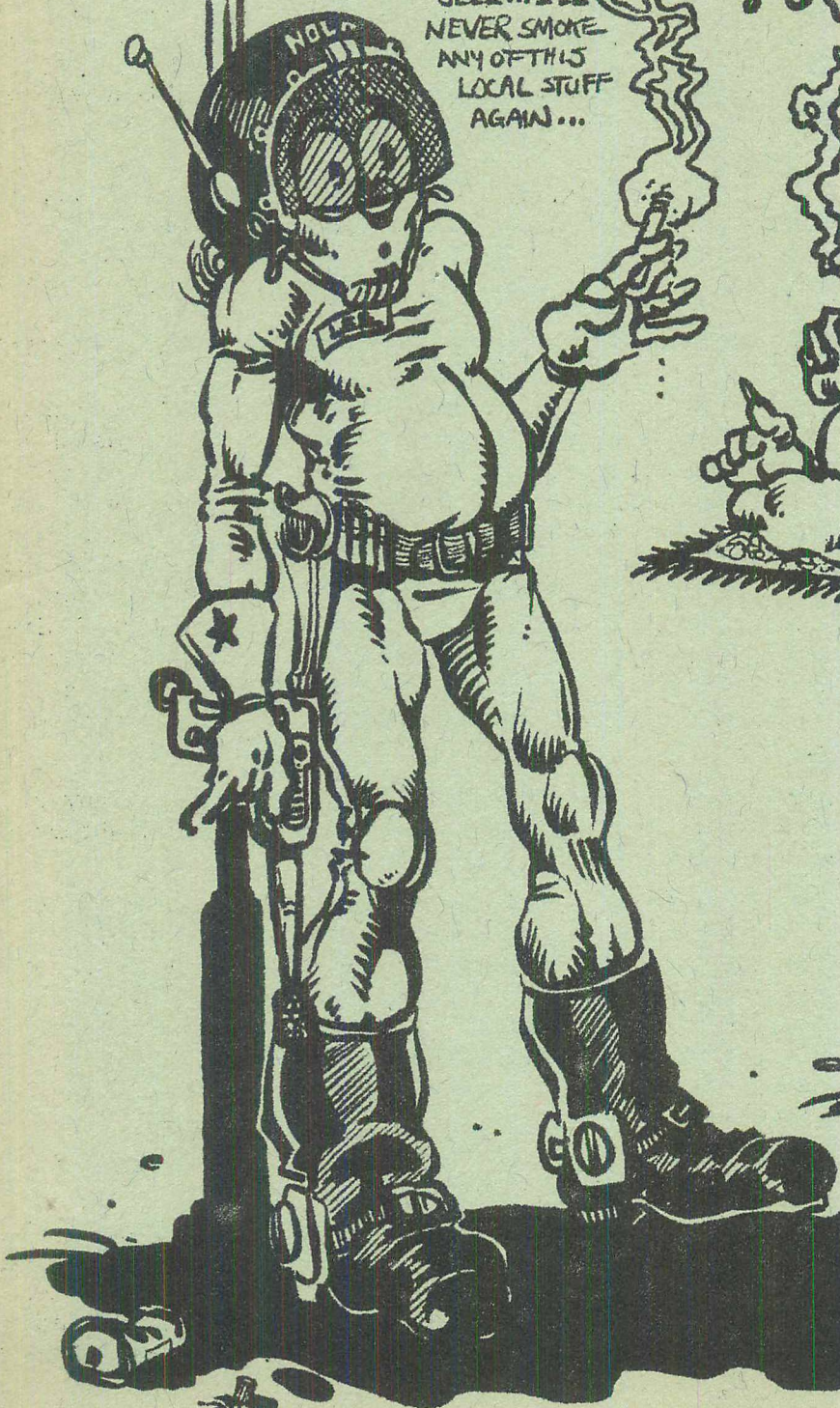


RESOLUTION

PERDIDO ST

A neutron bomb has been proposed as a weapon that kills people and spares buildings. It has become a symbol, therefore, of an inhuman military policy that sacrifices people in order to take over their property intact. In fact, the bomb is a defensive which might help stop Western

JEEZ...I'LL NEVER SMOKE ANY OF THIS LOCAL STUFF AGAIN...



DELMONTE
77



RESOLUTION 2--A personally-oriented genzine (meaning there's non-editor-written material somewhere in these pages. Whatever I can cajole my friends into contributing...) from Jackie Causgrove, who now resides at 3650 Newton St., #15, Torrance, CA 90505. Yes, that is a CoA, and yes, it is the second in the six months since the last issue. Details are below. Available for the Usual or 50¢ (5/\$2.00). I had been trying for a quarterly schedule, but... Do you really want to hear more fannish excuses? I'm blushing.

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This issue has been delayed for a multitude of reasons (aren't there always?) and has been in the process of being "finished RealSoonNow" for some weeks now. Various things have interrupted the flow of my fannish life; cons, visits, falling in love. Again. (Shut up, Bowers!) Moving out here to the West Coast - a place I would never have seen myself living in, and liking, until a few short months ago- really threw me for a loop emotionally and every other way. But now that I've settled into our new apartment and can feel At Home with Dave Locke, things should begin to level off. I somehow doubt that my fanac will ever be at its old feverish pitch again, though I expect brief time periods will occur when the old times will appear to be returning. Enthusiasms wax and wane in cycles, but where my "low" point before always involved some fanac, nowadays it's likely to mean none at all...unless you accept Tucker's definition that whatever two fans can do together is fanac.

Regardless, Resolution is back, alive and well, as they say, and I apologize to any of you who felt momentary doubt that it would appear again (tsk-tsk to all you doubters...) or were beginning to wonder Whatever Happened To Old Jackie?

When last many of you heard from me, I was deep in the throes of learning to live in the Big City, and surprised that I was not only coping (perhaps not overly well, but coping nonetheless) but enjoying the life. I was born in Chicago and spent all but a few months of my life within a forty-mile radius of it. I like Chicago, I love the Midwest; it's my Home Turf and always will be to my mind. I love the fans I've left behind me there and feel more than a bit wistful knowing that I will only be able to see them once or twice a year and for a few short days even then. Other situations have come to compensate for that lack, though. Not perfectly, but they do help ease the pangs of homesickness which I feel every now and then. I'm a Midwest fan in my heart and soul, though, and L.A. fandom cannot change that.

Of course, the biggest plus factor to life in California is the reason for moving out here in the first place -- Dave Locke. Friend, correspondent, occasional houseguest; I've known and liked him for years. We're still friends, we still pen a now-and-then note to one another, and have intensified the "guest" status to housemate. The status of our affection has intensified, too, to the point that I sometimes wonder why on earth we were wasting all that time. *Sigh*

Once more it's a period of changes. New beginnings, different surroundings, other people, other climes. Separation from loved ones. Development of different outlooks and life styles. Curses aside, the times are interesting, and I love living 'em!

The summer of 77 was a hectic one for me. It seems there was always something fannish going on, and I spent most of the months of June, July and August either strung-out or in a depression from being strung out. I tried to pack too much into my free time, and the strain had to show somewhere. My emotions were as steady as a rollercoaster. Half the time I didn't know how I felt about anything; myself, my surroundings, my friends. I was either in love with the world, or didn't give a damn about it. Not my usual style at all.

Conventions there were aplenty, and most of them were welcome tedium-breakers. Others were more cause for strain than enjoyment, but that was more due to the unsettled state of my emotions than to the cons themselves. Looking back I find my memories very erratic. Some cons I recall with crystal clarity; others, while I know I attended them, are but a blurred smear on my consciousness. Midwestcon, the last to held in the Quality Inn, falls into the middle ground. Parts I remember sharply, parts have simply faded into that odd mix I refer to as Con Blerge. The banquet stands out: Lou Tabakow, having endured a year of punishment for daring to set a certain table of eight as last in line for an insufficiently fueled feast, had the serving order determined by a drawing of lots, with small gifts of wine and such tossed in at intervals. I haven't been to a more enjoyable banquet in years. Hope future Midwestcon banquets can be half as good...

Hippotocon came off well. Small, and quite dwarfed by its hotel, it was an occasion for seeing and visiting old friends - all except Pro GoH Bob Tucker, who was stuck with a broken-down truck a mere sixty or so miles from home after seven hours on the road. A Nice Time Was Had By All, as they say, and the hours spent around the pool, in the bar, and having dinner (thanks again for the treat, Sid!) in the multi-tiered restaurant will be fondly remembered for years.

Archon was a surprise. Not only had I not expected to be able to attend it, but I didn't really expect to enjoy it if I did somehow manage to get there. As a last-minute impulse, Midge Reitan and I rented a Pacer and drove (through a miserable rain) down to St. Louis. I was tired and cranky and quite broke when we arrived. Midge wasn't much better off. We had a riotously good time. Tucker and Madman Riley, and Glicksohn and Brazier - far too seldom-seen at cons, Rusty and the Haldemans...all added to the fun. Had a grand time at the Poker table - even if we did run into a fan from Wisconsin who seemed to feel his markers needn't be redeemed... Drove back with extra people in the Pacer - Neil Rest and Karen ??? who needed a lift into Chitown, and that made the trip back far more fun than it would have been. Especially considering the fact of my hang-over and Karen's great driving ability. Thanks again!

What to say about Autoclave? So many fans went there with trepidation: it had been so good last year - it's first - that many were afraid it would be a let-down this time. It wasn't as good as the one in '76, but it certainly didn't miss the mark by much. A fanzine fans' convention is needed, and Autoclave filled the requirements delightfully. I was shocked and honored by being asked to act as Fan GoH at Confusion during the first night partying in the con suite - Larry Tucker can be so persuasive! - and that colored the entire weekend for me. I was so far Up I went out of sight, and then came crashing down later on. Friends are fabulous though; they helped and, most important, Understood. Midge, Jon and Joni, Mike, Lou...thanks.

The weekend following Autoclave was supposed to be devoted to Rivercon. Instead, a fan friend from California, in town on business, came by to stay the weekend and see Chicago and what fans were left in it during the Louisville event. That turned into a two-week-end visit - due to a little schedule re-arranging suggested by a co-worker of Dave's - and into something far more by the end of that period. One month later I was flying out to California, having sent the bulk of my books and belongings by UPS ahead of me and hoping my other belongings would soon catch up by truck.

The month between was a frantic time. Elation, depression, joy and sadness all got into a snarled knot. People like, again, Midge and Jon and Joni and Yale and Dana and most of all Dave himself helped ease the turmoil and smooth out the bumps. Ann Cass pitched in despite being somewhat miffed at my "abandonment" once again of Windycon (which turned

out just fine, thank you, without my assistance), and supplied her VW for various trips to and fro, finally serving as "taxi" to O'Hare when the time came to leave.

I'd never taken an airplane trip before. To be sure I'd ridden in small planes, a few laps over the field sort of thing, but never boarded a large, commercial aircraft. To my surprise, I was a bit nervous about the whole thing. Not because of any fear of flying - or even because of any second thoughts about moving out here - but due to simple ignorance of what was expected of me. I kept questioning Ann and Ben Zuhl about what to do once I boarded. They weren't of much help. Try explaining some very familiar action or activity to someone who has no idea at all of what it's like. Odds are that you'll convey very little solid information.

Gulping down my worries, I gave out farewell hugs and kisses and bravely strode on board. My seat number was engraven on my memory, but no one told me where to find the numbers. Desperately, my eyes flicked back and forth the width of the cabin, trying to spot some sort of sign or legend that bore any similarity to the numerals on my ticket. About midway down the aisle, I relievedly spied little figures set into the arms of the seats. One possible embarrassment avoided. Warily watching the other passengers, I discovered how one stows one's carry-on luggage in the overhead racks, how to hook up the headphones for the stereo, how to unlatch and open up the serving tray-table from the seat ahead. Oh, all sorts of esoteric knowledge became mine on that flight.

Unfortunately, one experience I'd hoped to enjoy - that of seeing the country from aloft - was impossible. That comes from taking 10:30 p.m. flights. I saw a few lights, a lot of thunder and lightning storms from afar. Those were lovely, tinting the clouds with a weird orangey glow, but about the only items of interest to watch from the miniscule windows. I read the airline magazine, skimmed a couple fanzines I'd brought along, and dozed off a few minutes - somewhere over Nevada, I'd guess. The cabin was kept dark, no announcements were being made by the Captain - out of consideration for those who wanted to nap, and I felt funny being only one of two people awake on the plane. (I imagine the other wide-awake passenger was slightly discomfited by such socially aberrant behavior, too. His light would be switched off, then on again, not in sequence with mine, so it looked as if we were passing Morse Code signals down the cabin...)

At last the concentration of lights on the ground below began increasing, and I could feel the plane slow in its flight. I don't care what they tell you; airplanes do so have brakes while aloft. You can feel them being applied. Once or twice during our approach of LAX, I'd be willing to swear in court that we came to a dead halt. A very unsettling sensation for the neophyte passenger, believe me.

Once we touched down, I grabbed my flight bag, shopping bag, and fuzzy frog (a gift that Midge and I had gotten for Martha during Archon) and traipsed gaily up the passageway. I spotted Dave before he saw me (it's a wonder he didn't hear me first - that damn frog had a jangle-box inside it and after trying various perching places for it, I finally had to let it bounce free at the end of its elastic cord. It made for unusual sound effects while walking...) and grinned. My debut as a member of the flying public had passed without trauma.

Downstairs, at the luggage-loading area, we both stood with sweaty palms, watching the suitcases and boxes come tumbling down the conveyer belt. We weren't worried about my suitcase or the box of last-minute odds-n-ends and books, but seeing how those parcels and cases were jounced and tumbled about planted deep fears about the safety of my Gestofax. To my immense relief, the cobbled-together box I'd fixed for it seemed none the worse for the careless handling. We loaded up Dave's Vega, and took off for my new home.

Dave suggested stopping off for a bite to eat en route, and we cut off the freeway and drove down a wide, tree-lined boulevard. As we passed darkened store Dave commented that that area was a bad one in which to travel at night, and I'd best avoid it. It looked like a peaceful suburban area to me, and I asked why it was so dangerous.

