

QUANt Suff #6



Waiting
by Joyce Katz

For FAPA Mlg. #244

QUANT Suff #6

QUANT Suff #6 is done for FAPA and Fandom by Joyce Worley Katz, 330 South Decatur, #152, Las Vegas, NV 89107, in February 1998. Thanks to **Arnie** for the repro chores. Member fwa and afal.



This is
A Completely Self-Centered Issue of
QUANT Suff

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A Word From Your Sponsor

Amid the foibles of our mundane lives are the frills that make it all worthwhile. I'd like to pay homage to these fillers, without which life would seem empty. For that's what they're thought to be: fillers and borders, the extra stuff, the decorations and afterthoughts that vine around the Meaningful Core of Life. Yet how often they become the main event, the real thing, treasured for their immeasurable worth. This fluff and froth, of hobbies and pastimes, is the gravy that turns the meat succulent.

I am never quite sure where real life stops and hobbies begin. They're comfortably intertwined in my life to such a degree that it would be unthinkable for me to quit hobby-craft.

I've always had hobbies. When I was in the second grade, I started a scrapbook; I suppose that must have been my very first hobby. (Yet even as I write this, I wonder: how about dolls, and teaparties, and tree-climbing? Where do toys end, and hobbies begin?)

When I was in the second grade, I didn't have much to save in my scrapbook; I cut pictures that I thought were pretty from the Sunday 'Parade' Magazine.

But it wasn't long until the pictures of movie stars and scenic wonders became backdrops for the nostalgic parings of my own life. Report cards gave way to crepe paper streamers from a football game. Prom corsages took the place of birthday cards and Christmas ribbons. Pictures of teen parties gave way to wedding announcements.

I still have this scrapbook. The pages are all ripped, and the glue has failed...my lord, it's 50 years old! And the book is stuffed, inches thicker than the manufacturer ever thought the binding would stretch. I still stick things in there now and then, more stirring keepsakes: birth announcements, citations of family members' accomplishments, and death notices that rip the heart to read.

Is a scrapbook a hobby? I think so; I think nostalgia collecting is a pastime, a chosen avocation. Yes...the scrapbook was my first and longest lived hobby.

Collections or Accumulations?

Do collections constitute hobbies? Or are they just accumulations of objects? I call my scrapbook a hobby, yet others may differ. Is it just a pile of debris?

I asked one of the Vegrants where accumulating ends and hobby-crafting begins. Studying the question, we decided that a group of objects is just accumulation. But if the owner arranges, catalogs, avidly pursues these objects, it becomes a hobby. My collection is a hobby if I work

at getting and keeping it, but just a stack of stuff if it only drifts my way.

My vehicle collection is an accumulation. I didn't shop for it, catalog it, or plan it. My glass collection is a hobby. I study glass books, polish and coo over my accumulation, hunt for the glass objects, and pay a considerable amount of attention to it.

Fandom Is Not A Hobby. Or Maybe It Is.

Fandom is probably the second longest running thread in my life, only passed by the scrapbook. I've known of fandom since I was thirteen, and been involved with fandom to varying degrees since I was seventeen. Even before my real first contact with live fandom many years later, I was strongly interested in fanzines.

Yet my feelings for fandom are beyond something I happily describe as a hobby.

My love for my husband is not a hobby. My love for my family is not a hobby. And there is nothing except those two that surpasses my interest in or devotion to fandom.

Where does avocation and real love end, and hobbycraft begin? If I fresh-bake my husband a batch of store-bought-dough cookies, that is love. If I make the dough myself, that may be hobby.

I would say my participation in and devotion to fandom are involved with love. On the other hand, publishing a fanzine might be hobbycraft. Collecting science fiction prozines is a hobby; going to sit in the circle of Corflu is love.

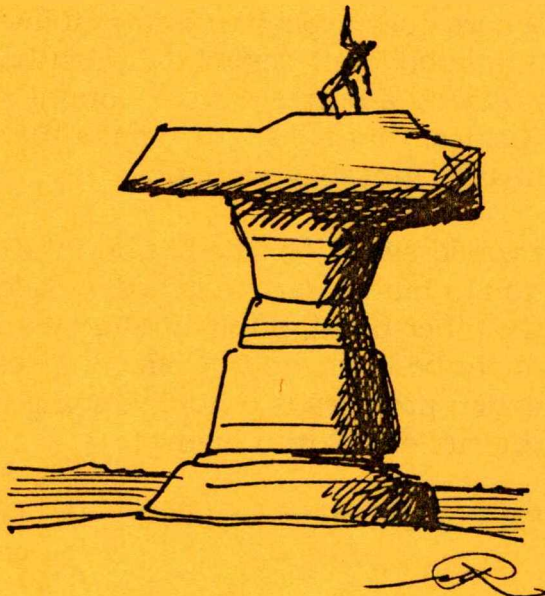
Yet fandom stays well inside the borders

of hobby for many people. For thousands ...tens of thousands... who attend clubs and cons and never cross the line that divides trufan from participant, fandom is not what it is to me.

There's a long-running debate about whether these folks are actually fans. Battles fought (and lost) while I was out of touch resulted in the current definition that claims 'anyone who thinks he's a fan is a fan.' I give lip-service to that precept, too.

