cumbria, the local radio station. His relationship with Radio Cumbria is now such that they actually rang him this morning to speak on one of their shows—he declined, as he had something of a high temperature and was not feeling capable of coherent thought.

The matter to be discussed was genetic engineering. One of the supermarket chains has just launched a genetically engineed cheese—no animal rennet, so suitable for lacto-vegetarians. Why bother, what's wrong with using nettles and other herbs to "set" cheese? Why not so something useful with it like prevent muscular dystrophy? (I learned yesterday that a lad at the school I used to work at has recently died—muscular dystrophy.)

We do not have a television set. Gordon's Mum puts Star Trek on the video for us.. I enjoy Star Trek 2 but find Star Trek 1, with its plot limitations, tedious in the extreme. The result of this was that if Malcolm Davies and Kate Solomon had a party I would end up doing the washing up the following morning while the others watched Star Trek in the living room.

You could say I've been virtually gafia a long time. What is life coming to? Why do I need to read in a California fanzine that the 1995 WorldCon is taking place on my back doorstep, about sixty miles

away? Which of our friends (you included) will drop in en route, I wonder?

**Buck Coulson** Nice fat issue. Authors do write to 2677W-500N make a living or at least a good part Hartford City them do. If dragons remain popular IN 47348 for Arme, good. I once wrote a killer review of one of her books (not a dragon one as it happened) ((Dinosaur Planet perhaps?)) and she wrote in to agree with me! "Wasn't that a dreadful book?" is the quote I remember.

I gather it was somewhat of an obligation to the publisher, and she got paid for it, and that was it. Some years later she wrote a sequel to it, which I didn't read. I did read favorable reviews of the one I'd panned though, so somebody liked it.

I really don't watch TV anymore, except for an occasional PBS special, but while I liked the original Star Trek, I never considered it all all realistic. Ship captains do not go ashore with landing parties, and especially do not take half the officers in the control room with them. Or, as on one occasion, all the officers. Picard is a much more realistic spaceship captain, if not as much fun. (Spaceship captains, if there are any in future reality, had better be politically correct if they want to remain captains.) ((But not "politically correct" according to far-out liberalism.))

I watched TNG when it first appeared, but TV was already losing my interest, so I didn't continue. I sometimes see it, but Juanita will be listening through headphones and my viewing will be restricted to the times I look up from my book.

Simak was a nice man, as well as a good author. I only met him once, at a Minicon. Someone on the concom took Juanita and I over to meet him, since we were Fan GOHs, and he came out of his chair, shook hands, and exclaimed how delighted he was to meet us. Which left me speechless for one of the few times in my life... (Sure a major author in the field is delighted to meet a fanzine editor. But he certainly sounded sincere, and possibly was.)

I certainly never heard the word "fuck" until well after 1932. Of course, I was 4 years old in 1932, and people didn't use those terms around small children either. Don't recall if "shit" dated back that far, but I think it did, in small towns and in male company. Generally what I heard initially was "horseshit!" "Bullshit" came later, since farming with horses was dying rapidly in the early 1930s. It was a bit more effective, since saying "horseshit" can be confused with sneezing.

I've thought of referring to some of the farther-out feminist pronouncements as cowshit, but never happened to think of it in time, at cons.

In my letter in HABAKKUK 3:1 the term "girl-friend" is inaccurate. Bruce's family consists of himself, wife, daughter and woman friend. Last year





They bought a house together. Juanita says that recently Lee has been calling herself Bruce's mistress, for the shock value.

What surprised me a bit was that when they moved, Bruce's ex-wife came over to baby-sit, commenting that somebody had to do it and it was easier than moving furniture. ((One really has to hand it to Bruce!))

But my surprise was mostly because I'd been reading about Bill Bowers' marital and divorce problems, and it was quite a shift to Bruce's simpler ones. ((But he doesn't seem to have any!)) Juanita and I are on good terms with everybody; Bruce's friends manage to be intelligent and congenial. (And at age 3, his daughter is learning to read.)

Don't take comments on Midwestcon as being typical of modern fandom; Midwestcon is the convention for fanzine fans and old farts. It's always been a "relaxicon" for getting together with friends, and the same people keep going. Juanita and I had to drop it because our convention attending these days has to be paid for out of our huckstering, and Midwestcon attendees already have what they want.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson  
PO Box 20610  
Seattle WA 98102

I didn't really discover fandom (partly through the Nameless Ones, and partly through sf magazine lettercols) until 1972, so I missed you on your first time through. Even after stumbling into fandom I wasn't quite certain what I had discovered until 1973 when I issued my first small press magazine of and about fantasy and horror. My models were literary magazines, and I thought I was terribly clever to do a litmag specializing in my interest. Afterward I started getting all these fanzines sent in trade, and suddenly realized I hadn't invented anything new, and I became overly involved with fanzines for many years.

I still respond to fanzines when I get them, but I make no real effort to get them. It is the loss of genzine that makes me lose interest. I'm not interested in apas or computer bulletin boards and that seems to be where a great deal of fanzine activity vanished to. It is wonderful to see a genuine genzine like HABAKKUK from out of the blue, but a little disconcerting to realize only an "old timer" returning from the void knows how to do one. Are there no yunkers to carry on the tradition?

Having outlived more and more folks and fans is a sorrowful feeling. When I was a fan in my early twenties it was fascinating to meet "old" writers and get to know them in their later years. As I get older, I find mere kids seeking me out (often baby-dykes) and I wonder if they think of me with the same kind of tender sentiment: "Gee, I'm glad I met that old lady before she dies." Of course I'm not that old yet, but kids are bound to think so.

Lately it seems an increasing number of dying folks failed to wait until they were old. I think of death a lot; I even plot out my suicide in various grotesquely imaginative fashions from time to time. But more often I feel that seventy, eighty, ninety years is just a puff of smoke, hardly long enough to count as having lived at all, and a long life or a short life is equally momentary and tragic.

I have just obtained two baby rats, reddish cream colored and very sweet; they look like tiny bears with tails. I swore I wasn't going to get rats again because they are so loving and like people so very much, but they only live about three years. But I saw these two little buggars in a "snake food" bin, and they were such tame wee beggars seeking affection, I brought them home. I guess compared to rats, humans live a pretty damned long time.

David E. Romm  
3308 Stevens S  
Minneapolis, MN 55408

Nice Trina cover. As usual. Pure and simple. If I may nitpick: please don't use 3 different fonts on the cover like that. ((You are right.)) Patrick Stewart was guest at a con here in Mpls. and he was great. The first SeaQuests were okay, but then they abandoned the attempts at skiffydom and turned to pure thriller, and those episodes are great.

Terry Jeeves  
56 Red Scar Drive  
Scarborough  
North Yorkshire  
YO12 5RQ  
England

Those No Standing regulations by fire dictators reminds me of their activities at the school at which I taught. Fire doors had to be fixed across all corridor doors and kept closed. They reduced two-way traffic flow to a slow walk—you go/I go system and would have been fatal had a fire broken out. Oh yes, and the only burnables in sight were the wooden fire doors.

On Star Trek (TNG), I watched one. Technically better, but Oh so boring. SeaQuest. I switched off ten minutes into the pilot. Having since read the book I obviously did the right thing.

On book reviews. I find it a put-off when the jacket lists several authors in the same field, saying of a book, "Wonderful!" "Super" "Best yet" etc, clearly hoping that the same will then be said about their next book. "You scratch my back...!" etc. Who said M Z Bradley, LeGuin, McCaffrey? ((There is also the phenomenon of their wanting to encourage a new writer and not being concerned about misleading their fans into reading a mediocre work.))

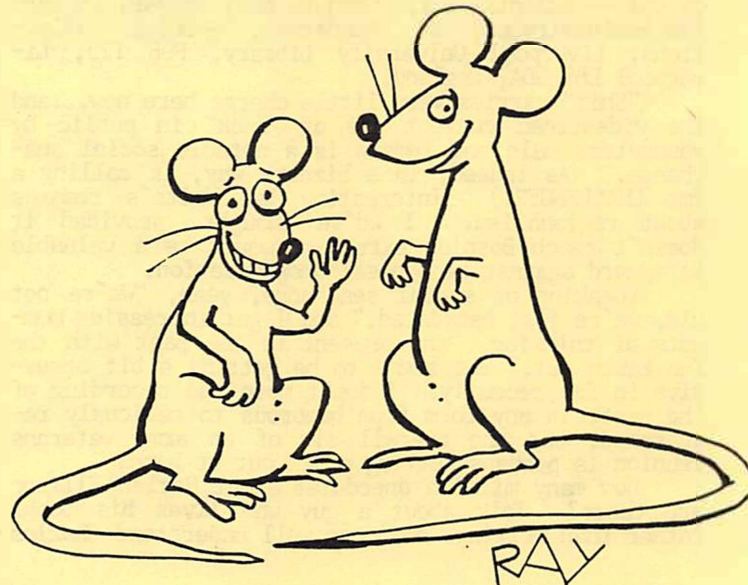
Moreover what happened to sf? Nowadays 19 books out of 20 are horror or heroic fantasy interlopers (or else elves and unicorns.)

Ted White's reviews were good, but very tough considering fanzines should be for fun or pleasure.

Letters also very good and what a nostalgic lot of time-binding names I haven't heard from in years: Willis, Tacket, Birchby, Finder and others. The snag is that ERG's finances don't allow me to mail copies to 'em all. Postal rates for fmz overseas have doubled recently, up from 24p to 48p minimum and to send a paperback costs £1.44. Surely our Post Aweful aims to kill all fanac.

Eric Mayer  
Box 17143  
Rochester, NY 14617

Reading HABAKKUK made me think think about my own tenuous but rather important involvement with Fandom. I discovered fandom in 1972 and except for a two-hour visit to Cham-banacoon a few years back have never been anywhere





near a convention. Yet I know people all over the country via Fandom and, in fact, I met my wife Mary through fandom! I've never published a fanzine for more than about 85 readers, but, on the other hand, I have published GROGGY with some regularity, though infrequently, for 15 years.

I've never been nominated for any fan awards or stood for any fan-funded trips, but I have kept writing fan articles and have in the last few years managed to sell a lot of stuff (nonfiction feature articles) professionally—which I doubt I would ever have done had I not had an outlet for my writing—to keep me at it—over the years.

**Steve Sneyd**  
4 Nowell Place  
Almondbury  
Huddersfield  
W. Yorkshire  
HD5 8PB  
England

HABAKKUK 3:2 distracted me from beginning a couple of depressing tasks for quite some time, so it certainly deserves some response. The bacover illo is superb, but to me it belongs in a quite different setting illustrating slipstream fic about a shapechanger shaman or what-

ever. It doesn't relate at all to the mellow reminiscent vein of HAB. Front cover is far more fittingly themey, looks like the logo of some minor movie company that tubed with the SOS inrush of mass TV. TRINA HABAKKUK PRODUCTIONS my subconscious read it as. Interior illos do the job they're meant to do, well, unobtrusively, effective, "say no more."

The spread of coyotes to every state came across as really Sense of Wonder somehow... I don't know why I'm surprised since wolves are apparently back in the suburbs of Berlin, and we get feral foxes right into our cities, but somehow it's like the frontier going into reverse; I have this picture of coyotes as belonging Way Out West (I used to do a coyote howl, learned off Westerns, as a "party piece" as a kid). The thought of them round Walden Pond or patrolling the Washington Beltway or etc is a real gestalt of how quickly situations can revert.

SF becoming academic stamping ground. Well, had to happen for a lot of reasons...has some odd byproducts. The University of Liverpool here (new home of SF Foundation) has started a SF MA...to do it you have to be a first degree holder in English Literature...set me wondering how many actual sf writers would qualify. Only one I can think of off-hand is Roger Zelazny; most sf writers seem to have science-type degrees if they have degrees at all.

Roy Lavender's Williamson quote brings to mind some classic sf short (forget who by) where Shakespeare is timenachined to now and fails a high school course in "Understanding the Works of Shakespeare."

The SF Foundation, by the way, DOES want donations of books, zines, anything sf-related (unlike U of Chi)—including fzs. Send to Andy Sawyer, Librarian-Administrator, SF Foundation, Special Collections, Liverpool University Library, POB 123, Liverpool L69 3DA, England.

"Shit" carries very little charge here now...and the widespread current use of "fuck" in public by youngsters male and female is a notable social seachange. (As indeed, in a bizarre way, is calling a fuz CHALLENGER.) Interesting Ted White's remarks about regionalism. I wd've thought, provided it doesn't reach Bosnian extremes, would be a valuable safeguard against blandness/homogenization.

Speaking of social seachange, yeah, "We're not old, we're just backdated," and I get increasing moments of thinking, "the present is the past with the fun taken out," but seems to be getting a bit obsessive in fzs recently. I don't mean the recording of the past, in any form from humorous to seriously researched, but the overall air of an army veterans reunion is perhaps getting a bit out of hand?

How many million anecdotes about Harlan Ellison are there? Talk about a guy who lives his books rather than writing 'em...can well understand Charles

Platt's (serious?) intent, announced recently in ANSIBLE to found a library of Ellison Studies.

I read "Harlequin..Ticktockman" some time ago, can't consciously remember anything else he wrote, yet his actions are vividly, if often contradictorily, touched on in just abt every zine I see, as if he were still an active sf writer rather than, as far as I can see, nowadays "famous for being fam-ous."

Perhaps, as with the Fanthorpe Con in Wales a couple of years back, there should be an Ellison Con devoted entirely to symposia on the truth or otherwise of all these tales? Or at least establish where the truth is likeliest to be located within them.

Loved your and Ray Nelson's comment "I enjoyed it all, even the parts that weren't about me"—there's honest for you! Ray was very helpful to me when I was researching the early sf poet/pulpster/fan Lilith Lorraine, obviously one of the good guys.

Now there's a lot of interest in Wm Blake again, someone should reprint his time-traveling novel. Mentioning sf poetry...oh well, "Jerusalem" is protoggenre, dammit...since the late 70s it's reasonably easy to document, as is mostly in small press etc and tracked by people like the SF Poetry Association...but earlier, as well, obviously, as in the pulps, which Steve Eng and others have researched, there was a lot in fanzines which isn't particularly well documented, a gap I'm trying to fill.

Thanks to Viné Clarke and others I have a pretty good picture for the UK, but I need the US side now. So, if anybody wants to send me examples, or even data on where poetry was used in the earlier fzs, would be very much appreciated. A particular gap I would very much like to fill infowise is, courtesy of Viné, I have GAFIA POETRY LEAFLET No 7, poems by Larry Stark, published by Redd Boggs for FAPA, Nov '53. I would love to know who else was in the series, and how long it went on. ((Redd?))

Biggest other current "lost Rosetta Stone" is to know more of Orma McCormick's (from Ferndale, MI) STARLANES, which apparently was a fz, at least at the start, solely devoted to sf poetry.



Poetry must enter the Space Age!