At the very next intersection, we came upon a scene right out of The Blue Knight. A car, its radiator spewing steam and smoke, was embracing a telephone pole. Squad cars were

circled round it like Constoga wagons during an injun raid in the movies. Cops were all around, guns drawn, some holding tear-gas grenade launchers, some with shot guns and rifles. Dazzling-white lights pierced the night-time gloom and mingled with the rising steam and smoke to give the whole area an unreal, unearthly effect. "Come out with your hands up!" one cop called over a bullhorn. An arm dangled out from the smashed-up car's window, its wrist hanging limp. No one was moving in that wreck. I gulped as I realized that the Vega was right in the line of fire. Cooly, Dave pulled into the intersection, waited for another shocked driver to move by, and turned left.

"That's why," he said.

After that sort of greeting, I really needed the double Southern Comfort I ordered at the restaurant we stopped at, in fact, it took two.

After that initiation, there was little Southern California could toss in my direction in the way of marvelous sights or outstanding greetings. Dave's taken me through the mountains north of L.A. (which are beautiful and worth seeing again and again) and south into the more barren but still dramatic rolling hill country between here and San Diego. We've viewed parks and arboretums and gotten our feet wet in the Pacific. The only sight that's even remotely approached the impact of that first night was a tableful of costumed fans in the restaurant at LosCon, but as I said, it was a poor second.

Somehow I've gotten the reputation of being rather unappreciative of fandom's California contingent, and I guess it's duly earned. "Welcome to the zoo," Bruce Pelz commented to me on the phone, "Wait til you see all the cages." I haven't, as yet, and am not really certain that I want to. The occasional Petard meeting serves as sufficient in-person fanac, and I've only attended two "open" all-fan activities - a party at the Pelz's and a three-hour drop-in visit at LosCon. Perhaps once I become acquainted with more people out here I'll find more kindred souls, but at the moment I'm just a Midwest Fan-In-Exile.

During my early weeks here, in fact, I felt as if a bit of Midwest Fandom had gotten itself transposed somehow. Tucker was visiting for a few weeks in the area, and Martha Beck was still tending her sister-in-law's apartment building. My Mom even flew in for a three-week visit with my brother - someone whose acquaintanceship I was surprised to find myself pleased with remaking. For the first month I think I only met two "natives"; everyone else was from back home!

This is not imply that there aren't any Worthies out here, only that in the sheer mass of numbers of West Coast fen, they appear to be even a rarer species than they actually are. Mary Beth Colvin, a former Midwesterner and fanne from Way Back When, helped Bob Tucker host a sort of "Thank you" party, wherein were gathered in most of the fen who had greeted him during his trundles through the area during his Aussiecon trip. Dave helped out with a list of names and addresses, and soon were gathered on Mari Beth's delightful Eagle Rock aerie-cum-patio a group of Super Neat fen to rival even the liveliest Midwest party. Tucker and Mari Beth, of course, Dave and myself (coff), Dean Grennell, Walt Leibscher, Cy Condra, Dave and Marcia Hulan, Len and June Moffatt, Tina and Ed Jones, Frank Robinson, Earl Kemp (who was up from San Diego to visit Martha), Martha, Mari Beth's daughter and husband, cops, almost forgot Jean Grennell and Billy! We all lounged about, munchies to ease our hunger pangs, oceans of bheer, wine and booze to assuage our thirsts, and the mountains and far away lights of L.A. to fill the eyes. A fine party and one I'm not likely to forget.

Though we see the Hulans and the Atkins (Lon and Kathy and theirs and Dave Hulan's girl, Rachel as well as their own daughter, Dawn) fairly frequently, and the Grennells a bit less so, Dave and I spend most of our time simply being with each other. Perhaps it's just a stage we're going through, but one that's been going on and growing on for four months now, with no end in sight. It's difficult indeed to describe just what we do - asides from the obvious, of course - we sit and talk, laugh a lot, listen to records, read - to ourselves and to each other - I carve and paint and draw (though, regretfully, not very much) and Dave types and we just groove on being together. This fascination period has to end, naturally enough, but neither of us is in any hurry for it to do so.

Despite the lapse in fanning, or at least the by-mail variety, I haven't forgotten any of you, and it's only when I glance at the calendar that it dawns on me how long it's been since I managed a somewhat regular schedule of publishing and letter-writing. It may be that those days will never return, or it may be that once this Period of Adjustment is over the threads can be picked up again. Until that happenstance, though, this will have to suffice for many of you who are owed - both letters and calls, but mostly thoughts...

I remember the ghooood times we've enjoyed together - at Wilcon, for instance, where I doubt there's been a better weekend spent in the company of fannish friends yet. Or the dinner Yale and Dana took me to for my birthday - a 10 course Chinese feast! The on-the-spur-of-the-moment get-togethers for a meal or dinner or just to talk. Those are the sort of memories a person can't put behind them, and those are the sort of recollections I hope to keep about 1977. It was a hell of a year, all right, but a damn good one besides.

And now it's already 1978. The holiday season is over, Brian - my youngest - who came in for a week's stay over the school vacation, is gone and Dave and I are resuming our usual life, only now with a even deeper sharing of things done together. (My feet will never forget Disneyland - and thanks for those extra tickets, Martha, Mike and Deb! - I didn't realize at the time that I'd ever use them, but they came really in handy as a budget stretcher...) We've hosted our first party - a New Year Eves Eve affair - and haven't eaten quite all of the leftovers yet (when will I ever learn to balance off the guest list with the shopping list? I always go overboard or underboard. Never right on the button!) but they're disappearing fast.

We're really looking forward to Confusion, and with mixed feelings. I suspect on both our parts. In my case, the qualms about going are mostly due to sheer nervousness at the thought of GoHing again. I reiterate; I'm not an Up Front person, and the thought of standing behind a podium still scares me half to death. But I'm looking forward to seeing so many of you that, overall, I couldn't be more anxious to have time pass as quickly as possible. Dave wants to meet this 'Midwestern' fandom I speak of so often, and I would imagine is a trifle concerned about the mutual reactions that will occur. I, naturally, have no worries on that score. *Coff*

One minor hassle I have to face is asking for yet more time off from my new job. I work for Teleflorists' Inc. in the Directory department, where I more-or-less maintain a giant Mailing List on computer-printed cards (wish I had a system like that...) and do odd jobs like paste up card ads and handle customer complaints by phone. The work is... well, work, but the company is an extremely nice outfit to work for. The people there are friendly and outgoing and make a person feel welcome almost the moment the door is opened. There are situations I've worked under where no matter how good, interesting or easy a job was, the atmosphere about me made conditions intolerable. I'm glad to say that such is not the case at this place! All you Florists out there (Randy? Are you listening?), join Teleflorists immediately! They are indeed, a nice Bunch.

Other than that, I haven't any particular horn to toot this issue. Out of causes, I guess. You should support, of course, the various fannish charities - TAFF and DUFF, the Tucker Transfer, the Terry Jeeves Fund, whatever impoverished people you know who could use a helping hand. Oh, you mean you're broke, too? Well, join the rest of us...

I suppose I should mention Star Wars, but it seems that everyone else has beaten me to the punch - comes from missing publishing deadlines/schedules. I've seen it three times and think that'll be it until it comes to TV. Fun, swashbuckling space opera, just the sort of SF that got me hooked way back when and both a visual and nostalgic kick. But now that Close Encounters of The Third Kind has come on the scene, SW has been pretty well pushed from the forefront of my brain. That's an SF film, even if it's not touted as such. The visual effects are stunning, and though the plotline has holes big enough to drive herds of Mack trucks through, it still is gripping and titillating, particularly to those of us who hope like hell that we are, indeed, not alone in this Universe. I wasn't expecting much when I went to see it, but now I'm recommending it to everyone.

In Lieu Of LoC...

zine reviews

To belabor the obvious, I'm a bit behind in my loccing obligations. There was a time I'd stay up until four or five ayem in order to, even temporarily, catch up with the ever-mounting stack of fanzines. No more. It would take a fantastic amount of evenings spent sitting hunched over a typewriter until dawn before I'd make a sizeable dent in the pile of fmz beside me now, and I don't feel particularly keen on sacrificing even one of my evenings now in that fashion. (The umpty-umt hours I've spent on cutting stencils for this gave me pause; to spend more time than that on responding to, in some cases, year-old zines seemed ridiculous to the extreme!) But faneds should have their due, so I'm again adding a fmz review column to my zine in hopes of molifying any sore or tender egos which might be upset at my silence. (I don't believe any of you really fit that category, but, then, I don't know all of you as well as I know some of you... does that make any sense at all?) Whatever, onward to the first debt owed...

FIRST CLASS (A.K.A. FREE FALL) David M. Vereschagin RR#2, New Sarepta, Alberta, CANADA TOB 3MO. Irregular. Available for the usual For a fellow who was complaining rather bitterly about the waste of time fanac represented, David apparently threw away a great many of his precious spare-time hours on his zine. They definitely weren't wasted. FIRST CLASS (#2) shows promise of developing into a terrific, well-done personalzine. David mentions his hopes for a career in art, and while I haven't seen enough of his work to judge the validity of that hope, he shows a definite knack for graphic design and a good grasp of layout in this isse. He discusses his split with the co-editor of ANTARES in some detail and his vocational ambitions in the first portion and devotes the second to letters of comment on the first issue (which I wish I saw; from the reactions he drew, it must have good...). The use of liberal amounts of white space and a large assortment of illos make FIRST CLASS a bit leaner of a zine than you'd first think from its page count, but it's still worth getting. In FREE FALL (the third issue of FS, states the colophon - whether this is a temporary or permanent change of title is not explained) David switches to an on-stencil format (or first-draft; methinks both issues are offset, although, again, he doesn't say so) and handles it quite well. He discusses his feelings of trying to cope with success and failure from the angle of whether he was "trying" or not. Apparently he learned a valuable lesson: relax and be yourself. His natterings follow no path and lead nowhere in particular, but you find out more about DMV than you did in FIRST CLASS. The locol is slimmer this issue, but it is done in micro-elite typeface and could be deceptive in that regard. Good work, David; hope future issues continue to improve and are as interesting to read as these were.

MYTHOLOGIES Don & Sheila D'Amassa 19 Angell Drive East Providence, RI 02914. Schedule is (hopefully) quarterly and the zine is available for the usual or \$1 on a one-time basis. MYTHOLOGIES is my Guilt-Zine. I love reading it, and find Don to be a most stimulating writer and letter-column editor, but I find myself unable to LoC it... I did, once to an embarrassingly long degree, a few times, but MYTHOLOGIES is more than a bit intimidating. The temptation is not to merely LoC but write a thesis on whatever topics Don chooses to feature in that issue. Don loves the written word - his zine has no art except what appears on the cover and ToC page, although that is of top quality - and packs the hefty page-count of his zine with thousand upon thousands of the little beggers. Trouble is, they're all intriguing and lead your mind to wander on pathways that end up taking huge chunks of time out of your lifetime. If you should be daring enough to sit

down at a typer and respond to these provocative subjects, your expended time could eventually total in the dozens of hours. I won't list what the two issues I have on hand discuss, get them and read them for yourself. Guarantee; you'll find your fingers itching to pound out a ten-page LoC, too! Then you'll know how I feel!

* * * * *

SCINTILLATION Carl Bennett P.O. Box 8502 Portland, OR 97207. Quarterly, offset. \$3.50 per year or \$1.25 per issue, or for a printed LoC. Carl began his fanzine as a small, quarter-page size (though still offset) bit of fluff called DORK-PIZZLE. It was mostly humor, with some odds and ends tossed in for change of pace. DORK has grown up. With this issue (#11) Carl has announced that SCIN no longer fits the "fanzine" category and should now be labelled a "magazine". So be it. I still think of it as a fmz, and it will be hard to break that habit. SCIN boasts good writing throughout, a meaty letter column (full of pro and con comments on almost everything, ranging from John Shirley to and through John Shirley, at least it seemed so this issue), book reviews, sercon articles, some poetry - whatever strikes Carl's fancy at the moment. I don't know how successful Carl will be at reaching his ambition for SCIN, but he's giving it one hell of a good try. I enjoy the zine, I enjoy it one heck of a lot. But I don't know if I'd be willing to part with \$1.25 to read it. That's something many of us will find out...

* * * * *

JABBERWOCKY James A. Hall #5-202 St. Anthony Ave. Winnipeg, Manitoba R2V 0r7 CANADA No stated schedule. Mimeo. Available for 50¢, the Usual, or old 45 rpm records. If you haven't stumbled (or had thrust upon you) across an issue of a fmz from one of the growing numbers of Decadent Winnipeg Fandom ~~you're lucky~~ It's pretty hard to describe what one is like. You'd have to see one to know what I mean. Seldom has so inbred a group risen so quickly in the ranks of fandom. JABBERWOCKY isn't precisely typical of the group, but then, none of them are precisely like the others once you've seen them all, yet they have something akin to each other. Perhaps it's the writers: this issue, (#1, I think) they are the editor, Randy Reichardt, Stu Gilson and Tony Dalmyn - with a slight touch of Garth Danielson. If that sounds like a familiar line-up, then you already are acquainted with DWF, and I have no further need to continue. If, by some wild chance you don't know whereof I write, then by all means, order a copy. More personal (in a way) than WINDING NUMBERS, neater (by a light year or so...) than BOOWAT, JABBERWOCKY gives a solid sample of what's going on in that cold, distant city to the North.

* * * * *

DRIFT Gary Farber No address given. Not Generally Available, but good old fanzines, LoCs, articles, artwork and a multitude of Other Things will/might put you on the mailing list. No schedule given: Gary puts an issue out when he's ready to, and no sooner. Gary, hip member of ShortHyperFastTasking Fandom (if I have it down right...), rambles on about whatever's going through his head when he faces the blank stencils. It shows the spontaneity that only on-stencil writing can give, and it's often very good, indeed. Gary also shows that Bill Bowers hasn't gotten the market cornered on Esoteric Comment-Making. He also tosses in pieces, some new, some reprints, done by other people, but DRIFT has the feel of a genuine Personalzine, even though it doesn't strictly meet the criteria. This issue, he reprints a Walt Willis piece from 1954 (from what zine -HYPHEN? Gary didn't say) that had me laughing out loud while reading it on a public beach: I called Dave in from frolicking in the surf so I could read it to him; runs an ALJO SVOBODA (! Mighod, he has come back!) article that (sort of) recaps his fannish career, adds a few LoCs, though no Local as such, but mostly just talks about himself and his friends and fandom-as-he-sees-it. Neat reading, but not advised for those new to fanzines. It's that esotericism, you see. Some might have a bit of difficulty with it.