Yet they're probably just hobbyists. No matter their degree of love for the community of science fiction; for the literature; for the programmed events. They lack Vocation.

I would not cross that line, to define fandom as religion. But some might point to the degree of commitment, to the sacrifice, to the unsung labors, and say they're much the same. Some might look into the heart of one, and see the same stuff that lies in the heart of another... unquestioning devotion; unwaivering faith; fellowship and communion.



Hobbycraft as Holiness?

So then, is HobbyCraft a near neighbor to Holiness? Wel-l-l-l... indulge me for the sake of argument: Sometimes.

It's not too Holy when I miscollate a zine and put a page in backward. It's not too Holy when the inkdrive fails, and the page gets smeared from top to bottom.

It's not altogether Holiness that makes me horde Depression Glass . It's not Holiness that makes me lust after all the issues of Famous Fantastic Mysteries. It's not divinity that I see in an Atom drawing, nor piousness that I read in a Burbee essay.

Yet the feelings are not too different when things go right. There's a similar sense of being part of a parade of marchers all headed to the same goal.

If fandom were a church, we'd call it Holiness. Instead, we call it Fannishness, and stammer about exactly what that means.

What Does It All Mean?

Collecting stamps is a hobby. If I catalog them, seek them, arrange them, prize them; otherwise, it's accumulation. Publishing fanzines is a hobby....(or maybe it's just giving in to peer pressure.) Attaining a library can be a hobby, (or perhaps only greed.)

I'm left with the conclusion that it all depends on what I am thinking when I do it.

EITHER SUNRISE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN,
SUNSET WEST OF MIDWAY,
OR A BALD MAN BEHIND A FENCE

My Somewhat True UFO Experience

by Joyce Katz

Sure, I've seen one; hasn't everybody? It was back in 1949 or maybe it was 1951, in Poplar Bluff MO on a sunny summer afternoon.

Me and Charlotte and Caroline were playing with our dolls on the grassy bank in the Griffith's front yard, the one we sometimes liked to pretend was our playhouse. Domestic bliss, which as I remembered meant forcing our dolls to eat cookie crumbs and cups of tepid water, shattered when Larry Wilson rolled up on his scooter.

Larry usually played with us, but not when we were tea-partying it up with the dolls. Those days he'd tie a towel to his shoulders, then shadow punch numerous invisible assailants. We'd watch him fly around the yard until we tired of the dolls enough to give up the sissy stuff and go to the Wilson's yard to play cops and detectives.

So it was a surprise to see him pumping the one-footer toward us.

"Did you hear what's going on," he shouted, as he rolled to where we were playing. "There's a UFO in the sky!" With a flourish he pointed to the one o'clock position above our heads, and sure 'nuff, there it was. A shiny dot of gleaming silver hung high above us.

Soon all the neighborhood was standing outside, pointing to the speck and gabbling about what it meant.

Eventually we all got tired of craning our necks. The speck didn't appear to be moving, and it wasn't coming any closer. Our mothers went back inside their houses. To accommodate Larry, and because we were pretty tired of the dolls, we went over to climb trees in Miss Pauline's yard.

Later that afternoon, when the newspaper was delivered, we learned that it had been identified as a weather balloon by someone at the airbase at Paducah Kentucky. They said it was one of their's, drifted further west than usual because of unusual air currents.

It wasn't until 1956-7 that I heard the next part. Duggie Fisher told me that he saw that UFO, too, and that he, in Poplar Bluff, Bill Holmes in Williamsville, and Don Jacobs at Pilot Knob had triangulated its position, and judged it to be better than 30,000 feet high.

I was impressed. I'd never heard 'triangulated' used in a sentence before, and that convinced me he must be telling the truth.

But that wasn't the whole story. Pilot Don Sharp took a light plane up to have a look, but he couldn't get much above 5,000 feet, so had to give it up.

That wasn't much of a UFO encounter. It was too difficult to see to care about, and explained too quickly to be mysterious. Traumatized by not having truly exciting UFOs to brag about, we returned to our kid world of treehouses and Superman.

The incident attracted press coverage as far away as New York. The report from Poplar Bluff's paper was picked up by Associated Press. The further away the story got, the better it got. The best report was, as you'd expect, in the Times. It had, as behooves top reporting and prize-worthy editing, a lot of detail.

The Times reported that a UFO had been sited over the Ozarks, and that mathematicians had calculated that it was 150,000 feet above the ground.

The report continued: A fighter jet from the Malden Air Force Base attacked the UFO, and there was a blazing battle, jet versus saucer, streaking across the skies above the mountains.

But they didn't brag; they didn't say that the Malden Base had actually captured the UFO. The AF jet inflicted damage, but had to return to base because it ran low on fuel, so the wobbling UFO was able to escape.

This was my first real lesson in why you shouldn't believe everything you read in print. Perhaps, in some small way, it was the reason I became a journalist, because it taught me that it is possible to make truth better than fiction, with only a slight amount of embroidery.

But it was also my first and only UFO encounter. It wasn't much, but it's all I've got.♦♦♦

Two Poems by Ray Nelson

The Talking Dog

If I want a talking dog, I blink,
And there he sits before my inner eye,
Discussing glibly matters low and high;
He can not only talk, but also think.