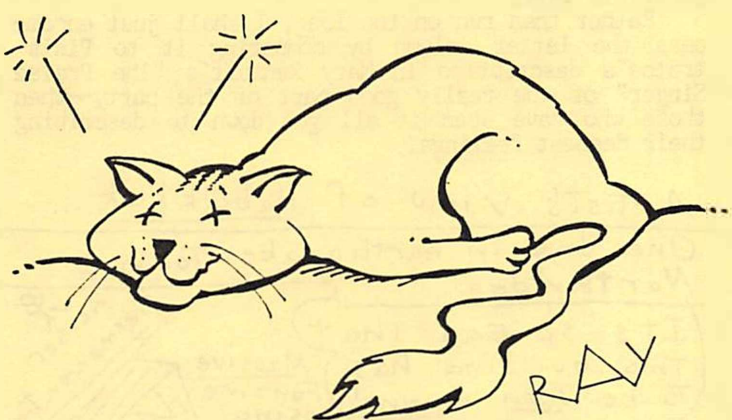
Lloyd Penney  
412-4 Lisa St.  
Brampton, ON  
L6T 4B6  
Canada

I don't get too many fanzines from Britain any more...Lillian Edwards and Christina Lake are busy pubbing, and besides, I think most of Britfandom are gearing up for Intersection, next year now. I would

like to receive those fanzines listed, and hope they might see this little heartfelt plea. Gotta read as many as possible—that way, when I finally do get back into pubbing, I'll have some idea of what's good and what's bad. (I read my sf the same way.)

Reading about the cat falling into the blog bowl was a coincidence for me...just a couple of nights ago, I was with friends who related a story about a Christmas party they'd had. He'd given her a cal-ico kitten for Christmas, and they named it Tegan after one of Doctor Who's sexier companions. Tegan was fairly agile, and crawled all over the party.

Their punchbowl was filled with a potent eggnog, and Tegan sniffed out that there was something milky in that bowl. One jump and she landed in the deep end. They fished her out, but not until she had had a few glassfuls. They gave her a good bath and for the next three days Tegan just lay on the bed, drying out in more ways than one, trying to remember how to meow. "Mrrrrr...hic" was all she could say.



Perhaps Jane Hawkins can tell us more about the G'reat Fannish Migration to Seattle that is still continuing. Alan Rosenthal is one of the newest migrators, having left Toronto some months ago. I hear the fannish and fanzinish population of Seattle is expanding greatly, the way Minneapolis once did, but...what's happening now?

Would a neofan's guide to fanzine fandom panel in the fanzine lounge be a good idea? I'll be asking for an easel or two for the ConAdian fanzine lounge so warnings of panel topics a day or two in advance can be posted. Folks, I need more input! Four letters so far, need lots more.

Tracy Shannon  
53 N. Bryan  
Madison, WI 53714

I found your takes on ST:TNG to be quite interesting. I also do not care for Riker. In my case, it's because he makes me think of

the kind of superficial frat boy who hits on women in bars; I doubt that's quite why you dislike him.... ((You got me. But my friend, Donna Foreman, a rabid Star Trek fan, says that he is a scumbag who will hit on any woman, any time.

((You may be amused by this story. When I lived in NYC uptown fraternity types would swoop down on the village on Friday and Saturday nights. One woman friend of mine had long, platinum hair. And on one Saturday night she was sitting alone in a village bar when a group of three or four of them started giving her a hard time.

"Are the hairs on your p\*\*\*y white too?"

She looked him up and down. "P\*\*\*y?" Is that baby talk for "C\*\*t"?"

They slunk away to be seen no more in that bar.))

It was very nice to see Debbie Notkin's book reviews—so few people seem to want to write complete reviews in zines. I personally did not care for "Red Mars", but we had an extremely well-attended book discussion on it here in Madison. Opinions flew thick and fast! Pity we didn't have Debbie's views to add in at that point.

Ted White, I see, maintains his usual fine form. I have been enjoying the last BLAT! and was interested to see that he maintains the same tone when not in his own stomping ground. The reviews are conversational. As far as Guy Lillian's CHALLENGER goes, somebody tell the guy that the "new measure of a fannish man" requires him to lose the term "femfan." Blech.

((Well, Ted did. I must confess that on first ungafiating I didn't know any better and used that term in a couple of my locs. But upon being told that present day women fans object to it, I dropped it.))

Your story of The Dive tends to support the theory that all fan writing leads inevitably towards cat stories. But why fight it?

Hans Persson  
Alsattersgatan 4B  
S-582 48 Linkoping  
Sweden

It seems that you dropped out of fandom at about the same time I was starting to consider if learning to walk might perhaps be worth the effort. Fanzine

fandom can be a little surreal from time to time.

You mention that you are still watching Star Trek. I have done that too (it was first aired in Sweden when I was ten or so, I think). When seeing some episodes recently, however, I have decided to let sleeping memories snore on. ST:TNG I haven't seen anything of, apart from the pilot episode which convinced me that it wasn't for me. It has gained a certain fame in our local fandom as "the horrible thing with the kissing giant amoebas floating off into space at the end."

ST:DS9 hasn't, as far as I know been shown here so I can't say anything about that. NYPD Blue that you also mention just started here (third episode today) and I agree with you that it is quite good. Normally, television around here goes from boring or indifferent to actively repulsing. ((Sounds like television here.))

I must also oppose Ray Nelson on smokers. I don't mind if people want to smoke themselves and I don't try to get them to stop. If—and now comes the important bit—they have sense enough to smoke in places where I don't have to put up with their smoke. At the university where I am studying, people are not allowed to smoke indoors.

This has led to a jumble of smokers who consider themselves to be following this restriction huddling within a meter or two from the doors to the building so that everyone will have to pass through their fumes anyway. What'd I'd like to say is that I don't mind being nice to smokers if they are nice to me.

Re the illo on page 35: I don't know what "habak" means, but I do know that "kuk" in Swedish means "cock" (and we're not talking about birds here.)

Greg Benford  
1105 Skyline Drive  
Laguna Beach, CA 92651

HABAKKUK is almost eerie in its incarnation of the physical and social milieu you created way back when. I

like the timebinding pieces especially, though of course soon you will have to downplay them or Young Insurgents, wearing black leather jackets or else cutoffs or both, will accuse you sneeringly of being a nostalgia junkie, etc. My scholarly advice, speaking as a professor is, fuck 'em.

Fandom shares a characteristic of sf—they are both crosstalks, with ideas/attitudes/tribalisms traded, polished, revisted. In some measure, sf gets this property from the style of discourse in science itself. Journal papers are typically multiple-author.



Proper and copious referencing is a Big Issue. Science builds on its past. The community is genuinely worldwide.

I was at a National Academy of Sciences meeting last week and remarked to Stephen Jay Gould that he functions mostly as a timebinder for biology, stitching together the continuities of evolutionary theory since Darwin; and he agreed. Stephen is about your size, though shorter, and as wryly amusing (though he talks too long; his banquet speech rivaled Phil Farmer's at the 1968 Baycon). Just goes to show, Meyer.

**Robert M. Sabella** Thanks for the Dec HABAKKUK  
24 Cedar Manor Court It was interesting reading,  
Budd Lake, NJ 07828 largely because it was about  
science fiction. \*Gasp\* What a  
revolutionary idea!

I've been in fandom since the late 1960s (having been one of those who read of fandom in Lin Carter's "Our Man in Fandom" column in Worlds of If, so I knew your name as co-chairman of Baycon. I enjoyed your ramblings about it, particularly how you won the bid. I was not there, since as a poor college student at the time I did not attend Worldcons west of the Mississippi, but its legend certainly reached all the way here to New Jersey!

I tend to agree with most of your opinions of Star Trek (Wesley was much too goody-goody; I dislike Riker for no reason I can fathom; Picard's decisions tend to be Politically Correct), but overall I don't think the original series can stand up to either TNG or DS9. With a few exceptions, the original series was nowhere near as thoughtful or well-done as the latter two. And yes, the chemistry between Kirk, Spock and McCoy has never been equalled (although they are trying mightily with the relationship between Odo and Quark in DS9), but that does not compensate for how ludicrous many of the plots were.

((I agree with you about the plots, but to me that is not nearly as important as my liking for the characters, and there the original has it all over the other two. As for the relationship between Odo and Quark, they haven't even established that there is one! I've read the releases about their doing so, but as far as I can tell from watching, Odo detests Quark and Quark copes with it like a true Frengii.))

**Joseph T Major** Very apposite comment on the  
4701 Taylor Blvd - #8 the McCaffrey books. I have  
Louisville, KY 40215 read them all up to "All the  
Weyrs of Pern" and noticed

the falling-off the way you did, so perhaps I will take the cue and not be so quick about getting "The Chronicles of Pern: First Fall." I fear that it may be the associating with the Pern-trekkies that is affecting McCaffrey's writing. Apparently putting a lot of their fan names into "The White Dragon" was not enough. How about a McCaffrey-King collaboration, "Dragonmistry"?

"I've always found Wesley to be a pain in the ass (but) this was the producers and writers' fault," not to mention the fault of Gene Wesley Roddenberry, Great Bird of the Galaxy and Executive Producer. They may have kept him away from the checkbook, but he could still get to the creative people and leave his inimitable mark.

I enjoyed "Memories of the Dive." That is an interesting quote from John Wilkes about making out. My various historical readings have turned up two men who were recorded as being utterly irresistible to women: Gouverneur Morris, sometime "prime minister" of the United States under the Articles of Confederation, weighed three hundred pounds without the wooden leg, whereas Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany had a receding chin with a large nose and looked as if he could slip through drain pipes looking for lost marks. All this is comforting to those without good looks. . .

Yes, language loses a certain flavor when we become desensitized to "filthy" words through their constant use. Which has other problems: formerly a disgusted person would respond to intrusive behavior by saying "You motherfucking shithead sonofabitch asshole!" and the target would be affected by those harsh words. But nowadays such a comment is the equivalent of "Hi there, how're you doing?" To express such disapproval these days one needs a more piercing method, a nonverbal one at that, and nine millimeter seems to be the preferred diameter.

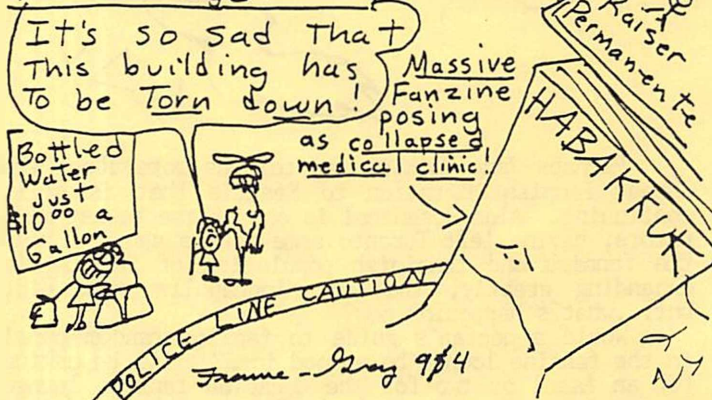
Don Fitch may be comforted to know that hearing about the Great Party you missed has a lot in common with reading about the Great Fanzine you missed, or at least so I have observed from searching for and finding back issues on the basis of the follow-ups in loc columns. If you (were there)/(read it) you would find yourself hearing/reading about the Great Party/Fanzine you missed. No matter how far in you get, you are always outside of The Inner Circle.

While I am certain (as the Editor said to Roy Lavender) your friend's drama teacher was profoundly annoyed at not having been informed that Tennessee Williams was in the class until it was over, I am also certain that Williams himself was profoundly pleased. But nowadays deconstructionism has enshrined the principle that the author knows nothing about his work.

Rather than run on too long, I shall just encompass the letter column by comparing it to Pisistratos's description in Mary Renault's "The Praise Singer" of the really good part of the party—when those who have seen it all get down to describing their deepest feelings.

### Artist's view of Habakkuk...

One day in earthquake-torn Northridge.



**George "Lan" Laskowski** Maia and I have moved. We  
1306 Cherokee took the plunge & committed  
Royal Oak, MI 48067 mortgage. I still work at  
Cranbrook with Steve Rosen-  
quist, but I no longer live on campus. For the sake  
of Steve's Blood Pressure, I hope he decides to move  
off campus soon too.

I do know what you mean about fans versus mundanes in terms of picking up lives and conversations after a hiatus of several weeks/months/years. One thing about fans is that they are very tolerant of long distance relationships and friendships, and I have many friends I've met over the years stay in contact via the mails, or by phone. At ConFrancisco I encountered a fan I had not seen in something like 14 years and we immediately caught each other up on what we had been doing.

If this had happened with a mundane friend from high school or college, the conversation would have been much shorter, and there would have been few if any points of contact for us.

Maia and I see a number of fans outside of convention and fannish activity settings. It seems that this is preferable to the mundanes in our lives,



mainly because there is so much more variety in conversations than just seeing people from work or family. I wonder if this is true of other fans, though I can't really ask our friends for their opinions since most of them are fans to begin with.

Regarding Star Trek, I have enjoyed both the Classic and Next Generation series, as well as Deep Space 9, and I look forward to the new series Star Trek Voyager. The characters were a little shaky the first season in all of them, but I enjoyed each series for different reasons. The Kirk/Spock/McCoy trio (or if you consider all the major characters, we have a "Seven Samurai" situation) was fun and brightly new—there was nothing like it on TV at the time, and the social commentary hit several nerves and sympathetic chords.

Kirk was, however, not the life-like commander type as the military would have it, but true-to-form for a Hollywood hero in the military. Picard and the crew of TNG conform more to what a military command should be, but that "lack of action" grates on people whose idea of military command is what Hollywood has portrayed.

((Yes, Picard's style is much more realistic. But it is not his style of command I object to, it's his decisions. Most of them reflect what current liberal opinion thinks is right and appropriate, not what the military or political necessity is at the moment. I doubt if a genuine military commander would concur with Picard's decisions one tenth of the time.))

I agree with you that the plots are better in TNG as well as the special effects, and I think the writers have managed to get more sf ideas across in TNG. DS9 I think is getting much better, and the cross-alien-cultures is better than either the Classic Trek or TNG. One complaint that has been mentioned several times in the apazine D'APA is that we really haven't seen many non-humanoid aliens.

((Not only have we not seen many non-humanoid aliens, the humanoid aliens we do see are only different from us because of slightly different skin and facial features. I find this damn annoying. I don't accept it even while I'm watching.))

I am hoping that Babylon 5 and the upcoming Star Trek Voyager will correct that. I think that the general public and producers have been babied long enough with soft sf concepts, and they should be exposed to some of the hard-line, truly alien creatures and the good science fiction that we fans have been experiencing in written sf for so many years—not the grade-B horror aliens that have pervaded the screen for decades. But I guess, only time will tell.

Pat Silver  
10 Concorde Drive  
Westbury on Trym  
Bristol BS10 5PZ  
England

I'm actually one of the three "converts" that Chuck Cormor mentions in the Arena having previously been a somewhat vociferous critic of fanzines in general. Chuck did me the service of

introducing me to the good fanzines as opposed to the nasty, semi-literate, sometimes libellous variety I had previously encountered, and I've been loocing ever since.

I had several bad experiences with fanzines and fanzine fans in my early career in fandom. At my first con I wandered into the fanzine lounge and was greeted by a small group who looked me up and down and enquired in aggressive manner "Who the hell are you? This room is for FANS." Then there was the fanzine which enquired as to the whereabouts of the supposed profits from a convention I was running—3 months before the con even happened!