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OOPS! Gary did so give an address. The last page was loosened in the shuffle and was misplaced, that's all. Apologies. GARY FARBER 1047 East 10th St. Brooklyn, NY 11230.

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GENRE PLAT Allyn Cadogan & Bill Gibson, with Others. 1916 W. 15th Ave. Vancouver, B.C. V6J 2L3 CANADA. Quarterly. Mimeo. \$1 per issue, or substantial letter of comment, accepted contribution, pre-arranged trade. I have another issue of this zine around here somewhere, but Lord knows where I could lay my hands on it at the moment. Doesn't matter, though. GENRE PLAT started from a high plateau, the second issue wasn't all that

much different from the first; not in the ways that count, anyway. It sets off with a dual-written editorial (done in two typefaces so you can sort out the persons responsible) offers a Doug Barbour piece that discusses his love of music, particularly jazz, and ties it in with his love of SF in a most cunning way, bounces to a book review, then careens off a "scholarly" retrospective of LOTR, and dribbles into a scattering of articles that touch on films, fandom and god-knows-what. There's some art - some cribbed from vintage books or magazines to judge by their appearance, decent layout, and a lot of obvious talent and enthusiasm in the zine. By all means, get a copy and try it. It's an example of what the word "genzine" really means.

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SELDON'S PLAN Alicia Madarasz & Cy Chauvin. Wayne Third Foundation, Box 102 SCB, Wayne State University, Detroit, MI 48202. \$1 and (I guess) the Usual. I have no idea just who is responsible, but this zine has done the biggest turn-around of any I have ever seen. SELDON'S PLAN was a fairly typical club-zine - which usually means a fmz one step beyond the crudzine class. It depended on how talented the people in the club were as to just which direction - to or away from crudliness - that step was taken. #41 is in no way a crudzine, nor anywhere near that class. Done in two sections, SP deals with a serious topic that's been talked about for some time now in fandom - Sexism - and touches on more sf/fan sercon topics in the second part. Though it does give a definite line of demarcation that almost feels like it's two zines simply bound as one, the two-section concept works and works well. There's seriousness and humor, bitterness and not too much warmth (but consider the topic...) in the Sexism section, and an interview (with Brian Aldiss), book reviews, a discussion on Doris Lessing and letters in the SF part. Doris Lessing and SF? Well...it's written by an SF fan. SELDON'S PLAN #41 can stand by itself as a good, solid genzine. I can only hope that future issues follow a similar vein.

* * * * *

MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST Brian Earl Brown 5521 Elder Road, Mishawaka, IN 46544. Mimeo. Available for the Usual or 75¢. Brian's been playing around with color covers for his zine, but he's really outdone himself this time. A five-color mimeo job with well-nigh perfect registration is a mark hard for anyone to beat. As for the contents, this issue, #3, featured the "mundane" side of life by its contributors. Brian talked about his job, at a highly-polluting iron company; Sandi Lopez, Avedon Carol, and Victoria Wayne discuss theirs (at a pin-ball parlor, a Feminists' Free Clinic, and a patent-medicine company, respectively), Victoria, again, writes on fudge and its effects on fannish sensibilities, while Cy Chauvin reveals all about his "fakefan" friend, Paul Madarasz, Murray Ward says a bit about a book series and John Benson writes about this-n-that. *phew* A lot of wordage, and most of it first-rate. Fans, even when writing about their "mundane" sides, cannot help but add interesting fillips or write from unusual angles. Brian calls this his All-Mundane Issue, but if you think that means Boring, you're wrong...

* * * * *

FEAR AND LOATHING (IN THE NIGHTTIME) Ira M. Thornhill 1900 Perdido St. Apt B97, New Orleans, LA 70112 offset/mimeo. Available for the Usual, 3/\$1.00 USA (2\$1.00 foreign). Irregular. I suppose FALITN would have to be classified as a personalzine, though Ira has had outside contributions in it (at least I think I remember so from before). He is a relatively new fan, and one of the warmest, cuddliest teddy-bears to come down the pike since Randy Bathurst came along. (He's a mite smaller than Randy, so perhaps he'd be more like a koala bear...) Ira's pleased with fans and fandom, and uses his zine as a means of communication with what he considers as his friends, not merely readers. This issue, #2, he touches on some darker events/thoughts in his life, yet his basic attitude of friendliness and enthusiasm toward his fellow fan comes through quite strongly. He has expressed hope that NOLA fandom could somehow be transformed into a Midwestern-type group and, if anyone could do it, he just might be the one. Worth a look-see if you like the feeling of getting to know another human being better through his/her writing.

* * * * *

Mis-Con-Ceptions

by Joni Stopa

The other day I picked up a fanzine that someone had left lying on the ottoman, and found it to be a mere seventeen years old. On page eight of that venerable fanzine there was a questionnaire which sought to explore the differences between fanzine fans and convention fans. It was Frank Deitz' intention that the results of this poll would be proof positive that there was a lot more crossover than most fans thought.

Reading it planted a germ of an idea which has grown into a suggestion. A suggestion which may mean radical surgery for fandom. I would like to propose a Worldcon fanzine. Before everyone groans or panics, however, let's take a guided tour through the thought processes which led me to believe that there is a need for such a major change.

I consider it disappointing that I have no idea of what the results of that poll were, but in a way the answers would be of academic interest. For those who haven't noticed, fandom has grown one hell of a lot since February of 1960. Had I answered that poll back then, I would have done so as a fanzine fan. I had yet to go to my first convention. Now, if I were to respond to such a poll, it would be as a convention fan. Regardless of how much crossover there was back then, it would seem obvious that there is less connection between fanzine fans and convention fans now. The results of that poll would be quite different in 1977 than they would have been in 1960.

That was the year I attended and worked on my first convention, a Worldcon. There were a lot of people I recognized from the fanzines I had been reading. I was familiar with them because of that reading and the reverse was also true: they knew me through my fanzine activity. Today a convention roster wouldn't show many names grown familiar from fanzines.

Back then, the only way you heard about conventions was through the fanzines or from someone who had attended one. Today the bulk of the first-timers at a con were drawn there via the news media, SF magazines, LOCUS, ALGOL or mass-circulation fanzines.

While reading that 1960 fanzine I had on my desk a letter from Joan Henke Woods, whose first con was Big Mac. She won a costume award there. She has been getting her convention information from LOCUS and has been attending most of the regionals.

At Autoclave, Rusty Hevelin made her stand up and be recognized. Until then, with a few individual exceptions, Joan had found fandom to be a cold and lonely place.

This points up, in my mind, the fact that fandom has grown with great speed these past few years, noticable mainly in escalating convention attendance figures. Conventions are becoming large forests, and some people can only view them as forests. In a microcosm, they can't see the trees. Fandom is growing so fast, particularly on the con circuit, that some cities put on conventions wherein they have their own BNFs, their own traditions, and their own gestalt. Quite independant from fandom-at-large.

A presumption should be entered at this point. I believe that the glue which holds fandom together has always been the fanzines. They are a constant which have always been with us, and within which we find the reflection of all fannish interests. This doesn't mean that I personally view fanzine fandom as representing the ultimate level of fanac, but I do view it as the binding which keeps the whole book together.

Because of the rapid growth within fandom, there are now two diverging areas of fannish interest: fanzine fandom and convention fandom. Due to sheer numbers, and the pace of it all, there is less overlap between the two than there used to be.

Rather than seeing this as an unnecessary or even uninteresting by-product of the passing of time, I think we should view it with the regard that we are all missing something. What we are missing is an information flow and a cross-participation that could benefit both these major facets of fandom.

I believe that the Fan Hugo awards, in some ways, have been an indicator that there are increasing numbers of fans who have little or no familiarity with fanzines. Who do you think keeps putting LOCUS on the ballot? Why do so many convention fans keep voting for it? LOCUS, while a valuable publication, is obviously not the best fanzine to anyone familiar with fanzines. It isn't even the only newszine around. But, if you are a convention fan and LOCUS is the only fanzine you get or know about, and if you want to fill out that ballot... It is stated nowhere on that ballot that one must be qualified to vote in any given category, and as the years pass it is painfully and progressively more apparent that fewer and fewer Worldcon attendees, on a ratio basis, are even reasonably well versed with fanzines.

Do the benefits of a Worldcon fanzine suddenly start popping into your mind? Are you getting a glimpse of the purpose of my suggestion?

I propose a fanzine to be issued by the Worldcon Committee and sent to the Worldcon membership, financed by membership fees. Ideally, each concomm would produce two issues, the material for each being selected on a different basis.

Notice that I do not suggest a board, or separate organization to produce this fanzine. The last time a separate organization was formed it proved to be very good at recruiting people into itself and not to fandom as a whole. In 1961 a group of fans decided to try to bring some life back into that organization and all sorts of BNFs were signed up for membership. They all got 'Welcome to Fandom' letters from the Welcommittee...

The N3F serves a purpose and a function, but it became a Universe unto itself. That's why I wouldn't propose a separate Board or group to handle a Worldcon fanzine; in time it too would become ingrown and an entity unaware of anything beyond itself.



This Worldcon fanzine should contain in its first issue a selection of art and written material reprinted, with proper permission, from fanzines published in the year prior to the Worldcon. The Worldcon Committee would choose the editor(s), and contents would be at the editor(s) discretion, although limited to material chosen from generally available fanzines. As a yardstick, the proportion of serious to fannish material should reflect that which was in existence during the year from which the material is selected. This material should also be credited in such a way that convention members would have the information needed to send for copies of particular fanzines from which material was selected. The editors of those fanzines should be contacted and details on the current availability of each be included.

The second issue of this Worldcon fanzine should be slated for publication after the final balloting for the FAAn Awards. The purpose should be obvious: fanzine fans, through the FAAn Awards, have chosen what they consider to be the Best within their own field. This 'Best', the writers and artists nominated that year, could be contacted and allowed to choose material which they feel represents their best efforts from the year in question for the second Worldcon fanzine. Fanzine fandom would select its best writers and artists, and then those people would select what they consider their best material, which would then be presented to the Worldcon membership as representing the cream of fanzine efforts. Once presented, it would create an impetus for interested convention fans, particularly those who basically or totally are unfamiliar with fanzine writing and illustrating, to request fanzines and, perhaps, get into them and the whole different area of fanac they represent.

When you first think of it, this proposal seems radical, but it's not as radical as it appears. Put into operation, all those people at their first convention will have a picture of the interests of fandom and of where they might fit in. If nothing else, it might get them asking a few questions of the others around them. It seems worthwhile to give fan writing and fan illustrating the attention they deserve amid this new expansion of convention mania. It should help put some lost values back into the Fan Hugos, while showing new convention fans (and some of the older ones too) what our roots are. It should help maintain our traditions, and pique interest in fanzine fandom which may be also be provided with fresh recruits from the ranks of convention fandom. A Worldcon fanzine could provide the vehicle which would allow more crossover, more contact, between these two "fandoms".

A fanzine such as this could be a beacon for people like Joan Woods. Fandom, of all things, cold and lonely? Our fannish traditions and values could be preserved and if only a small fraction of a Worldcon's membership were to enjoy and appreciate and even perhaps learn a little from it, this Worldcon fanzine would be invaluable.

In time, perhaps, newer fans would be able to attend their first convention and, like I did in 1960, meet people the first time that they already knew through the printed page. They could vote more knowledgably in the fan categories and at least become a bit acquainted with another, huge, field of fanac. Convention fandom would benefit, and fanzine fandom too. Sure, there's a lot of work and planning involved, but with those possible results, it certainly seems worth a try.

--Joni Stopa

A brief note of comment to the above article is in order. Joni handed this to me just before I left Chicago. It was in first-draft form and she knew it required rewriting. Unfortunately, it needed not only a rewrite, but far more space than I could allow it. (She really wrote two articles, and the second may be in next issue...) Dave did the first edit and rewrite on it, and then I had a crack at it, being more familiar with Joni's style. As should be expected, anything written by 'committee' suffered for it, and much of Joni's tone and humorous interjections are missing. Apologies, Joni.... but at least the meat of the piece, the Worldcon fanzine proposal, made it into print.

Close Enough for Fanwriting

by Dave Locke

It was an untypical day even for me, with so many battles. It was a pivotal day which catapulted me back into the blandness of mundane routine because it wrapped up so many loose ends. It was also the 13th of the month. Thursday the 13th. I'll keep an eye on that date when it occurs again in April of 1978.

There were three major wars going on in my little cardboard world, none of which would make even back-page news in the Times. But I had to live with them, so they were front-page news to me.

On one battlefield I had long ago resigned myself to accepting the fact of life that I am unlucky with automobiles. I had a Buick that burned to the ground. I had a Lincoln Capri that I couldn't keep in tires; at one point I had twenty flat tires in the space of approximately two months, including two flat tires at the same time. I was one of the first people in Schenectady, New York to take delivery on a new 1966 Volkswagen, which was the model where they changed the engine and transmission after having left them untouched for several model years. The Volkswagen was in the shop seventeen times in about two months, after having broken down while driving it home from the Dealer's.

Upon moving to California in 1968 I bought an Olds F-85 which ran out of gas a half-mile from the Dealer's driveway. The needle on the gas gauge was stuck on full. The car enjoyed several visits back "home" to the Dealer until I finally dumped it and bought a new 1969 Toyota Corona, whose breakdown on the way home from the Dealer's was accompanied by a spectacular sixty-foot high plume of smoke coming from the engine lid. It then went through two automatic transmissions in 9000 miles. My next car was a Fiat 850 Spyder, which was at the Dealer's eleven times in two weeks, plus trips to other repair places, before being universally declared as "unfixable" because no one could figure out what was wrong with it.

Our story, on this battlefield, begins here. I decided to trade the Spyder in while it was still able to move under its own power.