A perfect host, he offers me a drink,
A special blend he hopes that I will try;
I raise my glass and sip it with a sign:
He tells me how he mixed it, with a wink.

So then, before the memory can fade,
I mix a real drink to his recipe,
And having sipped it, whisper, "I'll be durned!"

It tastes exactly like the one he made,
But he's not built from flesh and blood like me!
How could he know things I had never learned?

Color Quest

Every morning, every afternoon,
I've searched the stores with apoplectic zeal,
Praying that the next one would reveal
A paint, a cloth, a crayon, a balloon.

But neither yellow, blue nor yet maroon,
Expressed in color feelings that I feel,
Vague and new but absolutely real.
I pray to God I find my color soon!

A week's become a month's become a year.
I've learned exactly what my quest's about,
And why my color hasn't come to view.

My mind can see that color bright and clear.
I know without the slightest hint of doubt,
Just ultraviolet-infra red will do.

Something Masterly This Way Comes

by Joyce Katz

I read the letter from Walter A. Willis, and I knew I couldn't let it rest. I wanted to; ghu knows I didn't want to tell him. But, some sense of fair play kept razing me, trumped all my best cards that I wanted to hold close to my chest, and forced me to show my hand.

I really did have to tell him. You understand. It might have been better if he never knew, but I couldn't keep it from him.

So now he knows, and we have this Situation.

It started when I decided I'd waited as long as I could. I couldn't postpone it anymore.

"Arnie, we got a letter from WAW." I spoke quietly, deliberately keeping enthusiasm from my voice. Perhaps he'd let it pass.

No such luck. Quick as a flyball, he pulled his head out of Bill James Scouting Report. "Walt Willis? Did you say we have a letter from Walt?"

I sighed. It had begun.

"Yes, we got a holiday letter. Actually, it's mostly for QUANT Suff, but he addressed it to both of us."

That was my last ditch trial to keep it all

to myself. There was just a chance that he'd go back to the baseball book if he thought the letter didn't directly concern him.

No such luck. The WAW name was too big a draw. He laid the book aside.

"Well, what did he say," asked my spouse with mounting enthusiasm. He picked up the propeller beanie that he always keeps by his side, and balanced it atop his head. Ready. Eager.

I gulped. Knowing I couldn't back down now, I decided to let it all hang out.

"He praised your writing."

"W..ha..a..t?" Arnie's question was like air rushing from a puffed-up balloon.

"Walt said your tribute to SaM iin Xtreme #5 was a spectacular piece of writing." There. Maybe that would satisfy him.

"That's great." Arnie practically glowed, he was beaming his pleasure. For a moment I thought it would end there.

"...what else did he say?"

Now we were in for it. "He said your editorial was Masterly."

It was out of the bag now. There was no

going back.

"Masterly! Walt Willis called my editorial Masterly?" The air surrounding him had an explosive glow, and Arnie began to vibrate like a tuning fork. "Masterly! Walt Willis says I am Masterly!"

I picked up my pen, hoping it wasn't too late to deflate his ego before things got out of hand. "Now, that's not right...he didn't say You are Masterly, only the editorial."

No inconsequential prick could ever pierce the swell of pride I saw before me.

"I'm Masterly...Willis says I'm Masterly," Arnie crooned it to himself like a lullaby.

He began moving the furniture around the living room, like a man possessed. The sofa and all chairs were now facing toward the East. "Toward Ireland, isn't that sweet?" I thought to myself. Then he pulled the big armchair up to the hearth, raised above the rest of the room like an impromptu throne, facing his audience.

"No, Arnie," I tried to stem the tide of swollen ego. "Willis didn't say you are the Master." I pulled down the throne, and rearranged the chairs, as I tried to bring normalcy back to the room.

"You better watch this Master stuff," I growled as sinisterly as I could manage."

"I'm Masterly...Willis says I'm Masterly." Arnie didn't seem to notice my efforts.

"Perhaps I can have it printed on a t-shirt?" He beamed with excitement as he thought of it.

"Don't you think that would be a little

ostentaciously?" Sometimes reason works with Arnie.

"Business cards." He obviously didn't hear me, and continued to stew. "I certainly will have it added to my business cards."

"You mean....'Arnie 'Masterly' Katz?" I tried to imagine how this would look.

"Certainly not. It should read "Arnie Katz The Masterly."

I stirred my tea.

He turned to stare at me, as if he hadn't really seen me for awhile. "You could get a tattoo!"

"A tattoo! - Not likely." I'm firm on this point.

"Sure, it could be nice." He'd obviously forgotten my position on volunteering for pain.

"You know Jews don't believe in tattoos," I countered.

"What? You're so Jewish all of a sudden."

I arranged my Cherokee Baptist features into what I hoped was a Yiddish demeanor. "No tattoos. That's final."

He simmered for a minute, then proposed. "Then what say we get you a t-shirt that says 'I'm With Masterly'?"

"I think that may be a politically incorrect message." I wouldn't want to start trouble with the feminists.

He ignored me. Not the first time. "And.... and..." his enthusiasm was building. "I'll

get a ring!" he announced with determination.

"What kind of ring?...Like Hulk Hogan's World Championship Wrestling Ring? Like a Superbowl ring?"

"Not exactly.... more like the Pope's ring."