Yet another fanzine made all sorts of claims as to my previous activities, state of health and mind, sexual preferences—you name it, I was accused of it. I half wished I had done some of it—it could have been fun! The mind truly boggled, and I regarded fanzines as something lower than toilet paper for some time afterwards.

Fortunately Chuck showed me better and my post bill is terrible these days! Mind you, it doesn't stop me from continuing as conrunner and con tech. (And filker, costumer, whatever takes my fancy at the time). And hurrah for Jenny Glover, planning to open up the fanroom and make it more welcoming and interesting for new-comers.

Which leads on to a question. Please educate a poor ignorant con tech and tell me, just what IS a Karlson enclosure speaker? I WANT some!!!

((I actually had a Stentorian—a British speaker—in a Karlson enclosure. In days of yore speakers and speaker cabinets were frequently sold separately. (And enclosure was a high-faluting way of saying "cabinet.") And in the middle 50's Karlson developed and marketed this enclosure. They didn't catch on and they stopped making them. When I wanted a second one in 1959 I had a great deal of difficulty finding a store that still had any.

((They really pushed the sound out. But the problem was that in doing this they overemphasized the bass. I am very sensitive to and don't like an over-emphasis on treble. But I don't all all object to it with bass. But many people did. I sold mine in 1969 when the Bose 900s came out. They push the sound out somewhat—not as much as the Karlsons, but more than most speakers, and they sound better musically. (There is a lot of objection to them too, but not as much as there was to the Karlson.))

Re Andy Sawyer's bit about bands at conventions and the woman who complained about the noise, I must admit I am on HER side. Room parties, the creche, games of Killer, are no problem. A band—or even worse, a disco—is impossible to sleep through if you are anywhere in the main hotel. As a con tech I often need to sleep at odd times (because I am on duty at even odder times) so I am acutely aware of the problem.

Why on Earth do people want a disco/band at a con anyway? You can go disco at any time without having to go to a con for it. Most of the discos I've seen at cons are very poorly attended. I have however seen some very popular ceilidhs at conventions and personally I consider these far preferable.

On ageing. My father has what I consider to be an admirable ambition: to enter his second childhood before he leaves his first. He isn't altogether sure which one he is in at present, but he is still enjoying himself. He is 80 years old. As for me, I intend to grow old as disgracefully as possible. I'm 39 and have no intention of stopping doing anything regardless of propriety. If you ever encounter me at a convention, I'm the short, fat female techie with very long grey hair.





I went off Anne McCaffrey rather thoroughly on the occasion she failed to turn up at a small convention where she was booked as GOH, and failed to inform the committee until late on the Friday night of the convention, when her secretary finally deigned to call. She claimed she had made several attempts, but the conventions phone had been manned ((staffed, surely!)) full time for several days, and in any case there was an answerphone. I know—I left a message on it. Anne's excuse was that she had urgent proof reading to do. Weeell, OK, but it would have been courteous to let the con committee know.

((From your account it would seem that Anne's secretary was at fault here, not Anne. \*\* Proof reading is evidently very important to Anne. While talking to me she went thru my copy of "The White Dragon," correcting every typo and initialing every correction.))

I can quite understand that an author could get thoroughly fed up of being pressurised to continue a series. Having said that, I don't think a lot of Anne's recent writing either. "Crystal Line" was a cop out, having Killashandra find a way to overcome the memory loss that crystal singing induces over time. "The Rowan" and associated books all have much the same basic plot. Anne seems to have become obsessed with the love and sex bits and forgotten how to tell stories. I find it sad as I so enjoyed her early Dragon books.

Steve Jeffrey  
44 White Way  
Kidlington  
Oxon OX5 2XA  
England

Wonderful cartoon on the front of HABAKKUK 3:1. And you get much more interesting junk faxes on your office machine than I do if the b-cover is anything to go by.

I went across the river while I was staying in Philadelphia at the end of last year. To Camden, N. J. I dunno, maybe they should have held out for a lawyer or two. Camden, admittedly on a Sunday, is probably the most depressing place I have ever wandered about in. Just to put this in perspective, I spent several months in Laredo a few years back. For some reason in Camden I kept thinking of Delany's Bellona, the abandoned city in "Dhalgren."

Ahh, the Rotsler cartoons. Are you allowed to have a fanzine without Rotsler these days? Maybe it's some sort of by-law. Loved the one of you and the neo on page 31. Ray's illos are neat too.

Ted White's "Trenchant Bludgeon" fanzine reviews are some of the most perceptive I've read, and it's good to see a really in depth look at a handful of titles of particular interest (at both ends of the spectrum) than several dozen each covered in a sentence or two. Of these, I've only seen THEN 4. Ted's assessment seems fair. It is very much a chronology of the 70s and I found it useful and interesting as such.

But unlike Greg Pickersgill, who finds it a dry and dusty tome, I wasn't there at the time, so I can't comment on whether it misses the feel of the period in favour of facts and data. Greg's own RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK is one to look out for, as much as CHALLENGER seems one to file and forget.

Ahh, an explanation of the name in your comment to Jeanne Bowman. You had an Old Testament cat, we have an Ancient Sumerian, Enki(du). We nearly had a Gilgamesh as well, but Gil, briefly introduced to the household as a kitten, lasted through about 24 hours of jealous spitting rage before Vikki had to give him away again. Have you still got Miss Thing? ((Yes. Miss Thing still rules the household. \*\* If you could have put up with the "jealous spitting rage" for about three days things would have settled down.))

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If you flaunt it, keep it warm.  
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Hey, someone else has discovered Griffin and Sabine (Dian Girard Crayne). Not too surprising I suppose, as the final volume, "The Golden Mean," came out as a bestseller while I was out in Philadelphia.

But it's almost unknown over here. I fell in love with these when I saw them, and brought all three back with me.

This is an amazine postbag, Bill. And an excellent issue.

Helen E. Davis      Gee, I was at that panel where  
2327 Shroyer Road      Lan told Buck that HABAKKUK was  
Oakwood, OH 45419      revived. I walked in ten minutes late and was the first person in the audience. I started jawing with the panelists, and without my knowing it the rest of the audience came in behind me. I felt like a fool to be hogging the whole panel to myself.

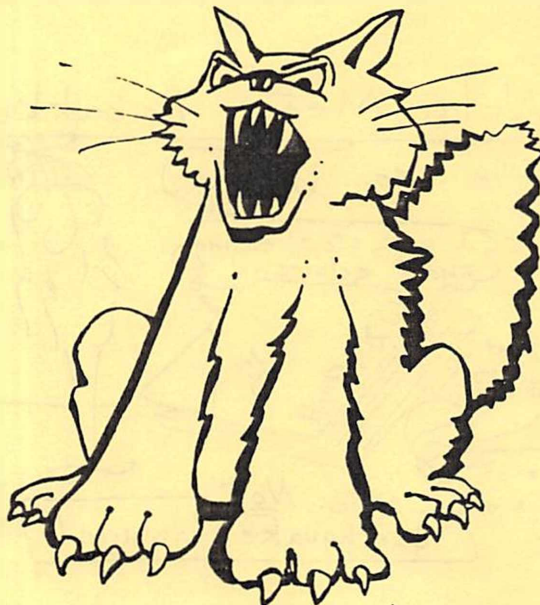
I also prefer small cons over large ones. Context runs between 100 and 200 people, and among the regular attendees are Lois McMaster Bujold, Hal Clement, Dennis McKiernan, Lan Laskowski, Maia Cowen, Tom Sadler, and Paul Walker (who you wouldn't know, but he is a good friend of mine.) Plus all the people I don't know by name but enjoy seeing and talking to year after year. If schedules match up, we can head out to a meal together. Lots of chances for conversations during the day. Tom Sadler often parks himself on a hallway bench and trades fanzines with those who pass by.

The con suite is often filled with foods designed to put attendees into diabetic comas, but there's usually enough rabbit food to balance things out. Lots of soft couches and interesting conversations.

On the minus side—well not much new happens from year to year. And I've never seen a con with such bad luck with hotels. The first year they booked a rather small hotel with three meeting rooms expecting a turnout of around 70 people. For GOH they invited C. J. Cheryth, a very popular and energetic woman. Over 200 people showed up.

The next year they moved to a luxury hotel, raised the membership fee, and invited Jack Chalker. The man can write, but he doesn't engender warm feelings in people; attendance was lousy. ((Many fans would disagree with the idea that Jack Chalker can write.... And I'm muck struck at the thought that fans would choose whether or not to attend a con based on who the GOH is. Readers, yes. But fans! And otherwise Context sounded like a con of fans.))

Then the hotel booked a Senior Prom in the room that had already been reserved for the GOH speech, and the con lost out. ((Did they sue? Or wasn't their contract with the hotel specific enough? The First Rule the con committee should observe in booking is: NEVER trust the hotel. Get EVERYTHING in writing.))





The next three years were at a small convention hotel that was the right size, but your room might not get made up until 4:30 and there was always some major renovation going on. The GOH's were Sheffield, Niven (who was having a bad weekend), and Effinger. ((Three pro GOH at such a small con...how could they afford it? Or didn't they pay the GOH expenses?))

Last year they secured Fred Pohl and moved into a luxury hotel with an attached convention center. A nice set-up, except that they had to share it with a Special Olympics Convention, and Context had the far set of rooms. The Special Olympics considered the hallway to be part of their meeting space. At one point we had to fight our way past buffet tables to get to programming. Also, the con suite, baby-sitting, and socialization areas were in the hotel part, and I swear it was a city-block long walk between the two.

The worst thing about the hotel, however, was seeing Rene Alpin, who is completely confined to a wheelchair, stuck outside the fancy glass doors while the front desk pattered about on their own business. What's so bad about installing automatic doors in the lobby? It is a relatively new hotel.

The other minus of the con is the lack of room parties. Just about everyone goes to bed by eleven. ((It's sounding less and less like a con of fans.)) Except for the filkers, but you can't get into conversations while filking.

Marcon, the other con in Columbus, is rather proud of its growth rate, recently topping 2,000 people. ((Shudder.)) The same people come who come to Context, but I usually see them heading off in other directions. I don't know most of the attendees and they don't give me a second look. The con suite resembles a bar, but without alcohol during the day. It's hard for me to make new friends at Marcon. But I go for one day to see the art show, shop the well-stocked huxter room, see the masquerade, and talk with the friends I do have.

Back to HABAKKUK. The use of "femfefan"—while not offensive to me the term is antiquated. There might even be more women than men these days. And these are active fans, not just the girlfriends and spouses of the male fans. A number of us women are even dragging along our mundane spouses. (My husband has started to enjoy himself at cons since discovering that some fans will discuss sports and politics.)

But I don't think that the feminine influence in fandom is related to sf—not directly anyway. Rather, it is related to the popularization of science which came with the space program and moon walks. Also, there's the general phenomenon of the movement of women into all sorts of male-dominated fields, so why not fandom?

At Context last year I came upon a woman I have known previously only as a filker and a lover of rats. She was showing to a male acquaintance a copy of her latest research paper, part of her doctoral thesis. It was renal biochemistry, and he didn't have a clue. I glanced at it and read the abstract, then blew the man away by not only understanding what I read, but also summarizing the relative importance of the paper. Here were two women talking in High Science while the man, a good ten years older than either of us, looked on in bafflement. ((Yea!!!))

**Teddy Harvia** I question the historical accuracy of Ray Nelson's Roman cartoon. I don't have a problem with the gladiator in propellor beanie.

Rather, the emperor should have the courtesy to wait until the lion has the upperhand before giving the thumbs-down signal. That's entertainment!

I enjoy big conventions. At every con are numerous subplots going. At big cons you have more to choose from. You simply avoid the parts that annoy you.

**John Tipper**  
PO Box 487  
Strathfield NSW 2135  
Australia

A nice change to find a zine editor who actually admits to enjoying Star Trek. Although though (shock and horror) I actually liked Wesley since he

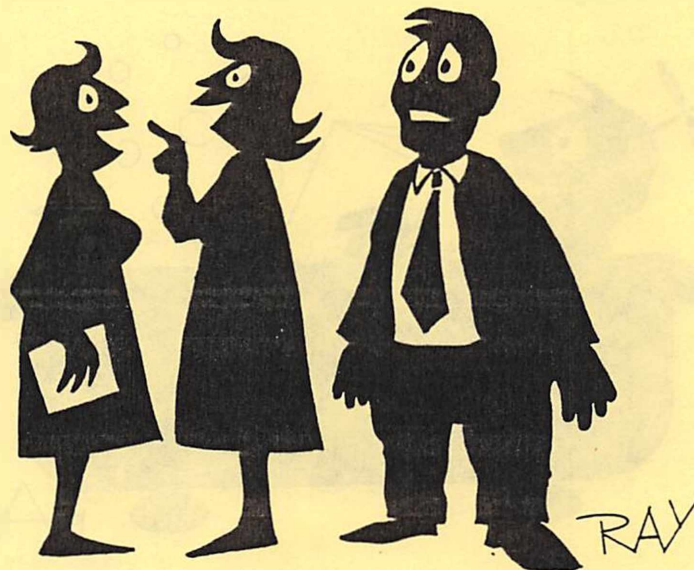
reminded me of how Gene Roddenberry saw himself as a child, in the wrong time period, of course. ((Did you read William Shatner's "Star Trek Memories"? He says that Roddenberry had all these "high" standards that he couldn't live up to...so I suspect that Roddenberry as a boy as not quite as goody goody as Wesley comes across. Pity that Gene didn't realize that this makes Wesley less attractive, not more.))

Yep, Kirk remains my ideal captain. Riker's character is just unbelievable. Cheesecake for the female viewers. DS9 comes to our screens later this year, as does SeaQuest. ((Well, I don't think Riker is very successful Beafcake. A lot of women have complained that Star Trek women are far better looking than Star Trek men. Also, Riker is too much of a MCP to appeal to a lot of women.))

I have more than a passing interest in police shows so your mention of NYPD Blue grabbed my attention. It also comes to local screens in the near future. Do you know of any US media zines on police series? ((I don't. Gentle Readers?))

Conventions. The only one I've ever attended which wasn't all-media was Aussiecon 2 in '85. No doubt I'll repeat what I've said in locs to other zines, but my first contact with US fans was like the meeting of two alien cultures.

The only two people I seemed to be able to communicate with were Forrie Ackerman and Hal Clement (I've forgotten his real name.) ((Harry Stubbs.)) Is he still around? ((Yes.)) Most of the ordinary Americans seemed to spend all their time running from party to party. My fault for being a light social drinker, perhaps? The foregoing isn't to say that I didn't have a good time!



Moving on, I find myself asking how the Oakland Bay Bridge survived the quake. ((The latest quake was in Los Angeles over four hundred miles south of here. We felt nary a tremor. Our last shaking here was a little over 4 years ago. At that time a section of the SF-Oakland Bay Bridge collapsed, and took something like 6 weeks to return to service.))

I've always had an interest in suspension bridges and railways in your part of the world. There was a film noir movie of the early 50s which used the Oakland Bridge in quite a few background shots. Wish I could think of the title.

((Are you sure it wasn't the Golden Gate Bridge? That's far more famous than the SF-Oakland Bay Bridge. It connects SF with Marin County and is nowhere near Oakland. The GG bridge was the longest



suspension span in the world when built, and I believe it is still the 3rd longest. The Bay Bridge is somewhat longer than the GG one, but most of its length is a conventional bridge. The span from San Francisco to Treasure Island is suspension, but from Treasure Island to Oakland, it's conventional.)