I went to a Chevy dealer and browsed around his used-car lot. I decided to avoid buying another new car on the presumably sound basis that I was better off with someone else's troubles than my own.

The salesman and I went for a test drive in a 1974 Vega GT, which ran out of gas just over a mile from the dealership. Somehow it seemed like an auspicious start. With but one dime between us for a phone call (it was my dime), we toured the Harbor College campus until we located a phone booth hidden away where none but the intrepid would ever find it. Using my dime, the salesman bribed another salesman to bring out a can of gas.

The gas was delivered, and the fellow who brought it immediately split. The can had a leaky spout and almost as much went on the ground as in the tank. We saved a little to prime the carburetor but unfortunately, upon lifting the engine lid, we found that the air filter didn't have a wing nut. The sucker was bolted on. We walked back to the Dealership. I drove back home in my own car, and three drinks later, received a phone call from the salesman saying the car was back and gassed up and ready to roll.

I bought it.

Two weeks later the engine blew up.

It was a warranty repair, of course, but providing a loan car wasn't on the warranty. Nor was it in the cards, because I didn't get one when I asked for it. Twelve days the car was in the shop while they put in a new head and block. I walked for groceries. My secretary, who lived a block away, ferried me to and from the office. Without a car, I caught up on a lot of fanac.

The night of Wednesday the 12th, I was told the car was ready, and I spent five minutes on the phone slick-talking the service manager into sending someone out to pick me up. They did that and I drove it the short distance home. I decided that on Thursday I'd put the car through its paces to see if the service had been performed correctly.

That brings us up to Thursday the 13th, but only on one battlefield. There are two more.

When I moved from Duarte, California to Lomita, Ditto, I stayed with the United California Bank but changed branches. Service went from excellent at the old branch to abysmal at the new. They didn't process my change of address for my Master Charge billings. They didn't process my request for a new Balance Plus/Check Guarantee card (which can't be transferred) until I bugged them on that, too; at which point they processed and approved the credit but neglected to order the card until a third follow-up on my part. On Thursday the 13th it was my intention to finally drive to the bank and cash a large check, which consisted of my part of the proceeds from the sale of the house in Duarte. The check was written on another branch of the same bank. No problems were anticipated. I made out a bank slip detailing how much was to go into checking, how much into savings, and a request for \$200 in cash.

That sets the stage for the second battlefield. There's still a third.

Since moving to Lomita, my cat had been driving me crazy, and bankrupt. Shambleau had developed the habit of standing on the john cover and, with one paw against the wall, unrolling part of a roll of bathroom tissue. Did you ever try to rewind bathroom tissue?

Discipline didn't work. The more discipline I applied, the more bathroom tissue she'd unroll each day. I gave up on the discipline almost as fast as I gave up on trying to re-roll the enormous loose end of the tissue.

There wasn't anyplace in the bathroom I could put the tissue where she couldn't get at it, but I figured I might break the habit if I kept the paper out of her reach for a few days. So I put the paper in a cabinet out in the hallway, which only made life a little difficult when I'd forget to retrieve it before entering the bathroom. Guests didn't appreciate the plan, either.



My next scheme was to lift the lid and the seat on the john, in hopes that a declawed cat couldn't balance itself too well on the thin porcelain rim. I thought that perhaps a slip and a cold bath might do wonders toward making her lose interest in the bathroom tissue caper.

It didn't work. She balanced quite nicely, thank you.

On the night of Wednesday the 12th, after having gone through the better part of a case of toilet paper in not much more than a week, a brilliant idea aroused me out of a sound sleep. I leapt out of bed, rushed into the bathroom, and reversed the roll of paper so that the loose end hung down against the wall instead of coming out over the top of the roll. My subconscious had been working overtime on the image of a cat leaning against the wall and unrolling bathroom tissue with a downward motion of its paw, and had created the brilliant concept that it would be much more difficult for the cat to lean with one paw and push up on the tissue to unroll it. I went back to bed and slept soundly.

In the morning I walked into the bathroom to find the cat spinning the roll of tissue around on its holder, the loose end travelling right around with the rest of the roll. I shaved, showered, and left for work with a smug smile on my face.

Later in the morning I was coming back from a short business trip and decided to swing by my bank to cash that check.

The teller asked me whether I'd like it deposited in my checking or savings account. I pointed out that I wanted just what the slip said: so much in the checking, so much in the savings, and \$200 cash back. Nope, said the teller: can't do it. Why not, I politely inquired. Because, although they could verify that the funds were in the other branch, it would take several days to verify the signature. My questions kept coming: why did they have to verify signature; wasn't the check presumed good unless there was adequate reason to think otherwise? No, when a check went over a certain limit, verification of the signature was required. What was the limit? That was confidential information. But, I said, I depositing virtually all of the check; everything but \$200, which was the only gamble the bank would be making, and I had more than that already on deposit with them. Sorry, couldn't do it. Bank policy was that it all had to be deposited, and it all had to be deposited in one account; either the checking or the savings. Which would you like to do, Mr. Locke? I'd like so much in the savings, so much in the checking, and \$200 cash back, please.

The teller consulted with the bank manager and came back to say no dice. Did I want it deposited (conditional upon verification of signature, of course) in the checking or the savings?

I thought about it for a minute. I'm the type of person who doesn't get excited and doesn't lose their temper, but is willing to argue all day long if they think the goal is worth it. However, logic wasn't getting me anywhere, and I didn't have all day to discuss the matter.

I decided to use not the squeaky wheel approach, but the broken wheel approach. You may have noticed that there is a certain segment of the populace who have a tendency to get their own way because they're loud and insistent and unbending. I know I've noticed. I decided to emulate their approach.

I screamed and hollered and beat my fists on the counter, and demanded that I be given fair treatment and immediate service.

Three minutes later the teller handed me a checking deposit receipt, a posted savings account passbook, and \$200 in twenty-dollar bills. She also looked at me a little funny as I dropped the hardass routine, casually thanked her, and walked away.

It was the first battle of the day, and it was won. It wasn't won in my style, nor a style that I very much care for, but I walked away a winner. That was just one battle, though. The war wasn't over.

The second battle came when I got into the car and turned on the air conditioner. It was like an oven in there from being parked in the noonday sun (in January, yet. Such is the life in beautiful southern California. However, it did get so cold the other night that I had to wear a shirt...).

The air conditioner just blew more hot air into the car. I promptly drove back to the dealership and explained the problem.

Could be one of several things, I was told. I should bring it in in the morning and they'd have somebody drive me home. No dice. I told them, with my mind's eye on my previous victory tactics, "I need the car tomorrow, and I need it an hour from now.



If you can't fix it in an hour, I need a loan car." Sorry, no loan car, they said. And they didn't know when they could fix it, but they might be able to scrounge up someone to drive me home, if I were willing to hang around.

I exploded all over the Chevy dealership. I pointed out that they'd had the car only two days less than I'd had it, and the only reason I was in here again was because some pinbrain had forgotten to hook up the air conditioning when they'd R&R'ed the engine. I was going to get a loan car or I'd put the Vega GT where it would give their proctologists a real challenge. It was a marvelous performance. I kind of expected a full round of applause when it was finished.

Instead, they gave me a loan car. I think they found it in a wrecking yard, but it was still a loan car. I shifted the automatic trans into Drive and the knob on the floorstick came off in my hand, but it was still a loan car. It took me about three minutes to maneuver the damned thing out of the ambush where they'd parked it, but I finally extracted it and started driving out of the lot.

The service manager stood in the middle of the driveway and flagged me down. They'd fixed my air conditioning. No charge, naturally, and thank you sir for your patience. Off I went.

Two battles down. I felt deserving of a tickertape parade. I'd bypassed bank policy to get exactly the service I'd walked in looking for, I'd bought a used car and now I had a brand new engine in it, and I'd cleaned up some loose ends in record time.

That night I went home and saw no unrolled tissue on the bathroom floor. Battle number three was progressing nicely. The cat smiled at me as I seated myself. It was after I zapped off two sheets from the roll that I promptly noticed each sheet had a large hole right in the middle of it.

The cat had chewed through the roll in two places, then pushed the chewings behind the john.

I considered screaming and hollering and beating my fists over the bathroom tissue incident, but decided the results wouldn't be worth it. I might have momentarily scared the cat, but the next day she would've eaten my foot.

Today I have an empty toilet tissue dispenser next to the john, and a full one which I mounted on the inside of the door just high enough to be out of reach for any resident four-legged animals.

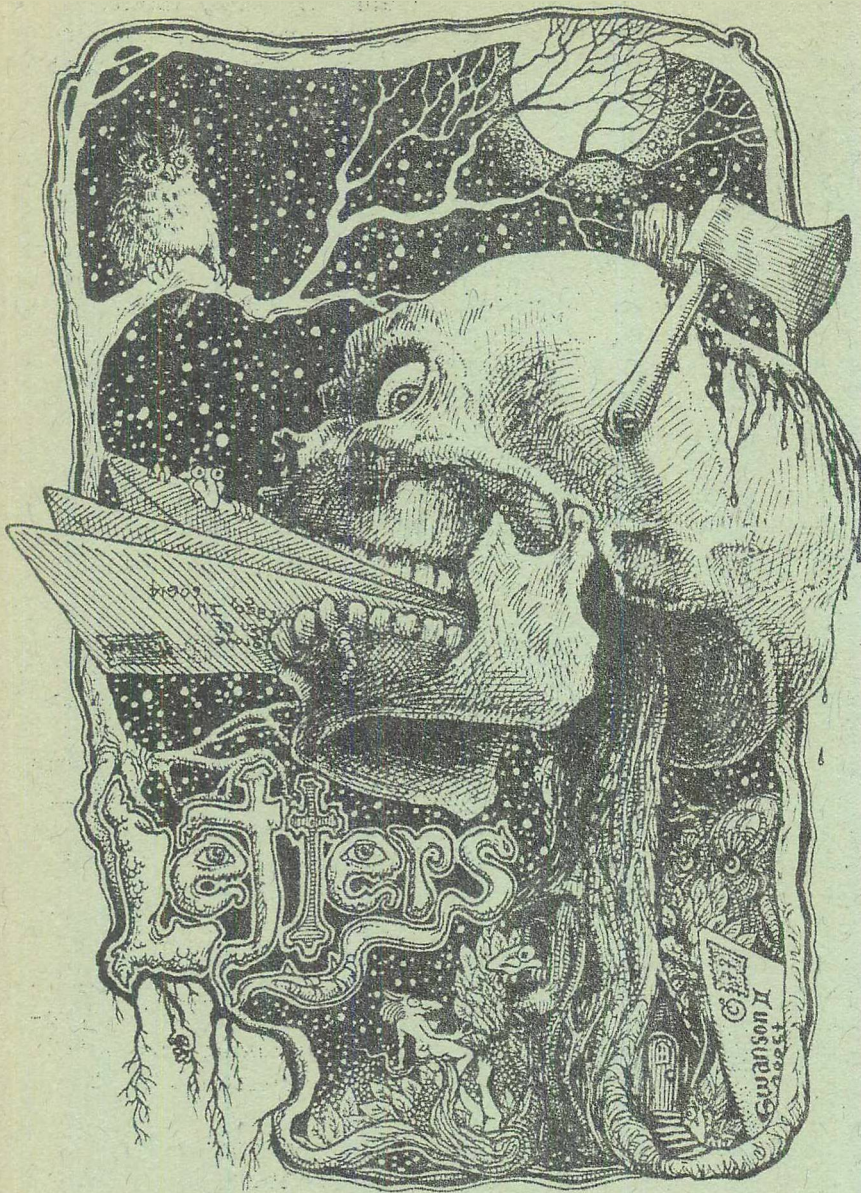
Life has, since that Thursday the 13th, settled into the comfortable but unexciting mundanity of routine.

There were many great lessons to be learned that day. I've itemized some of them.

1. If you aren't prepared to be indignant over unfavorable bank policies, be sure not to bathe for a week and don't forget to eat lots of limburger cheese and garlic before approaching the teller. They'll do anything just to get rid of you.
2. The only calm and civilized way to handle car dealers is to move halfway between your place of employment and a supermarket, and buy a bicycle.
3. If your cat is a bathroom tissue junkie, be sure to rent an apartment with an extra room that you can give to the cat. Otherwise you have no choice other than to put its litterbox in your bathroom and buy tissue from a wholesale distributor.
4. As an alternative to number three, you might consider toilet-training a cat. This might give it a more responsible attitude toward the subject of bathroom-tissue vandalism.

Well, two battles out of three. That's not too bad.

--Dave Locke--



HARRY WARNER, JR
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, MD 21740

(9-20-77) Fandom is a wonderful way to retain some amount of flexibility when a multiplicity of years encourages me to grow increasingly rigid. All I need do is keep firmly in mind that even though a fan's name is new and the address is too new to be even included in the colophon, I needn't write a loc commending the fan on putting out a fine first issue, welcoming her to fandom, and expressing confidence that she will soon become well known because of this encouraging start. After adjusting to this series of changes, I feel as loose as a goose.

In any event, I hope things are going fine for you in California, wherever you are (I don't have a map sufficiently indexed for me to find Lomita, but I suspect from the zip code that it isn't too far from Los Angeles).

Once again Derek's cover is a thing to marvel and admire and wonder at. I'm sure I don't comprehend some of the in-group symbolisms in it, and I'm not sure how Freudian it's all supposed to be, but I like it enormously.

His article is the most frightening thing I've read since

The Shining. I have this fear of motor vehicles, you see, and the only accident I've had in almost thirty years of driving came when I banged up a fender after skidding on an icy patch and hit a car which had stopped ahead of me. What seems to have been at least partly fun and games for the participants strikes me as a logical encore to the things described in Lovecraft's fiction. It's a good thing I like horror stories.

Relying on tottery memory, I suspect that Dave Locke changed his FAPA article more than a mite; most of it seemed new to me in this form. The only Chic Sale that I ever used was the one behind my grandmother's house and when she lived there I was too young to recognize graffitti, if it existed there. All I can recall of that structure was the prestige it gave my grandmother. Everyone in her block had an outhouse instead of interior plumbing, but hers was special because it had a boardwalk leading from the back porch to the privy. Everyone else was forced to walk through the mud in bad weather.