"Oh." My Yiddisha-Baptist-Cherokee background didn't prepare me for this.

"The Vegrants....no, all of fanzine fandom..." he paused to fix the vision in his own mind, "can come to see me, to kiss my Masterly ring."

I just stared at him. Walt didn't have any idea what forces he had unleashed.

"But, Arnie," I tried to reason with him, "it may take a long time to have a ring made."

His brow furrowed with thought, as he tried to deal with this problem.

"Until it comes," said the Masterly Arnie Katz, "they can kiss the face of my watch."



WorleyGigs

The Christmas rush past and profits counted, the entire electronic gaming world turns its focus to the Electronic Entertainment Expo, or E3 as we term it. The game software gang has abandoned its former shows, leaving the Consumer Electronic Shows in the lurch, and dropping whatever feigned interest there ever was in the hardware-oriented Condex exhibitions. Now we're cheerfully bound together in support of E3, one giant show instead of two.

This is an economy that produces lavish expenditures at the one show they do attend. The E3 is huge, noisy and garrish, sparked with celebrity spokesmen, flashy booth presentations, and an almost unending stream of press parties.

The only downer about it is that it's in the World Congress Center in Atlanta, a huge but impersonal convention facility, in the heart of a city that doesn't care. It's true; Atlanta seems impervious to the charm of the gaming folk; chilly but professional, with none of the Hollywood glamor that Los Angeles offered E3 for its first years, nor that Vegas customarily gives to conventioners. Where is that southern warmth and hospitality? Saved, perhaps, for some other group; it's not lavished on gaming's elite.

It's my theory that the Atlanteans are trying to act like they think New Yorkers are; deliberately aloof and stifled. Of course, they're wrong; New Yorkers are impassioned, not chilly at all.

That aside, this is the season the industry warms up, with growing excitement about the new surprises to be shown during the last weekend of May. It's exciting to be in the news biz at this time; every day brings some exciting partnership between creatives, or a technical announcement that will Change Your Future. It's easy to turn out a good column when things fly along at this pace, and restores my confidence in my own work.

In many ways, this is the most gratifying period of my journalistic career. The amount of

work I'm expected to produce is not that overwhelming, but it justifies a decent salary. It's extremely gratifying to see something in circulation so soon after I write it. And, once in a while I pull off a good coup, like scooping the Wall Street Journal, or picking up on something my peers miss.

Work is satisfyingly counter-pointed with other activities. Arnie and I are avid t.v. fans, and spend several hours each day basking in the light of the tube. This is a good year for science fiction; we're actually following several shows now, some with great anticipation. I'm very fond of *Babylon 5*, and also *Earth Final Conflict*. And, although the stories really vary in interest, *X-Files* is still a don't miss.

And then there's wrestling. At least a couple of nights a week, Ben and Cathi Wilson join us to watch the WCW, which is in a peak period now. I won't try to involve you in the twisted, multi-layered plots that underlay this struggle between Good and Evil. But it's extremely involving; good entertainment.

Elsewhere this issue I mentioned that I've been bitten by the ceramics bug. Since our introduction to ceramic painting, I've been back once or twice every week. I am fascinated by the media; it's

the most forgiving I've ever worked in. On the other hand, since the paints look completely different before they're fired, it is also a suspense-filled hobby.

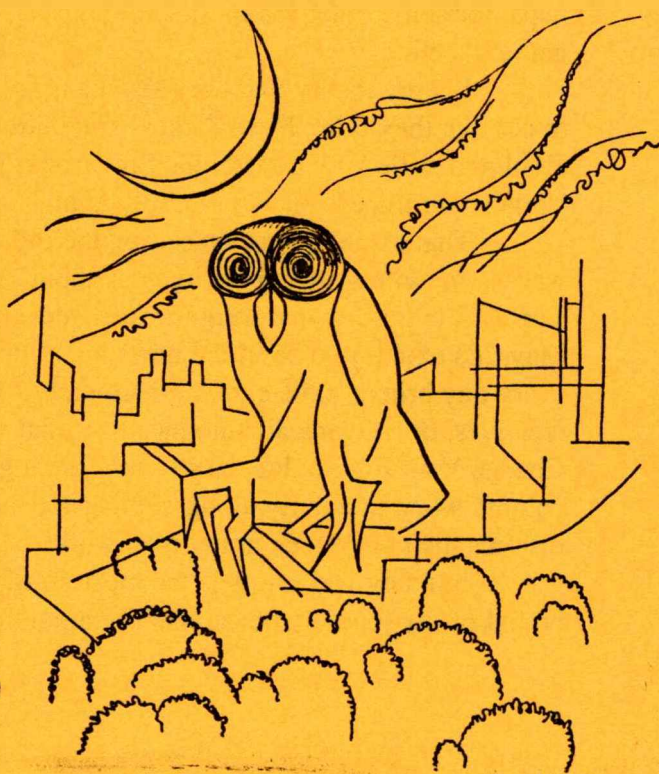
Tammy is my prime ceramic buddy. She caught the bug, and has been turning out the most perfect, detailed pieces that anyone at the shop has seen. Her masterpieces have been a harvest-style pitcher, with harvest fruit and lattice work all over it, and a matching mammoth candlestick. Right now, she's waiting for her latest piece to come from the fire, a huge turkey platter, with the bird detailed in brilliant earth tones.