The storm water channels always fascinated me, as portrayed in Them. Do Union Pacific and Southern Pacific tracks still run along the edges, or have I confused LA with San Francisco? ((Well, they're not in San Francisco.))

Debbie Notkin's reviews are well-compiled. Wish I had time to do more reading. Ted White's zine review style is unique and entertaining. He certainly attacks the subject in-depth.

Gary Deindorfer mentioned that he always passes zines on. I do the same as it's one of the few ways to (I hate the term but can't think of anything better) bring in new blood. A woman I know always used to crow that she had a library of several thousand zines, and I had to ask myself: Why? She's never going to look at them again. What's the point of collecting them? Better to send on to friends who may just feel inclined to send in a loc, or else donate to conventions who can include them in sample bags, an idea which has been acted on locally on a number of occasions.

Funny, isn't it, how one can't quite shake oneself clear of Fandom?

Brad Foster  
PO Box 165246  
Irving, TX 75016

Woo! Looks like HABAKKUK has undergone an explosive enlargement from when it last graced my mailbox! There can never be enough big, thick fanzines in my mailbox for my own good. Besides, the more I get the cleaner I'll be, since I tend to do my fanzine reading in the mornings while relaxing in a hot bathtub. Full of water of course—otherwise it would scorch my skin.



Of course, one of the downsides of enjoying my fanzine reading in a tub is the difficulty in noting down comments, unless I want to risk dropping the whole thing in the water. I'm thinking might be worth investing in some of those soap-crayons they manufacture for kids to play with in the tub. That way I can just jot some notes on the tiles while reading, then transcribe them off later. As it is, I forget half of what I wanted to say once I'm out and get around to actually loccing lateron.

Which is just my longwinded way of saying, while I've read and really enjoyed the new issue, cover to cover (I recall having to run a bit more hot water to reheat the tub, as I wasn't finished reading and didn't want to leave yet), I did that reading some

time back, and now that I've finally gotten my rear into a chair to tackle this stack of zines I've let get too high, I can't recall any of the terribly witty things I thought of while reading that I wanted to pass on to you.

Rich Dengrove  
2651 Arlington Dr - #302  
Alexandria, VA 94609

Ray Nelson's cartoon fans with propeller beanies reflect the image us Lesser Name Fans have of each

other. No matter how cool we are, or respectable, or interesting, the misfit image will always stick. That's why we avoid one another like the plague at conventions.

Whether we Americans have a taboo against the scatological depends on the time. Lesser during the '50s and '60s when there were books with bathroom scenes. Greater now. None of the recent nature specials show animals defecating. You see them having sex, eating and being eaten, giving birth, fighting for mates; but never defecating. Which some animals do continually. And, just think, we have to put up with this shit.

Mores seemed more flexible during '50s and '60s too. Then you could play classical and show tunes at parties. Now fans have to be cool; and are forced on pain of ridicule, to play only rock. ((Surely jazz is still allowed?))

"Eight thousand fans is too many. One thousand fans is OK. One hundred fans is better!" I am going to see whether that sums up conventions. I'm skeptical. Misfits with eight thousand would remain misfits with twenty-four.

I'm not convinced that the younger fanwriters are a dying breed; they have set up their own fandom and are avoiding us old cockers: e.g., on electronic bulletin boards and in punkzines.

John Francis Haines  
5 Cross Farm  
Station Road, Padgate  
Warrington WA2 0QG  
England

I sometimes wonder about synchronicity. In 1968 when I was at college one of my fellow students kept raving to me about a band called H P Lovecraft. Eventually I

picked up secondhand two of their albums, the eponymous first one, and the just as imaginatively titled H P Lovecraft 2. My fellow student was convinced there was a third album, possibly called "Beyond the Valley of the Moon", possibly with a track called "The Music of Erich Zann". I've never come across this third album and suspect it was a figment of his imagination—but he was right about the first two.

I've often wished I'd seen them live; I like the albums and reckon they were a pretty good band of the period. Does anyone remember their set and was it any good?

((Dave Rike says that H P Lovecraft only had those two albums, and that the then broke up. However, Michael Tegza formed a new group called simply Lovecraft who made one album in 1970, Valley of the Moon, Reprise 6419. He doesn't have the album and doesn't know if it was any good or had that track.))

Strange to learn after all these years that they were one of the groups playing at the 1968 Baycon. The British equivalent of HPL was a Scottish outfit called Writing On the Wall. I did see them several times and got their (so far as I know) only album, "The Power of the Picts." ((Dave says that was their only album.)) Like HPL, they seemed to vanish back into obscurity after 1969, a great pity as they were a terrific band—their best number being "The Shadow of Man"—based on Holst's "Mars." I think HPL's best was "The White Ship," from the first album.

Sid Birchby  
40 Parrs Wood Ave  
Didsbury  
Manchester M20 5ND  
England

I really enjoyed HABAKKUK 3:2 And I've been dipping into it for the last month...you know whenever I felt a bit low, which in the Lancashire vernacular means "nobut just".



What with the Los Angeles quake, the year 1994 has certainly got off to a bad start, and I trust that you have not had any direct effects. ((No. LA is over 400 miles south of us and we received nary a shake. Our last shake was somewhat over four years ago. The last I heard all the LA fans were fine, but not their pets and property. The Pelzes had one cat dead and one cat missing out of their three.))

Is there any news of Robert Lichtman? He lives near LA I believe. ((No. Glen Ellen is north of us, So Robert is fine.)) I heard that from a TV wine-and-food program, because the Glen Ellen wine apparently excited the praises of the wine buffs. I wouldn't have known—you could have fooled me, with their trendy talk of overtones of compost with just a hint of tar. Anyway, I'd written to Robert just before the quake and I'd better do a follow-up to-morrow. All this talk of tectonic plates and subduction zones puts me in mind of an egg cracking from inside. What exactly is coming out? Does anyone remember the early Arthur C. Clarke story? ("Childhood's End"?)

Hmm—that's a tactless remark to some people who live in an earthquake zone. I really must apologize and here's a basket-full of freshly-picked grovels, as S. J. Perelman used to say, when a character was sent grovelling.

George C. Willick 514 East St. Madison, IN 47250  
Giants beginning to stir? Almost certainly, and their rumbblings are beginning to wake up a few of us dwarfs in the process. I assume my receiving three fanzines from the Bay Area within the space of a month after a 20+ year absence is something more than a coincidence. Damned conspiracy is what it is. I've outgrown this shit. So have you. Exciting isn't it?



Well, Christ, I had the distinct impression that someone told me Roy Tackett had died and here he is at the same old address. OK, Roy, who'd you hire to tell me that?

Many names in HABAKKUK still trip levers in the corridors of my mind and I am deeply torn by the sudden knowledge of the death of my good friend, advocate, former roommate and neighbor, Avram Davidson. A most gracious and good man...but like so many, unlucky.

I had suspected Donald Wollheim was gone when I read somewhere that Elsie was running DAW Books. (When I knew Elsie and Betsy, Don called them Big E and Little E. Betsy was barely to my waist.) I so admired and respected Donald Wollheim.

The loss of Chad Oliver also stunned me. I loved his works, especially the short story, "Oh, Didn't He Pamble," but I never got to tell him so. How hollow

that last sentence is. Who gets to tell anyone how much they were appreciated? Why do we drop away from each other and promise to write next year, someday? While a few of us may be just a tad strange, down right bent and/or acutely warped, that's no sign we aren't valuable to some other lost soul. Shame on GAFIA.

Some of the names in HABAKKUK are unknown to me, but some...Ted White, Steve Stiles, Walt Willis, Harry Warner Jr., Ray Nelson, Ethel Lindsay, Mike McInerney, Sid Birchby, Buck Coulson, Lynn Hickman, Redd Boggs, Roy Tackett...are still in my old fanac card file, long gathering dust...unable to be destroyed. (The multilith I printed PARSECTION on, still stands at the back of a closet...waiting.)

I won't go into everything I've been up to...six daughters, Civil War research, genealogy, mother with Alzheimer's, hot jazz and ragtime research and photography...but I would like to touch on that last one just a bit. One of the things I enjoyed immensely while gone was Patti Perret's monograph "The Faces of Science Fiction." There are some really outstanding pieces of photography here. The Algis Budrys and Wilson Tucker portraits come easily to mind.

Did Patti ever bother making limited edition prints (i.e. 16 x 20) of any of these? Would make her money and make money for any collector smart enough to buy them. (I am still seething over not buying Mapplethorp's work when it was available for \$250 and I knew he was the greatest photographer I had ever seen...even if sometimes totally tasteless. God with a camera...that was Mapplethorp.)

Most of Patti's work was done in available light, but she used fine grain films and tried to capture essences and personalities within the home environment...a very difficult task and often a photographer must take what they can get. All in all, it is one nice piece of work given the time frame she was working in/under and the certainty that some people were not available to her or could not be reached.

I think the thing Larry Shaw was talking about was intelligence. That's the binding element in all fan relationships. We're smart farts. True, some of the young ones are unpolished, anti-social, egomaniacs or monomaniacs, and sometimes criminal. But we're smart. And those of us who survive are always in-teresting and usually up to all kinds of new and different crap that is fascinating and allows for the continuation of any relationship after years apart. Think back on it. How many fanac fans (not teeny trekers) have you known that you'd call stupid?

I believe that Ted Sturgeon had one of the filthiest minds I've ever encountered. Clever but bent. I'm no prude but Sturgeon often shocked me. He must have collected every dirty limerick ever written. And set them all to music. Does anyone know if there are tapes of some of his guitar performances? But he was a delight to talk to and did not take himself as seriously as everyone else did.

Love to hear from some of you and see what you've been up to. I've been almost 100% gaffiated. Don't know anything about nothing. I can't believe Andrew Porter is still causing trouble. I never did anything like that. ((Send the man fanzines!))

Algernon D'Amassa Born and raised a farmish child by Don D'Amassa and E. Providence, RI 02914 Mad Madam Mimeo, I became by some mysterious process a performing artist, writer of pier tables, and member of the secret society known only as the Consolidators of Edison.

In the eighties, as a bored teenager, I printed my own monthly (later bi-monthly) review called the SECULAR LFMS which mostly puzzled people. I make rare appearances at cons, primarily because of money and the fact that I'm usually rehearsing or performing on weekends. I suppose, however, I could make more time for cons in my area if I wanted to.



My connection to fandom has always been tenuous. It's wonderful to know there is a large community which shares many of my interests, yet diverse enough to surprise me and teach me. Fandom is also gratifying in that it is rather easy to project our personalities in a way that lends them substance, via fanzines, or costumery. Unfortunately, standards are such that we are often subjected to baseless personal attacks in print and in public, for the most illusory of offenses, frequent enough and ugly enough that I become as impatient with fandom as I would a schoolyard full of brawling kindergarteners.

Take, for example, one of Ted White's reviews in HABAKKUK 3:2. Of the three fanzines reviewed, the most space is devoted to the fanzine Ted would have us believe is least worth our attention. What is worth the space, we find, is a strident attack on Guy Lillian who seems to have committed no offense except putting out a so-so fanzine, and being Guy Lillian. This was not interesting, informative, or entertaining. Ted White lifts his leg and weighs down your fanzine. Dare I hope Guy Lillian is man enough not to respond in a similar manner?

I have not been on the business end of a howitzer attack like Ted's myself, but I have been deeply insulted by intelligent people (and good writers) who just don't give it a thought; as if they believed that being an insensitive clod gave their writing (and their personalities) an attractive edge. A very few years ago I contributed to the Turbo-Charged Party Animal Apa, along with some of my favorite fanzine writers (including Andrew Hooper, Jeanne Gomoll, and occasionally Spike Parsons). I dropped out after one of these favorite writers of mine, with whom I had disagreed about some transient current affair, told me I had an "ugly world view."

Shortly after that, in Alps, the music apa, one member made a bid to oust the OE, and when the rest of the membership failed to back him up, he resigned with a berserker attack so upsetting that the OE, who felt unappreciated anyway, stepped down as OE. At that point, I lost interest in the apa and dropped out.

Ideas and opinions are lighter than air; nothing is the truth. But in fandom, as everywhere else, we want our characters to be as incontestable as concrete, and we behave as if our opinions and ideas were the solid membrane which must be protected as if it were our very flesh.

So I loc fanzines, and I stay in touch with fandom in the Providence area, but the feuds and politics repel me. All this IMPORTANCE repels me. And the conceit of good writers (like Ted White) making an art form of villification (ibid.) repels me.

I enjoyed everything else, however, and I do look forward to Verse 3. Thanks for all the work you put into this fanzine; it shows.

Dave Rike I like Ted's fmz reviews  
PO Box 11 they're forthright and opin-  
Crockett, CA 94525 ionated, but there are a couple  
of points I'd like to make a-  
bout his comments on Guy Lillian's CHALLENGER.

Southern Fandom was isolated because there were so few of them, strangers in a strange land, living in a bible belt countryside where social or intellectual deviance was not well accepted. Before WWII attempts were made to overcome this alienation by connecting up with others of a like mind by way of the letter columns of prozines, thru correspondence with other fans, and by publishing fanzines.

The Dixie Fan Federation was a paper organization which attempted to link up those few fans who were around. The O-O of the group, SOUTHERN STAR, was published by fans living in Columbia, South Carolina. An issue that I have from 1941 has contributions from Bob Tucker, someone connected with the Futurians in New York, a neat piece of fan fiction by Jack Speer, and letters from all around, with the cover multiplished by Forest J Ackerman's Assorted Services in Los Angeles. (I gather that Harry Warner, since he

lived below the Mason-Dixon Line, was considered to be a Southern fan.)

They were hoping to make a bid for the worldcon in 1943 for Washington, DC. According to Harry's "All Our Yesterdays" all of this was blown away and fell apart after Pearl Harbor.

I don't pretend to know all that much about current-day Southern Fandom, but I get the feel from zines that most of them come from the broad spectrum of gaming and media fans and that "our type of fan" is as much alone and on their own amidst them as they were with the general population back in the 30s and 40s. What is unusual is that they feel the need for fannish company so much that these gaming and media fans are willing to tolerate the fmz fans in their midst. ((It has been my experience that in general Southerners not only have more social skills than the general population, they are more outgoing and social.))

Here in the Bay Area the gaming and media fans avoid us like the plague because we fail to come up to their standards of devotion to whatever it is they are into. Southern cons appear to be rather laid-back with not all that much going on. I read a report by Arthur Hlavaty where he was the Fan GoH in a Deep-SouthCon—I think it was—held in the fall where he was able to keep up with things and watch two football games on tv without missing any programming.

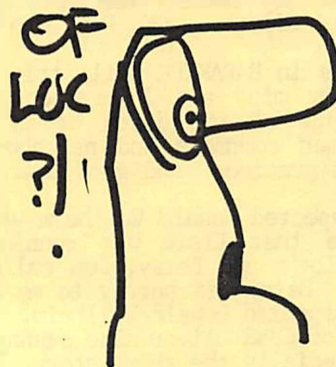
I've met some Southern fans at Corflu and Con-Francisco and they impressed me as being like fans from everywhere else without even an accented voice or visibly carrying around the burden of Southern history like a monkey on their backs.