I was delighted at Joseph Nicholas' perfect summary of why the Faan awards are desirable: I suppose you are justified in wondering if there should be any awards at all as part of a hobby, but if Faan awards and Hugos should be abolished by this reasoning, a great deal of other fannish traditions must go. By the same reasoning there is no reason to single out anyone to be guest of honor at a con, judging of entries in masquerades should end, and there should be no awards for best items in the art shows. Bids on art work should be kept secret to prevent worth from being betrayed. Even loc

writers should be careful not to say such things as an opinion that one article was the best in an issue. The one circumstance that would cause me to change my mind about regular awards would be a situation like the Oscars, where the awards are badly commercialized and vast sums are spent in efforts to persuade people to vote for this or that individual or movie. I hope it never comes to that in fandom.

*Your opening comments brought my Feminist leanings rising to the fore. It irks me that I should, by resuming my maiden name, be considered as using a "new" name and have to go through a period of unfamiliarity because of that "change". Men who are divorced don't have to undergo that hassle, nor do they when getting married in the first place. People's names are an integral part of them and it's traumatic to switch names in midlife, or any other time. *Grumph*//Lomita was/is a neighbor of Torrance, which is larger and might show up on your map. Both are suburbs of that Supersuburb, L.A.//I think you went a bit too far (all in humor, I realize) with your list of changes that fandom would have to suffer should awards be dropped. Other hobby groups give prizes at exhibitions and the like and expressing an opinion on the merit of a hobbyist's work is not the same as handing out a tangible prize. But do, say, Stamp enthusiasts give out yearly awards to individuals who have participated in that hobby with more depth than most of the others in it? Somehow I doubt it...*

GEORGE FLYNN (10-20-77) Ah, the legendary snowbound ConFusion. We aren't as sub-
27 Sowamsett Ave. ject to this sort of thing in the East, of course. There's been snow
Warren, RI 02885 at two Boskones, but both times not until Sunday afternoon. We have
this standing fear that one year our luck will run out. There was
this year's Wintercon (January relaxacon) right in the middle of one of the worst storms
in the decade. Some people took 8 hours to cover the 70-odd miles from Boston. We all
had a lovely time digging cars out of the snow; in one case out of a puddle that had
froze around the rear wheels, and vice-versa--one car was parked facing the wind and the
engine managed to get half full of snow.

Re Dave Locke's column: there has been still further development on the graffitti
front. At MIT they post these huge sheets of paper with a question at the top, wait
until several square feet of graffitti accumulate in response, and then publish a selec-
tion of the results in one of the campus newspapers. There is at least one fannish pre-
cedent for this, the similar sheets posted at St. LouisCon for comments about the hotel,
which got very, shall we say, imaginative? Those were supposed to be published, but I
never heard if they actually came out.

The Northwest-fanzine-fan "con-within-a-con" that Victoria mentions continue to
exist. I've spent about half my time with it/them at most of the cons this year. The
boundaries are fluid, but the core membership seems to be Victoria and Taral from Tor-
onto; Moshe, Gary and Stu from NY; the Bushyagers from Philadelphia; and me. But this
may be just because we get to more cons than others.

Not all Worldcon committees blow up after the con. A sizeable part of the Noreas-
con committee, for instance, are still enough in accord to be on the current Boston in
'80 committee. Which reminds me, I'm also enclosing a copy of our latest flyer. I'd
value any opinions you may have on the 1980 bidding.

What's the basis for your statement that "convention" was originally "conclave"?
As far as I can tell from the available histories, the first cons in the 30's were in-
deed called "conventions". except for ones that were "conferences". I'm pretty sure
the Worldcon has always been a "convention", though most of the early regionals started
out as "conferences". In mundane terms a convention is simply a "coming together" while
a conclave (clavis; "key") is a gathering behind locked doors, originally to elect the
Pope. The former seems a lot more appropriate.

*Seemingly the reason--as proved by the woes at Wintercon--for your "luck" in
weather over convention weekends is because you Easterners generally persist
in setting reasonable dates for your gatherings. January is not an ideal
month for a convention (even here in LA it can get a mite nippy; all things,
including temperature, being relative of course). Midwestern fen, however,*

just can't tolerate more than a couple of months between cons.//Apparently enough commentary was written up about StLouisCon's hotel hassles that adding further fuel to the fire was unneeded. I never heard of that graffitti sheet, though. Bet some of the squibs would have been prime cause for libel suits--perhaps that's why they weren't published.//I based my assumption that "conclave" was the word-of-choice from reading 30's and 40's fanzines a few years ago. I now recall that "conference" was probably used more often, but hardly any gatherings, except the once-yearly (if then) Worldcon, were called "conventions. To my recollection--admittedly shaky at best--"conclave" still outranked "convention" in frequency of use. Maybe it was because "convention" implied a formality which most fans eschewed.

BUCK COULSON

Route 3

Hartford City, IN 47348

(6-28-77) Pages 15/16 of my copy of RESOLUTION were stapled in backwards. I told you that you were becoming too much of a convention-fan; you're forgetting how to produce a fanzine... Otherwise, though, it was pretty fair.

As a non-convention fan who gets dragged to cons by his wife (her excuse being that I always seem to enjoy myself once I'm there), I can't see preferring regionals to worldcons. At neither one do I get to talk for any length of time to any specific people, and at Worldcons there are at least vastly more people with whom I can indulge in unsatisfactory 5-minute conversations. Some of our best friends never get to Midwestcon, and we never get to Westercon, but we both make Worldcons sometimes. I'd scrap the whole lot in place of more frequent personal visits, except that if I made personal visits to all the people I enjoy seeing, I wouldn't have time to work or put out a fanzine. (And I enjoy seeing far fewer people than most fans seem to, so all sorts of cons seem the only alternative, however unsatisfactory. But one needs both types.)

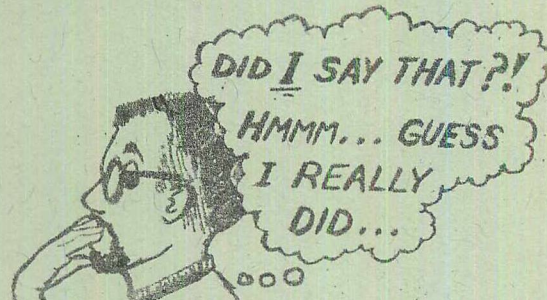
What the hell is Reichardt talking about; that overseas groups always pick a Central Zone con to preempt? In recent years, Aussiecon preempted a West Zone year, Heicon was in an East Zone year, leaving only London in '65 taking a Central Zone year. Toronto may be "east" to Randy, but it's a damnsight closer to me than Kansas City is. (The real problem is that the Central Zone takes up half the continent, because of the more widely scattered fan population there--East and West Zones concentrate on the coasts, because that's where most of the fans are, along with everyone else.) Toronto is closer to you than Kansas City is, for that matter. Chicago is 492 miles from Toronto and 499 from KC.

Of course fandom isn't a way of life; it's a hobby. But it does tend to take over one's social life. Depends on what, precisely, is meant by FIAWOL. All of Juanita's and my friends are fans, which I suppose would be one definition of FIAWOL. But that's just the framework, as you point out. On our recent visit to Chicago we stayed with the Passovoy's, so that makes it a fannish event--but the purpose for the trip was to visit the Tutankhamen exhibit at the Field Museum. I'm interested in history and I recently acquired two historic coins; a Jubilee Crown (from Alan Dodd) and a Kingdom of Hawaii quarter (from Joe Hensley). I don't quite see that getting them from fans instead of a non-fan coin dealer has narrowed my universe any. No more than getting a Biafran shillings from Jim Kerr some years ago, or acquiring my maté (a South American drink similar to tea, for anyone who hasn't heard of it) direct from Brazil via Alex Yudenitsch. It was another fan, Bob Gaines, who introduced me to the Village Bookstore, my favorite place for acquiring works of non-fiction at a reasonable price. John Meisel has pointed out and occasionally obtained for me various excellent and unheralded history books. I suppose FIAWOL could be limiting, but my own contact with fans has broadened my mental horizons considerably. Of course, if by FIAWOL, David was discussing fandom and science fiction exclusively, then I'd agree with him--but nobody but a few impressionable teenagers ever really do this, and they eventually grow out of the stage.

I disclaim any responsibility for miscollation on R#1--Ben Zuhl and Sandy Franke helped me out on that chore and those were 'their' pages. In fact, I categorically deny complicity for any goof-ups; even those I actually was in charge of. Ain't that my fannish right?//I miss seeing so many friends at Worldcons, even for those mini-conversations, that frustration outweighs

whatever feelings of satisfaction gained. At a regional the ratio of friends-seen as opposed to friends-missed is far better, my frustration index is thereby reduced, and I therefore prefer them. That only shows that I give more importance to what I've missed than you do, enough to influence my overall reactions to a con.//The East Zone didn't miss a Worldcon because of the overseas bid; Noreascon took place the next year, instead. The West Zone has its mammoth Westercons to assuage any Huge Con hunger, and I can't get too worked up over them missing a turn (unfair, I realize, but still the way I feel). Since Toronto falls into the Central Zone only by means of a fluke in the WSFS rules which places the entire province of Ontario in that zone, I and many other Midwestern fen have difficulty considering TorCon as being a Central rather than Eastern Worldcon, meaning that there have been only two Central Zone Worldcons since I entered fandom in 1969--StLouisCon that year and MAC in '76. I agree that the Central Zone is too large since we have many more potential fan groups to contend for a Worldcon in our Zone (you may note that I still think of myself as being a Central Zone fan--address aside) than others do in theirs. The situation wasn't anywhere near the current state when the boundaries were drawn up, but that's a different topic. As things stand now, only two Worldcons since 1969 have been readily accessible to the greater portion of fans, and I find that definitely unfair. With fandom being so large now, I'd prefer a return to the rotational plan that used to exist, with an overseas Worldcon unable to usurp any Zone's slot.// By my lights, you lead a more FIAWOL life than I do, at least currently. I didn't show half as well the benefits gained by knowing and being friends with fans in other areas of one's life, and for that I thank you. Buck Coulson displaying the benefits of a FIAWOL existence? Preposterous!

FIAWOL!



DAVID VERESCHAGIN
R.R. 2
New Sarepta, Alberta
TOB 3MO CANADA

(10-3-77) My loc (in last issue) was both a reaction to what I read and what was happening to me. What is still happening to me. The past year fandom has been constantly threatening to engulf my life. My club and its zine, the local club and its weekly meetings and numerous parties, our con in '78 (you heard it here first), my ill-fated venture with VISIONS, FIRST CLASS, WHITE SPACE, an up-coming string of one-shots, plus my artwork (which is, slowly, getting accepted and published) have all been ganging up on me. Thank God I don't live in a heavy convention area! (Yet.) I love fandom and, obviously, want to be involved in it a lot.

But I don't want it ruling my life. I have other objectives and concerns that, as far as I can see, simply cannot be met in fandom. My hopes of becoming an artist (rather than an illustrator) is one of them. There are others. (I have tropical fish too. Gosh, could this be the start of Fish Fandom?) To let fandom take me over and become a way of life, though a tempting proposition, would, I feel, limit me as an individual. I'm sorry if I seemed to imply that I thought FIAWOLers and thus yourself were lazy. I didn't intend it, don't believe it, and hope that nobody got the impression that I was being holier-than-thou. I also hope that Stuart Gilson doesn't take my comments the wrong way, or I'll never get any artwork from him!

Derek's conrep was interesting, but not as good as his previous one. I'm afraid I must differ with him on one point. Switzerland, actually, was only a small test-run for Canada. Being uninteresting and boring is no mean task. It requires strict mental discipline and suppression of any energetic impulses. Luckily the weather aids in keeping imaginations from becoming hot and fevered.

Dave Locke's ~~plz~~ amused me and it's not heartening to think of why it did. How risqué. Such language. What a warped mind. It's getting more and more difficult for me to retain my naive innocence under the onslaught of such material.

The various signs of fevered fanaticism from/by you since I received that LoC managed to puzzle me more than a bit. I just assumed that you had given up and surrendered all your spare time to that Fearsome Hobby Group--Fandom --and what had been written earlier no longer applied. Now I see that you still have doubts and reservations and that's all to the good. No, I didn't think you felt us "FIAWOLers" were lazy, only that you feared you would be somehow lacking in necessary personality traits were you to be swallowed up by fanish activities. The only thing that bothers me is the implication that Fandom is an active force in that regard; as if the person--the proto-fan as it were--had no voice in deciding how much involvement should be permitted. It tends to make me think that you view fandom as some sort of insidious conspiracy (to stretch my reaction to the utmost) to turn you into a "wastrel". I don't think that's fair, nor valid, to either yourself or Fandom. Fandom "requires" no more from us than we choose to give it. If anything would "lead you astray", it will be your own tendencies to be distracted from what you see as the Proper Course in life. Relax. Fandom ain't nothin' to get so up-tight about.//Dave's article was risqué? Hmmm, I must be more jaded than I thought...

DEREK CARTER (9-7-77) A loc from The Derek. This has to be history in the making.
719 Yonge St. Ste 303
Toronto, Ontario We should gently tell Hank Heath that my "natural talent and humour" have been honed and polished over the past 18 years or so by lots of bloody hard work that at one point threatened to wreck my eyes. And the honing and polishing still continues. One doesn't just sit down, pencil in hand, and *oops* out it comes, Hank. The Dilemma cover took about a day (in final time) just to conceive. Then it took two or three days to pencil, a few hours to research the undercarriage of the streetcar itself, and about two and a half days to ink. Then we make a stat to bring it down to size (the original is about twice as large) and spend about two hours on the lettering. To answer Harry Warner at this point, I "just sat down" for about 50 to 60 hours. Should the piece ever make an appearance at an artshow, don't be surprised at the minimum likely to be asked. (A local lad of some standing in the fan ranks has already voiced the opinion that it should start at \$200.00) And, yes, Mike old buddy, the faint pencil traces of the trolley cable are on the original; it seems I forgot to ink them in. Must have been pushed for time...