I envy Tammy her skill in detail work. Her house is filled with exquisite needlework that shows her patience and care better than I could ever describe it. Her ceramic painting goes beyond the typical, and into the realm of major accomplishment.

After painting my first few, rather smeary, stock pieces, I started exploring it more as an art media. The ceramic plates make good "canvases" for landscapes, still-lives, whatever. I'm working on a set of square dinner plates; I've done three so far. One is daffodills against a wildly colored background; the second is a covered wagon on the western trail, and the third is three swans swimming in a lake. I'm not satisfied with any of them, but I'm not altogether unhappy. The ceramic glaze makes the colors vibrant and intense; it belittles a lot of flaws.

My latest project is a Sky Jar. It's a large canister, with scenery going around the bottom two inches. The scenery is representational of the territory along the Oregon trail: cliffs over the Mississippi, the forests of Missouri, flatland leading to rolling hills, to the Rockies, then desert to the high desert, The Great Salt Lake, the Sierras. Above the scenery is the large sky that occupies most of the height of the jar, night on one side, day on the other, with stripes representing sunrise-sunset dividing them. The day sky is sunlit, the night has a sliver moon, a spiral nebula, a comet, Saturn, and a toothbrush-stippled Milky Way.

This ambitious creation is now in the firing kiln, and I'm holding my breath to see the result...



The Finger of Blame

I guess the difference between an active fandom, and one that is played, is that the active group can inspire a person's passions. If that's the criteria, the Vegrants certainly qualify, for passions blow through this group like wind after a meal of beans and rice.

It's always been true in Las Vegas. Perhaps its the extravagance of the area, the bombasity of the town itself, that makes this an extravagant and bombastic fandom. Whatever, the group is more akin to the beer & circuses image than to tea & crumpets, as were laid down the divisions in fandom by a long-ago worldcon bid.

Just saying that phrase, in an admittedly unfair comparison between the two bidding groups, lowered the boom on the group crumbed with crumpets. The beer & circuses appellation caught the imagination of the worldcon voters and won the day, as well as the bid.

Las Vegas fandom has been awash in beer and circuses since the day I arrived, given over to the passions of the moment, devoted to the strange urges that rise unbidden in the hearts of desert rats.

When Arnie and I first came into Las Vegas fandom, the Snafutties were deep into a summer of gaming. The science fiction portion of the club had actually shut down for the season, and the day we appeared on the Forman's doorstep, the group was involved in role playing. I don't remember the name of the specific game, but there were wolves...

Later that fall, more serconly scientific meetings contrasted with the gaming sessions only by the subject mat-



ter; in heatedness and passion, the two seemed equal.

I guess that gave me my first clue of how it was going to be. It doesn't much matter what the subject is; Vegas fans respond with excitement and enthusiasm.

Myself carrying the flag of the more stoic 50s, which reads, "I am cool; I am composed; I am iconoclastic", I clocked these passing passions without giving myself over to them. While others wallowed in the thrills of the moment, I held myself aloof to record the history, and assign the blame.

After these long years, I've decided it's time to point the finger at the Mainspring himself, as the fomenting force behind most of these passions.

As Ken's interests have flitted from point to point, like a hummingbird making its rounds of the garden, so has Las Vegas

fandom enmeshed itself in first one pas-
time, then another. Ken decided to game,
and the group howled with bloodsport.
Ken decided to collect, and Snaffu built an
admirable library. Ken flew a kite, and
soon half the club was out running across
a meadow with strings in their hands.
When Ken decided to filk, we were all 'la-
la-la-ing' to his tune.

Ken is an environmentalist, so we all
recycle. Ken is a naturalist, so several
times a year the more hardy members of
the club traipse to the river and throw
themselves in, or climb to the top of a
mountain to see the other side.

Ken's passion caused fans who
shouldn't have, to produce poetry no one
would read; and his wit caused fans who
couldn't, to tell funny stories that weren't.

Ken's interest in paganism made
fans dance naked under the moon, and
his interest in medievalism made them
cover their nakedness with robes. (That
worked out rather well, actually.)

I think my point is clear: it's Ken's
fault.

Living In Las Vegrants

Passions pass through our fandom
as rapidly as tourists through casinos,
often as forgettably. That's why I like to
record mine in deathless prose.

The latest passion to pass through
Vegas is the 4F meetings. Only Su and
Aileen are certain of what the 4Fs stand
for; I think it's something about fem-
fans for fun and frolic.

The meetings have taken us through

several experiences, such as glamorous
Victorian teas, handwriting analysis, and,
most recently, ceramics painting.

Tammy and I seem particularly sus-
ceptible to the 4F experience of the month.
Teas caught our interest, steeped in
antiques as they are. Handwriting analy-
sis, palm reading, tea leaves and other
forms of prophecy always excite the sens-
es. Most recently, though, we've been com-
pletely captured by ceramics.