Perhaps Ted doesn't feel all that much a part of them because there are no longer the scintillating personalities that we knew during the 50s, such as Lee Hoffman and Shelby Vick who were more into Pogo and Albert the Alligator than the stars-&-bars and other relics of the Civil War, and if they were brought up, it was done in an obviously lighthearted and jocular fashion.

Are Northern fans all that much different? Has Ted attended any of the regional cons, for example, in the Midwest recently? Perhaps, if he had the time, he could go to some of them incognito, peddling books and comics in the huckster room, and check the scene out.

Guy has reacted to Ted's review by saying about how he was going to stand up and speak up for his People as if they live on Mars or somewhere and drip green blood or something. I know it isn't his intention, and the Southern fans I know aren't like that, but in the mundane world words like Guy's have been cruelly used to cloak a sense that one's people, the Volk, are somehow superior and better than the others who are heathen, infidels and Untermenschen, primarily as a justification for dominating and oppressing them or worse.

OH, NO! NOT  
THAT KIND

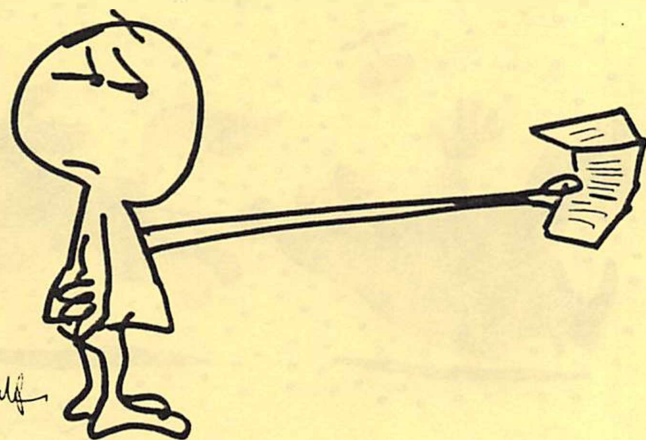




In the South I could well imagine that it could be a code word for those people whose social agenda has included going around wrapped up in a sheet with a pointy-headed cap and not accepting the mandates of the Emancipation Proclamation and the 13th and 14th Amendments to the US Constitution, and possibly the 19th one also.

This sense of separateness of Southern fans might be more of a lit. crit. rather than a socio-political thing, coming from the Allen Tate-Robert Penn Warren New Criticism and Southern School of writing, something that rubs off on you when you hang around with people who read books down that way, even if it's a Star Trek novel or a Steve Jackson gaming book.

One thing that Guy Lillian appears to forget is that Ted White is a Southerner himself, living in his ancestral home in Falls Church. I don't know how long his people have lived there but his fanatic clearly exhibits the smug self-assured arrogant elitist airs of landed Virginia gentry who's temper might have been piqued by Guy choosing for his front and back covers iconic representations of Robert E. Lee, a native son of Virginia. As is Ted White.



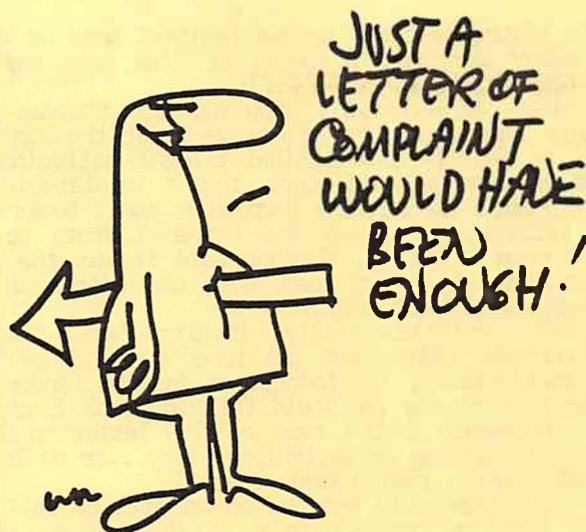
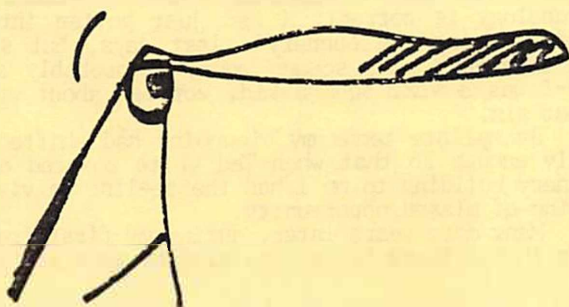
Guy H. Lillian III  
PO Box 53092  
New Orleans, LA 70153

Some friends have asked if I was the defense attorney when Ted White was convicted of federal drug dealing charges. Resentment over a botched case, they figure, might explain the personal vitriol in his HABAKKUK review of CHALLENGER, my genzine...Cape Fear II.

Well, no. I became a lawyer in 1989, some time after White was packed off to the pen, and though I do a lot of drug-related defense, my clients can't drop the names of famous science fiction writers as customers, as White does in your lettercol. ((Err... That was not in The Arena, but in BLAT!, and Ted didn't drop any names, just occupations.))

My clients are almost all black street corner losers, the kind of drug dealer hated and feared by the same people who would buy from White, and defend his right to push his poison. White middle-class druggies are, in my experience and judgment, high (indeed!) among the most hypocritical, locked-in-denial clowns walking this planet...not to mention the most irresponsible and unreliable.

YOU MEAN THAT?



JUST A  
LETTER OF  
COMPLAINT  
WOULD HAVE  
BEEN  
ENOUGH!

-But invective against drug users—some of whom I value—isn't the point of my letter. The point is responding to White's invective against me and my people, Southern fandom. And so I tell those who ask if White has any reason to inveigh so personally against me that no, I've never even met the man. Once, I think I saw him—when he was Fan Guest of Honor at a Southern convention. (Surely I misremember the event. Surely the inbred, isolated "second-rate" science fiction fans White excoriates would not tempt him to one of their incestuous gatherings.)

In any event, out of the plentitude of insults White spews at me, the slur on Southern fandom is one that I must challenge—because it is so wrong, sick, and unfair. White still looks at the South through the eyes of a '50's liberal, and that is a mistake. In our lifetimes the South has worked and grown and changed and matured more than any other region of this country. The isolation of its fandom from the national variety has vanished.

In the past ten years Southern fandom has put on three worldcons, two NASFiCs and at least two solid worldcon bids. It supports ongoing regional cons in almost every major city, two of the most active apas in fandom, and a growing number of fanzines, of which CHALL is certainly the least. The people of Southern fandom are not isolated; they're involved. They value their farmish traditions, true...but they cut no one out.

I came to Southern fandom from comics fandom and the west coast, where I received my early fan training from Alva Rogers, Quinn Yarbro and Bill Donaho in the Little Men. Long-haired and liberally pretentious, I couldn't have been more different from the people who greeted me in Southern fandom—but greet me they did, with generosity and tolerance and humor. My story is typical. Dick and Nicki Lynch came to the South from the wilds of upstate New York. You can't get more yankee than that.

Yet they were embraced and honored in their adopted farmish home. White is dead wrong about the insularity of Southern fandom...and plainly unfair in his contempt for the region and its people. "Second-raters." Bill...what is a "second-rate" fan? Is fandom subject to some sort of hierarchical, judgmental ranking of which I am unaware? Perhaps they believe so in the dark intolerant regions where White does his fanning...but Alva Rogers wouldn't have believed that, and Southern fandom doesn't believe that, and I don't believe that, and I don't believe it either.

I'll also challenge one of White's individualized attacks on me. It doesn't matter, you see, that he disliked CHALLENGER; you send a new fanzine into the wilderness, particularly one with pretenses like mine, and it's bound to collect its share of teethmarks. One of his underlying criticisms has some validity. I freely admit that my editorial policy aiming towards "the farmish male" was vague, pretentious and



easily misunderstood. (My own fault—I have no writing talent and have a Master of Fine Arts and two Hugo nominations to prove it.)

Since White doesn't know me, his tirades mean nothing. But when a guy who brags about the big name SFers to whom he has peddled illegal hallucinogens condemns me as a bootlicker...that's intolerable. He even condemns the letters I wrote to comic books as a boy. ((You ought to see the letter I wrote to DOC SAVAGE when I was 16. Someone said it was the only letter they ever published that the editor didn't make-up out of whole cloth!))

Look who he really insults here: Julius Schwartz—the editor who published most of my locs and, incidentally, the founder of fanzine fandom. Is he the sort of sap who would fall for rank flattery? (White evidently didn't read my 1969 letter to GREEN LANTERN lambasting an anti-hippy story...or my loc to CAPTAIN AMERICA about campus riots.)

White bases his censure on an article in CHALLENGER about my reaction to my first worldcon, when, truly, the presence of so many \*garsh\* professionals wowed me wildly. He misses the point, which was simply that I was a boy on the threshold of what passes for manhood these days, and that by looking at a boy's reactions to professionalism and celebrity one might be able to understand what a man should feel about such challenges and the other, more personal matters I dealt with in the piece. The question of manhood is central to my concept for the zine, y see.

Since then, since 1969, I've grown up. Little is less attractive to me than the snobbery shown by the ballooned egos of insecure professionals—such as the writer I overheard at Iguanacon sniffing, "Oh, I love fandom it's like slumming." (One wonders how he'd react to a literary writer saying the same thing about SF) But that sort of petty condescension is as unimportant to the adult I have become as the awe I felt towards writers as a boy.

For me, now, science fiction fandom is about fellowship among everyone in the community. Arrogance and intolerance and affectations of superiority from anyone are out. That's not what I want from fandom, nor what the fans I admire—like Roger Sims and Lynn Hickman and Julie Schwartz and Marji Ellers and Hank Reinhardt and Harry Warner want from fandom. It's not what this hobby should be about.

White missed a lot of points when he ravaged CHALLENGER. To confront each of his unjust blatherings would require me to go over his vile assault on my character and my people one sick line at a time...a waste of my time. We deal here with an arrogant, judgmental, prejudiced, offensive, hypocritical bully. I've spent enough energy worrying about him. If anyone buys his opinion of me, that's their privilege. But if anyone would like to judge for themselves, I invite them to write and request the second issue of CHALLENGER. It is in the works.

Harry Andruschak This issue is a delight, particularly since it has names & zines to add to my list including Guy H. Lillian III. Yes, yes, I know, I know...Ted White does not like his zine. For my part, I prefer fanzine listings to fanzine reviews and criticism, since I can always make own own judgment calls when I get a copy of a zine.

As for your comments on conventions, I must admit that I have not been all that frequent in attending them. Much of that is boredom, since I do not have a TV set, rarely go to movies, read comics, or do gaming. Not surprisingly, the only two cons I have enjoyed myself at the last two years were CORFLUs 9 and 10. My last Worldcon was 1988 in New Orleans and my next might be in 1995 in Glasgow, Post Office permitting. Since I work weekends there I have a problem getting to cons.

Steve Stiles  
8631 Lucerne Rd.  
Randallstown, MD 21133

Thanks for HABAKKUK. It's been a chill fanzine dessert for the last several months and it arrived during a particularly dreary stretch of snow and ice hereabouts—LOTS of ice. I cannot overemphasize how dreary the five ice storms have been over the last three weeks. But few fanzines.

This entrapping ice surrounds this house for miles around in a vast field of zero traction, periodically replaced by the next day's scheduled ice storm, exhausting all known supplies of kitty litter—now mockingly BENEATH several layers of ice—and making pathetic attempts to walk to the car an exciting adventure—fortunately I broke the fall with my face. Ever try taking a frisky 60 lb. puppy out for a walk under such conditions? I sure won't, so I'll never know, but cabin fever has been considerable. Still, I could've been in Los Angeles.



It's interesting to see Ray Nelson inks on his own cartoons; gives them a whole new look. I'm used to seeing Nelson art transferred to stencil and rendered with shading plates, giving it a "flatter" look (which didn't detract from anything). I once wanted to ink some of Ray's strips myself, with Ray's permission; my plan was to trace the "Beanie" strips that ran in FANAC on vellum paper and print the result in BSPAN (not to be confused with any British organ). I wanted to be faithful to the original look and not to impose my own inking bias—which would've only created something that could only be called half-Nelson.

Unfortunately, I had forgotten that my FANAC collection had been bound and that often parts of the first and last panels of Beanie ran too close to the spine to make tracing possible. (I stopped having my fanzines bound when Elliott Shorter dropped the service—just after I had uncollated an entire run of Apa-X.)

I was sorry to miss Baycon but I had already used up my vacation time for that year on my TAFF trip. I spent that Labor Day weekend watching the riots on TV, cursing The Pigs, and listening to Al Kooper lps. Also sorry to miss out on the Dive, but after all, in 1955 I was eleven years old and I don't think I had even discovered science fiction. If my chronology is correct, I had just gotten into N.Y. fandom during the Nunnery's last days, but some of the legendary beat scenes would've probably shocked me—I was a VERY square kid, worried about worrying about sin.

By my late teens my viewpoint had shifted radically enough so that when Ted White pointed out the Nunnery building to me I had the feeling of viewing a Shrine of missed opportunity.

Many more years later, during my first freelance days in Baltimore (where the sixties were still alive



and well near Johns Hopkins), I shared a nine room rowhouse with a variety of other fans and I think we lived up to some Nunnery anecdotes. We tried. Our New Year's Eve parties had up to 120 fans from four states and sometimes went on for three days. Nobody tried to stuff any cats in the bongs, though. This may explain why I didn't get much freelancing accomplished from '75 to '80.

We called our slanshack "946 Montpelior Street" (original, wot?). The other fabulous partying fan-shack in Baltimore, predating "946", was Dave Etlin's communal Toad Hall, where I met Avedon, many other new friends, and had some pretty interesting adventures. Toad Hall was a focal point for fans, Baltimore Sun reporters, and (when they were in town) Ringling Brothers performers. At one time the fan-nishly sercon element in BaltiWash fandom was considerable, but over the years most of them scattered after out of state jobs or relationships.

I doubt if I'll ever see RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK. This is frustrating, but neither Elaine or I plan on doing fanzines this year, and I'm not sure if we ever sent Greg any of our four annual BSFANs. We never made out like bandits in trade with anyone in the U.K.—no, we made out like Russian democrats waiting for the new Marshall Plan (much to our astonishment).

I hope BSFAN didn't lack the divine spark. It's a shame because I DID see some British fanzines once (in 1987, when we were at Brighton) and was impressed by the vocabulary and like that. However, there may be a solution, Greg willing, since RJC's American circulation only ranges from 6-11 exceptional fans, perhaps some U.S. fan editor—like, f'instance, you or Ted & Dan—can run excerpted material from issues for us deprived types.

((You can always write and ask. In RJC #4 Greg complains that in spite of rave reviews he has received no requests.))

**Brian Earl Brown** I was really impressed to see 11675 Beaconsfield that Trina drawing on your cover Detroit, MI 48224 —Like, Wow, art from a famous person!—Then I read that you

that you knew Trina back before she was a famous person and really was impressed. And I was bowled over by the Dan Steffan design on your back cover. I've long admired Dan's work, but I've never seen him do anything as elaborate as this. It's bold; it's striking; it's pretty darn impressive.