I recovered from Iron City beer. At Autoclave I tasted Old Vienna. It's almost as bad. However, Marcon had one bright spot in its generally boring length; a beer called "Old Chicago" (thinks...it's either Lynn Parks' ankles or I'm a Chicago lover at heart...)

Ben Zuhl's comment is, regrettably, a little bit off base. There's Bert Forbes, Bob Peak, the late great Austin Briggs, Bernie Fuchs, Alan Cober, wotthehell archie, Norman Rockwell, James Hill, Tom McNeely, Tom Bjarnason, Will Davies, Jack Davis, Terry Mosher, Len Norris, Graham Pilsworth...or if you knew the little I know about professional illustrators, you'd be a little more cautious in your praise (nice though it is and I thank you).

The odd queries on whether or not contributions to other journals can be expected (the Trekzine and Harbringer) force me to state that it does not appear that I will be able to handle very much more in the near future. In fact I will not. Not because I do not wish to, but because a similar overloading of the drawing circuits caused me to drop out several years ago. Indeed, the list of publications that can expect anything (articles, letters or artwork) is being severely trimmed so I can concentrate my efforts to better effect rather than scatter scribbles anywhere and everywhere.

Faan and Hugo awards. Looking over the results in some of the categories in the past few years, one must conclude that, particularly in the case of the Hugo, something is sadly rotten in the state. Just what or how the defects can be rectified is hardly

my province, but it does seem that someone somewhere should raise a mighty voice to bring change about as there does seem to be abuse evident.

In closing, I must give my support to David M. Vereschagin for his stand on fandom. It closely resembles my own thoughts on the matter.

It's obvious that fans don't consider the difference in the way a fan artist (or writer, I would assume) goes about producing a major piece and the manner in which a professional approaches the task. You spent a phenomenal amount of time on certain pieces, although some cartoons (and the D#13 cover as well) were simply "sat down and done". True, a lot of experience and training took place before that point was reached, but the actual execution time of some of your spot illustrations and cartoons is amazingly brief. I think you've helped give fans some idea of how differently some works are treated, something I feel too many fans (and people in general) are unaware of.//I think you've let a bit of overly-modest reaction creep into your comments to Ben. Saying who is "Best" or even "Damn Good" is still a matter of opinion and despite the fact that laymen haven't the familiarity with the names of the illustrators active in your field that a professional does, they still can view the work set before the public's eye and form an opinion. Sure, there are illustrators and cartoonists who are better than you, but you're still damn good and you know it.//I'm rather glad to see that you're trimming your schedule. When the requests were coming in fast and furiously and the pressure began to increase, I feared another burn-out, like the one which happened after Fan Fair, would occur. I don't think there are any fans who prefer more Carter material to better Carter material, if such a choice had to be made.//Somehow I just knew you'd react to Vereschagin's LoC that way...

IRA THORNHILL
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(7-6-77) I told you at Autoclave, but will repeat here that I think the title is, without a doubt, the best (possibly the only logical) change that you could've made. I can think of three reasons--possibly four--though they may

not be your reasons.

I, of course, loved Derek's cover (glad as I am that Harry Bell won his Faan award, it would have pleased me greatly to have been there if Derek had won). I'm especially amazed that you were able to get such high quality reproduction out of electrostencil and mimeo.

Derek once again proves that, in addition to his tremendous talents as an artist, he can write interestingly. How nice it must be to have somebody to write and illustrate articles like this for one's fanzine. *sigh*

Enjoyed Bill's First Practice Speech. Kinda makes me look forward to the real thing. My neo-confan's mind simply boggles at the idea of attending that many conventions in one year. With luck I'll make six or seven this year, and I thought I was doing pretty good. Of course, for a fan stuck way down here in NOLA, where it costs \$200 in plane fare just to get to Autoclave, six ain't really bad...

It is indeed strange to read you and Mike talking about "your" fandom. That's the group that I'd so very much like to make my fandom too. Actually, I'd like to see Southern fandom evolve to the point where it shared many of the characteristics of "your" fandom...but I don't believe that to be very likely. I plan to talk about the differences (that I perceive) between Southern fandom and Midwestern (?) fandom in a near issue of Fear & Loathing, so I'll not get into that just now.

There was a multitude of motivations for selecting Resolution as the title of Dilemma's successor, and I guess that's why I like it so much. It's so damned perfect in so many ways. Simply love multi-leveled meanings...// I made seven cons so far this year (so far? That's it!), not counting a few hours spent skimming LosCon this past month. I'm suffering from con-withdrawal symptoms. It all depends on what you're used to.// "Midwestern fandom" (as I suspect you guessed) really isn't too descriptive of the family-feeling group Mike and I referred to (assuming we did, indeed, refer to the same fandom as I believe we did). Too many of its members live in other parts of the

country, and outside the continent as well. I can't see any sectional-based fandom developing that same feeling--particularly not deliberately. Like Topsy, it's just gotta grow. (And I wouldn't feel too woebegone about it all--in many ways you already are a part of it.)

DAVE WIXON
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(10-19-77) You send me a COA, you get one back. Note it, please.

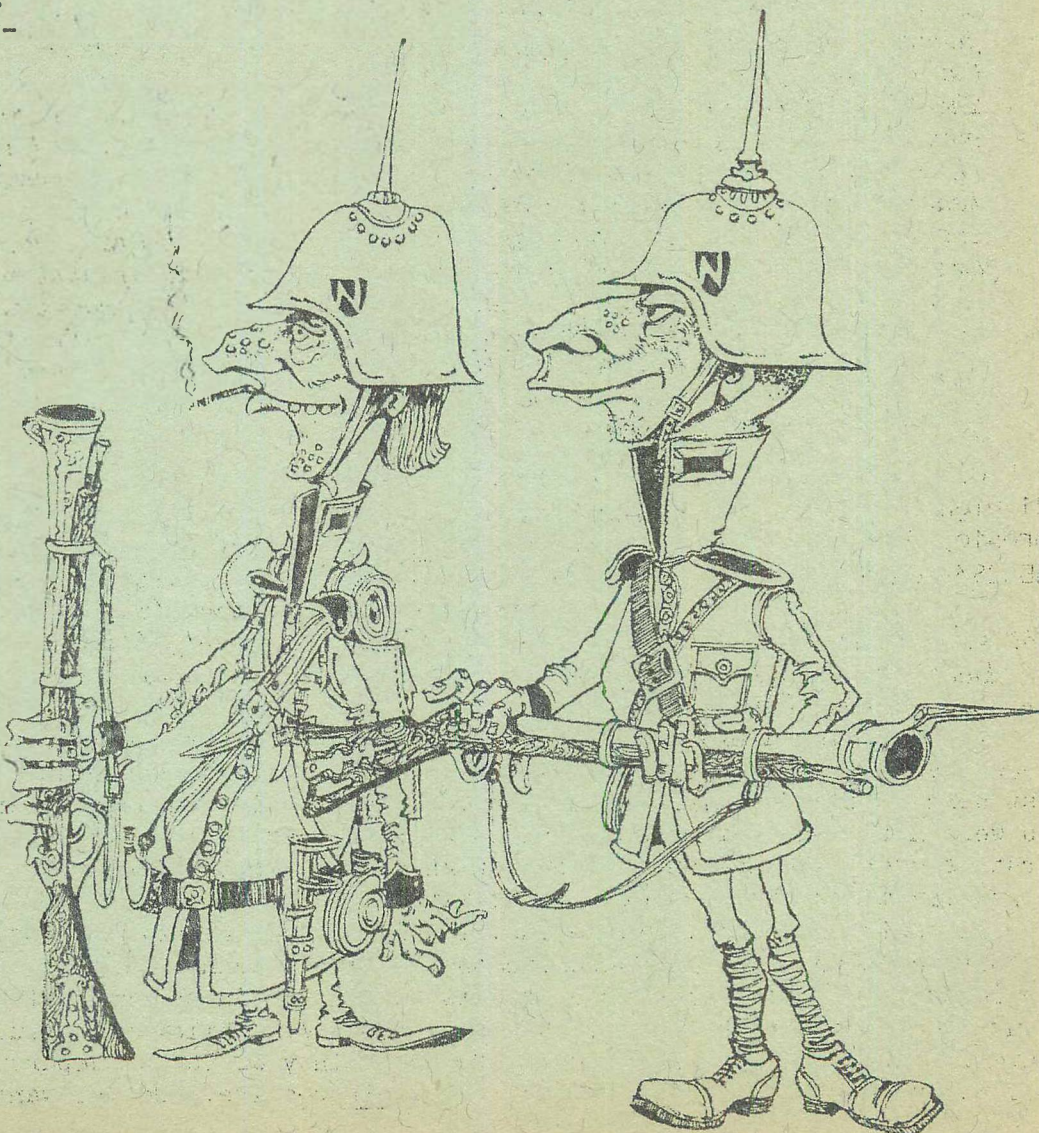
Gawd, what a fine issue! All the articles were splendid and interesting--things like giving me another view of that weekend I spent at Martha's. But the star of the issue had to be the proliferation of artwork. You're not putting out a zine, but an album!

Dave Locke's article leads me back to my Navy days, wherein we enlisted men used the walls of the head to honor our officers, secure in the knowledge that they had their own facility (one wonders what they wrote about us...), and so would not be likely to notice. The whole idea came a-cropper (what a fine place for a certain pun!) one day when one intemperate (and unidentified) junior made colorful reference to a certain CPO. Chiefs may seem to be officers, but they share certain things with the rest of us, and so there was an explosion. It was just never the same after that. (He was quite a nice fellow for a chief too; whatever was on the wall must've been really a dilly!)

It was on that wall, before they put on the high-gloss, easy-to-clean paint, that I found one of the two best graffitti I've ever seen: Marines come equipped with only two moving parts; the mouth and the arse. And they're interchangeable. Our station's Marine's never managed to top that one, and it wasn't for lack of trying.

So how's it going with you in Neverneverland? I assume you got to visit with Tucker while he was there. I've not heard much of his doings. All he writes are cryptic postcards about Kansas. Are you aware he's going to be our Artist GoH at Minicon 13? Hope you get a chance to make it.

Hope I can keep getting as much good artwork for future issues as has been coming in lately. Not being much of a drum-beater, I rely on the whims of the talented people out there to swell my files...//Sure I saw Tucker during his stay in LA--there were more parties and get-togethers than he saw in a twelve-month, I bet. 'Twas great to see familiar faces during my Transition period!//Alas Minicon



is out of the picture entirely. I never really realized just how far away California is until I flew out here. Sadly one cannot afford to zip across the continent as often as it's wished...//Congratulations on your marriage to Caryl Bucklin, by the way. Yet another fan-pair is formed!

JEFF MAY

3231 Broadway

Kansas City, MO 64111

(7-16-77) While I'm willing to put up with a lot to attend a con, including expensive airplane rides or 12-hour drives, there does come a point where I say, "OK. This is enough.

I've bighod tried and it didn't work. Let's go home and tease the cat and watch TV." Trouble is, I usually decide this after getting to the con, or half-way. Such as ConFusion '76.

Your narrative of your adventures leaves me feeling sad for you. You seem to be living in interesting times. If you remember that old Chinese curse...

On Mike G's comment and your reply on MAC: perhaps it's already been noted by somebody (I didn't see, or at least remember, the thing that inspired it) but perhaps not; that bitterness had another component, one that existed before Mac was ever bid for. Certain fans in KC do not like certain other fans. MAC drew its committee from fans from both these camps, as well as numbers who didn't see what the bickering was all about and just wanted to get on with the convention, please. At least some of the bitter comments I heard during and after MAC arose from this ill-feeling. Maybe there were grounds for someone to be mad at someone else, but the bitterness was often there already and did not arise because of MAC.

I almost corrected that line about "ConFusion '76", thinking you'd typoed the wrong year. But then I recalled the dreadful trip you and other KC fen endured that year in (I think) Alan Wilde's car. Too-short of a memory, I guess. Ain't we confen crazy, though?//I've made reference to that Chinese Curse myself, but feel that the full implications of it haven't been met. The times were/are interesting, and worthwhile as well. There've been some rough and painful times, but I've learned a great deal, and I don't think there was a moment where I wanted to cry "Halt! This is enough!"...or at least, not many. Times are still interesting, but a heck of a lot more fun, too.//Old frictions between groups in a city that hosts a Worldcon aren't exactly New. There still seemed to be a great deal of bitterness expressed by some hands on MAC's crew where one would normally expect merely rivalry or aloofness. Although it could have, I don't feel it affected the con all that much, and I guess that's the main point to keep in mind. Fandom will seldom allow a Worldcon to go foul, for whatever reason, and will pitch in to bail it out if necessary. That, too, isn't unheard of...

MIKE GLICKSOHN

141 High Park Ave.

Toronto, Ontario

M6B 2S3 CANADA

(7-1-77) First, of course, is the Clever Cutesy Carter Cover "Picking Posies". It is clearly from the realm of fantasy, however, since the real Glicksohn (the one without any tail..coff, coff) wouldn't be picking flowers with all those Chivas Regal bottles strewn amid the garden patch. (Then follows a curious mish-

mash of wordage that betrays a style conflict. Cleverly (since I saw the deed done), I deduce Mike Harper's fiendish hand had been at the typer and decide to exorcize said portion. Sorry 'bout that, Mike...)

[Eight days later] Happily the editorial's latter sections have been outdated by recent events so there is nothing much to say except to ponder the wisdom of the saddest words being "it might have been". It also helps in some bizarre fashion to know you were not alone, of course, and it helps to have friends to stand by you until the worst is over. I know and I know you know. And while time may not heal all wounds, it usually makes them easier to live with!

There is one major, slanderous, insulting and fallacious aspect of Derek's account of that ice-bound trek to ConFusion that I simply cannot allow to sit unchallenged on the record. I refer, of course, to his casting me in the role of the Cowardly Lion along the Yellow Brick Road to the Land of ~~YpOZ~~. While it is true that I greeted my traveling companions with a degree of uncertainty as to our departure, that merely reflected my doubts as to the strength of their resolve. No one wanted to get ConFused

than I, believe me! And accusing me of having adopted the fence-sitting neutrality of my new homeland just because the great god Expediency made it useful to carry around a piece of plastic making me a card-carrying Canadian is tantamount to heresy on his part! (You'd think a starving artist who's so broke he has to come over to my place and Guzzle my scotch would be a little more respectful of the truth, wouldn't you?) Canadian I may be by necessity, but by god and the Queen, I'm British at heart and 80 proof scotch by blood!