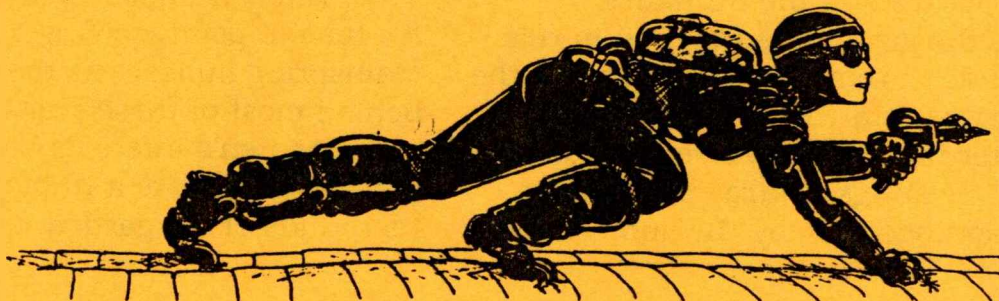
Once or twice a week, we traipse
back to the ceramic store to smear recalci-
trant hues over preformed molded pottery.
While everyone in the 4F group seemed to
enjoy painting, it was Tammy and I who
caught the fever. It's translated itself into
one or two meticulously detailed collectors
items from Tammy, and five or six slap-
dash constructions by me.

So perhaps everything is not actual-
ly the fault of the MainSpring after all. The
ceramic thing stretches back to April, and
the 4F club to Aileen.

Yet I feel right,ious about continuing
to point the finger at Ken. He's been a
good scapegoat so far. Even though he
may escape technical blame in this case, I
feel changing targets at this point would
be risky. It pays to stick with traditions,
bedamn the facts.

Thus the blame for Las Vegas fan-
dom, and the blame for the ebb and flow
of its activities, continues to rest at the
feet of the MainSpring.

Some truths shouldn't be examined
too closely, and some things were not
meant for fan to know.***



The 100 Mile Circus

Mailing Comments by Joyce

FAPA Teller's Report

I was surprised and disturbed, when I read the listing of good and true Fapans who voted, and found my own name, and several others from Las Vegas, missing. A handful of ballots, from the various Vegas Fapans, was turned in, and subsequently mailed. They seem to have disappeared from the tally. And what an upset that could have been, had any of the offices been opposed. As it is, it doesn't matter, except that I missed getting my name put among the 'good and true'. Darn!

1998 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund Ballot

Now here's a puzzler. Victor, Vicki and Tom each had the prerequisite five nominators, good and true fans all. But, Ulrika had seven. Unless, that is, we are expected to count Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, and Avedon Carol & Rob Hansen as only two people.

This is disturbing, and fills me with questions. I would not suggest that this candidate needed two extra nominators to be the equal of the other three. Nor would I suppose that this candidate is so obviously superior to the others, evidenced by the extra nominators.

No, I am left to assume that couples are

being counted as one, and not as individuals.

Now, I oppose this. Although there is a certain tendency to say "Arnie 'n Joyce"—the phrase rolls off the tongue like 'bacon 'n eggs' — I do maintain my separateness as a person. I'm the short cuddly one; he's the tall good looking hunk.

Separate also our opinions, though often we do agree.

But perhaps there's some other message I'm missing in these pairings. Is there implication that these couples are somehow...um...more Coupled than we? Does this indicate an Inferiority of our Togetherness, that Arnie was listed solo in his nomination without my supporting name? Why was

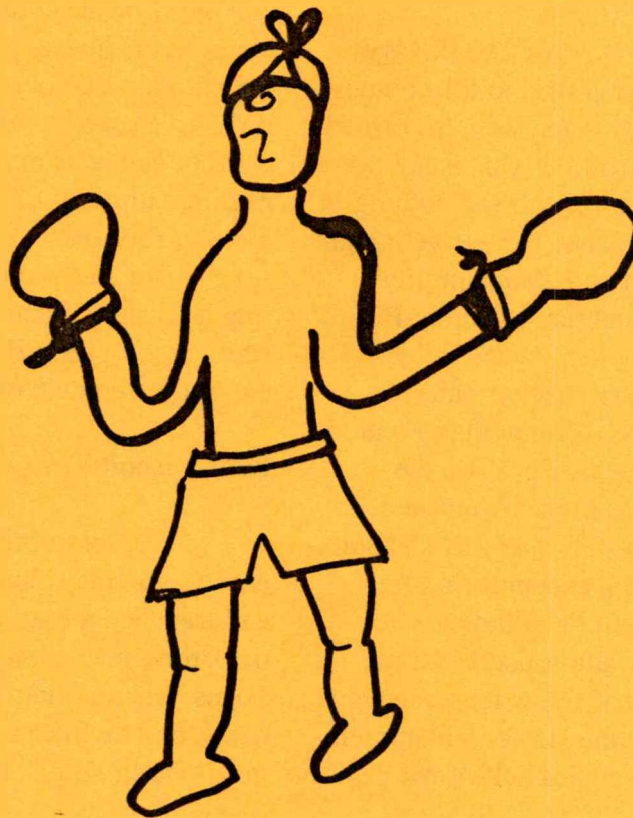
Buck shown without **Juanita**? Their coupling has gone on even longer than ours; why are they tarred by this brush of singularity.

Or have perhaps those other two couples been sewn together at the hip, so that they are indeed now One. Is this a new fad, like tattooing or piercing, that I need to investigate? Is social convention going to force me to suffer the pricks of needles, to prove our couple-hood?

There's a great mystery here that should be investigated.