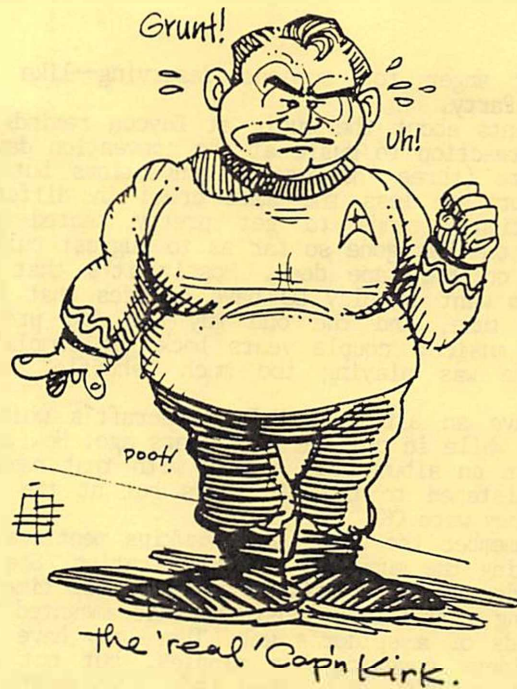
Arguing which is better Old Trek or New Trek is about as fruitful as arguing with Rush Limbaugh that Oliver North was a traitor to the Constitution and deserves to be shot.

The first several seasons of TNG were full of lousy stories in which the menace just goes away in the end. It was always Just A Big Mistake. In that respect, I consider Old Trek to have better shows because things happened during them and the characters had to work for their happy endings. Wesley Crusher was always out of place in TNG because he wasn't military. (I bet the kid on SeaQuest is part of the military running the ship.) ((No. He's too young for that. But he does have regular duties and regular schooling.))

The Enterprise is supposed to be housing over a thousand men, women and children, but we never see any children unless it's a part of the plot and the Enterprise is constantly being sent into hazardous situations, which is ludicrous. The writers don't know what to do with these hypothetical children and frankly would rather not think about 'em.

The stories on TNG seem to be better the last couple of years. Deep Space Nine aka "Babylon 1.0" isn't going to last. It's gotten through one season because it is "Star Trek" but I suspect viewership is dropping off steadily. ((The last time I saw ratings it was the second-highest watched show in syndication, right behind TNG.))

My wife, Denice, and I stopped watching after only a couple weeks and Denice has long been a big Star Trek fan. Much of the problem is the same as



that of Riker from TNG—they're boring characters. Quark is the only one with anything close to a personality—his relentless cartoon greed. Maybe they can save the show by restructuring it around Quark and call it "Quark's Bar."

((A psychologist friend of Miriam's says that DS9 has a very closed-in feeling and it gives her claustrophobia just to watch it.))

Riker actually goes beyond boring. He is pretty much an older Wesley Crusher—goody-two-shoes—but he brings to it a smug, toadying attitude. Worse, he has nothing to do. He's not the Captain so he doesn't get to make decisions. He doesn't lead Away Teams—that's Whorf's turf now. He's not a technical person like Jodi or Data. Riker has no justification for his presence in the series.

I look forward to Star Trek: Voyager, which, if it really involves throwing a starship into deep non-Federation space with a mixed crew of hostiles might really have some interesting dynamics.

The Larroquette Show is one of my favorites this season. It, along with Grace Under Fire and Frazier form an interesting trio of dark comedies. Larroquette plays a recovering alcoholic running a bus station full of life's losers. Brett Butler plays a survivor of an abusive marriage and Frazier is a Yuppie whose life seems in a downward spiral. A far cry from the Full House line of goofy inanity.

I really agree with both you and Debbie that Frank Robinson's "The Dark Beyond the Stars" is a masterpiece which would have been recognized as a classic in some better day. I do wonder tho about the claim that Frank's book was "lost" in the crowd of other books because other authors seem to get picked out of the heap, the slushpile of new books, and praised with ease. ((TDBTS was also praised. I think the point was that even a really favorable review is not enough these days to focus much attention on any book.))

As a midwesterner I have a lot of trouble with the premise of Mary Rosenblum's novel "The Drylands". America run out of water? With five Great Lakes surrounding me, I don't think so. Potable water? Clean up is not that difficult. Rosenblum's hypothesis seems credible only to a Californian.

Ted White's fanzine reviews are always informative, but more so when he likes the fanzine or the fan editor. His run down of Guy Lillian's CHALLENGER makes me sorry for the guy even tho I have had a low opinion of Lillian's writing skills for some time based on a few FAPA contributions. There's nothing Ted says that I know to be wrong, or that I even disagree with, except the intensity of his dislike.



Save your anger for someone deserving—like the Republican Party.

Comments about the music at Baycon reminds me that the reaction to music at the convention dances around here (three "different" conventions but all run by more or less the same crowd in different configurations) tends to get pretty heated too, though no one has gone so far as to suggest pulling the plug on the tape deck. Mostly it's that the people who want to play DJ have no idea what is a danceable tune. And the one guy who did program danceable music a couple years back got complaints because he was playing too much "shuffle" music (Motown)!

I have an album of H.P. Lovecraft's which I picked up while in college many years ago. How could I not have an album from a band with that name? I haven't listened to them in years but at the time thought they were OK.

I remember the woman Jane Hawkins mentions who was freaking the mundanes at ConFederation. She was either underaged or a waif long before her time and was running around in a "costume" that amounted to a few strands of a spider's web. There may have been small spiders covering her nipples, but not much else. She was the Most Naked Lady I've seen at a convention in quite some time and one of the few half-naked women to run around at a convention that failed to generate an internal debate in me whether fat people should try to be inconspicuous or refuse to be covered by society's disapproval.

You quoted from SQ22 my comment that the people at Midwestcon tended to be the same people I first met there 15 years before. That really needs to be clarified. Midwestcon seems to have become just a backwater on the midwestern convention circuit. At conventions like last weeks ConFusion here in Detroit there are lots and lots of young fans. I just have trouble distinguishing them from the rug rats of yore—they all look so young. While the fans of my generation all seem to be carrying baby back-packs, pushing strollers and consulting on the best means of leashing their infant Einsteins. And I'm talking about people in their mid thirties and older. Fandom has some very strange demographics.

Rodney Leighton's question whether conventions attracted groupies will go down in history as one of the great neo questions.

**Ken Rudolph** I'd like to set the record  
1424 No. Wilcox Ave. straight about Baycon and my  
Hollywood, CA 90028 contribution to its high times  
before I go any further. Back  
in 1968 I had a brother-in-law who was one of the  
major dealers of psychedelics in California. He's now  
dead, after serving 10 years in a Greek prison and  
other sundries (the result of being shot down over  
Crete in a plane carrying tons of Lebanese hashish),  
so I can't imagine that public knowledge is going to  
hurt him any longer.

His nom de drugs was "Goldfinger", and he was  
actually rather notorious, especially in the Bay Area  
where he was Owsley's major dealer for most of the  
big rock bands of the time. He dealt strictly in LSD,  
peyote, mescaline, grass, hash, and coke—quite a  
pharmacopeia—but somewhat romantically "in" in those  
days.

I'm pretty sure now that he knew that the substance  
he was supplying as "pharmaceutical THC" was in  
reality PCP; but at the time I was ready to believe  
anything; and who knew any better anyway. I obtained  
about 200 hits if memory serves. Little white gelatin  
capsules. ((Wow! talk about things getting  
distorted...Accounts of several different fans getting  
100 or so hits are floating around.))

I then wholesaled the entire lot to my friend,  
also named Ken, a sort of fringe-fan who is still my  
friend, actually. The other Ken took the entire lot  
up to Baycon and proceeded to retail the supply at the  
con for (Ted White's memory is excellent) \$1 a hit.

(Ted is the only one who correctly identified the  
other Ken as the distributor.)

Actually, I've never had the guts to be a dealer  
of drugs on the retail level. But this is not DNO  
since I have absolutely nothing to do with drugs  
anymore and the statue of limitation has long since  
run out on my wholesaling.

I was interested in Debbie Notkin's summation  
that if one is only going to read one sf book in five  
years it should be "Red Mars". In fact I do only read  
an average of one sf novel in an average year these  
days (my style is more toward historical, spy, pop  
novels & thriller stuff and an occasional sf novel by  
acquaintances). But I found "Red Mars" impossible to  
resist in the bookstores last year. Such a pretty  
package. I guess I'm longing for my youth and  
Heinlein books such as "Red Planet". But I quit "Red  
Mars" in the middle for lack of interest. My fault,  
not the book, which was interestingly plotted and  
well written.

Reviewing is an artform all by itself, and Ted  
White is a master. The revival of "Trenchent Blud-  
geon" (so aptly named) is one of the highlights of  
your return. In a way it's a shame to see an ambi-  
tious faned such as Guy Lillian III so artfully  
disemboweled (maybe "Trenchent Stiletto" would be  
even more apt.) Since I haven't read his zine it's  
hard to judge whether it is deserved. But observing  
the evisceration was so much fun!

Your reminiscences of the Dive was a highlight  
of my fanac for the past year. This is fan writing at  
the peak of the form. I read your descriptions of  
Robert Bork and Mike Nichols out loud to an enrapt-  
ured audience of non-fans. Maybe its just prurient  
interest in the famous (a phenomenon so ubiquitous  
these days on TV); but my friends & I just eat up  
these tid-bits. Actually, I'm saving some juicy stuff  
about my famous high school & college acquaintances  
(try Jim Morrison and Nora Ephron on for size, admit-  
tedly not in the same class as Bork & Nichols, but  
the best I can do) for an article of my own one day.  
((Jim Morrison is at least as good as Robert Bork.))

The Dive was definitely before my time (as old,  
and tired a fan as I see myself). The greatest regret  
of my life is that I missed out on South Gate in '58,  
even though I knew about it and desired to go. I was  
too shy and fearful of joining anything at that time  
of my life. It would have meant finding fandom in  
person about 8 years before the actual fact. Those 8  
years would have been remarkably well spent for me.  
That was the peak of my innate fannishness. Still,  
the era of the Dive was prior to that one. But your  
writing is so vivid that, for the space of the  
article, I lived and reveled with you there. Thanks  
for the experience.

The lettercol was wonderful. Too much. Please  
keep it up. It sure brought some interesting people  
one never hears from out of the woodwork.

I vaguely recall our meeting in Vegas in '72.  
Actually I gave up craps and blackjack long ago and  
concentrated on poker. LA only had draw and low-ball  
games up till about '89 or so. Thus I had to go to  
Vegas to find stud and hold-em action. When  
California legalized hold-em there was no longer a  
reason to go to Vegas at all for me. Now, I'm not  
even playing hold-em, having encountered a discour-  
aging losing streak. When my full boats kept get-  
ting beat I figured it wasn't in my stars to play for  
a while.

I love poker too much to give it up for life,  
though. You know LASFS poker, in the 60s and 70s at  
Larry Niven's house, was quite a phenomenon. ((Tony  
Boucher's regular Friday night game was one too.))

((A second letter.)) I had the opportunity to  
interview the "other" Ken on the subject yesterday.  
His memory is much better than mine (it should be  
since he was more the principal player here); how-  
ever, when reminded of the details I can verify his  
version from my rekindled recollections.

Ken purchased 1,000 hits of raw THC—the sub-  
stance we all later found out was PCP—in bulk form



from my brother-in-law. It turned out that there was enough PCP to make 1,470 capsules without cutting of any kind. Ken says that he had this fantasy of being a sort of Timothy Leary for fandom. He wanted to turn-on everybody.

He brought the extra 470 capsules to Baycon—leaving the remaining 1,000 capsules in LA to sell after the con—along with a suitcase with substantial quantities of grass and acid. He gave away absolutely gratis the 470 capsules to all comers. He also sold some lids of grass and acid for \$1 a hit. But the PCP he gave away. By the evening of the costume party, all the PCP was gone. However, Ken heard from some source that Bjo Trimble was saying that the con was going to be busted by the Berkeley cops, and I have a photograph of him and his wife in costume, their suitcase full of drugs between them, preparing to flee the hotel to stash the goods elsewhere.



While at Baycon Ken arranged with another fan (who shall remain nameless, but who is still around) to front him half of the remaining thousand hits to sell elsewhere. The other fan received the PCP, but ended up never paying Ken back. This mild rip-off ended Ken's career as a dope dealer and he never tried it again.

Ken is adamantly insistent that he gave away the PCP and I believe him. So you were right in your recollection. ((I brought this up at Silvercon and several of the attendees insisted that it was sold for \$1 a hit, reduced to 50 cents a hit if you bought 50 or more of them.))

How I got the reputation of being the big dealer is a mystery to me. Maybe it was because the other Ken never really was a true fan, existing on the fringes as my friend, and we shared the same name. However, even though Ken claims it isn't true, I still think I invested in the original buy and I even think I helped with the encapsulization. But it has been 26-1/2 years, and you know the aphorism: if you can remember the 60's you didn't live thru them.

Roger Waddington  
4 Commercial St.  
Norton, Malton  
No. Yorks. YO17 9ES  
England

Judging from the response to HAB 3:1 I should perhaps have been boning up on fannish history for your return is even more epoch-making than I had thought. Though it's surpris-

ing, judging from the lettercol, how many of us you've managed to blame on Ted White; but I can forgive that since you've persuaded him back as well.

I'm one of the ones who owe much much, for his editorship of AMAZING and FANTASTIC, for keeping my

Sense of Wonder, and more importantly those magazines, alive; and I'm glad to see his return to fandom, and that you've managed to lure Ray Nelson into the fold again; is this Old Home Week?

Think I'm of two minds: if my personal circumstances were different, if my wallet were in a good enough condition to finance going to cons, I might still be deterred by the crowds, the sheer number of people that might preclude being able to meet up with any particular fan; something that seems applicable to even "smaller" cons now. But for means of fannish contact, I still don't think you can beat a loc. Well, you can both send and receive one in the comfort of your own home, as the adverts have it; you're getting their (hopefully) undivided attention, which could never be in the noise and tumult of a Con; and even have a considered undistracted reply, which again isn't always possible. But then, if your main intention is going to a party, to have a good time, where better than a con?

That is, if you can find an unspecialized one; though that's perhaps just another sign of the times. I'm not quite going back into prehistory, but even I can remember a time before the present flood of sf and fantasy, when there wasn't so much on the shelves, a sf film was a rarity, and tv series were almost non-existent. Then, a fan could just about keep up; but now, with the spread of Star Trek spin-offs, Star Wars, Aliens, Doctor Who, Gerry Anderson, Terry Pratchett, Dragonlance Chronicles, Quantum Leap and the rest of an unending list, the only way of surviving is to make a conscious choice, to plump for one particular favourite and let the rest go by.

Maybe thru sheer force of habit, I try to keep up with it all; but the only way I've found, is thru book reviews, film reviews and features, tv guides and gossip; in fact, apart from the magazines, I'm not finding much time to read the real sf.

But it does give me some hope for fandom in its present greying climate, in that these other fandoms, these little fiefdoms for Doctor Who and Star Trek and the rest, with their conventions are flourishing; and that perhaps they'll go on to explore the wider world of fandom outside, find out that there's more to life than comics or Star Wars. So it must be up to us, the older fen, to keep the flag aloft; and hand it on to that other generation; it'll surely come.