Not having spent any large amount of time in foul-smelling washrooms in sleazy bars, I don't have any graffitti stories of my own. (I'm surprised Dave has seen as much graffitti as he has, knowing his ability as a drinker. One usually doesn't find anything of merit written on the bottom of toilet bowls.) Sid Altus has a graffitti poster showing a more-or-less bird's eye view of a toilet bowl with both printed and hand-added graffitti on it, but there's nothing really memorable there. I added in the middle of the bowl, "Dave Kyle says you can't shit here," but I doubt most of the people at Sid's would understand the allusion.

Enjoyed the chance to remember Bill's first practice speech from Marcon. It reads quite well, although it's as esoteric as hell and wonderously fannish. If hard pressed and sufficinetly lubricated, I might be able to write a witty fannish introduction, dropping all the names of all my friends (no wise-cracks, please) but actually remember what happened at sixteen different cons as far back as a year ago? Totally beyond me! Hell, I can't remember Wilcon and that was only three days ago! Not only do the better cons tend to merge together, but the really good ones consist primarily of very powerful impressions that a good time was had, but not all that many individual memories of exactly what those good times were. Sensory overload, I suppose...

I probably shouldn't let this secret out of the bag, but teaching high school math with several years experience requires damn little preparation time: that's one of the many reasons I like my job! (Marking time is another thing, but that tends to be concentrated in certain times of the year, leaving the majority of my evenings free for fanac. It's for sure that if I weren't a math teacher, I'd never had the time to develop the fannish reputation I now have.)

If Harry Warner weren't in every possible way an absolutely admirable person, I might develop a certain antipathy towards him. I can't come up with enough ideas to accept a job as columnist in a quarterly fanzine, and he writes five newspaper columns a week in addition to all his fanac. No wonder my inspirational well is so dry: by dint of his forty years of writing, Harry has developed a continental network of subterranean siphons which drain most ideas into Hagerstown. If a couple of investigative fannish reporters want to dig into this, we might find ourselves facing a major scandal about these break-ins. To become known as the Watershed affair, I suppose.

Reed mentions something obscure about me, beans, Sam Long and reports. I thought that Libby was an American who was full of shit? Or was that Liddy?

But Mike, those Chivas bottles were empty! My sympathies are with you. To have one's eyesight fail is never pleasant, but to have it do so at such a tender age makes it a greater pity. //I don't consider what happened to have fit into that "what might have been" adage. There was something there; it just didn't last.//Ah, yes. Con Blerge is what a term that mix of memories of various cons. Alas, I will miss it. Aren't enough here to make confusing them a very likely happenstance. *Sigh*//You mean my lack of ideas is all Harry's fault? I never would've suspected that of amiable ole Harry...



BRIAN EARL BROWN
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ways paid for a zine. Xerox printing.

(Undated) You appear to be in a bit of a--dare I say?--dilemma over what price to charge for Resolution. It's strange that asking money for a fanzine today seems almost unfannish, since until sometime in the 50's (according to Harry Warner) fans always paid for a zine. Getting an issue in exchange for a LoC was as unimaginable as

Xerox printing. I suspect that the practice of sending zines in exchange for LoCs was the first sign of fannish affluence. You'd have to be affluent to afford to be able to send out that many free issues. The proliferation of regional cons must have been a second indication. I'm fascinated by fannish affluence. At one time just owning a mimeo seemed an extravagance, then it was electric mimeos. Now fans seem to be collecting electro-stencillers. What's next, I wonder; privately owned Xeroxes? Offset presses?

The most striking cover of Derek's that I've seen is the one he did for RUNE, and which they took, I believe, to an offset printer. This cover is the second most impressive. It reminds me of Pogo very much. Every so often Walt Kelly would drop his mask of satire and caricature and all his love for life would pour into one daily strip. Such as Porcky's ritual of giving Pogo the last flower of summer every Xmas. There is the same feeling of warmth in this cover.

Because of its sheer complexity, the cover should have been done offset, though I know you couldn't afford it. Derek's art is a challenge to mimeo technology because of its detail and use of blacks. His drawings on pages 10 and 11 seem most suited to mimeo repro, but I really like his trains on page 12. For that matter, I love the drawings he gave me at Midwestcon. Now to see if I can print them as well as they should be...

My favorite graffitti (sounds like a TV show) was found in a theater's Ladies Room. I wasn't there, but my very good friend Denise was. I hadn't been to this particular theater for 10 or 15 years and never on a "date", but there, written on the wall, was (I'm told) "I love Brian Brown".

*I'd guess that the practice of giving free issues in return for LoCs was a way of paying people for contributions to the zine. Some faneds give free copies only for printed (or, in some cases, printable) LoCs, but out of a presumed reluctance to offend some loyal loccers whose missives weren't up to par, freebies for writing in at all were given out. Fannish affluence would still be a factor, of course.//You didn't have to rub salt into my wounds, didya? Yes, I was too broke to afford offset printing for that cover, and it still galls me to think of the detail that the mimeo couldn't resolve. But it didn't come out all that badly, did it? *Sniff*//You've done some marvelous repro with your mimeo, especially in the area of color mimeography. I wouldn't fret about doing justice to Derek's work; you can handle it just fine.//Ah, egoboo. Feels ghodd no matter where it's found...*

BOB TUCKER
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Jacksonville, IL 62650

(6-17-77) Hi there, music lover! Or convention lover, or fanzine lover, or something. RESOLUTION arrived this morning and I'm properly grateful. I began reading it this afternoon and finished it this evening out there on my back porch, overlooking my vast cotton acreage. The bc11 weevils are pesky this summer.

The confessional that masquerades as your editorial brought me up to date, to the first week of June, in your affairs. It added many more things than I had learned from you by way of letters and the phone call, but I was distressed by only one part of it: the seemingly bitter split between you and Wally, over a misunderstood remark. That one hurts, as it obviously hurts you too. And it is disappointing to learn that you aren't toiling away in the vast federal bureaucracy, being supported by my tax dollars. I had hoped and expected (same as you) that you'd be working by now.

After the editorial I skipped back to read the letters. Almost always read the letters first, then I work my way forward reading the Other Stuff. Dave Locke had the best piece, the chuckle piece, and then Derek's adventures in the frozen wastes. Perhaps by the time you have a long gray beard, and have been in fandom since Wollheim was in grammar school, you too will learn to stay home and await more favorable weather.

(And it isn't fair to point out that when Wollheim was in grammar school there weren't any cons. After all, I invented the con report and had the first one published in 1934, even though it was based on a con that never happened.)

Us true fans lie a lot like that.

There is no news of real import. I went to St. Louis last weekend for the club picnic and had a splendid time. It was just like a convention without the program, and I'd guess that 50 or 75 showed up Sunday afternoon where we had more food, booze and beer than we could possibly consume. We had a theater party Saturday night with a dozen or so wild-eyed fans going in to see STAR WARS, and of course it was fabulous. See it as soon as you can; it will revive your sense of wonder.

I'm not sure I'd agree with your statement on page 32 that our conventions were originally called conclaves, but I'm not going to make an issue of it because then I'd have to do research and I'm not up to reading Moskowitz tonight. I know that I called them conclaves in the Neo-Fan Guides, and in the SF News Letter, but I suspect it was only a dodge to avoid using "convention" so many times on a given page. Your thought and idea is correct and I'm quite willing to call them conclaves now, reserving convention for the Worldcon.

Maybe we should just call them fanfests and say to hell with the rest of it...

The new Coulson & DeWeese book is out, called CHARLES FORT NEVER MENTIONED WOMBATS. Look for it at your friendly neighborhood library, because it costs near seven dollars. This is the book about 60 fans flying down to Aussiecon and becoming involved with aliens dwelling there. Monsters.

*I've just been hired for work with a tele-florist's company, but haven't given up on sponging off you taxpayers completely. Just sent in my application for Gov'mint work in the L.A.-Orange County area--those benefits are still awfully tempting.//That break still exists, though some of the bitter feelings have faded away. I'm reasonably convinced that the current situation is All For The Best; no contact at all. Wally and I had few points in common, after all, and our only mutual meeting-point were the kids. They're old enough now to maintain communication by themselves, by mail and phone, so the need for any sort of a relationship between their parents just doesn't exist.//You set fannish precedent. Dave's first con report (out of damn few of them, come to think of it) was made up of whole cloth, too. He used fanzines for source material and to the best of my knowledge, never had the hoax spotted. Did your pioneering attempt meet with the same reaction? Or was your spoofing more overt?//Tucker, you led me astray! It was the fanzines you gave/lent me that provided the basis for my "theory". Do you mean to imply that I can't believe everything I read in fanzines...?//Loved the book by Buck and Gene, especially the depiction of that notorious cynic, Rusty Hevelin. Your introduction really set it off to a fine start though. Think I liked CFNMW even better than NOW YOU SEE HE/THEM/IT (or whatever the darn thing was called--only book ever dedicated to me--among a host of others--and I never can get the title straight. *Sigh*), and I enjoyed that one a great deal!*

DAVE LOCKE
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(Undated) This sterling missive is being composed just a scant 4.3 miles from the point where it will be scrutinized, edited, and stencilled; I'm writing it at the office, on my secretary's typewriter, rather than creating it there. Does this now provide the arm's-length necessary to maintain editorial integrity, under the circumstance that my original suggestion to compose this LoC directly upon a blank section of stencil seemed to meet with feelings of territorial infringement? I may even mail this to you, rather than hand-toting it home. The absurdity of my approach might serve to amuse you, though I seriously doubt it would provide me with a foothold toward composing letters on stencil at any point in the future...

Your editorial is more interesting to me now than it was when I initially read it, but not significantly so. It's just that I get a slightly different perspective now, for some reason which no doubt would escape everyone. I think my good and short friend Mike Glicksohn (well, he likes to play handball against the curb) summed up my feelings

quite well with his second paragraph on page 26, wherein he comments that he is one of those persons who avoids expressing his feelings in print with disclosures about overly personal matters. Of course, he was commenting on your previous editorial, and the one in this issue is many miles further along the path that he was talking about. Progressively you have been changing in this regard for some time, but the impact on your writing in the last year is several magnitudes above all the cumulative change prior to this time.

You now have, in a very real sense, a personal editorial diary. It is interesting to speculate upon the impact of your material on the people who are heavily involved in the stories and episodes which you have captured in print. It is a strong possibility that you place some of them in the uncomfortable position of being unwilling to respond, if we presume that some are like Mike Glicksohn and myself and would therefore avoid initiating or picking up on such subjects in print. Though it is obviously your right to talk about the things which are happening in your life, what are your feelings with regard to the effect these writings will have on those who find themselves involved? I wonder how you view it, and I wonder how they react to it. (Concerning the latter, I have the feeling that in one way I may get a chance to find out as a result of reading your next issue.)

It's interesting to note that Bill Bowers has attended 50 cons between his first in Chicago in 1962 and the most recent Marcon, though that volume is a bit lopsided toward this end of the time spectrum. It's interesting, you see, because I've attended 9 conventions between my first in Chicago in 1962 and my last, which was the 1976 Westercon (or 11, if we count an hour at LAcon and 3 hours at the last LosCon). That's about one convention every other year for me. Nicely spaced... (It comes to mind that I skipped the '72 LAcon--except for an hour to round up the Coulsons for a house party--because it occurred just a scant two months after the Westercon. Didn't want to burn myself out...)

Next year, of course, the two of us will hit at least four conventions. This will be eight times my usual volume, and one quarter of yours. One of us may be suffering withdrawal symptoms, and the other a touch of largesse... We'll muddle through it, babe. You have an interesting comment on page 24, to the effect that getting one's feet wet at conventions should result in a preference for regionals. Of course, you make this statement based on your phobia regarding crowds, and you follow it up with a mention that larger conventions can be made tolerable if one forms a "con-within-a-con". As most of my convention time is spent in the bar either joining a bar-con or forming one, I'm always in small groups regardless. To my way of thinking, anyone who attends a con (unless the con has less than a dozen people...) travels in small groups or travels between small groups. No one can converse with a crowd unless they're on a podium. The fan-at-the-con takes on hisser crifanac in bite-size pieces; the approach remains the same no matter how large the pie. While I've enjoyed every convention I've been to (frequency is the qualifying factor, not quality), the degree to which I enjoyed an individual convention doesn't seem attributable to the size of it.

Re: Mundania as a wider universe than fandom. You agree only with regard to size because you feel all standard viewpoints are represented within fandom, and thus available for discussion without leaving fannish borders.

This is true to a great extent, and your presentation of it represents the best "FIAWOL Apologia" I've yet run across. As I see it, however, the flaw in this view is that discussional topics are not the sole measure of a life's worth. I should guess that throwing all your avocational time into fandom should result in missing personality types whom you would be unlikely to encounter (or encounter rarely) in fandom. In other words, people have personality characteristics and methods of expression, as well as an expertise (or lack of it) in discussing topics. You would miss encountering certain situations which the mundane world, but not the fannish world, could cause you to find yourself in. Obviously, none of these things are required to survive, or even to provide relief from boredom, but I do know that there's interesting gold in those hills and that I can never mine as much of it as I would desire due to time restrictions and the measure of my basic laziness. I would never feel "sorry" for any FIAWOL fan who avoids or overlooks the advantages and interests of so-called "mundania" (a word which

definitely promotes a "them" outlook), but I would always voice disagreement with those who would have me believe that fandom is a universe complete with all the advantages to be gained anywhere. I just don't believe it. Fandom is like any other social-interest group in that it can take up as much of one's time as one chooses, yet cannot be said to act as the "be all" of existence. There is more in heaven and earth than was dreamt of in your philosophy, Hugo.