Synapse - Jack Speer

Well, you've left me



hanging; what *do* the Creationist books say the Bible says about dinosaurs? — I find nothing in my King James.

I laughed out loud at your “One Day In The Life of Samuel Moskowitz”. It so exactly describes young writers piddling through their days, finding every possible reason to accomplish nothing. And yet, somehow or other, they eke it out by deadline. Sam became such an organized and professional person, accomplishments rolling from his pen with precision and timeliness. It’s strange to imagine him when he was other than that.

I’m often amazed at how many perfectly good reasons there are not to get started writing. Just tonight, I’ve gone for a soda, stacked the laundry, went to the kitchen for cookies, and checked the t.v. guide twice, rather than sitting down to do mailing comments. And now I see that stack of books needs rearranging...

What does “Summer Session” represent? If it’s your summer reading, I’d like to suggest you take another vacation in Vegas, so I can loan you a book or two.

Derogatory Reference 86 - Arthur D. Hlavaty

Arnie and I have succumbed to the computer wars. After lo-these-many-years, we have turned our coats, and become a PC office. This is not done without much pain and misgiving, to say nothing of great inconvenience and expense. But we’ve bought into the majority, and ended an incompatibility between our Mac material and the definitely-PC server for our Internet site. ([Http://www.inside-games.com](http://www.inside-games.com) — if you’d like to check it out.)

Frankly, it’s been less difficult than I feared. WORD is about the same on the PC as on the Macintosh, operationally speaking. I’ve mastered uploading and downloading files, and that’s about the only things I routinely do, except for running CD ROMs, which is delightfully automatic.

I have to grudgingly admit that I like my Aptiva, even to the extent that I now feel somewhat put out if I have to work on the slower, older, memory-poor Mac which still occupies half of my desk.

Some Comments on Matters - Graham Stone

I agree with your very first point. This might not be a great time to raise the idea of a **Credentials Committee**. However if we did raise the subject, I don’t much like your outline, because it turns a relatively simple procedure into such a complex one. Reports, and votes, and evaluations of suitability... it seems a lot more rules than necessary just to make a new member. Since new members are desirable, it seems more sensible to make it easy to admit someone who is interested in joining. You say that the function of the Committee is not to replace the decision of the Secretary-Treasurer, but it certainly seems to accomplish this.

I think the **1946 Retrospective Hugo Awards** were a nice thought, a sensitive and sincere desire to reward some efforts that passed unsung. The only problem is that it didn’t really work, if the goal was to pick the “best”.

A Death In The Family - Eric Lindsay

You wrote movingly about your mother’s last days, the resettling of her cat, the ordeal of clearing the house. This is such a universal event; we all must lose our parents, struggle with restoring order to a suddenly disordered world. I think it’s a form of catharsis to do these miserable acts; we’re ridding ourselves of the debris of the past, and moving forward.

I’m alarmed by your tale of the self-destructing bookshelf. If the Katz collection suddenly starts casting itself down in suicidal plummets, I certainly wouldn’t want to be anywhere near them.

King Biscuit Time - Robert Lichtman

The loss of the kittens were just the forerunner. As you may have heard, Slugger is gone. He had travelled a long way in his life, which started in the Bronx, moved to Brooklyn, and finally to Vegas. His notoriety stretched across three continents, and he lived to frighten fandom’s best. We’ll miss “Darth Kitty”; he was a grand old cat.

The Scientific People

Send me your news, your achyheart blues, your worn out shoes, your next year's dues.

I can't fix any of them. But if you send me your letters...

Fmbusby, Seattle, WA

So there is still life in FAPA!

If **Jonathan** can write "Riding Hood: The True Story" at age eleven, **Arnie** (in **Xtreme #5**) can take heart as to the literacy of today's youth. Very nice piece of FanWrit.

And next comes Ray Nelson, who demonstrates how a poetic type can be Zenner-than-Thou. (Jes' kiddin'. I like it.)

"Kentucky Home": fascinating episodes of family history and/or myth. It was probably right after the Civil War that my branch of the Busby family left Kentucky for Indiana. But under less dramatic conditions. A cousin of mine wrote in a high school Family Tree project that one of our ancestors was hung as a horse thief, but she was stretching the truth. With reference to a brother of Joseph Smith, founder of the LDS (Mormon) religion, who in 1844 was lynched along with Joseph by a mob of highly devout Illinois residents. So you can see how my cousin felt the need to add a little drama to her source material.

You're doing a daily column? Don't forget to take your vitamins.

Being on the receiving end of that shameful piece of Midwestern history strikes me as highly dramatic indeed!

Dean A. Grennell, 26331 Esmeralda Circle, Mission Viejo, CA 92691-5301

Regarding the photo of me holding the revolver, I'd made it up for a pistolsmith who'd made up a custom barrel for it, at his request. In the normal routine of things, if I were preparing to set off live ammunition, I'd be wearing safety glasses and earmuff-type hearing protectors. Safety glasses have preserved by 20/20 vision on at least five occasions, down the years and I'm duly grateful for that. Unfortunately, they didn't get around to inventing earmuff hearing protectors until several years after I'd started shooting and that is the source of my

hearing problems (my whaaaat?).