Well, if there's one thing this issue of HABAKKUK has done, it's opened my mind to another point of view. (Was our school motto, Audi Alteram Partem, but that's something you tend to forget.) What occasioned this, was your meeting with Anne McCaffrey. Now, I've long been accustomed to scorn authors who mine a theme, whose first book is such a success that they carry on in the same vein for an eager audience, following that eponymous title with Return to..., Escape From..., Warriors of..., Revolt on..., filling their coffers and never bothering to go any further.

But Anne McCaffrey's comments have made me realize that it's as much us, our efforts that hold an author back when we demand more of the same, make that conservative choice. In short, if we could be more adventurous, strike out in new directions, the authors would be encouraged to do the same; and the bookshop shelves might show a little more variety.

Jurgen Thomann  
Breslauer Str. 18  
D-79576 Weil am Rhein  
Germany

I just finished reading the two fandom historical books by Harry Warner, Jr. and so your name is not new for me.

As a central European fan in my twenties you may excuse that I'm not fully aware of your good old times in the 50's and 60's. But maybe that's good in its way, because my praise for HABAKKUK isn't backorientated.

Your "small talk" about this and that was very entertaining, especially about the Baycon '68 of which Mike Resnik wrote quite different things in Mike Glycer's FILE 770. ((And as I said last issue, everything Mike described actually happened and



wasn't even exaggerated except for the timing! But Mike experienced a completely different convention from most of us.)

As German fanzine editor I wished that there would be more people here like Ted White who could write reviews in a similar way.

Ruth Berman  
2809 Drew Ave. South  
Minneapolis, MN 55416

Your comments about Philip Jose Farmer's boring speech at Baycon brings back memories. Some of us spent that

time staying awake by writing limericks about the speech (others just gave up and fell asleep—they were dropping like flies all around the hall). The odd thing is that some years later the speech was printed in a fanzine, and it seemed brilliant. Possibly Farmer had revised (maybe just shortened) it before it was printed, or maybe it's simply the difference that poor delivery can make in a speech. Anyway, it was a fine article.



I wonder if Greg Pickersgill is any relation to William Pickersgill, a minor Victorian writer. He had a lot of stories in AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE and THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE around the middle of the Nineteenth Century, several of them fantasy stories, all kind of clunky, but with a certain charm. "The Man in Black," "The Elixir; or, Family Likeness," "The Last of the House," "The Magic Maze," "The Spectre Haunted," "The Premonition," "The Phantom Chase," "The Psychologist," "The Castle of Ehrenbreitstein"—the titles alone give a strong feeling of the period. "The Psychologist" sounds very modern, but the word didn't have the same meaning as it does now. It's a story about a man whose soul (psyche) gets separated from his body during a trance.

It's no good worrying about academics who are moving into science fiction. Nowadays, most of them are fans who managed to move into academia. (Isaac Asimov used to comment that people often asked why a Distinguished Scientist was involved in sf writing and fandom, and he would explain to them that he was a fan who had snuck into graduate school. Same principle.)

I sometimes worry that academic types studying fantasy don't seem to know much about fantasy, but, then, many fans, at least the younger ones, don't seem to know much about fantasy either. The problem is the overwhelming popularity of Tolkien. (Academics add to that knowledge about Borges.)

I recently read two academic studies of Victorian fantasy (Karen Michalson's "Victorian Fantasy Literature: Literary Battles with Church and Empire" and an anthology, Kath Filmer, ed., "The Victorian Fantasists, Essays on culture, society and belief in the mythopoeic fiction of the Victorian Age), both written largely by people who are obviously fans as well as academics, but both defining Victorian fantasy largely as the sort-of-fantasy-Tolkien-like (serious tone, settings in other worlds or at least exotic parts of this one).

Doing it that way, they get the authors of serious fairy tales (such as MacDonald) and the adventure writers (such as Haggard and Kipling), and have a lot of interesting comments on them, but they miss most of the horror writers (no comments on Robert Louis Stevenson, for instance), and the nonsense writers and authors of comic fairy tales (Carroll, Lewis, Lang, Thackeray, for instance), and the ghost stories, and so on.

One of the valuable traits academics and fans share is the belief that a field of study ought to be studied in depth, not just mugged up for a specific project, but under the pressures of lack of time and enthusiasm for individual authors or trends, both are likely to run into trouble. Fannish writing is usually more graceful and enjoyable, but a fairish amount of the academic stuff can be interesting too. Both these Victorian fantasy books were interesting to read.

Mike McInerney  
83 Shakespeare St.  
Daly City, CA 94014

Thanks for sending me HABAKKUK. And thanks for improving my letter. You changed some of my wording and corrected the spelling and made me look like a better writer than I am. My respect for your editing skills keeps rising.

However you publish so fast and print such a big meaty issue that I feel intimidated when I try to comment properly on it all. 60+ pages! Whew. Hope you don't burn out.

I recently read and enjoyed Frank Robinson's "The Dark Beyond the Stars." Two or three years back at Stacey's books in SF, to hype the start of the sf cable channel, there was a book signing with Robert Silverberg, Frank Robinson and two other authors. Silverberg didn't seem to recognize me and I've never been introduced to Robinson, but I got autographed books by all of them. ((It's been a long time, Mike; I probably won't recognize you either when next we meet. Be sure to introduce yourself.))

When reading TDBTS I didn't realize I was reading a modern classic of current sf, although it did keep my interest from start to finish. It had an old-fashioned feel to it...like something from a mid '40s ASTOUNDING. You say most fans few fans have heard of it, but I just received Eric Lindsay's GEGENSCHNEIN from Australis where it is very highly regarded and prominently mentioned. ((More Australian fanzines read and discuss sf so there is more opportunity for information like this to spread.))

Ted White's fanzines reviews are well thought out, detailed and give a clear picture of what the zines are like. I don't think I've ever seen a Greg Pickersgill zine, but Ted makes me want to. Ted is so opinionated that he will most likely piss off several people—Harry Warner, Guy H. Lillian III, for example—but at least he gives reasons for his opinions. Guy may be pompous or have written ass-kissing letters to DC Comics, but he won't be happy seeing this in print. I hope you sent a copy of HABAKKUK to Guy; I'd love to see his response in The Arena.

Your fan history of The Dive was fascinating story telling. I entered fandom 8 to 10 years later, and by then these fans although still active, were legendary. Ken Beale was a friend of mine when I lived in New York from 1964 to 1969 and then for a few years he lived in San Francisco. He loved magic (card trick and slight of hand) performed close up. We used to play lots of scrabble, Monopoly, etc.



Ken's front teeth stuck out and he stuttered, which made him selfconscious, but he was a good-hearted soul. He wrote a book about the films of Boris Karloff with Richard Bojarski. (When the publisher misspelled his last name Ken was really mad.) He worked for Calvin Thomas Beck on CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN magazine and got me a job as fanzine reviewer for it.

Ken was always late everywhere he went, always pushing the out limits of publishing deadlines. Later on, after he moved back to NYC, he got his teeth straightened, lost his stutter, started getting his life in Good Shape...and then died just when he should have started to really enjoy life! What a tragedy! I miss Ken.

It's wonderful to see that Walt Willis is still fanning.

Last night I saw "Body Snatchers: The Invasion Continues," the second remake, directed by Abel Ferrara ("Bad Lieutenant") featuring Gabrielle Anwar ("Scent of a Woman") Terry Kinney, Billy Worth, Forrest Whitaker ("Crying Game") and Meg Tilly. The movie has a creepy, scary chill to it that keeps your nerves on edge. It really doesn't share much with the previous two movies except the basic plot of pods replacing people and taking over. The special effects were well done.

There were rootlike tendrils coming through holes in acoustic ceiling tiles and slithering down a wall into a bathtub where Gabrielle is dozing off. (They get you when you sleep.) The tendrils come into the bath water, up her neck, over her face, into her nostrils, sucking up her life force along the trailing root system back through the tiles to the upper ceiling where a pulsing, glowing, growing pod expands until it breaks the ceiling! And the pod simulacra falls onto the body in the tub!

This movie owes a lot to George Romero (my favorite horror director) especially to his "Dawn of the Dead," substituting a military base for a shopping mall, with all the mindless zombie types chasing the last few normals. Meg Tilly was mostly wasted as an alien mother trying to tell her son to go to sleep. The aliens speak softly, show no emotions, and are of "one mind." One neat gimmick is when an alien spots a normal, he goes into a pointing stance and lets out an unearthly alarm shriek like a hunting dog pointing his prey, alerting other pod people who swarm in from all directions.

George Flynn HABAUKUK 3:1 is enjoyable, but  
PO Box 1069 3:2 is quite impressive—even  
Kendall Sq. Stn if Rotsler can't spell the  
Cambridge, MA 02142 title. ((He's not the only  
one!)) I got into fandom when

you were leaving, making my first overtures just about 25 years ago this month, so I didn't get to the '68 Baycon. But fans were still writing reports on it for the next few years, so it feels as if I remember it.

For that matter I see from Ted's review of Guy Lillian that reports on '60s cons are still being written today; this is time-binding with a vengeance I guess. (For what it's worth, the St. Louiscon was my first Worldcon, and Guy's account of it—as filtered through Ted—doesn't sound much like what I remember either.)

That's a fascinating tidbit about Anthony Boucher and the 1954 Business Meeting. I don't think anyone could get away with that sort of thing ("calling only on fans who were for it") today, the meetings these days being full of parliamentary wonks who'll make a point of order at the drop of a hat. At one point this year, the Secretary screamed, "You people are all crazy!" There was much to support his position. (And for my sins, next Worldcon I'll be Secretary. For the seventh time.) ((You must be doing something wrong.))

I think every Worldcon tells at least the Dramatic Hugo winner that they've won, because the studios

won't send anyone otherwise. As for the Hugo balloting counts, nowadays it's required that they be published; I pushed that one through myself, having gotten exasperated at a variety of widespread myths about Hugo voting that bore no relation to reality.



The Worldcon Emergency Fund didn't actually "disappear," as Ted puts it. I believe it was thrown into the pot when we were raising money to keep the 1983 Worldcon from going bankrupt. (It was a nuisance anyway.)

Somehow I doubt that that the quote from John Wilkes (p.26) is verbatim; at least, I don't think they said "make out" in the 18th century. ((You're right. I didn't remember the original wording, so just modernized it.)) (John Wilkes, of course, is best known as the man who, when told he'd die either on the gallows or of a loathsome disease, responded, "That depends on whether I embrace your principles or your mistress.")

Martyn Taylor I fear that Arne McCaffrey is but  
14 Natal Road the most obvious example of the  
Cambridge CBL 3NS boredom which sets in when a series  
England takes on a life of its own.

There is only so much mileage to be had from any character or situation and no writer can continue coming up with the really good goods. Even Terry Pratchett seems to be losing his enthusiasm for the Discworld despite it being the very loohest of series, and this several decades before his readers—of which I am an enthusiastic one—tire, and some time after his friends—of which company I am happy to count myself—wish he would transfer his talents elsewhere. The reaction must be sadness that such fine writers find themselves painted into a corner by commercial pressures.

The Taylor Theory of sitcom is that the first series is spent wondering what you can do, the second actually doing it, and the third asking yourself why you bothered in the first place. Of course most British sitcoms are written entirely by single writers, or couples of writers. When you write team handed, the above does not apply, hence Cheers and Roseanne.

I like NYPD Blue now it's stopped being controversial, but I fancy it may be too heavily based on one character (and do you recall the first episode of Hill Street Blues when Bobby and Renko got shot? Dejavu.)



Speaking of which I find myself disappointed that Star Trek TNG should drop Wesley because of adverse audience reaction. So he was an unctuous prig, what of it? Any child in his position would be exactly that, and he added a balance to the composition which I consider sadly missed. Certainly I've enjoyed the episodes when he's made a comeback more than most others I've seen recently. He added that certain something to the team, a bit like Emmitt Smith.

What I really hate about Lothario Riker is the way he walks through a doorway, hesitates and then drops his shoulder in the direction he's going to take, just like a second rate running back. He already wears the shoulder pads! What I'd really like is for someone like Ken Norton to appear out of nowhere, level him, then high five it off the set never to appear again. What would Mr Data make of that!

When I read HABAKKUK 3:2 I had lots to say, but now I look at it I realize I haven't got anything to add to the discussion. I'm delighted to have been allowed a sight of the circle and once upon a time I'd have had something to say about Ted's zine reviews, but not now. I just don't care enough about them any more to entertain such dynamic views. Ted is, and good luck to him. Me, I'm just pleased some people still remember me enough to send me a copy. I'll take what I like and try to forget the rest.

Life is too short otherwise and my passions are now elsewhere—like chasing my producer to see whether or not he wants any revisions in my script and if he doesn't, could he please pay me my delivery slice of cash—like yesterday! Zines are icing on the cake of friendship, so I'll just say "Hi, new old friend, pleased to meet you; thanks for entertaining me; hope I can do the same for you some time."

Excuse me, I think I've turned maudlin. Guess it's time to get out the old twelve bore and put an end to all this stuff. Ever seen a zine that's been hit by both barrels of a twelve bore? No, neither have I.

We have an Italian student staying with us and he was looking at one of this week's newspapers. "What ees thees, 'kinky Tory MP'?" he asked. So I told him. It was a Conservative Member of Parliament who'd been found dead on his kitchen table wearing just a pair of woman's stockings, with a plastic bag over his head, an electric cord round his neck and a satsuma spiked with amyl nitrate in his mouth. This may not be an exhaustive definition of "kinky", but it will do for now.

Ain't life interesting?



Nola Frame-Gray  
PO Box 465  
Inglewood, CA 90307

Thanks for HABAKKUK. I can't imagine what I did to deserve such a wonderful treat. I believed that I had gotten some mundane advert 'til Louis pointed out the cartoon. (A

classic!) Thanks for the con report. I too was a bit overwhelmed by the sheer size of ConFrancisco. Worse, I kept getting lost from the hotel to the convention center. And as for the convention center itself, how I wish I had thought of Ray Nelson's idea of making myself conspicuous by parking myself near the entrance of the con, or in my case, plopping myself down on the flat, carpeted area where the two TALL escalators unloaded themselves.

That's one of the things that I miss about the older cons, the fact that these places had a decent lobby or at the very least, a large, flat area where you could meet and greet fellow fen. I need to be in an area where my friends can see me since I cannot see them—literally; I am legally blind. And nowadays when fellow fen see me they remember to call out my name and say, "Hi!" because of the white cane I now have to use—which I didn't have to in the past. It's one of the few advantages of having to it.

"Memories of the Dive" was wonderful. Sure wish that there was such a place up the street where one could hang out and chat, but I guess that's it's just as well. If such a wonderful place existed near me, I probably wouldn't get any serious writing done, not to mention homework. The LASFS used to be that sort of place—where one could meet and greet fen, but we lost most of the front building (which was used for socializing in the past) due to remodelling for more library space.

And though the back building would be good for such things after the meeting is over, it's usually taken over by "programming"—a small group of fen sitting around watching something on the LASFS VCR, so it remains a no-talking area—same as during the meeting.