Wow. We're getting into some heavy areas for discussion here. I'm not sure if I can adequately reply to all the points you bring up within the space allotted, or whether such response would be of interest to anyone else save thee and me. But what the heck; that's never stopped me before...//Do I think of the people I refer to when I write in a personal vein? You bet your sweet ass I do; it is, perhaps, the prime consideration I give when tailoring just what I set down on stencil. As I said to Mike, it may seem that my writing is terribly "personal", in that I refer to some events in my life that other fans choose not to discuss, but to me, looking at what's not down on paper, I'm giving the barest glossing-over of what "really" went on, both actually and in my head. I am quite aware that others are reading this who not involved in said events, who don't care about said events (though such people usually leave the mailing list of my zine after varying periods...I'm reminded of the one fellow who asked to be dropped because I no longer discussed gardening or my cats and dogs. It was a mutual favor, in that case...), and who wish I'd move on to something Else, but they aren't the one's I'm directing my comments to. I suppose, basically, I'm writing for myself. Not only for the diary aspect of my editorializing, but for the firming up and even formulation of what passes as my "philosophy". I try not to involve anyone who has not already done so publicly, and of those who have, not beyond the point of discomfort (which varies from individual to individual. To use your example of Mike Glicksohn, there are many things I could have referred to that would have placed Mike in an awkward spot. I chose not to and he knew it and I knew he knew it and we both knew that others--who also read this zine--were also aware of the excising of overly-personal material which would have possibly caused embarrassment/harm and would not have provided any benefit whatsoever, even to myself on a purely selfish basis). I am, after all, writing about my friends, and that colors what gets set down about them. The single exception to this general run of "tone" was more in the way of a personal exorcism that I could see no other way of performing than in the pages of this zine (for that matter, I still feel I was justified in that regard). But don't worry; I'm not about to violate what I see as the limits of your personal privacy in these pages--though admittedly, there could be an inadvertent trespass, due to disagreement in our definitions of basic terms. To respond to your question in another way: no one has ever expressed to me the feeling that I've "told more than I should" about them in my zines--except yourself, in regard to a portion of a LoC I printed which was lifted from a personal letter. You felt I violated your privacy; I didn't, but also told you that with those "new" limitations in mind, it would never happen again. I think I've kept my word to both our satisfaction...//I didn't say that discussion was the only manner in which people--in or out of fandom--could react. For purposes of brevity if nothing else, though, I'd be willing to say that the vast majority of our interactions with others is done on the verbal level, and that composes and embraces discussion as well. Fandom is a micro-Universe, not an entirely different one, and I don't see the aptness of most of your remarks when seen in that light. The point is, even outside of fannish borders, no one can possibly sample every person's viewpoint: fandom offers--to me (a point you seem to ignore)--the widest such sampling I've encountered in my years on this earth.

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(11-30-77) Your return from limbo stuns us all; and I, for some strange, never-to-be-revealed reason, had subconsciously assumed that your troubles might have driven you out of fandom altogether, smitten with the desire to Get Away From It All. And I wouldn't have blamed you...blame? The wrong choice of word, I think...

I still can't understand Star Trek fans, for all the time I seem to spend running into them at conventions and elsewhere. (Like the pub in London where trufans meet once a month.) There they all are, those adolescent-looking females, turning up at convention fancy dress parades in costumes just this side of decent, rambling on about how many episodes they've managed to transcribe onto video recording tape, writing their bits of crappy fan fiction, having themselves one hell of a time...and being terribly, terribly incestuous. The few I've talked to don't seem to care for anything beyond their world, despite the fact that they claim to read types of science fiction other than Star Trek itself. (And I see that Joe Haldeman has now written an ST novel - which confirms my impression of him as SF's answer to Norman Mailer--clever, but empty.) Some of them, particularly in this country, go for creating whole worlds within the Star Trek universe, solely so that they can wear that world's costumes in the fancy dress parades. What I can't understand is, why, if they perform such prodigious feats of imagination, they limit themselves to Star Trek, and Star Trek alone.

Okay, okay, so I'm being parochial and deliberately failing to acknowledge that they obviously enjoy what they're doing. But then they're no less parochial themselves; month after month they turn up at our pub and cluster in the corners, in their own little groups, and spend the entire evening talking Star Trek among themselves. (The rest of us, on the other hand, at least talk of something other than science fiction, if we talk of science fiction at all. I've recently discovered Margaret Drabble and Beryl Bainbridge, great British mainstream authors, and can now spend ages enthusing about them... to the boredom of the assembled company. How's that for a diversity of interests?)

Fringefandoms seem to be on the upswing in this country - you can hardly turn around without bumping into someone who's into their own thing to the exclusion of everything else. I suppose that this in part due to the upsurge in the numbers of fans in recent years; the new fans end up congregating in small groups because fandom as a whole is too diffuse to have any relevance to them. If this goes on I can't see the Hallowed Traditions that the rest of us acknowledge as second nature surviving for much longer. Who will carry the Torch of Learning on into the succeeding generations? We seem to be getting closer and closer to ultimate disintegration with each passing year, and the thought of that fills me with dread. What happens when the people I know gafiate? What's gonna happen to me? (Cue wobbly violin music...) What am I gonna do when all my friends have gone? (Cue the heavenly chorus; on the count of three, all say "Ahhhhh!")

People in love with the idea of being in love? Well, it's not impossible, although the very thought of love scares me half to death for some reason. I suspect it's because it would lead to the wholesale invasion of my world; the sublimation of my interests to the interests of some Vision of Loveliness who has picked me out from the Common Herd. Basically, I'm a very selfish person where myself is concerned. I don't want to compromise, I want to do what I want to do, all the time, and anybody who doesn't want to do what I want to do will just be left out in the cold. Egomania taken to an extreme; but I challenge anyone to be self-effacing enough to consistently put everyone else first. (Most fans, it seems to me, have a certain amount of ego-drive. I might just have more than most, although I sometimes wish I hadn't. But it's the way I'm made; I can't do anything about it now...) Falling in love, it seems to me, means putting the particular Vision of Loveliness you've fallen in love with first (after you're married of course, you can go back to what you were doing in the first place...). Sod that; I care about me.

I can't deny that it won't happen to me some day, for all that I try to avoid the evil occurrence. One day someone will cross my path, and look twice... *Gulp* After all, why should I have to chase women in these days of liberation? Let them come chasing me, I say. That way I get to suffer fewer disappointments, and I've had enough of those

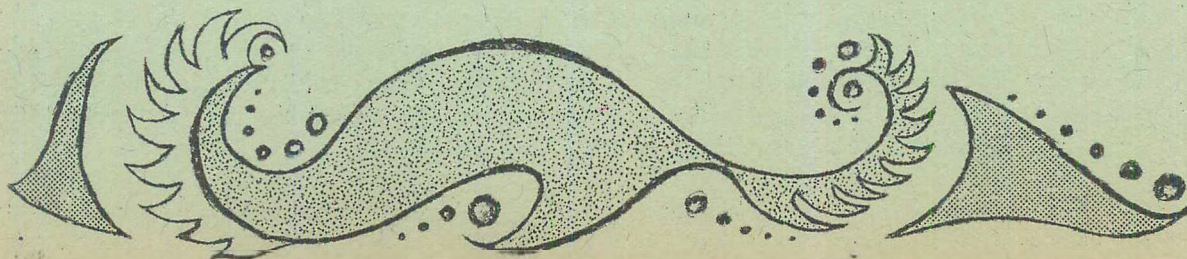
already. Just enough to convince me that I'm young enough not to worry about such things yet; maybe when I'm older and even more cynical (!), I'll retract everything I've just written, loose the dogs, raise the hunting horn to my lips, and set out in full cry.

At the moment I'll go on sublimating my sense of the romantic by reading Thomas Hardy and Jane Austen. I like their heroines much better than I like ordinary "heroines"; they've got no faults for you to worry about...or, even if they have, then it's the male protagonist that does the worrying on my behalf. Bully for him!

Is that a hand-lettered heading to Bill Bowers' speech on page 16? It is, isn't it? You mean to tell me that you went through a hundred-odd copies of Resolution inking it in? Such dedication! Now you have a problem; what can you have next time that will surpass it? How about hand-colored Derek Carter choo-choos, every one a different color? Or maybe even a different typeface for every page! Different size letters in each article heading, no two headings being exactly identical! Perhaps even the entire fanzine hand written! (Just think of all the money you'd save on stencils, ink, and duplicating paper if you did that. Never mind the money saved on postage because of the sudden drop in frequency of publication. Maybe it's not such a good idea after all...)

You seem to have struck a somewhat odd position there; on the one hand, lamenting the fact that fandom has attracted scads of new adherents - though they don't fully share in your enthusiasms as yet - and on the other saying that all your friends may be gone and you'll be left alone. So what's wrong with 'converting some of those Trekkies into SF fen? Or at least getting to know some of them: once you can get past the more outlandish (and I know how outlandish they can get; I was part of that schtik once, myself) of them, you should find a few souls who are ripe for SF-Fandom-As-We-Know-It. Yes, they are clannish, but aren't SF fen clannish too? When was the last time you took a Trekkie home to dinner? (Did I just write that? Gads, but I must be getting spaced out at this typer...) Seriously, you do appear to be worried about losing the feel that you find important in fandom. My suggestion is to look about and find new people, perhaps at the fringes of the group, and help them understand what it is you enjoy so much. Make new friends and it's impossible to ever run out. You just keep on replenishing the stock.//As for your comments about love; well, they are obviously coming from someone who hasn't Been There yet. Believe me, when it happens, you don't feel you're giving up a thing. Pleasing the one you love becomes even more than Second Nature; it's the First. As for the idea of Wooing, Winning, Wedding and then Back To Business As Usual...not if it's a true marriage, you won't. You should become a Pair, with mutual interests and ideas, even though you do retain your former interests as well. Without some sort of blending as far as outside activities is concerned, you'd be in trouble right off the bat.//Yes, I hand-lettered those titles for Bowers' speech. I had to. Forgot to cut them onto the stencil and was too far into the running off of those pages before I noticed it. That's called Stupidity, not dedication....

Guess what? We've finally come to the WAHF section. As usual, I wish I had the space to print each of your letters and every word of those I do run, but that's sadly impossible. My thanks to each of you; you're what keeps me doing this. There's just no point to it without response. Don Ayres, Martha Beck, Richard Brandt, Donn Brazier, Bill Breiding, Dave Cockfield, Don D'Amassa, Bill Fesselmeyer, Bruce Gillespie, Dean Grennell, Mike Harper, Lynn Hickman, Denny Lien, Eric Lindsay, Gary Mattingly, Jodie Offutt, Dave Piper, Dave Romm, Wally Stoelting, and Laurine White. If I've inadvertently overlooked anyone, my apologies, and thanks to all of you who sent in cash! It certainly helps out on the postage bill! Until next time, whenever that will be...Peace unto you all.



CLOSING COMMENTS.....

AFTERWORD..... (or)

ANOTHER WORLD IN WALTERIA.....

Skimming over the stencils I've already typed, it occurs to me that I neglected to mention our new digs! Fie on me and my memory! 'Tis a tale worth telling...

Dave's apartment in Lomita was a nice place (or was before families, woefully ignorant of birth control, moved in with three, four, five, even six little ones) but it didn't quite meet the requirements. Two people could live there nicely, but two fans? Never. By the time all boxes and parcels arrived from UPS, we could barely move. The bedroom was ringed, four-feet high, with boxes, the alcove between our closets was jammed full so that we had to squeeze past the junk or re-arrange the cartons each time we wanted some fresh clothing to wear. Beside that discomfort, we were suffering horribly from the audible sort. Big Wheels seem to be a popular kids' toy our here, but when you have two apartment buildings separated only by a joint driveway made of concrete, they aren't the most practical things in the world. The clunking began around 6:30 a.m. and continued until dark. The only relief came when one would come crashing into our door. At least the volume varied then. I won't mention the screams and shrieks of fourteen or fifteen kids without supervision. That's too painful to recall.

Even the landscaping suffered. When I first arrived, there was a small plot before each doorway, planted with ivy and small shrubs and palms and Birds-of-Paradise. In the two months I lived there, our plot was stripped to the bare earth, including the five-inch thick palm tree! Defoliant could hardly be more efficient.

We began looking for new digs, and in not-too-long a period, found a two-story townhouse in Torrance, right next-door to Lomita and still within Dave's preferred five-mile radius of work. We had to wait a month after signing the lease for the apartment to be vacated and readied for new tenants, but at least we had hope, and that always helps when facing the unbearable.

With the help of several friends, The Hulans, the Atkins, Anne Cox, Dave's friend John from work and his truck, we moved. Everything went smoothly until I noticed that the refrigerator wasn't working. Then I found a phenomena even weirder. When you turned on the stove, the signal lamp would light. But none of the burners got hot. When the fridge stopped trying to turn on (which it tried machinefully to do, over and over), the light would go out but the burners would get hot! We turned on the radio/phono combination and heard the strangest sound effects as the record player slowed to a crawl... Odd things were going on with the wiring, no doubt about it. Of course, it being a Saturday, with a holiday on tap Monday, the power company couldn't do a thing until the next Tuesday. We stocked up on ice from the local supermarket. Lots of ice...

Eventually, naturally enough, All Was Well. It turned out that Someone (that mysterious personage who always gets blamed for things that go wrong) had stuck a piece of cardboard in our meter switch. Just enough juice was coming through to operate a few lights, but nothing else that drew an appreciable amount of current. (Enough current so the tile-layers could see while putting in the kitchen flooring...) Once it was really switched On, everything returned to normal. (Of course, even that didn't come about without a hitch. Tuesday, when Dave got home from work, the juice still wasn't flowing. The man had come out, read the meter, and left. A demanding call to So. Cal. Ed. did the trick, though.) Our little haven from the world uses it's quota of kilowatts with aplomb, now.

One bonus - to go along with the increased room, nicer lay-out and general feel of "home-ness" we both get from the place - to the site is a view of a nearby hillside. Pockets of soil have eroded bare and it looms some hundred feet or so above the terrain below. At night the lights of L.A. imbue the ground with a ghostly radiance and, from our driveway, looking at the curved face of the hill, it looks no more or less like a plant, pock-marked like the Moon, looming on the horizon. Since this area of Torrance (which at one time must have been a separate village) has its own name, we call the sight "Another World in Walteria". It seems fitting somehow.

Tonight, January 11th, the last stencil's being cut. I wonder what next issue will bring? Stay tuned for the next episode....