I can confide that no one has a complete backfile of **Grue** because several of the earlier issues were produced in a press-run of just one copy. I must have a reasonable file of back copies around the den/office here, but I can't put hands upon them because of my birth defect. I was born without the soul of a filing clerk.

The earlier issues of **Grue** were run off on a Gestetner, using their Royal Blue ink, because it was borrowed from the office of the wholesale heating supplies firm where I worked at the time. I'd hope the blue ink hasn't faded out all that dreadfully to the present and I'm hoping you're the same.

It's all the better pinup pix, knowing that you posed for it.

I've only fired a pistol once; I propped it up with my left hand, while holding the pistol in my right. Need I explain that I burnt my hand on gun powder? But I'm the regular Annie Oakley of the shooting gallery. I'd knock off the targets down at Coney Island with a .22 like they were squirrels eyes...or something, and once won a miniature deck (about 1" square) of playing cards with naked ladies. Which is not exactly like feeding the family by shooting game, but sort of a kinky version of the same.

Walter Willis, 9 Alexandra Rd., Donaghadee, N Ireland BT210QD

All that about Poplar Bluff fandom was fascinating to me. I never did know how **Max Keasler** died. I remember he was the only faned who ever rejected an article by me, and when I sent him a replacement, explaining I had been put off by the prevalence of typos in his material, he had it typed by **Nancy Share**, so that I think it was the only article I ever wrote which was reproduced entirely without error.

Max thoroughly believed that text was ok as long as you could figure out what it meant, and bedamn the typos.

He was so eager to move on to the next project, he hardly ever even reread his material.

John Berry, 4, Chilterns, S. Hatfield,
Herts. AL10 8JU, Great Britain

I really liked Joyce's "Kentucky Home"...seems like a good plot for a tv series! I note your interest in UFO's, and I agree with your observations. I have always been interested in the phenomena, and have built up a small collection of UFO books, ranging from the way out alien kidnappings to the shrewd execution of these seemingly wild claims by **Phillip J. Klass**. Several new publications are based on the release of hitherto secret Governmental files, especially by the Public Record Office in London. I have always been dubious re UFO sightings but would not definitely state I am a nonbeliever. My main observation is this...if UFO's are crap, if there is no such thing, why do all the world's Governments keep track of them, at considerable expense...and have done so for fifty years. My other rather telling point is that Nicholas Pope is a senior Civil Servant at the Ministry of Defense, was in charge of collating all UK UFO sightings for several years, and he also worked retrospectively, where he could. A year or so he published **Open Skies, Closed Minds**. I quote from page 234...

"As I have pointed out, the subject is one that lends itself to personal prejudice. It is difficult for career civil servants to shake off their preconceived notions about UFO's to open their eyes to the situations and their minds to the possibilities. I freely admit that I myself failed to grasp the enormity of what was going on straight away. My conversion was a slow one, but no less extraordinary for that. It is certainly unusual for the Ministry of Defence's UFO desk officer to come out and say that some UFO sightings are probably extraterrestrial in origin. It is not that I've gone mad, not that I've made a blind leap of faith, but the conclusion I have drawn is the only one borne out by the evidence.'

*The weird story of the month for me came from **American Computer Corp**. They recently send out press announcements of a new "transcapacitor" they've engineered. Theoretically a much more powerful way of storing information than the silicon chip, yet producing far less heat. They claimed to have got the technology from a lab notebook which they purchased from the son of a technician who worked in the Bell Labs in the late 50's. The technician was on a project to analyse debris from a crashed UFO.*

***American Computer Corp**. subsequently has announced another break-through prototype supposedly based on their examinations of the notebook and debris.*

Is it true? It's certainly unusual for a reputable company to risk it's rep with such statements. There's extensive material about it on their Web site.

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George Flynn, P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Sq. Stn,
Cambridge, MA 02142

I don't see **Jack Speer's** writing much, but I'm with you on the mutability of language.

Fascinating stories about your ancestors. I know practically nothing about mine, beyond a few names and (rough) dates.

The best-known book full of anti-Mormon sentiments, I suppose, is *A Study in Scarlet*.

*It's good to be reminded now and then, just how close to the surface religious prejudice lies. It's unusual to hear it spoken, right out loud, as it was in the Zane Grey movie I mentioned (Riders of the Purple Sage) but as **Buz** reminded us in his letter, it is part of our near-history.*

Walt Willis, 9 Alexandra Rd., Donaghadee N Ireland BT210QD

As you'll have gathered from my letters of comment on **Glamour**, **Aileen** ranks up with your good selves on my admiration list of Las Vegas fans, so it was of considerable interest to me to see her from the point of view of a house guest.

Jonathan's story was more of a surprise; an accomplished piece of writing. I was very impressed.

Joyce's Home Notes impressed me so much it reminded me of my own family notes, which were prompted by coming across the fly leaf of an old family Bible. I wrote an article about it at the time, which you might find of interest. As you'd expect, it's less dramatic than Joyce's, Ireland having not changed at all in the past 100 years, compared to America.

*The Willis family notes will be part of the next issue of **QUANT Suff**. In fact, it's part of my Campaign to get people to write their family histories. Everyone should Tell Their Story, for others to profit or lose by. Perhaps if we all told all our errors, and What Should Have Been, the same mistakes wouldn't be repeated so often.*