Ted White's fanzine reviews were interesting as such things go. I've usually found other people's opinions on books, fanzines, mediazines, etc. fascinating though often I'm not motivated to acquire what's being reviewed. One thing Ted should watch out for, however is denunciations. His review of CHALLENGER #1 is so negatively colorful that I almost wanted to run out and get a copy. Call it reverse psychology or mebbie I just want to read, first-hand, about Southern Fandom which "...has been a lame and bewildered backwater of fandom, kind of N3fish in the way it has clung to tche outer fringes of fandom."

Though I liked Dan Steffan's "Put On A Happy Face" (Gad, have I known people like that!) the man whose work is the chocolate sauce on the ice cream of life is none other than Bill Rotsler. Everything from the lil fellow holding the big valentine heart and saying, "I never left you" to his "Aw Gee, Fanzine's over." I hope that he will be a regular feature.

Diane Fox  
PO Box 9  
Hazlebrook NSW 2779  
Australia

Most people I know who have cats seem to acquire them by gift from friends who have enough cats already, or for some reason can no longer keep them—or else

the cat is a "rescue cat" from the RSPCA, or simply walked in. Ours did. Just before Christmas 1991 we heard a woeful crying in the night. It was miserable weather, rainy and for midsummer, quite cold. We felt so sorry for the cat we left food out for it.

We intended to keep it as an outside cat, but after hearing so much about cats destroying wildlife at night, started keeping it in. Now Basil sleeps on our bed and considers himself head of the house. He is on my lap right now as I type, not sitting still, which would be not much of a problem, but walking around, purring and headbutting me on the chin and rubbing his face on the computer keys. He's just finished eating smelly fish too.

Very nostalgia-inducing Con descriptions—I haven't been to a Con for probably eight years, though I have been to SCA events. Liked the bit about sliding down the fire escape onto broken bottles, ouch!



John Foyster  
PO Box 3066  
Grenfell St.  
Adelaide SA 5000  
Australia

The December 1993 HABAKKUK arrived just before a hot summer's day in Adelaide (by which I mean 109 degrees Fahrenheit), and when it did arrive the weather was practising for this extreme behavior.

Whether HABAKKUK is the demanding kind of fanzine which requires one's fullest attention can be left for the moment, but it is, I assure you, at least possible to turn over its pages while exhausted by heat.

Not that there's any need for encouragement; I was crogged by the appearance of Chapter 3, Verse 1, so should not have been surprised when this next verse turned up so soon after, and certainly wanted to turn those pages.

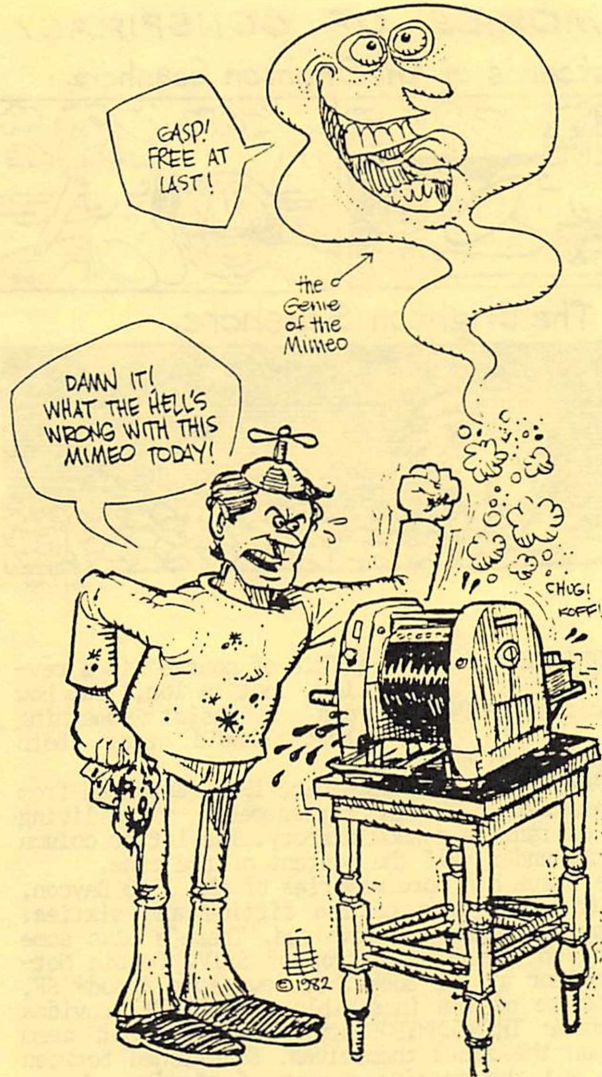
Your rambling editorial was just like the old days—thanks for doing it. It jolted memories all over the place, such as the conversation I had last year in an anarchist bookshop in Sydney in which Dick Ellington's name came up in connection with Fredy Perlman's Black & Red Press, and the recollection that I once met Joan Baez's father Al when visiting the organization which later (and now) employs me. That kind of editorial guarantees response hooks, but I think only you do it really well.

But the end of the editorial fizzled for me because I didn't think much of Frank Robinson's "The Dark Beyond the Stars", while I did think that "The Power", published almost forty years ago, did establish Frank Robinson as one of the Giants in The Field. What can the normally Correct Bob Silverberg have been thinking of?

And it led into another fizzle because you told me that Debbie Notkin was going to write about "good, neglected books" and she actually wrote about a handful of paperbacks from the traditional SF houses, which isn't my idea of where you go to find neglected books. ((Unfortunately these days there is so much being published, most of it bad, that even the books published by the traditional houses get overlooked. Even when they get good reviews.))

Ted's fanzine reviews maintain his unequalled standard. Being so informative without giving too much away is an art Ted has honed over many years, but he also encourages one to pursue fanzines (except, ahem, for CHALLENGER; I thought that one was named after the learned professor, but that's me age for you.)

The letter column was staggering mainly for the collection of '60s fans you managed to drag into it. I like letter-columns not because they generate comments but because they bring you up to date with what so many people are thinking about. This one does that very well, and I wish it had been a little longer.



Have a copy of "Red Mars" and it looks like the sort of thing I would enjoy, but haven't read it yet. Read a good deal of sf of various subspecies last year (especially cyberpunk and similar near-future tech) after three or four years of little sf reading.

Rather alarming tale or the cat-flavoured blog. It was a good thing kitty didn't panic and add a urine flavour to the brew. (Comments at this point might include "it would improve it".)

The psychology game sounds fascinating, and more than a little unnerving. I tend to hold grudges and don't know whether I'd want to play it myself. It would certainly be a means of testing one's detachment and ability to laugh at oneself.

I always thought the term "femnefan" was facetious or whimsical in intent rather than a neutral alternative to "female fan", and used seriously only to express disapproval or dislike (like "bimbo" though not quite as bad).

((I haven't encountered that use of it. In the fifties and sixties I don't remember ever hearing anyone use the term "female fan". Women fans were called either fans or femnefans. I only used it myself when I thought the sex of the fan was relevant. I thought the objections to it were because there was no such term for male fans, they were always just "fans".

((But it was easy for me to stop using "femnefan." What was hard was to stop using "girls"—it was such a matter of automatic pilot. In Texas when I was growing up black women were called "women" and white women were called "ladies". The liberal females of my generation short-circuited this by insisting on being called "girls". So I got into that habit.))

BUT YOU DIDN'T  
FORGET ANY-  
THING, DID YOU?





Henry Welch  
1525 16th Ave.  
Grafton, WI 53024

Thanks for HABAKKUK. Ted White's  
fanzine reviews certainly show  
that he has his opinions and  
knows how to beat a dead horse...

But as to tact! It seems to me that when he harps on  
something over and over like that it completely un-  
dermines his point.

Dainis Bisenieks  
921 S. St. Bernard  
Philadelphia, PA 19143

Geez, has HAB 3:2 been thru  
a time machine or what? So  
many old familiar names...

I've noticed the same per-  
sistence of fannish friendships; and I find also that  
I can have new friends who seem just like old  
friends. In my case they are mainly correspondents  
overseas, around the Baltic mainly, and one in Kom-  
somolsk-on-Amur who has a special interest in  
Tolkien. (I've asked myself if it would be the same,  
or if it would even be, if he were, say, a mere Mus-  
covite. I've sent him assorted fantasy books which, I  
am sure, are the only copies within 1,000 miles.)

I have long been an admire of British addresses;  
Andy Sawyer's takes the prize this.

HABAKKUK growing exponentially: I observed that  
YANDRO was shrinking asymptotically and put that into  
the blurb for a Buck Coulson story in AMAZING when I  
was laboring subeditorially for Scithers (as I still  
do when there's a little something to do). Doubtless  
the first time that word has been so used.

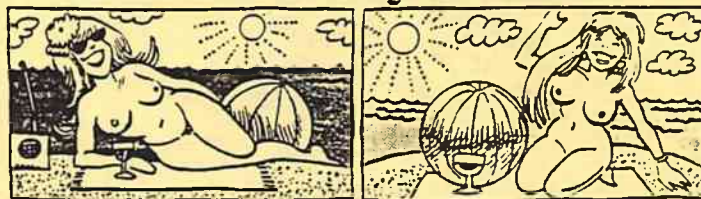
At intervals I get to wondering what are my sal-  
ient memories of the various worldcons I've been at—  
which, for instance, I could place at a particular  
con without any aid to memory. In some cases it may  
not matter...some of the Isaac & Harlan slanging  
matches, for instance. But true it is that what I  
most remember most vividly that took place at the  
Baycon for sure was the loud, pounding music and  
myself going in the other direction.

I discovered fairly early that I can survive a  
con only by getting adequate sleep; and alcohol has  
never done anything for me. I am in general not a  
party animal. At most cons I've sought out cheaper  
alternative housing, like a YMCA even. I did that at  
ConFrancisco; not in the best part of town, but I  
strode briskly and avoided recesses.

I flit obscurely through the fannish scene, but  
those who know me can recognize me instantly. I have  
this painting hidden in a closet, see...

# MEMORIES OF CONSPIRACY

## Postcards of the Brighton Seashore.



The Brighton Seashore.



FACTSHEET FIVE  
PO Box 170099  
San Francisco, CA 94117

((This of course is a rev-  
iew, not a loc, but how  
can I resist something  
that should zing both  
Chuck Connor and Ted White?))

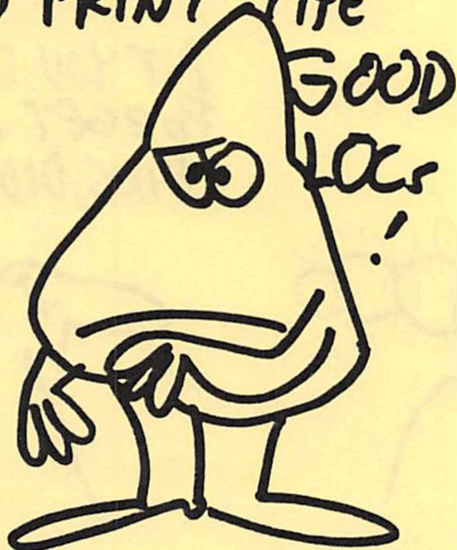
HABAKKUK Ch 3, #2, December, 1993. Expanded from  
mostly personal "letter replacement" to a living  
document of fanzine fandom history. The letter column  
is slightly under half the content of the zine.

This issue has more memories of the 1968 Baycon,  
along with other cons of the fifties and sixties,  
where many Big Names are involved. There's also some  
rumination on the current crop of SFIV. Debbie Not-  
kin, an editor at Tor Books, reviews some \*good\* SF,  
and Ted White of the incredible zine BLAT! provides  
Chuck Connor THINGUMMYBOB-style reviews that seem  
longer than the zines themselves. Sandwiched between  
all that and the massive amount of missives is an  
enjoyable account of fifties fanlife in New York.

# WAHF

Martha Beck, Chester Guthbert, Paul Di Filippo, Jay  
Kinney, Betty Kujawa, Shinji Maki, Joseph Nicholas,  
David Redd, King Reynolds, John Rickett, Mark  
Strickert.

UA OH! I FORGET  
TO PRINT THE





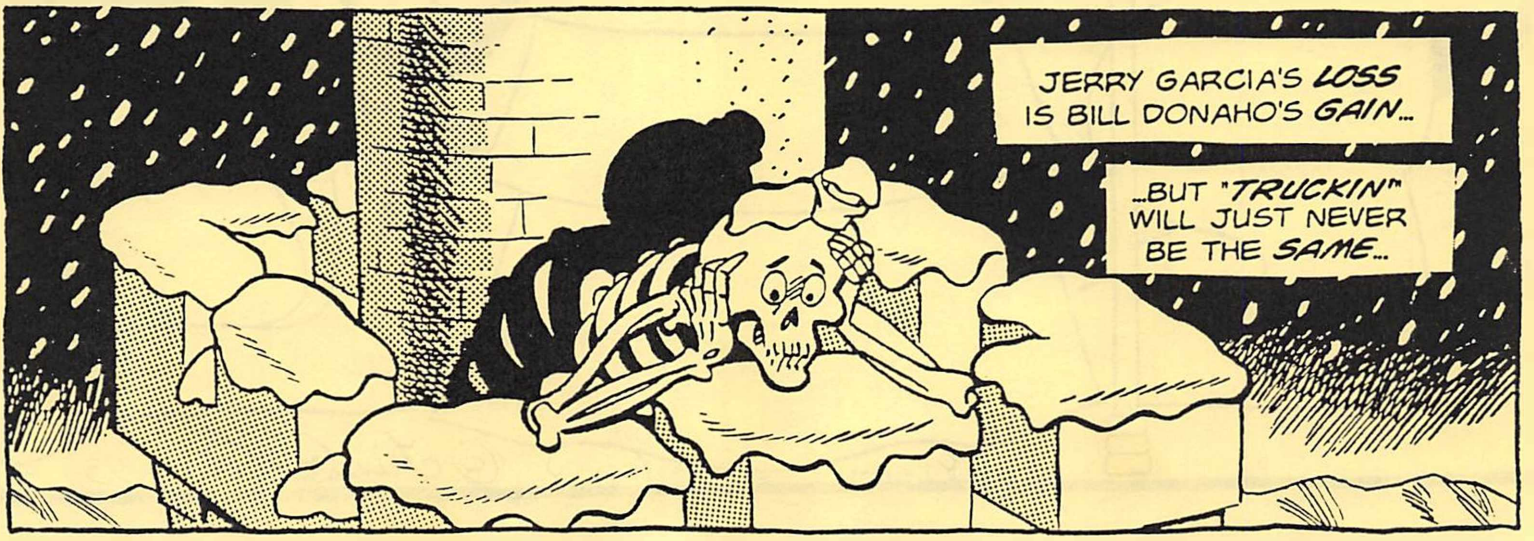
# BROKEDOWN PALACE



THIS WAS ORIGINALLY  
GOING TO BE IN  
*GRATEFUL DEAD*  
MAGAZINE...

...BUT JERRY  
*REJECTED*  
IT... SNIFF...

...THERE GOES MY  
COUNTER-  
CULTURE  
CREDENTIALS!



JERRY GARCIA'S *LOSS*  
IS BILL DONAHO'S *GAIN*...

...BUT "*TRUCKIN*"  
WILL JUST NEVER  
BE THE *SAME*...



K. 6c 6/13

▷



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